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PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

*The urgent Call for Help in the
Munition Centres.*

Have you given your Sleeping Hut

*If you cannot make the shells yourself, will
you help to increase the output of the men
and boys engaged upon this important work?*

or BUILDING yet?

A NEED of exceptional urgency
has arisen in the Munition Areas.

Many of the men employed in
this vital work come from considerable
distances; the hours are long, and the
physical labour often of the most ex-
hausting.

It has been found necessary to pro-
vide at once a number of SLEEPING
HUTS in which the men can be
accommodated for the night at *reasonable*
cost, as well as a central BUILDING,
where light, healthy refreshments may

be purchased, and the necessary rest and
quiet secured in the intervals between
long spells of heavy labour.

It is felt that the National Council of
the Y.M.C.A. (whose work for the troops
has won universal recognition) can meet
best this pressing need. Already work
has been commenced, undertaken, or
promised in TWENTY CENTRES.
By permission of the authorities the
Buildings are being erected (where pos-
sible) in the precincts of the factories them-
selves, just where they are needed most.

HOW TO INCREASE THE MUNITION OUTPUT.

Sleeping Huts.

Owing to the enormous development of the
Munition industry, an increasing number of men
and boys are being drawn from lighter and less
exacting trades. In many cases they live at *con-
siderable distances*, and it is a real hardship for
them to have to journey home several miles on foot
after a heavy and exhausting day. To meet this need
the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. are erecting
Sleeping Huts, in which, at reasonable cost, the men
can obtain the necessary rest close to the works. At
least 200 of these huts are needed at once, each
accommodating four of the Munition Workers.

Large Buildings.

In the centre of the little colony of sleeping
huts a wooden building is being erected (similar
to those supplied to the troops). Here the
men can turn in for breakfast and supper, for
light, healthy refreshments during the day, and
for much-needed rest and quiet in the intervals
between long spells of exhausting labour. One
building will serve a war factory employing
thousands of munition workers. At least fifty
are required at once.

GIFTS OF BUILDINGS.		GIFTS OF SLEEPING HUTS.		SMALLER GIFTS.
£300	will erect	£50	will erect	Donors of any smaller gifts may arrange to MAINTAIN either one of the Sleeping Huts or a large Y.M.C.A. Central Building for a period varying with the amount. No subscription is TOO SMALL to be of service in this great National Work. But send it to-day.
	a strong wooden building serving thousands of workers in one of the Munition Centres.		a Sleeping Hut in which 4 muni- tion workers can obtain accommodation at reason- able cost,	

The need for these Buildings and Sleeping Huts is very urgent. Every
day is vital, to secure the maximum output for our brave armies fighting at
the front. The form in the right-hand corner may be used, or you may
telegraph to the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters.

Donations should be addressed to the President, Lord Kinnaird,
Y.M.C.A. National Council Offices, 12, Russell Square, W.C.

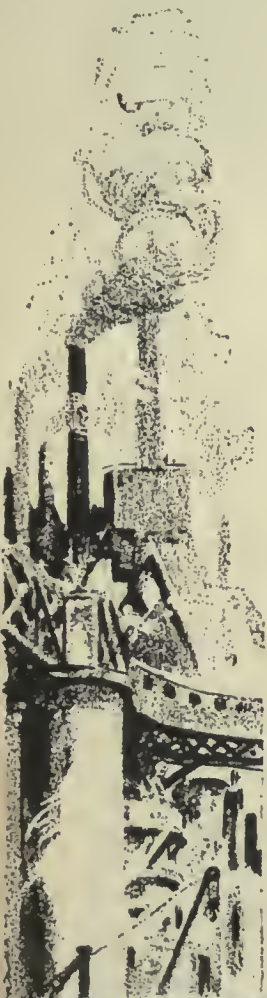
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TO-DAY?

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to be devoted to the special work in the
Munition Areas.



INTERIOR OF
Y.M.C.A. SLEEPING HUT.

S.H.B.

THE SUMMER SEA

By J. D. SYMON

THIS YEAR the summer sea will be only a memory to very many who in normal times would now be preparing for the annual exodus, that family portent of which the comic journals will never grow weary. Many beaches, it is true, still offer a safe playground for bare-legged infancy and sportive age, but others are in a grim state of defence; the cliff-heads, seamed with trenches and serried with wire entanglements, forbid the usual pleasant strolling, and the alert sentinel bars the familiar approach.

With the insistence of pleasure denied, the sea, therefore, becomes more than ever a pleasure of memory, and therein lies one of the compensations of a world subverted. The image of remembered summers, beside and on the sea, takes a sharper focus, and brings to us, "though inland far we be," some touch of the glory and refreshment of days that were. And chiefly perhaps one recalls, with the heightened contrast of times when the high seas hold a strange menace, days of peaceful voyaging, drawn out to nearly a fortnight, upon an Atlantic so kindly as to belie its stormy name. Not one chance seafarer in a hundred is so favoured. Even our skipper could not remember such a passage. The toil-worn metaphor of the mill-pond held for once no exaggeration.

The shock of the *Titanic's* fate, scarcely a month bygone, had led careful owners to prescribe a course far to southward. In the warm latitude of the Azores the ship's company, or some of them, were able to read with full understanding Columbus's exquisite account of the later days of his first westward voyage—those mornings perfect as an Andalusian spring and soft nights when the sailor almost fancied he should hear the nightingale. Sea and sky kept one unclouded, unruffled blue, and even when the prow at length stood north-westward, and one later evening the twinkle of Cape Cod light proclaimed the New World at hand, that early summer spell pursued us to the colder region, and the cruise ended on a summer sea.

Some weeks later, when the calendar proclaimed full summer, it was far otherwise. The returning course knew no deviation from the accepted track, and from Cape Race eastward the vessel threaded long phalanxes of ice, phantom cathedrals and palaces, beating to southward in endless procession across our bows. Then the shrewd North spoke in no uncertain terms, and old Atlantic, risen in a brief half-hour, played havoc with the deck games that had seemed so easy and congenial on sheltered St. Lawrence. Those who, as the spires of Quebec swam into the distance, had promised themselves a summer sea, were sadly cheated. That half-hour of heave and roll sent all but a dozen of the hardest below to repent, amid much tribulation, a mis-spent life.

Our course of memory, still faring eastward, leads us still further east, and does not end at Liverpool. For to the Atlantic succeeds a picture of the North Sea in its happiest July mood, and of a short and pleasant passage that closed at sunset, as all good voyages should, off the low coast of Denmark lying reposeful in the level light. Holiday was in the air, and the strip of beach still held some groups of holiday-makers, taking the last enjoyment of long hours of sunshine. Your seaside crowd seldom lacks for colour, but in Denmark the accent is heightened by the picturesque holiday custom of the Danish girls, who discard the hat of town, and wear instead flaming silk handkerchiefs, very beautiful in their design, swathed round the head turban-wise. They gleamed bright in the gathering dusk and were the last glimmering points of all to fade out of the picture as with nightfall the steamer came to her moorings. *Nox abstulit atra colorem*. The tag of Virgil came home with new meaning.

Two nights later we were afloat again, still further north and east, on the narrow waters of the Baltic, amber under an amber sky, from which the reflection of the unseen sun refused to fade, and kept track around the pole until the afterglow quickened into dawn. That light had all the home-like suggestion of summer evenings in Northern Scotland, and Aarhus slowly receding astern seemed no foreign town. The air was sharper there, but the sea still slept in summer stillness, and next morning broke with the fervour of full July. It is well to be up early if you would enjoy the waters of the Sound, with all its pageantry of shipping, for there in one hour you will see more ships pass than in any other waterway. On the starboard bow lies Elsinore, something exotic in her

towers. You will not see "the platform before the Castle," but yonder beneath a group of wind-bent trees is Hamlet's fabled grave, a pious fraud invented to satisfy yearning American tourists, and close by, but invisible from here, is that other invention, Ophelia's pool.

Then begins a long panorama of terraced coast, where the villas of the affluent nestle upon wooded slopes, and at last, low on the horizon, peers up the green dome of Copenhagen's Marmorkirke, and soon the opening vista of her harbour invites the boat to enter. But the distance is still great, it is only very slowly that the Danish capital unfolds her infinite charm of changing colour and other worldly architecture, most curious of all that spire where four green dragons, inverted, lift their tails entwined to heaven. The flavour of an older commerce still lingers about those Copenhagen wharfs and quays, it seems as if only sailing ships should lie there, and only merchants hostile to the Hanseatic League should congregate about her red-gabled warehouses. And the costume should not be later than the seventeenth century. It is a dream city to the new-comer as he lingers about the harbour, but within, the dream, although still very pleasant, changes to the intensely modern in boulevards of almost Parisian style and liveliness. For Copenhagen is the Paris of the North.

Not quite sea-girt, but sea-penetrated, this city of Viking descent takes her pleasure by the sea on summer evenings. A little way to the north, within an easy tram or train journey, merrymaking households congregate, after the day's work, at Skodsborg and Klampenborg, where the stranger finds endless amusement in a new phase of out-door café life. From the dim-lit gardens you look out upon a wine-dark unruffled sea, and the last light yields glimpses of the coast of Sweden. Just opposite, dim on the horizon lies Malmö, witness of Bothwell's last decrepit days. There the wreck of James Hepburn, whose dashing presence caught Queen's Mary's fancy at the tourney, tottered downward to the grave, taking what comfort it could from the cold northern sun, and from deep drinking bouts with Captain Clarke the pirate. But these dull reflections are out of place—confound the historic sense!—amid the gaiety of Skodsborg. Hold your peace, Dryasdust! To-morrow you shall cross the summer sea to Malmö, and moralise your fill, old bore, alone.

There is excellent music here in the *café-concert*. You may linger enjoying it until quite late, although these Danish summer nights are scarcely balmy, but snell, as the Scots say. The rheumatic, however, need have no fear of the sharp sea air, for a thoughtful waiter as he serves your inner man will, unbidden, bind a comfortable shawl about your crazy shoulders. These shawls, white with a coloured border, give the swathed groups at the tables a curious ghostly effect in the half-light; it is something Oriental, something Moorish, outlandish quite. Might not this prudent custom, adopted nearer home, break the restrictions of climate on outdoor café life? But that is a scheme for other and calmer days. This summer we have other business in hand, with a Baltic mined and closed, a North Sea held in the iron grip of war.

To these clearer pictures succeeds a medley of impressions—of the Mediterranean sleeping under the summer moon, midnight glimpses of tranquil sea caught at intervals through the arched caverns of Spezia, and again a moving expanse of sapphire water stretching away from the characterless coast at Civita Vecchia, where, by the way (to descend to the grossly material), latter day pilgrims to Rome will find welcome coffee and rolls, when the night express from Turin draws up for a moment at the ancient port. And from that Italian memory rises another curious seaside fancy, distant and perhaps a little incongruous, but still Italian in its suggestion, although the scene was the most prosaic Barathrum of English sea-side places. Again it is night, sultry after a blazing August day. Looking down from a cliff head to a beach far below one saw a many-coloured crowd around a lighted booth where mummers, at this distance inaudible, were plying the trade of Ig Pagliacci. Along on the beach, figures, in light flowing draperies, moved to and fro, indistinct in the twilight, of exaggerated smallness. Something of a vanished world seemed to stir in that microcosm of pleasure. It seemed not of these prosaic islands, but some fragment torn from the life of old Pompeii, the languid close of one of her burning days beside her summer sea. And to-day we know that that careless modern crowd was living also on the edge of a slumbering volcano!

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THE WAR BY LAND.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE advance of the enemy through all Galicia and the temporary liberation of his territory, coupled with the deliberate postponement of a general offensive in the West, lends to the present moment of the war a character of its own.

Never were the higher commands of all the great services engaged more expectant since the fateful moment before Paris in the first week of last September. Never has careless and general opinion been more bewildered since the failure of the Prussians began nine months ago.

Not only the German Press, which writes to order, but general and fairly instructed German opinion (outside the very narrow circle of the German higher command) is confident as it was never confident before. For it grasps three things which are of peculiar value to the heartening of such opinion: The clearing of the enemy beyond the old frontiers; the firm resistance of the German line in the West; the failure so far to prevent even the most essential and exotic necessities of war—such as cotton—from coming into the Germanies across the ocean.

The civilian opinion of neutrals is affected, and on parallel lines. Your plain man living in a large American town, for instance, will be less moved by technical military arguments than by the obvious truth that the Austro-German forces have advanced steadily through Galicia, that they stand firm from the Swiss mountains to the North Sea, that after nearly a year of war their material resources show no reduction of strength.

Opinion among the various Allies is affected by the present situation in a fashion proportionate to many factors: The extent to which the population of a country may be packed into great towns—people so packed in large towns are always more nervous and ill-informed than a peasantry; the corruption of professional politicians and the corresponding power of the Press in a country; the military experience of each country; the comparative weight of civilian as against military opinion in each; the political power of cosmopolitan finance in each; and so forth. But take it all in all, the Russian retreat through Galicia, the continued postponement of a great offensive in the West (which was also expected in these columns at a date earlier than the present) have disturbed the general judgment of the campaign.

In this country, in particular, whereas an expectation of rapid victory was popular some months ago, it has become (through particularly despicable personal influences upon which I need not dwell for the moment) unpopular to estimate, even with detailed figures before one, the chances of success for the Allies.

Now, in a situation of this kind the very best service that can be rendered to opinion is a statement of fact—a statement wherein shall be con-

trasted what is certain against what is merely probable. For it cannot be too often repeated that *in vital matters reality alone is of any value*. In the chief crises of individual or national fate neither hope nor despair are comparable in active value to mere *knowledge*. As for prophecy, it is futile.

THE SITUATION IN GALICIA.

Let us begin by asking ourselves what is the present military situation of the Russian line in the vicinity of Lemberg.

That is easily described. It ran when the last advices came through (referring to Sunday evening, the 27th) after the fashion presented in the accompanying diagram.



The dotted line in the sketch runs immediately in front of the Bug to the north, of the Lipa southwards; fails to include Halicz, and represents about a day's march east of the Lemberg line.

At the moment of writing (Tuesday evening) it is probable, or certain, that the line has already fallen back further to the eastern bank of the Lipa, and will be continued beyond the last bend of that river at Przemyślany, across the rather marshy gap to the Bug near Busk.

It is further probable that the line so drawn will continue the retirement in the immediate future, and that this will at last bring it on to the further bank of the Bug on the north and of the Sereth on the south. Now there is no permanent standing on the Sereth-Bug line, because there is no lateral railway. To stand thus would only temporarily save the junction of Tarnopol, because Tarnopol is itself on the Sereth line, and the Sereth is here no serious obstacle. The same is

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true of the junction near Busk. The defensive line of the Bug does not cover the junction and is here insignificant as an obstacle.

Such, then, being the situation of the slowly-retiring Russian line and of the corresponding Austro-German advance, let us next ask ourselves **these two** questions, which are essential to an understanding of the position:—

First: what does the retirement mean, and, secondly, in what way was it conducted? In other words, what was its cause and what its nature?

The cause of the Russian retirement is very simple, and well known by this time to all readers. It has proceeded ever since the attack on the Dunajetz in April (though at first a rapid and later a much slower process), because the enemy accumulation of shell in the course of the winter (which accumulation has mainly been expended in Galicia) was a very great deal larger than the accumulation on the Russian side, and much larger, again, than the proportion of total shell which the Russians could, with their insufficient supply of rolling stock within their boundaries, bring up to the borders of Galicia.

Whenever, after each space of time required for the bringing up of the shell to the front, the Austro-German bombardments were renewed upon any sector, they compelled the Russians upon that sector to retire. And this process can be continued, not, indeed, indefinitely, but so long as there is full railway accommodation behind the Austro-German line.

This first question, then, the *cause* of the Russian retirement, is simply and easily answered.

The corresponding answer to the question of its *method* is far more important to our general judgment. Save at one moment, upon the Dunajetz, two months ago, the Russian retreat has nowhere betrayed characters other or worse than those which mark it at the present moment.

What are those characters?

The leading one, which must strike every

competent observer, is that the retirement has throughout been effected with deliberation, and since May 16 each stage has been taken at the discretion of the Russian commanders and not under the compulsion of an action.

A comparison of dates is sufficient to prove this. The enemy reached the line of the San in the middle of the second week of May. In other words, he had covered something like three-quarters of his task in less than the first fortnight of his effort. All that first retirement was exceedingly rapid and each step in it was forced by an action favourable to the enemy. But once the San line is reached and the great burst of ammunition by the enemy is over, mark what follows. The Russians to retire across the San had to hold the bridge-head of Jaroslav. They held that bridge-head all during May 13, 14, and 15, though few troops covered it, and evacuated all the material it contained.

Next came exactly the same game with the dangerous salient of Przemyśl. It offered a splendid chance for breaking the Russian line, *which is the one great object of the enemy*. Yet it was steadily held for nearly a fortnight against the most violent attacks by a screen of Russian troops, and behind that screen all the guns, all the stores, all the rolling stock gathered in Przemyśl were deliberately, successfully, and methodically withdrawn. The operation took a full twelve days—twelve days during which it was essential to the German plan to break in and take advantage of the awkward bulge in the Russian line. The enemy were unable to effect their purpose. By June 2 everything had been got out of Przemyśl, and the retirement was continuing in perfect order.

It will be remembered that the enemy issued a bulletin in which he said that when he had counted his capture of material in Przemyśl he would issue a list of it. He issued no such list, for there was no such capture. The enemy



advanced, as his further bringing forward of heavy munitions continued, and the next blow at Lemberg was delivered against the Upper Dniester, notably at Zurawnow. That blow failed. The Russians again held their line, while they were acting with the railway junction of Lemberg exactly as they had acted with the salient of Przemysl. Not until everything had been withdrawn, and not until no gun or box of stores or railway wagon or locomotive could fall into the enemy's hands did they further withdraw. They are now pursuing precisely the same method, covering for the moment the junctions of Tarnopol and of Busk; though we have said that the covering of these two important junctions will not be permanent, for the enemy has still a railway system to serve him and to bring up his still remaining superiority of munition.

Now all this retirement before a superiority of concentrated fire, proceeding as it does, with regularity, deliberation, and upon a set plan, never (save at one moment, on the Dunajetz, at the beginning) suffering from confusion, and—one may say it without exaggeration—undertaken as to each step, though not as to the whole movement, consonant to the Russian, and not to the Austro-German will—never forced—has had a second characteristic which general opinion has largely missed. The Russian retirement has throughout, or at least since the Wislok, preserved full contact with the enemy; and to preserve full contact in such case means that you both *desire to and can* make your advancing enemy lose as many men as possible.

This rather technical point gains its meaning from the fact that a retreat deliberately undertaken may always, or nearly always, *break* contact with the enemy if it chooses.

Of this we see an excellent example in the German retreat through Russian Poland last October.

It takes some considerable number of hours to organise a large army for any particular movement. A commander, therefore, who decides to fall back, and who is only concerned with saving his army can usually, if he chooses, cover his retirement with comparatively thin rearguards, and keep the mass of his force unmolested.

It is self-evident that there must be many exceptions to such a rule, and history provides us with many. The great retreat from Mons and the Sambre is acutely present as a modern instance. But as a general rule, a commander who has undertaken to retreat can take his choice between retreating disentangled from his enemy, and retreating in contact with his enemy—using the word contact to mean the contact of the masses, and not only of rearguards, which will, of course, always exist under any circumstances. The Russian retreat before Napoleon in 1812 is a clear instance of the former.

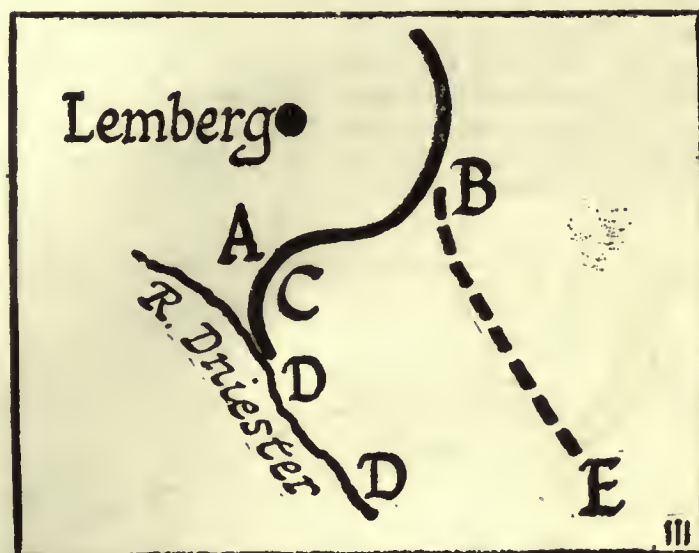
Now if a commander chooses the second of these two alternatives, particularly if he chooses it during a very slow, methodical, and deliberately organised retirement, it always means two things.

It means, in the first place, that he is the master of his own actions and that his retreat is conducted at his own pace and without peril.

It means, in the second place, that his object is to inflict the greatest possible loss on the enemy in the course of that retreat. I do not think I

am misjudging the Russian effort, nor taking desires for realities, when I say that so very gradual a retirement remaining throughout fully, and (if one may use the word) "densely" in contact with the corresponding enemy advance, was based upon a deliberate calculation to inflict a maximum loss upon that enemy advance, and has succeeded in inflicting it.

Consider mere distance and see how true this is. In the first rush, under the first overwhelming superiority of the enemy heavy artillery fire, the whole Russian line falls back some eighty-five miles in less than a fortnight. Then it holds its line for a full fortnight more, until Przemysl is evacuated. Then, on the evacuation of Przemysl, it falls back not more than some fifteen miles and holds the line of the Dniester and positions in front of the Grodek line, and holds these without peril for three weeks. Then, after a complete and successful evacuation of all material from Lemberg, it falls back behind Lemberg, *still maintaining itself upon the Dniester to the south*. That is, it allows its central and northern portion to fall back about sixteen miles, but keeps its southern half still well thrust forward. Note this carefully, for it is a proof of the ease with which the Russian retirement proceeds. The Russian line for nearly a week after the evacuation of Lemberg is in an S like this. If it were in any haste or



confusion such a scheme would be perfectly impossible. It would be clearly exposed to disaster between the points A and B south of Lemberg. But because there was no confusion or any peril it held that odd salient at C just as long as sufficed to inflict the maximum of losses upon the enemy as he tried to force the Dniester at D D. Then, and then only, did it fall back and straighten the whole line out in the direction B-E.

One may sum up and say that so far the Russian retreat has, since the rally on May 13-16 upon the San, betrayed a certain motive and accomplished a certain object. The motive was the saving of an army from superior fire and the preserving of its line intact. The object was the infliction of the maximum of loss upon the enemy during the retirement. The line has been maintained, the loss has been inflicted.

What further task lies before the enemy? He set out to divide the Russian army into two or more portions, which he could deal with separately. In the last two days of April and the first

day or May he very nearly did effect his purpose. The Russian lines on the Dunajetz and the Biala were in danger of breaking. Their continuity



was only just saved. But the chances of the enemy's breaking them dwindle steadily from that day on. The chances of their being broken in the immediate future are almost negligible.

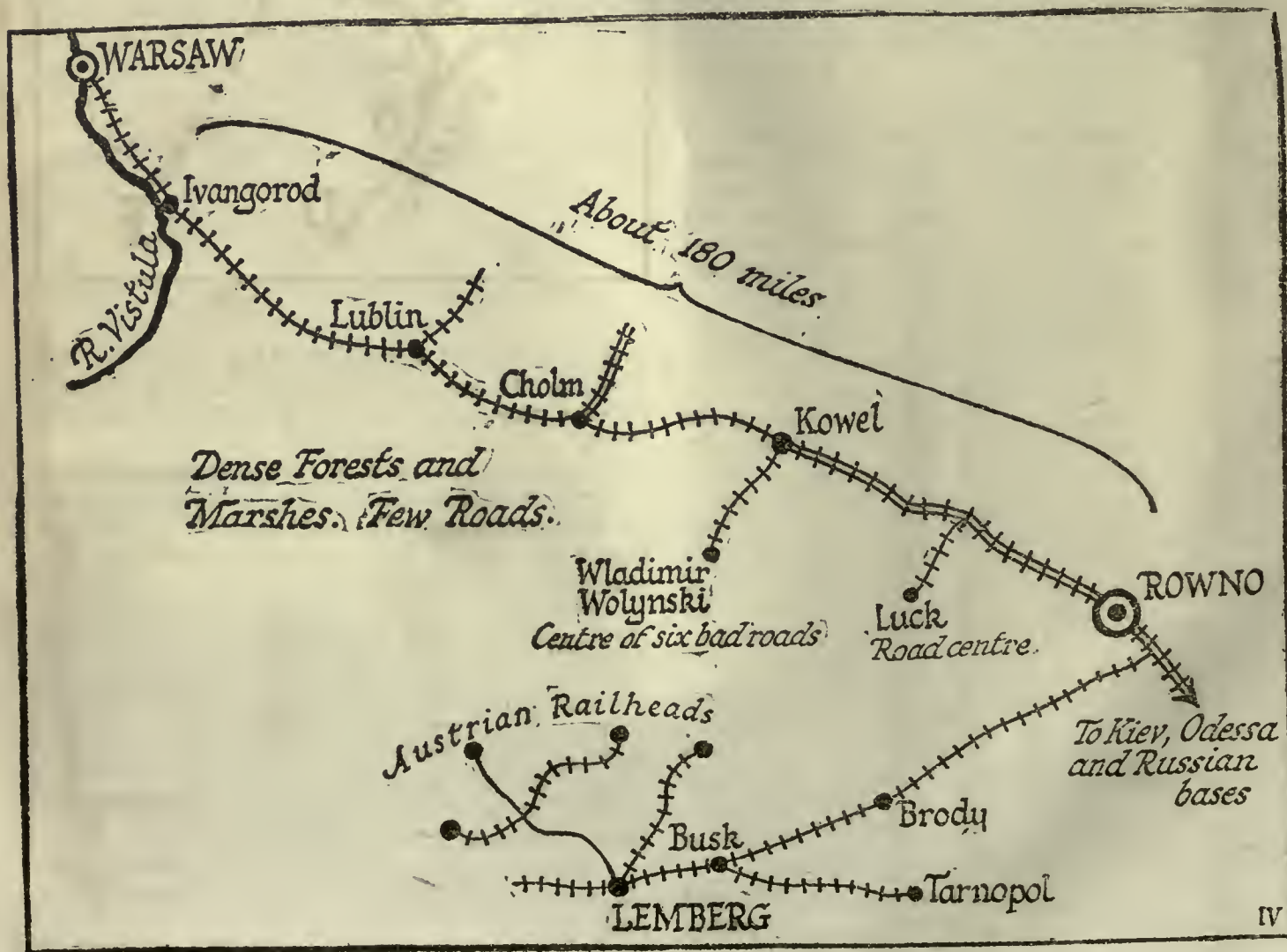
So long as the Russians hold even so distant a line as that served by the lateral railway from

Rowno to Ivangorod, the Vistula line is not turned. Warsaw is safe.

Now the line from Rowno to Ivangorod lies in front of a belt of country in places marshy, possessed of few roads, and such that the bringing up of heavy munitions will be very difficult indeed. Up to the Austrian railhead at T.T.T. the Austro-German superiority in big guns tells. North of these there is fifty to sixty miles of empty land, up to the Rowno-Ivangorod line. An analysis of this line may not be uninteresting.

Up to Kowel it is a double line. Its further sections (with feeders going off, of course, to the north) are single. That is a drawback for a lateral railway lying behind any considerable force, but the railway would still be a sufficient avenue of supply for the forces lying in front of it. We may take it for granted that numerous sidings have been provided, and very possibly the line has even been doubled.

As for road communications whereby, though tardily, heavy munitions could be brought up by the Austro-Germans over the railless belt between the Lemberg system and the Rowno-Ivangorod line, there are only two centres, Luck and Wladimir-Wolynski, upon which such roads converge. Both of these are in the eastern part; the critical western part, which screens the Vistula line and Warsaw, is far less provided with roads. We must also remember that the season in Galicia has been very wet. The whole district is a tangle of marshes and woods, and, apart from these few very bad roads, the heavy enemy artillery cannot act at all. It is fair to conclude that the defence of this lateral line of supply, Rowno-Ivangorod, offers very good chances indeed to our Ally, and



so long as it is held the enemy's task is unachieved.

Such are the detailed conditions of the Russian retirement through Galicia, and of its present phase. But the exaggerated doubts through which public opinion has passed since the Russian retirement began, merit, in conclusion, a rather more general presentation of the policy upon the Eastern front, and, with my readers' leave, I will end by stating the matter as a whole and weighing, as far as I can, the effect of this prolonged Russian retreat upon the campaign in general.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

We must begin by the very widest first principles:

The great war consists in the mutual attempt of the Prussians, with their dependents and associates, on the one hand, of the Allies upon the other, to impose each his Will upon the opponent.

Now, the Prussian Will demands control over some one or more principal ports upon the Narrow Seas, preferably, perhaps, Antwerp, and passage through the Scheldt, and hegemony over all that can be controlled by them among the Slavonic peoples, as Poland, the Balkan States, and, of course, the Croats and Slavonians of the South, the Czechs of the North, long included in the sphere of Germanic control. This enemy Will further demands the control of great portions of the tropics and the sub-tropics, which can only be acquired at the expense of France, Great Britain, and Holland, and, further, certain states of South America. This Will further demands, as a corollary to the control of the lesser Slavonic nations, the reduction of the Russian Empire to a condition of respectful alliance, or of still more respectful hesitation to claim leadership in the East of Europe and over its fellows by race.

It further demands the reduction of British sea-power to no more than an equality with various rivals and, of course, and finally, the liquidation of that French national bankruptcy which is a fixed dogma in the modern German mind.

Such is the Will of the enemy.

Upon the other side, the Will of the Allies demands in full the prevention of Prussia ever in the future menacing the common life of Europe by fraud, by secret attack, or by mere weight of numbers.

The Allies further demand the opening of the Dardanelles to the advantage of one of their number; the control of everything upon this side of the Rhine to the advantage of another of their number; the control of the Adriatic and of everything upon this side of the Alpine watershed to yet another of their number; and the permanent security for food and for material through supremacy at sea for yet another of their number.

Lastly, they demand the restoration of its ancient boundaries to France, the evacuation and the restoration of a free Belgium, the continuation intact of the Dutch commonwealth (now a kingdom), some enlargement of the Italian boundaries, and the liberation of the various Slavonic peoples other than the Serbian hitherto iniquitously subject to alien rule.

Such, put, I think, fairly, is a contrast between the two Wills.

In all wars there are but two methods by

which the Will of one party is imposed in some degree upon the other. The first and primary method is the disarming of the opponent.

The second or subsidiary method is to disturb the political cohesion of your opponent.

The first and more important of these great tasks—which when a whole nation is strictly united is the only task—is studied upon purely military grounds. It concerns itself only with tactical and strategic problems. But the second must not be neglected or despised. It is always of weight and is inextricably intermingled with the purely military factors of numbers, ground, communications, and weapons.

For, when we say of such and such a nation in history that it failed in war, we nearly always mean not only that its commanders were unable to solve certain strategical or tactical problems, which their enemies were masters of, but also that their social organism failed to meet the strain, and that the Government, the commanders of the army, and general opinion were imperfectly co-ordinated.

Now, it is the peculiar character of the present war that *the issues involved so threaten the very life of every power engaged as to diminish beyond the ordinary the second of the two great objects just defined.*

Political disarray, the shaking of public confidence, the misinterpretation by civilians of military events, friction between the executive Government and the commanders, are of more weight in proportion as the issue is less great.

For instance, in the war of the Spanish Succession of two hundred years ago it seemed, after Malplaquet, no use going on. Louis XIV. of France was allowed to retain his grandson upon the throne of Spain.

But in this campaign, on account of the very theory put forward by the enemy, no such compromise is possible. The situation is not that of two boxers fighting for a purse. It is that of two men fighting for their lives with knives, muscles, teeth, and nails, the one knowing that the other has engaged in the struggle with the object of murder; the other knowing that the destined victim will, if he is not killed, execute his would-be murderer.

Expressions so strong may provoke ridicule from those who are unacquainted with the standpoint from which Prussia has worked towards this war, and the policy with which she inaugurated it. Strong as they are, they are not exaggerated.

It is, indeed, true that Prussia, having failed in spite of the enormous numerical superiority of soldiers at her command for the inception of the campaign and of munitions and equipment immediately available, would very willingly admit a compromise to-day. It is, further, true that those peoples whom Prussia has involved in the adventure (and the Prussian tradition itself) are now so heavily struck that they would not propose—or, rather, could not—the immediate recurrence of a similar struggle.

But not one of the Allies could ever feel secure in the future if the power to strike at any one of them singly remained in such hands.

We sum up, then, and affirm that strategical considerations and military arguments must have more weight in this war than in any war fought for lesser objects. Mere political effect and mere

affection of civilian opinion in enemy or neutral countries counts for less to-day than in any campaign of the past.

More than in any campaign of the past, it is strictly the business of every Government, and its only business, through the medium of its soldiers, to destroy the armies of its opponents.

Well, judged by that standard, to what does the Russian retreat through Galicia amount? What is the measure of the enemy's success, and in what posture do we find our Ally?

There is only one answer, and it is the answer that would be given, I think, by every sober and competent observer of the affair as a purely military operation.

The success of the enemy consists in the obtaining of certain supplies, notably petrol, about which he was becoming anxious, and in securing from a similar anxiety his food supplies in Hungary, and the possibly doubtful allegiance of the population there. In his main task, the breaking of the Russian line, he has, so far, completely failed. His losses have been at least equal to those of the Russians. They have been enormous, and they are, in his case, irreplaceable.

He has produced a salient upon the map—for Warsaw, projects far beyond a line drawn from the frontier of East Prussia to the frontiers of Galicia, but this salient upon the map has not the disadvantage of your ordinary strategical salient; it is far too large, and Warsaw can only be obtained through direct action against the northern or the southern railways converging upon that centre.

There remains one conception which one hears commonly enough: The conception that the enemy, having pushed the Russian out of every portion of his territory, will create a defensive line upon the East, just as he has created one upon the West, and, relying upon comparatively small forces for holding this line, return with his surplus of men and munitions to an offensive against the West in its turn.

That he may attempt an offensive against the West after having in the main failed in his offensive upon the East is probable enough. That he can create a permanent defensive line in the East as he has in the West is impossible. The distances are too great. Until he shall achieve some decision against the Russians, whether by dividing their armies, or at least by capturing the Vistula line and getting the Russians behind a hedge, he must continue his Eastern effort. That effort is bleeding him of men and is eating up his shell very much faster than that shell is produced.

There would seem to be the heart of the situation, and with the reservation that one is only speaking for the Eastern war as it has hitherto developed, the balance is not in favour of the enemy, as it appears to be from mere movements upon a map: it is against him.

I know that an expression of such opinion is unpopular in certain circles to-day, because a mood of uncalculating doubt, as ill-considered as the earlier optimism, is affecting newspaper opinion in this country. But I am not concerned with such things. I am only concerned with presenting the situation as it appears to me, and with as much detachment as possible, and I say that this situation shows, after two months' total enemy losses of at least 600,000, a grave depletion of the enemy in accumulation of shell and the Russian line intact.

THE DARDANELLES.

The position in the Dardanelles has been stationary for so long that opinion has almost ceased to consider the factors of the problem there. Yet it is important to return to them from time to time, because the difficulty of the task, great as it is, is surpassed by the very high value of the stakes engaged.

Mr. Arnold Bennett put it very well the other day in the *Daily News* when he wrote (in connection with the situation in general) that the failure of the attempt to force the Dardanelles would not leave the Allies as a whole appreciably weaker than it found them, while success in that venture would immediately change the whole character of the war.

These things being so, let us briefly recapitulate the chances of the experiment.

My readers will remember that the essentials of the position are expressed in a diagram printed some weeks ago, which I will repeat here.

A narrow channel of water, with its critical point at the Narrows, between E and F, is being fought for. If we have in our power the Narrows, we have also the whole thirty miles of the Straits.

In order to become masters of that critical point, the Narrows, we require to be masters of a certain plateau overlooking it on the European side known as the Plateau of the Pasha Dagh. This plateau is everywhere buttressed by steep slopes, so that all round the edge of these there is a strong defensive position to be established, and this must be forced before the plateau itself can be occupied.

But, apart from this strong defensive position on the Pasha Dagh, there is an advanced position in the shape of the Achibaba ridge, which stretches for rather more than four miles right across the Gallipoli Peninsula. The main part of the attacking force has been landed at various points along the edge of the end of the peninsula—near M—and faces Turkish entrenchments in front of the Achibaba position. A subsidiary portion of the attacking force has been landed at N, and has there entrenched itself, the rôle it has to play being a junction with the main attacking force in the south when or if that force can carry the Achibaba position.

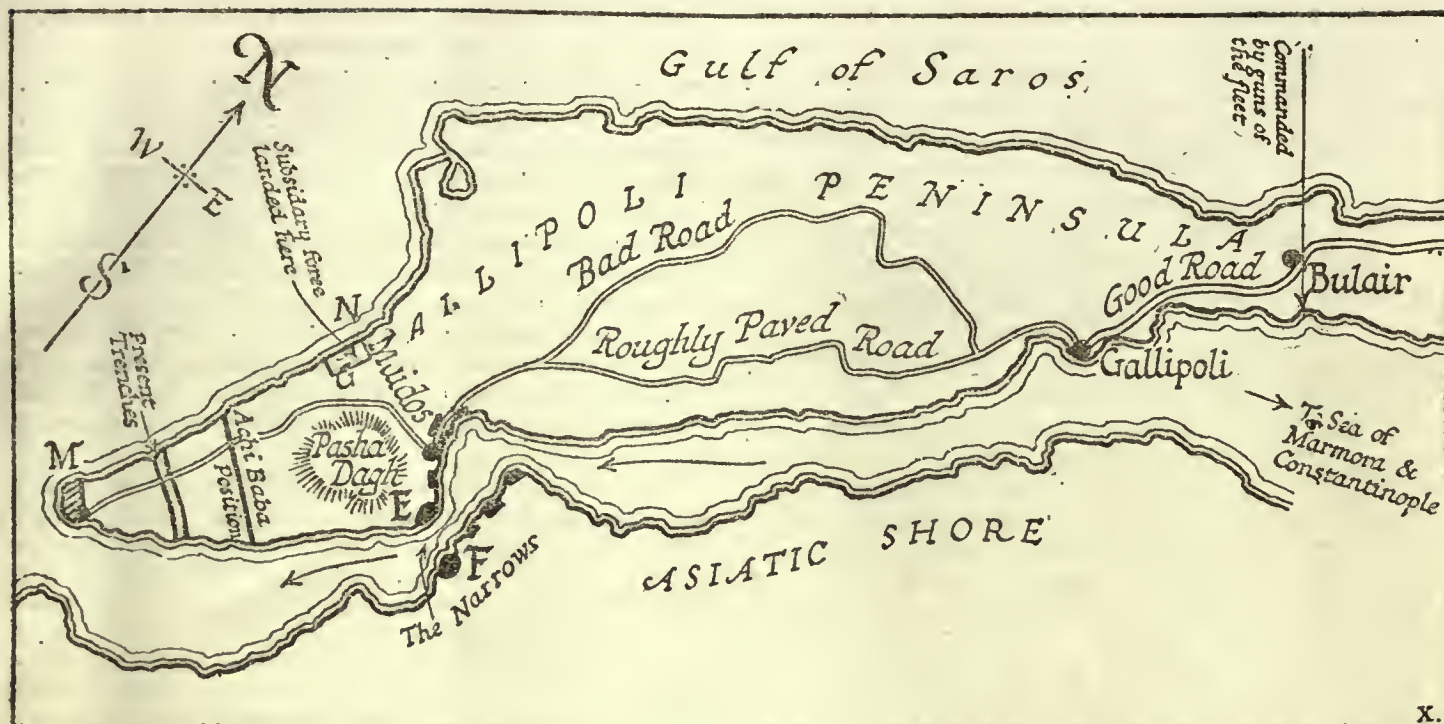
We are now at the very end of June. The month will be over when these lines appear in print. The first attack against the Achibaba position and its failure is two months old. The second attack, which has also failed, is a month old. We have ample opportunity for judging the situation as a whole, and there is no advantage in silence, save upon details.

Such a general judgment leads one to the following conclusion:—

The forcing of the two successive defensive positions of the Gallipoli Peninsula and the occupation of the Pasha Dagh Plateau depend upon any one of three factors, or any number of these in combination, and these three factors are:—

- (1) A sufficient siege-train.
- (2) The arrival of new and larger forces (with their due complement of artillery).
- (3) The hampering of the enemy's supplies in men and munitions, which supplies can only reach him (for reasons to be described in a moment) from across the water.

Of these three great conditions upon which success depends, the second must be left undis-



cussed, for it is a political matter. Only a few men in authority, and perhaps not these, could tell one whether new forces are to be expected from any quarter. But the first and the third are open to analysis.

The first is the simplest to understand. We are dealing with an entrenched position of peculiar strength. It is four and a half miles long. It is adequately defended.

Now, we know from the experience of nine months of such war what the power of the modern entrenched defensive is. We know how every week's delay increases and consolidates the strength of an already engineered defensive position. We know by similar experience, both of our attacks against the enemy and of his attacks against us in France and Flanders, what tremendous concentration of heavy gun fire with large shell upon a comparatively narrow front is necessary for even a painful and tedious advance. We know that in the whole course of this campaign since last October the defensive has on the whole proved everywhere impregnable, even after violent artillery preparation, save in the one case of the Dunajetz front, where there happened to be a very grave disproportion between the munitionment of the enemy and of our Ally.

We know that for the main offensive stroke in the West, or an enemy counter-offensive in the same region, there can be no chance of success until a vast accumulation of munitions is prepared and a corresponding concentration of heavy pieces provided upon the sectors chosen for attack.

Well, now, knowing all this, and applying our knowledge to the case of the Gallipoli Peninsula, the conclusion is obvious. It is only what was said in these columns more than four months ago when the first expedition was designed. It is not too late to repeat it to-day. As the thing stands in its present situation of number and under the present condition of enemy supply, everything depends upon the provision of a suitable siege-train with its munitions. And an insufficient number of pieces or their insufficient supply of heavy shell cannot be replaced by infantry work.

Remember that the Achibaba position is not

only naturally one of very great strength, but is twice as long as the line we attacked at Neuve Chapelle and nearly as long as the main part of the attack delivered by the French in Champagne at the end of the winter. It is slightly longer than the front the French are similarly attacking now south of the Lorette ridge. There is only room for a certain amount of men to deploy on such a front, and unless we have a concentration of artillery corresponding to what the French and British have used on similar fronts in France and Flanders, we must not expect corresponding results.

So much for the first point, then, which is a matter of guns. Those of the Fleet, by the way, do not supplement the all-important factor of the great howitzer, and that for three reasons: The ship is a moving platform; the supply of large shell the ship can carry is limited; the trajectory is a gun trajectory, and flat.

Now, the last point, the hampering of the enemy's supplies in men and munitions, is less simple to discuss.

It is not susceptible of any exhaustive study, save by men upon the spot, but we are justified in making a general examination of the problem from the evidence afforded us by maps and by the news sent us from the theatre of action.

We first note that the enemy must be supplied from across the water, because the Gallipoli Peninsula, at its northern end, terminates in a narrow isthmus—the Isthmus of Bulair—commanded by the guns of the Fleet.

Since our ships are not yet able to reach up the Straits far beyond the mouth, the forts at the Narrows being still intact and barring the way, the easiest method by which the enemy can supply himself is to send men and munitions on vessels which go down the Sea of Marmara, and discharge at Maidos or at Kilidbahr (E), but the activity of British submarine work has made this very difficult. The central channel of the Dardanelles is always over thirty fathoms in depth and in most places over forty. It is never less than a mile wide and in most places from two to four miles; therefore the task of submarines in thread-

ing the Straits and reaching the Sea of Marmara, though exceedingly perilous, is not impossible.

On the other hand, these craft cannot be of service in the Straits themselves, where they would immediately be observed were they to come into action anywhere near the Narrows, and would be subjected to fire at close range.

We may take it that submarine work has made transport straight through the Sea of Marmara past Gallipoli to Maidos or Kilidbahr (E) from the main base at Constantinople very difficult indeed for the enemy. Perhaps he has already ceased to attempt it.

But there is an alternative open to him, though a much less easy one. This is to take men and munitions round by land down the Asiatic shore of the Strait and ferry them across from F to E at or just above the Narrows. It is impossible to command the waterway by a chance indirect fire from the Fleet. Even by daylight the observation of such fire is at the mercy of the weather. By night it is impossible. But the burden of moving heavy munitions down the Asiatic shore where the roads are mere tracks is a very heavy one.

There are, however, two things which must be noted in this connection. First, that the very ample notice of attack enabled the enemy to accumulate very large stores indeed on the Gallipoli side of the Straits; and, secondly, that the transport of munitions down the Asiatic shore and across the water, though difficult, is feasible.

H. BELLOC.

AN APPEAL FROM THE FLEET.

TO OUR READERS.

A request has reached us from a naval chaplain serving on one of the ships doing duty in the North Sea to the effect that we should enlist the aid of our readers to provide a yacht piano to be used at services, concerts, and generally for the recreation of the men of the Fleet. By way of reply a fund has been opened and instant response obtained in the form of two subscriptions of two guineas each toward the purchase of such a piano.

We rely on the generosity of our readers for the remainder of the necessary total—namely, forty guineas. No fund could be more worthy of consideration. The work that the men of the Fleet have to perform is arduous and exacting in the last degree; opportunities of recreation are few, and, although the physical well-being of the men has been studied to the full, means of recreation for them have not been given an equal amount of consideration. The presence of a piano on board a ship of the Fleet means the difference between real pleasure to the men and day-long monotony; the men themselves are engaged in work that is most vital to the safety of the nation, and it may be added that they are risking their lives every day, and every hour of the day, to ensure our national safety and well-being. We are confident that our readers will respond to the chaplain's appeal and will thus assist in furthering the welfare of men of the Fleet.

Any subscription, however small, will be gratefully received and instantly acknowledged by the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S WAR LECTURES.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's next lecture at the Queen's Hall is on Tuesday, July 13.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc will lecture at the Speech Hall, Wycombe Abbey, High Wycombe, at 8.15, on Wednesday, July 7.

THE WAR BY WATER.

By A. H. POLLEN.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

WITH the German and Austrian fleets confined to their harbours, and with every movement of the British, French, and Italian fleets quite rightly shrouded in mystery, it inevitably happens that the development of the naval war is tediously uneventful and that the principal interest of the campaign is more in its consequences than its obvious happenings. Indeed, events at sea have practically been confined for several weeks to the doings of the submarines of one side or the other.

I have sometimes thought this page should be headed "The War Under Water" instead of "The War By Water." This week, for instance, there is no news except submarine news. Of the attack on the *Roxburgh* we have the British version, which says that the ship got into port, and the German version, which gives the position of the attack as having taken place 100 miles east of the Firth of Forth. This is right in the centre of where submarines have been operating against merchant ships. We must assume, therefore, that the *Roxburgh* knew that she was in dangerous waters and would have taken the usual precaution of going at high speed. The encounter, therefore, was probably undesigned on both sides; in other words, we shall be probably safe in assuming that

the *Roxburgh* ran into the submarine, and not that the submarine manoeuvred to attack the *Roxburgh*. It is fortunate that the torpedo struck her where no fatal injury ensued.

Then, again, there is an apparently well-authenticated story of the fact that a German submarine was destroyed off Borkum, either by some spontaneous internal explosion or through accidentally fouling a mine. Since the war began we have already lost more than one submarine by accident, and we know of no other German submarine that has succumbed in a similar way; but it seems unreasonable to suppose that others have not been lost of which we know nothing.

Two long and circumstantial telegrams—one from Athens and one from Rome—describe the British submarines as extremely active in the Sea of Marmara. Indeed the latter correspondent declares that they are established there with their own secret petrol stores, and that the Turkish transport service is entirely held up. This seems much too good to be true. But after the exploits of *E11* and *E14*, it is not unreasonable to suppose that more submarines will be sent and kept constantly active on the lines of the Turkish communications, and hence that the problem of maintaining the enemy forces in full strength at Achibaba, not only in men, but, what is far more

important, in projectiles, will become increasingly difficult. Indeed the value of the work of the submarines in the Sea of Marmara, if they can be successfully maintained in sufficient numbers, is quite incalculable, because the whole strategical problem of forcing the Dardanelles will be altogether altered if the main source of Turkish supply has to be shifted from a line partly by land through Asia Minor and then by transport to Gallipoli to a line entirely by land north of the Sea of Marmara, through Rodosto and the Isthmus of Bulair. If sea communications are finally cut, the problem of cutting the land communications will not be insoluble.

SUBMARINES AND INVASION.

In last week's issue Mr. Belloc dealt with the rumour of an intended German invasion of these islands, from the point of view of its strategical purpose, but without reference to the naval problems involved. I propose at a future date to go, in some detail, into what an invasion of these islands would imply, both in the form of naval support for the invaders and of naval defence on our part. But for the moment I confine myself to asking anyone who may be nervous on this subject a simple question. We have had a fairly full series of accounts of the landing effected in the Gallipoli Peninsula, and our illustrated papers have given us most interesting photographs, which bring the scene of the massed transports, carrying the men who were to be landed, and of the war ships, whose boats effected the landing and whose guns covered it. We have even seen a picture of the *Majestic* turning over after being torpedoed, and so surrounded by transports and auxiliary ships as to make the feat of hitting her appear a remarkable one, and the feat of avoiding observation till the shot was taken even more remarkable.

If an invasion of these shores was contemplated, it is obvious that a number of men would have to be sent at least fifty per cent. greater than it would be hoped could be landed successfully. If it was thought that 70,000 was the smallest number that could be usefully put on shore, certainly 100,000, probably 150,000, would have to be dispatched. This force would have to bring its own guns, its horses, its ammunition, and certainly some days' food. How many transports or specially constructed barges would be required? The nights are now at their shortest. The chances of such an armada escaping observation until even within a few miles of the shore would be exceedingly slender. When all allowances are made for the submarines that have been sent abroad, we must have many scores of them in these waters. If three German submarines have worked the havoc they have off the Gallipoli Peninsula, how many transports out of a great armada could be expected to get past our submarines and fetch the beach?

THE SUBMARINE'S INTERNATIONAL INFLUENCE.

Keeping to the preceding line of thought one is tempted to say that while it is of submarine events only of which we hear, it is also the submarine campaign that raises what is, perhaps, the most important political question of the moment, namely, the relations of the United

States to Germany on one side, and to Great Britain on the other. There is as yet no official intimation as to the character of the forthcoming German reply. In view of the struggle between von Tirpitz and von Hollweg, no importance can be attached to the German Press forecasts of its tenor—more especially as these forecasts were made before Herr Dernburg had arrived in Berlin. But events have moved in America in a way that is distinctly interesting and to some extent ominous. Two separate campaigns, both of them hostile to Great Britain, have been undertaken. One a "peace at any price" campaign, organised by the pro-Germans, to which Mr. Bryan has somewhat shamelessly lent such authority as still attaches to his name; the other a more subtle, and possibly a more dangerous, attempt to make Americans resent the alleged high-handed proceedings of Great Britain in interfering with the export of German goods to America. I call this campaign dangerous because, while President Wilson's note to Germany was quite explicit, and apparently permitted of no reply except an equally explicit "Yes" or "No," there is nevertheless a bare possibility of America permitting Germany to continue her efforts to evade the issue. That the bulk of Americans are extremely averse from taking part in this war is indisputable, and the peace party, though by no means a pro-German party, will no doubt make the most of the pretension that, whatever Germany's crimes against the Divine Law may be, Great Britain's offences against international law are almost equally beyond question. It is really a short-sighted argument, for Great Britain can regularise the position whenever she pleases by proclaiming a strict blockade. I do not anticipate that either of these campaigns in America will ultimately deflect President Wilson from the course to which he has now bound his country, but both are worth noting as adding materially to the difficulties of his position.

THE PIRATE CAMPAIGN.

The German submarines have been less intensely active since June 17, the last date in the record published in these pages last week. But the attacks have by no means ceased. And there is no evidence of there being any change of heart on Germany's part—at least so far as British ships are concerned. But we now have news of two or three instances of German conduct which looks as if they were anxious to be less uncivil towards neutrals. The Norwegian steamer *Venus*, for instance, which came into Newcastle about a week ago, had been held up by a submarine but had not been sunk. The pirate captain offered the alternative of throwing the cargo to which he objected overboard. This once jettisoned, the ship was allowed to proceed. Again, it appears that another Norwegian, the *Davanger*, sunk on June 17, was condemned by the captain of the submarine on the ground that the ship's name had been changed and that there was a suspicion of false nationality. And in the case of the *Trudean*, a third Norwegian ship, the Germans, though attacking her without warning, towed the crew in the direction of another vessel, which finally brought them to Bergen. In the cases both of *Venus* and *Davanger*, the pirate seems to have acted on quasi legal grounds. The

Tenus was allowed to pass on once her contraband was jettisoned. The *Davanger*, it is true, was destroyed, but only after a sort of trial—a mild acknowledgment that law, after all, exists. The third case—except for the humanity in towing away the crew—is certainly incompatible with the other two. The inconsistency may be explained by the captain of the attacking boat having left harbour before the captains of the other two. There is a bare possibility that instructions of milder conduct have been issued.

The Norwegians complain that none of their ships attacked recently have perceived any mark, number, or flag on the pirate boats, and they assume that the captains are conscious that a pirate's commission is unworthy of a great nation's navy. But English ships that have recently been torpedoed have noticed the numbers on the enemy's submarines. U31, for instance, is identified in yesterday morning's reports, and the *Edith* was attacked off Youghal on the 27th by a boat that was actually flying the Union Jack!

THE RECORD ANALYSED.

My last week's record has brought me so many inquiries that I have attempted this week one or two analyses which seem to be interesting. Here are two tables giving (a) the tonnage of the ships sunk between February 19 and June 17, and (b) the tonnage of the ships attacked but not sunk. Out of ninety-nine ships attacked of under 3,000 tons, only four, or, say, four per cent., failed to sink; while of the forty-eight over 3,000 tons, twelve, or twenty-five per cent., survived and were brought into port. The average tonnage of these twelve ships which escaped was 3,827 tons. The average tonnage of all the ships attacked (excluding the *Lusitania*) was 2,154 tons, and if we exclude the *Lusitania* at one end of the list and all those under 300 tons at the other, the average is 2,536. About the ships under 300 tons this curious fact comes to light. Twenty-three have been attacked and sunk, but of these six were torpedoed before May 26 and *seventeen* in the campaign which is just over. Is this the increased ruthlessness of Reventlow?

It is difficult to draw conclusive deductions from the above facts, but two comments seem obvious. The larger ship, merely from being larger, seems to have a better chance of surviving the torpedo; the smaller ship, being slower, has a far less chance of avoiding the submarine. And by this I do not mean that, *once the submarine is seen*, a better chance of escaping it, but that, being slower, it affords the submarine a target which can both be waylaid *and overhauled*, instead of a target that can *only be waylaid*.

GROUP A.			
21 <i>Cubano</i>	June 2	39 <i>Superb</i>	June 7
32 <i>George and Mary</i>	" 4	42 <i>La Liberté</i>	" 8
34 <i>Sunlight</i>	" 6	60 <i>Davanger</i>	" 14

THE JUNE ATTACK.

In the appended outline map I have attempted, as far as my information goes, to give the approximate position of each of the attacks between June 1 and June 17 inclusive, and I have done this so as to make it possible to form some kind of estimate as to the number of submarines likely to have been engaged in the work accomplished between these two dates. Assuming

the positions to be approximately right, this campaign divides itself into seven separate groups.

On the map the ships are *numbered* from 20 to 62 in the order in which they were attacked *chronologically*. In the separate lists they are enumerated as they are *grouped* upon the map by *locality*.

Tonnage.	Number of ships attacked but not sunk.	Number of ships sunk.
300—1,000	3	23
1,000—2,000	1	24
2,000—3,000	—	29
3,000—4,000	4	19
4,000—5,000	5	21
5,000—6,000	1	9
6,000—7,000	—	4
7,000—8,000	1	1
8,000—9,000	—	—
9,000 and over	1	—
	16	131
	Total 147.	

GROUP B.			
24 <i>Delta B</i>	June 2	53 <i>Bellglade</i>	June 12
28 <i>Penfeld</i>	" 3	54 <i>Crown of India</i>	" 12
33 <i>Inkum</i>	" 4	58 <i>Hopemount</i>	" 13
37 <i>Express</i>	" 7	59 <i>Diamant</i>	" 13
40 <i>Trudvan</i>	" 7	61 <i>Strathnairn</i>	" 15
41 <i>Susannah</i>	" 8	62 <i>Trafford</i>	" 17
50 <i>Thomasina</i>	" 10		

Note that between June 1 and 17 the Channel from the Scillies to the Straits of Dover was practically clear of submarines altogether. Similarly no submarine appears to have operated between Rathlin Island and St. George's Channel. Last week I stated that the last submarine attack made in the Irish Channel was on June 12. This was a slip of the pen. The last actually was on March 9. The Irish Channel, then, has been clear since March 9, the English Channel east of Portsmouth since April 8, and the whole Channel east of the Scillies since May 29.

GROUP C.			
20 <i>Saidieh</i>	June 1	36 <i>Menapir</i>	June 7
25 <i>E and O</i>	" 3	56 <i>Leucitra</i>	" 12
29 <i>Boy Horace</i>	" 4		

GROUP D.			
44 <i>Laurestina</i>	June 9	51 <i>Edward</i>	June 11
45 <i>Britannia</i>	" 9	52 <i>Qui Vive</i>	" 11
47 <i>Intrepid</i>	" 10		

GROUP E.			
23 <i>Cyrus</i>	June 2	46 <i>Erna Boldt</i>	June 9
38 <i>Glitterlind</i>	" 7	48 <i>Otago</i>	" 10
43 <i>Lady Salisbury</i>	" 9		

GROUP F.			
27 <i>Lappland</i>	June 3	55 <i>Desabla</i>	June 12
31 <i>Economy</i>	" 4	57 <i>Cocos</i>	" 12
35 <i>Adolf</i>	" 6		

GROUP G.			
22 <i>Salvador</i>	June 2	30 <i>Dunnet Head</i>	June 4
26 <i>Iona</i>	" 3	49 <i>Dania</i>	" 10

HOW MANY SUBMARINES?

Each of the above groups, with the exception of B, could quite easily represent the work of a single submarine—that is, assuming first that the positions I have assigned to the different points of attack are correct and that twenty-four hours elapses between any two attacks made on successive days. But this hardly holds true of Group B, where it will be observed that no less than thirteen ships were attacked in seventeen days. I have no record as to whether all these ships were torpedoed, nor how many. Some were probably sunk by gunfire. Nor do I know how many torpedoes the ocean-going German submarine can carry.

But we learn from an interesting interview

SUBMARINE ATTACK RECORD.



DISTRIBUTION OF THE JUNE ATTACKS.

with one of the newly-decorated crew of *E11*, published in the *Daily Chronicle* of Monday last, that Commander Nasmith, V.C., torpedoed no less than *eight* separate ships in his heroic expedition into the Sea of Marmara. He must have carried, then, at least eight torpedoes. The German vessels may be built to carry as many or more. It is probably safe to assume that the ships in Group B could not all of them have fallen to a single submarine.

But the reader should bear in mind that the whole of this grouping idea may turn out to be fallacious. For instance, while the position of the ships in the A group suggests the theory that a single submarine could have got them all, it is

more than probable that the A and B groups should be regarded as one, that there was no definite body of submarines working this district the entire time, and that there were *relays* of boats, perhaps six in all, that took the ships in the A group as they came and went, and accounted for the ships in B group when they were in that field. Similarly the Dutch group and Group E may have been the work of boats coming and going. Whichever view is right, it seems reasonable to say that *eight* is the minimum number of submarines that could have done the work and that *twelve or thirteen* is the maximum number likely to have been employed.

A. H. POLLEN.

THE IDEALS OF WAR.

AN INTRODUCTION.

By L. March Phillipps.

THE object of this, and perhaps of some following essays, will be to attempt a definition of the inward motives and ideas which are contending in the the present war. These give war its meaning. The outward act of war is always brutal, but as the physical aspect of a struggle of ideals it may be illumined and made splendid. Widely indeed are those mistaken who proclaim war's stupidity. The wars of savages are stupid, because they are about nothing that matters, but the wars of civilised nations—wars waged to determine whether a higher or lower philosophy of life shall preside over the future of the race, so far from being stupid, are among the most profoundly interesting and significant events in history. They are, in fact, what Shakespeare is fond of calling them, the mighty *arguments* which, in their results, govern the destinies of mankind. It is thus in the long run we judge them. Why do the names of Marathon and Thermopylae shine through the ages like stars? Because on those fields there met in visible combat two principles of eternal significance. Because it was not Greek and Persian who fought those battles, but European liberty and Oriental despotism. Every soldier of Darius and Xerxes was dimly inspired by the hate which the passive East bears to the active West. They had their own "Kultur" to preach to the savages and pirates of the Greek islands. And so, too, every free-born Greek, as he leapt at the invader, was fired by the thought of the Greek love of liberty and the Greek citizenship whose representative and champion he was. Only people whose eyes see what is outward but whose minds cannot grasp what is inward grudge the blood which is shed in such a cause. But I ask the reader what should we understand of those actions—actions by which Western civilisation and the whole trend of Western thought were secured, and in whose after effects we are still all of us living to this day—if all we saw in them was a certain number of Greeks and Persians hacking and stabbing each other with spears and arrows?

And so, too, what do we understand of the present war while we fix our gaze on the visible armies engaged, unless, while we watch them, we realise the ideas they represent and whose struggle is their struggle? It was not Greek or Persian that mattered in those long-ago engagements; but the theories of life for which they stood; and neither, to the world and to the future, is it Englishman or Austrian, French or German, which matters now, but the theories of life for which these, too, stand. This is our concern. We want to look at the war, if we can, in the light of history, tracing in it the victory or defeat, not of brief-lived human beings, but of thoughts whose influence is to pass on through the centuries of the future. The two orders or ideas, Western and Eastern, for which Greek and Persian fought, stand out now distinctly enough though all that was visible in that quarrel has long since faded away. And the time will also come when all that is mortal of the present conflict, armies and guns, and tactics and strategy, will be reduced to conflicting legends for historians to squabble over; but, with the passing of all we know it by, the truth about the war will but emerge the clearer, for to the victory of one or other of the ideals now fighting for supremacy the men and women of the future will owe the lives they live and the thoughts they think.

How, then, shall we lay hold of the thoughts, the theories of life as I have called them, whose invisible war the visible war symbolises? In an essay, intended but to hint at the nature of the subject, we must not expect more than briefly to indicate the conflicting principles. This, however, we may attempt.

It will be conceded by many, and will be made clearer, perhaps, by and by, that the principle which is more and more gaining a hold on European life, and is tending to harmonise the ideals and reconcile the endeavours of the European nations, is that principle of liberty which ensures to every national entity its right to be itself and to develop its character and individuality by the free growth of its own qualities and characteristics. Professor Sarolea, in a book which most people have been reading lately, has an interesting chapter on this modern, as it may be called, theory of freely formed national character, and the wonderful results, in richness and diversity, attained by a system which utilises

the various contributions of all peoples. It is a thought which concerns us English people closely, for there is none which has more intimately directed our own policy and the growth of our Empire. But it concerns other nations also. It is tending to-day to be accepted as a European philosophy of life, and it is fraught with intellectual and spiritual consequences which are of absolutely first-rate importance to the future of mankind.

By and by, perhaps, we shall see how this motive operates, and how, especially in the Eastern and Southern parts of Europe, those States which feel its impulse feel it as the touch of life itself. But now let us go on to ask the further question: Is Europe united in the endeavour to realise this ideal, or are there any dissentients among its nations? The question of itself turns all eyes towards Germany. Out of Germany, and more particularly out of the Northern or Prussian part of it, there does come, and in very clear and ringing accents, a challenge to this theory of life. Prussia may be said to have been nurtured in the idea of dominion. It was the Prussian theory that development was to proceed by acquisition from without rather than by growth from within. With her the will to dominate even preceded the power to do so. The instinct of all babies to grasp and hold fast was Prussia's in a very singular degree. Not only has every addition to her stature been the result of forcible appropriation, but no State has so consciously and so carefully cultivated the power to grasp and hold and so consistently applied it. No State, as you may say, has so

"Wrought

Upon the plan which pleased its childish thought."

Domination, the imposition of its own will upon others rather than their own free development, this is what has always been sacred in the eyes of Prussia.

But does she stand alone? What is the most salient of all facts about the government of Austria? It is—no one will deny it—that, placed as she is where many nations meet and formed out of the fragments of many races, she has not set to work to form an empire based on the free consent of its component parts, but has striven to weld together, by outside pressure and force, a structure of power which the very development of freedom itself has steadily disintegrated. Here was a fitting ally for Germany, an ally whose thought was her thought. And where in the West could a third be found of like calibre? Of all nations there was one which, above all others, had made the theory of domination in its crudest form the inspiration of its policy, and which had, as it were, so incarnated that ideal that the casting off of its government had come to mean, for all incipient nationalities, the first step in the direction of freedom. Turkey swiftly recognised what there was sympathetic to her own genius in the German-Austrian point of view, and ranged herself, a solitary recruit, on the side of her spiritual allies.

Thus the ill-omened trinity was formed. The differences between each of its members are obvious. What, you would ask, has progressive Germany to do with effete Austria or barbarous Turkey with either? But if, instead of looking for differences, we look for a resemblance, we shall find all three strictly united in their dependence on the same political principle. All three, we shall find, rely on the power to dominate, to enforce obedience, to inflict their will on others. And not only is this principle common to all three, but it is *vital* to each of them. To the Prussian (for Germany in this matter takes her orders from Prussia) it is the gospel which is to inspire his new world-empire; to the Austrian it is the tie which holds together the rather ramshackle empire he already possesses; while to the Turk it stands for the only kind of empire he has ever dreamed of as possible. Whatever influence in life, then, threatens this political principle threatens the life of Prussia, Austria, and Turkey, and would tend to unite them against a common foe.

While, therefore, an inquiry like the present will have to consider carefully this principle of domination which Prussia, Austria, and Turkey represent—its place in history, its limitations, the circumstances which have favoured its growth, and chiefly the causes which have led to its adoption by Germany—yet the very act of doing this will help to separate from it and define in its turn another ideal which

is uniting in its service another and still larger group of nations. We just now spoke of the possibilities inherent in the principle of freedom and of the future opened up to humanity by the mere natural action of growth and self-development. This ideal is still in its dawn, nor are its intellectual and spiritual effects as yet fully apparent. Its gradual growth, its influence upon life, its place in Europe to-day, and the rallying of the nations round it are points of view from which it may be regarded. If Prussia is the foremost champion of the idea of dominion, we ourselves, at least in the sphere of practical politics, may lay claim to the leadership of the forces of freedom. The evolution of this principle forms the backbone of English history, while our quite recent adaptation and use of it as an imperial bond uniting a society of free nations is an event of capital importance to the world at large. It is at this moment, when the principle of freedom emerges from a state of merely national to a state of universal consequence, that it meets on the world-stage the rival principle of dominion, similarly emerging out of national isolation, similarly presenting itself as a world-ideal, and led on to the attack by the armed might of Prussia. Not without cause is it that Germany reserves an especial hate for England, for, unprepared and unformidable in arms as we appeared, yet ideally we were the most irreconcilable of her foes. Moreover, from the moment we set about arming, and

our recruits came streaming to the flag from all the English nations overseas, her instinct recognised the gait and aspect of that great ideal betwixt which and herself the combat is mortal.

We have tried to indicate a point of view. If we succeed in our interpretation we shall in the end come to see the shock of armies as the outward sign of an inward encounter of ideas. Behind the armies we shall see two philosophies, each aspiring, one by persuasion, the other by force, to world supremacy and to the direction of the future of mankind. Their deadly animosity indicates their profound incompatibility of nature and the magnitude of the struggle measures the importance of the issues which are at stake. Every incident of the war, the means employed by both sides, the spirit and temper evoked by the contest, the attitude of neutrals and their adhesion one by one to the cause of the Allies, is an authentic lineament of the ideal combat in the background. This it is which shines through the visible acts we see or read about illuminating them with intellectual significance. To see the war thus is not only to understand it rightly, but it is also to realise its importance—not for us only and for the present generation but for the future and for the whole world—and so to confirm our determination to fight on, not counting the cost, until we are victorious or for as long as the strength to deal a blow remains in us.

THE ATTACK BY AIR.

By L. Blin Desbleds.

TO the majority of people a powerful aerial offensive only means a succession of air raids, but to those who have closely followed the development of the offensive potentiality of aircraft it is nothing of the sort. An attack by air, with a view to shortening the war and to putting an end to the present desperately costly system of trench warfare, demands a great amount of co-ordination and of organisation. Random attacks or random raids by air cannot be expected to lead to results of permanent value.

It must not be supposed, for instance, that for a country to possess a large number of machines and a large number of pilots is to place it in the position to carry out a real war by air with efficiency and success. To cut off the German Western army from all communications with its bases is, in reality, a stupendous task. Yet, provided the necessary amount of attention is given to it, it is a task which may well be accomplished by a carefully studied and organised comprehensive and sustained aerial offensive.

Real war by air, therefore, should possess the same three characteristics as real war by land or by water: that is, it must be organised, it must be comprehensive, and it must be sustained.

We should not expect victory from our land and our sea forces if they were not organised for their special needs. How, then, can we expect to derive the fullest advantage from our newest service, which is at the same time the most scientific, unless we give it the amount of study and of organisation which, by reason of its proved merits, it certainly deserves? We should not expect to threaten the communications of the German Western army with a force of a few hundred men. Why, then, should we think that an aerial force of a few flights of aeroplanes launched against the enemy's numerous lines of communication could notably alter the character of trench warfare, a method of warfare which the enemy had foreseen and for which they were thoroughly prepared?

Has it not yet been realised that the enemy's plan in the present war rests on the quick transference of their troops from one front to another? Is it not worth our while, therefore, to render that transference as difficult as possible? Besides, we have no choice of method. The way of the air is the only way by which we can get behind the enemy's front and his network of fortified places or trenches. Are we not going to avail ourselves of the route that is open to us? It would, of course, be almost useless to send only a

few dozens of aeroplanes to try and destroy the communications of a wary and resourceful enemy. Our aerial attacks must be *comprehensive*.

They must also be *sustained*. Whenever a line of communication is destroyed, it must be kept destroyed. Aerial attacks, therefore, for their success demand a very careful organisation and planning. War in the air, like war on land and on sea, is not all dash and bravery. For complete success it demands just as much science, just as much cool organisation and forethought, and just as much military genius as its elder brothers, the war on land and the war on sea.

The organisation of real war by air is, in essence, different from that on land and on sea. For complete success it demands a distinct method of procedure. I have, therefore, on various occasions, both in the Press and on the platform, advocated, as strongly as I possibly could, the creation of some organisation which, as regards aerial offensive operations, would occupy the same position as the War Office and the Admiralty in their relation to the Army and the Navy. And an Air Ministry—to call the special organisation by that name—will find its position no sinecure.

It will have to deal with the continuous strengthening of our air fleets both as regards the number of machines and their designs and construction; it will have to decide the course of training best suited to the men entrusted with the various kinds of aerial operations; the organisation of the necessary motor transport; the forming of the needful engineering and mechanical staffs; the means of repairing machines at the front; the study and design of weapons especially suitable for aerial offensive operations and for fighting hostile aircraft; the careful examination of numerous ideas in a branch which, because it is still in its youth, daily pour from the brains of inventors; the careful co-ordination of meteorological data bearing on aerial operations; the study of the question of armour and armament of aircraft; and, above all, it will have to conceive the plan of a comprehensive and sustained aerial offensive.

Such an operation, as I have already said, is one which requires careful and scientific study. I have, on various occasions, explained in this publication why I consider that a fleet of aeroplanes 2,000 strong, and kept at that strength, could exercise a considerable influence both on the duration and the character of the war. The production of such a fleet would require a great effort for its efficient working. But that effort is well worth making.

THE VALUE OF THE INITIATIVE.

(Continued.)

By Colonel F. N. Maude, C.B.

IN my article last week I explained the gradual waning in the value of permanent fortifications, which has been in progress for centuries, but has now reached its lowest level, thanks especially to the introduction of high explosives in shells. It follows as a corollary that the value of the "initiative" in strategy has increased in almost inverse ratio.

The term "initiative" in its technical sense does not necessarily imply an active offensive policy, either strategically or tactically; but covers the idea of power to compel your enemy to act as you would have him do, whether such action involves attack or defence. Thus the Germans to-day are attacking both in Galicia and in France, but in neither theatre of operations do they possess "initiative" in the technical sense. Reverting to last week's pages, it is easy to see how the change referred to has come about. In the days of Marlborough, when a group of half a dozen fortresses, defended by, say, 50,000 men, could hold up half a million for several months, it mattered little which side took the initiative at the outset of a campaign. The defending side withdrew behind the shelter of its fortresses and completed its arrangements for reopening the campaign at its convenience.

Nowadays, such an action has become impossible, and hence every Continental nation has been straining to the utmost, as regards its military side, to obtain an overwhelming victory at the earliest possible moment, so as to force its enemy hereafter to conform to its dictation. It was this straining to get away even before the starting-gun was fired that led Germany into the fatal error of crossing the line into Belgium, in a flagrant violation of all rules of the game, which, from the first, deprived her of the power of free movement, and has ended up by landing her in her present quandary, in which she is always *compelled* to act as the Allies please, not as the better sense of her highest strategical talent would desire.

Let us see how the whole chain of cause and effect unwinds. Germany had prepared for this war against the "Double Entente" for years, and to gain the initiative over France had plotted with unexampled care and accuracy a whole scheme of advance which should sweep through Belgium, and on to Paris, thus compelling the French Army to expend itself in efforts to relieve their capital. Whether the French Staff would have conformed to the enemy's wishes is very doubtful, and it is not relevant to the present subject to inquire into it. The essential point is that the Germans believed that they could do so, and made all their arrangements on this assumption, never dreaming of the storm which their defiance of International law would let loose upon them.

Within forty-eight hours, however, the Nemesis of the Yates began to work, and the Higher Staff of their Army discovered that they had to deal with a factor which they had almost completely left out of their reckoning, viz., the entry of England into the struggle, and the consequent danger to their lines of communication.

The danger was not immediate, it is true, for our "contemptible" little aggregate of barely 100,000 men instantly available, could, they felt sure, be absorbed by their immense masses without even a perceptible shock to their machinery. But they also knew quite enough of European history to feel assured that that would by no means be the end of the matter, and considered as a body of educated thinkers, they did in fact expect more from the working of our voluntary system than any of our leaders, with but few exceptions, had ever dared to anticipate. That was the reason why they had so sedulously tried to undermine our belief in our own methods, and to seduce the imagination of our generals and politicians.

The problem had to be faced, what would happen when they reached Paris and held it, subject to our power of invasion along a coast line of some 300 miles from Zeebrugge to the mouth of the Seine. Actually, they had no data to guide them as to how long it would take us to make ready, say, half a million men; nor were the possible dangers limited only to the numbers we might provide. The French alone were bound to outnumber them two to one on their frontier before very long, and, thanks to our command of the sea, there was no reason why these numbers should elect to dash themselves frontally against the German lines when they could be collected in secrecy in the South and shipped round from Marseilles and Bordeaux to act against their flanks. The Germans have always been afraid of the secrecy that Sea

Power carries with it. They were well aware of the extreme difficulty of guarding a long coast line, against any part of which, and with only a few hours' warning, a couple of hundred thousand troops may suddenly be thrown.

It was the necessity of precaution against this danger that compelled them to divert the energies of a portion of their Staff, already fully occupied elsewhere, to the question of accumulating a fresh army mass in Belgium. Moreover, the vigorous attacks by the Russians, which necessitated the transfer of no less than four Army Corps from West to East at the most critical moment of the Aisne and Oise operations made their problem none the easier of solution. Then, as all will remember, began the great race for the North Sea. The Germans, denuding their lines in the Vosges and around Metz, whilst new formations were rushed into Belgium, and for some very critical days it seemed as if these new commands uniting in the region between Ypres and Lille would succeed in piercing our line. But the providential appearance of a Division, and the incomparable heroism and endurance with which for a full fortnight they closed the gap against fully tenfold odds, enabled French reinforcements to arrive, and together we received the shock of the oncoming German masses. Then, as the French Staff History of the events claims, we broke the German offensive for good and all.

From henceforward the "initiative" definitely passed into our keeping, and, cunningly worked in conjunction with the Russians, there has been no further great concentration of German forces which we have not succeeded in diverting from its intended purpose. Over and over again, big efforts have been made by them to mass together an army vast enough to gain a decisive victory on a front of not less than twenty miles; but each time, long before a gathering was complete, a sudden attack, either from the British or French lines, whether in the district about Lille, in the centre about Perthes, or to their left in the Vosges, has compelled the Germans to send off such considerable reinforcements that their projected attack has inevitably fallen through, or has had to be made at a time and place not of their own free choice.

The German Staff are not uninstructed enough to believe the fictions they disseminate for the consumption and encouragement of their people in the Fatherland. I derived most of my early training from their predecessors' lips, and from the study of their literature, and I am absolutely certain that amongst the number of those that count there is not a man foolish enough to suppose that any attack made by a less strength than that sufficient to crush in at one effort a good twenty-mile breach right through our lines, can do more at the present time than delay temporarily the final issue.

The officer who, in his diary before he was killed, wrote some weeks ago: "Too few to attack, too many to surrender, too proud to retire," simply gave expression to the whole of the educated opinion of the German Army, and now the same conviction is spreading to the rank and file.

Let anyone take the map of the Western frontier and note the points at which the Germans are now threatened by forces of not less than double their own numbers, and fully equal to them, unit for unit, from the sea to the Rhine. Near the latter river the French now command a full forty-mile strip of Upper Alsace, a district large enough to contain an army so strong it could pass over the Rhine and sweep downwards through Baden. In Lorraine, a very short advance will sever the communication, both by road and rail, between Strasburg and Metz, and north of this line lies a grand manœuvring country for all arms.

Secrecy, too, as well as numbers are now on the French side. The ultimate secret, the choice of the exact point, or points, at which General Joffre will decide to launch the final blow, is securely hidden in his own brain and in his brain alone.

Six months ago, the military situation might have been redeemed by a deliberate abandonment of Belgium and a retreat and concentration within German territory. Victorious here, they could have overrun Belgium again at their leisure, but for the threat of British sea power, which, from first to last, has held them in its grasp, from which there is no escape.

We might have hastened events by a reckless waste of men—Joffre said as much nearly six months ago—but the effect would not have brought the realisation of our ultimate purpose so completely within our grasp.

BERLIN FAÇADES.

By Desmond MacCarthy.

ONCE I spent a fortnight in Berlin. A year ago I should not have thought it could ever seem worth while to make this confidence to the public; but since then Berlin has acquired in our eyes a sinister interest. From time to time articles are written by neutrals for our papers about life as it is going on there now, and on days when war news is scanty we read them with interest. The writers tell us only what has changed, taking for granted we know quite well what normal Berlin is like; and I, too, supposed that I remembered it all well enough till the discovery of some old postcards reminded me how much I had forgotten. Perhaps what follows may perform the same service to others. The things that stick in the memory when visual impressions have grown hazy are those which seemed significant of national character. It is only the residual impressions, not the picture, that I can hope to render.

If you have walked between the thirty-two marble Hohenzollerns towards the plump golden Victory who stands upon and dwarfs her fluted column of pink granite at the end of the Sieges Alle; if you have stood upon the steps of the gigantic portico of the Reichstag or beside those iron colossi, Bismarck and Moltke, feeling as though you had unaccountably lost human size, your aversion to German *Kultur* is likely to be, I do not say more intense (after what has happened in Belgium, France, and on the seas that can hardly be), but more intimate. On the other hand, you can only marvel at the organising energy, the far-sighted confidence of that *Kultur* which has controlled the rapid development of Berlin and made it into so pompous and prosperous a capital.

Berlin is a clean, ostentatious town; that is your first impression. It is a town in which no slums are visible, in spite of its busy manufactories, where not a single poverty-stricken person is to be seen in the streets. It is a town in which a policeman will pursue a piece of paper with the agonised concentration of a man trying to catch his own hat; and a beggar dares not speak to you. There is no old Berlin; there is only a little shabby piece which is older than the rest, where the streets are narrower and not straight; but the only parts of it which record a past age are the Royal residences. The style of architecture is very various, but on the whole the one which predominates is what may be called the Universal Exhibition style (iron, plaster, and cement). On every hand is shown a passion for the façade. These façades are an orgie of bas-reliefs, columns and capitals, medallions, mosaics, and all the tricks of pastrycook decoration—when they do not aim at a portentous massiveness. The impressiveness of the city lies in the wideness of its streets, its large, gay open spaces, and its extreme cleanliness, and in these respects it is probably the first town in Europe. It is a town in which the shops resemble each other to a marked degree, and in which the gayest shops are those of the sellers of comestibles, and next, perhaps, the boot shops. The stamp of Royalty and the Army is all over it. Its streets and squares and places bear the names of Emperors and Empresses, or of generals and battles. When they do not, they are simply called "Royal." At every corner you come up against marble generals and iron kings; and public institutions, such as galleries, colleges, and hospitals, are called after either a Frederick or a William, an Augustus or an Augusta. There are quantities of fine restaurants, which appear crammed at all hours of the day, and not only occupied by those who seem to be people of leisure and pleasure, but by hard workers of limited means. The whole town gives an extraordinary impression of living hard and spending freely. The restaurants, as full as ever, remain open well into the early hours of the morning, and when one music-hall closes another begins, some of the entertainments beginning after one o'clock. A good deal has been said lately about the dissipation of Berlin. Its "night side" seems much the same as that of any other capital, only perhaps a little more noisy. I should say there was a tendency to be rather proud of it. The modern Berliner is not willing to believe he belongs to and ancient and corrupt civilisation; but the thing most likely to surprise the casual visitor is the frequent presence of stolid bourgeoisie families with their children or a placid couple in places where they would never go en famille in other countries, and at hours when they certainly would have elsewhere been in bed. There they sit eating and drinking, quietly enjoying the dissipation, and glaring round about them. When do the people of Berlin get their sleep? one

wonders. For if the cafés and dancing rooms and halls do such brisk business all night, office work, business of all kinds, and trade begins about an hour and a half earlier than in London. The trams are full very early. They must sleep less—that is the only explanation; and that would account for their so constantly eating. Everyone knows short nights mean long meals or collapse.

There is too much façade about Berlin, and this is a characteristic of several sides of modern German life. Strangely enough, it is the German instinct for thoroughness which has produced this result. It has made them go in for making a show with an awful completeness Thus the apparent absence of poverty is a façade constructed by the police. No doubt it represents also some solid benefits, but just as behind those monumental street fronts the interiors are indifferently furnished, so there are cramped, miserable lives beneath the surface of apparently contented modest sufficiency. The wealthy elegance of Berlin is also a façade. But what is not mere appearance is the power of work which has created Berlin, all that is solid as well as all that is pretentious in it. We know that Germany's military power was far from being a façade, whatever else we think of it. Nor can we think that the way her people are cohering together and working together behind the battle line now is not all that it seems. It is the extraordinary docility of the German people which makes these things possible, and also produces that aspect of contentment in Berlin and elsewhere; that surface which is so satisfying to the bureaucratic and autocratic mind. Just as no tourist hugs so fondly his Baedeker as the German tourist, so at home he delights in being told what to do and what not to do. The word *verboten*, which he so often hears and sees, has no disagreeable flavour about it. One can find hundreds of examples of this peculiarity. Here is one. A Frenchman told me that he spent a few days at the popular seaside resort Norderney, and he described to me the scene at the bathing hour—of course the hours for bathing were fixed. At the appointed time the bathers in striped costumes came cautiously stepping down to the waves, where bathing men awaited them, and sprayed them with cold water. Provided the bathers did not venture in far above the knee, nothing extraordinary happened, but the moment anyone had the imprudence to wade out till the water reached his chest, the bathing officials began to blow trumpets, wave flags, and to make energetic gestures commanding the foolhardy venturer to come back to shallower water. There was, it must be added, no danger whatever; the coast was without currents and the shore without abrupt holes; but the air was perpetually filled with imperious cries and toots from the horns. They herded these docile holiday-makers like sheep. Nobody insisted on swimming; they were content to get wet by bobbing to the waves. Only one was disobedient, and he was threatened with being forbidden to bathe in future. Perhaps forty or fifty thousand visitors put up with this every year!

Now, what is interesting is that this submission is not due to an absurd timidity. We know the Germans, on the contrary, are a brave race. But they positively like being looked after and ordered about.

Critics in their own country have jeered at them for their *Deinernatur*, their lackey spirit. It is not an unamiable characteristic in itself. It is pleasant to deal with people who are not perpetually on the defensive because they serve. It contributes not a little to that pleasant air of general contentment which strikes the traveller in Germany. It has, too, a kind of dignity. But if not objectionable in itself, it produces odious qualities in those who do the ordering about, and it makes such as, in addition, take advantage of their position positively intolerable to all other human beings who are not submissive. Official, political, and military Germany is the result of German docility. Fear is always an ingredient in hatred, and Europe has been afraid of Germany; but she has been afraid of her because she was not only powerful, but a bully. It would be an answer to a German who wanted to know why his country had been disliked so long simply to point to the statues with which Berlin is peppered. The spirit of overbearing brag and swagger (combined with an absence of taste) which produced them accounts for it. The world will not stand being bullied, especially by a graceless bully; and the Germans themselves do not understand how deep this resentment goes, because as a race they can stand more bullying than any other.

SEEN AT THE FRONT.

II.—LONDON TO THE FIRING LINE.

By An Officer.

ONE has grown used to seeing people off to the front. It is a disagreeable business, accompanied by a great deal of handshaking and some tears. They vanish—this friend or that; and the next we hear of them is that they are fighting or in the trenches or wounded or killed. The long, roundabout journey to the front, full of first impressions, full of strange scenes, has rarely been described. Nevertheless, it is a road that every draft and every unit has to travel, a phase which, according to circumstances, may last three days or as many weeks.

We left London one brilliant sunny morning in mid-winter. It was ten o'clock. The blue mists had scarce lifted from the river, and the station was nearly empty save for the friends and relations of the two hundred men of our draft. Handkerchiefs were waved and the train steamed out just as a hundred other trains steam out week by week. We rattled through the smiling English countryside, through the commons and dark green pinewoods, through the open uplands and snug valleys, past a score of well-known, well-loved places.

Port was reached about two o'clock. The business of detraining and embarking took but a short time, for there was practically no baggage. But there were formalities and already other troops aboard the little paddle-boat. All afternoon we waited for the last draft to arrive. It came on board about four o'clock. And in the early hours of a grey evening we glided down the harbour. The sun had long since disappeared and a nasty wind had begun to play with the sea. Past the bell-buoy, which rocks and tolls amid the rising waves, bidding farewell to every outward-going ship, and so we leave the shore lights behind. The forts and the lightship disappear. The dim, swift-moving outline of a destroyer takes their place against the darkening sea. There is a more than perceptible swell. Soon it becomes almost an obligation to feel sick. And presently five melancholy officers sit around a cabin—a veritable biscuit-box of a cabin—awaiting the end!

What a night! What sheets of rain! What a violent wind! What a relief at last, after sleepless hours, to ride at anchor in port again! A hulk of a French steamer, very low in the water, is towed slowly in through the driving rain and drifting sea-sand. She was torpedoed the night before last. By degrees, and as we edge in towards the quay-side, the men recover their spirits—poor wretches who have been spending the night on deck, on the stairs, in the gangways down below, everywhere in extremis!

We land about the middle of the morning and march through the crowded streets to the camp on the hills behind the town. Past crowded wharves and yards and docks, great mountains of stores and lines of A.S.C. wagons; past French Territorials, who present arms; past smoky, hideous factories, whence the workpeople are thronging to their midday meal. So through divers difficult streets to the straight French *paré* road lined with poplars, which leads by way of various suburbs to the base camp.

Such a bran-new town of canvas huts and white tents clinging to the hillside! None would believe that so vast an accumulation of dwellings could spring up in so short a time. The officers sleep in canvas huts, comfortable enough with our warm sleeping-bags and a canvas bucket that does duty for a bath between the two of us. The men are in tents. The officers' mess—a rare draughty place with a tin roof and a long table on trestles, where one scrambles, nay, begs and prays for food. Next day there is an inspection. Ammunition has to be issued and deficiencies of kit made good. We are very busy. Afterwards we work all day at censoring the men's letters. At night there is a concert in the big tin Y.M.C.A. hut. The concert-party consists of five well-known "stars," whom a few weeks ago I saw behind the brilliant footlights of the London stage. Now they are in gum-boots and rough country clothes, muddy and somewhat dishevelled. They sing popular and old-fashioned sentimental airs which bring down a "house" crammed from end to end with khaki.

For five days we lead a life of censoring, inspecting, and being inspected. Then—it is a Saturday—the order comes to be off. On a sunny winter's afternoon we march with others drafts to the number of 3,000 men four miles along the pretty valley road which leads to the wayside entraining

station. Somehow that afternoon remains among my most vivid impressions: the cheering, shouting, singing march through the frosty sunlight, the tiny French town nestling at the end of its own valley, the quiet evening sky, the blue smoke lazily rising from the houses—these last things I remarked as we waited for the train to start. There was, I remember, a buffet managed by two friendly ladies from Yorkshire, who doled out coffee and bread to the men. Then the troop train—at least half a mile long—moved off very slowly, very cautiously, and, having proceeded about four miles, halted for as many hours. We slept along the seats. Once, about midnight, the train stopped on a bridge with a terrific jerk and some French Territorial guards shouted incomprehensible observations from the road beneath. The morning, brilliantly fine, found us at Abbeville. And all day long we rolled on and on, moving, stopping, jolting. Now by the seaside, now by the sandhills about Calais, now through illimitable marshes, then through the ordinary undulating countryside, with its grey farms and green fields and venerable church towers, and at last among the flat, cold lands of Picardy. Nor was there any sign of war except an occasional Red Cross train and an uncommon military activity along the main road that ran beside the railway. Even at rail-head, ten miles from the front, there was no sound of guns, no particular stir in the air, except in the station yard where the 3,000 troops detrained. It was after dark. A guide led us through the narrow streets of the little French town, ill-lit and cobbled. We filed into a disused and dilapidated tobacco factory, where on the hard floor of lofts and storage-house the men were to billet. It was a place of rats and shadows and creaking boards. Having made the necessary arrangements, we adjourned to our own billet in the house of a worthy citizen of the town. The old couple, wizened and bent and shy, having doubtless spent all their years in that backwater of civilisation until the war came, showed us politely to room—and beds. We slept snugly that night, but not before I had repaired to the headquarters of the Army Corps on a matter of urgency. Unlike the traditional headquarters of an army, the atmosphere of the little inn, before which a sentry stood and a red flag hung, was essentially tranquil. Only the sound of typing machines and the presence of a few waiting orderlies indicated that anything was afoot. I was ushered before the general. Brisk and business-like, he was seated at a table, smoking a cigar. His chief of staff and aides-de-camp stood in front of the fire, doing likewise. All had just finished dinner. No time was wasted. My business finished, I went out into the dark street. Not a sound. A silvery moon shone down upon the little sleeping town. Could this be war, I asked myself, this calm and tranquil atmosphere? So, puzzling, I went to bed.

Morning found us lined along a road leading out of the town—a variegated column 1,500 strong, for at nine o'clock we were to be inspected by the general. He spoke a few words, and the column moved off through a dense grey mist that hid the fields on either hand. The highway was of *paré* and trying to the feet. A staff officer rode in front, and after an hour's trudging called a halt. The men were glad enough to fall out. It was their first march, carrying packs and full weight of equipment. Opposite the halting-place was a house with a gaping hole in the roof where, a few days before, a German shell had burst. That was our first taste of the war. Henceforward many of the houses by the roadside were similarly damaged, albeit they seemed to be occupied, for besides soldiers, women and children swarmed in the streets. And the first impression, the one and only impression, was one of unutterable squalidity. They were so dingy, these towns, with their mud and their smoke-stains and their depraved-looking inhabitants. We halted once again in a dirty street. By now our limbs were aching and tired. Then, turning off along a lane, we struck out into the open country. Presently we came upon a line of guns—4.7's—cleverly concealed. The whole thing, the whole journey until we halted before the farmhouse where the staff of the battalion was awaiting us, conveyed to the mind a sense of hopeless unreality. Surely this could not be real war, one thought repeatedly. Surely this must be a dream or an exhibition or some kind of excursion, or a moving picture such as one sees at the music-halls! Yet, no—it was war right enough—the trenches were only a mile away.



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IT is a rare thing these days to live in a restful atmosphere. Many people indeed seem to banish the very idea of rest from their thresholds, and live in a state of rush from morning to night, attempting quite five times as much as they can reasonably do, and suffering the natural consequences. For it is impossible habitually to overwork both body and brain without reaping a full harvest of strain.

Someone the other day was talking about the difference in the conditions prevailing at the time of the Napoleonic Wars and these of the present time. It was someone who does not pretend to be a profound thinker, but who from time to time most certainly has the knack of hitting the right nail well and truly on the head. "I think," said she, "that it must have been a much more restful atmosphere to return to a hundred years ago, and ever so much better for those who had been away fighting," which remark gave one furiously to think. Are we creating quite the wrong atmosphere for those who have come back from the Front on a few days' leave, or have returned wounded for a weary convalescence? It is quite probable that in scores of cases we are, and that they must inevitably suffer for it. Rest of mind, rest of body, are matters much in the hands of the patient himself, but a restful environment is a different thing, and under the control of those round about him. It is not a case of talking in low hushed voices, closing each door with irritating quiet, walking everywhere on metaphorical if not actual tiptoe. Such a proceeding would drive any ordinary man distracted in two minutes, no matter how ill he might be. But it is quite a different matter to eliminate all unnecessary tear, hurry, and bustle, and to convey the impression that there is plenty of time for everything and everybody. Some houses that one enters give instantaneously an impression of peace and order, others an imprint of a hurly-burly. Everybody has felt the experience, subtle and intangible though it is, and it is not necessary to add which of the two is the better atmosphere for a war-worn man.

All Sorts and Conditions

Of course it is true that there are restful people and restless people, and will be so to the end of the chapter. If only the latter could get it into their heads that at present they are nothing short of a national drawback the gain would be great. We all know the jumpy folk who never sit still for a moment, until their Jack-in-the-Box propensities are a positive vice. At all times they are hard to bear, but in these days, when everybody's nerves are never far from breaking point, they are high intolerable. Restlessness is assuredly a habit. It might perhaps be pardonable if restless people got through a vast amount of work, and left a bright streak of accomplished deeds in their wake. But as a matter of fact it is the quiet people, who never seem to be doing anything, who accomplish the most. Just in the same way that it is always the busy person who finds time for extra things, though every minute of his day seems already occupied, to outsiders.

There is unrest enough in all conscience just across the Channel, and in many other quarters of the world. It is our business to see that as far as is humanly possible we counteract this influence at home. It need not mean, for one moment, that we abandon any of the activities that are helping so many women to pass away their days just now. A restful atmosphere does not mean sloth or idleness or anything else of the same family. It only means the sense of order and peace that must be of inexpressible importance to those home from the Front, and a veritable tonic for body as well as brain. At any rate it helps them to enjoy a respite from the actualities of war, that is a respite in fact as well as name and worth untold gold in consequence.

Rest in Clothes and Colour

One could write pages on the subject of restful clothes. And this not from the obvious point of view of the rest gown, wrapper, and other garments of that *genre*. It goes without saying that these are ends to that purpose. I have seen many a *grande toilette* that gave one the impression of a cyclone or a hurricane storm, and others that conveyed a feeling of restful pleasure in every line of their beautiful folds. At the present, strident, blatant colouring is a mistake, by every standard of good taste, but its error does not begin and end there. It is a mistake from the mental standpoint also.

Some while ago a brilliant writer wrote a brilliant article on the mentality of clothes. That, if I remember right, was the very title he gave. It was written from a masculine point of view at a time when a certain famous Paris house was making a great effort to launch fantastically patterned fabrics, and some misguided mortals seemed inclined to follow its sway. Like many other innovations, however, it was killed by ridicule, in which the article in question probably bore a part. Apart from this, however, the writer urged with some intrepidity the point that every woman was influenced, sometimes quite unconsciously, by the clothes she wore. If she put on a simple frock she gained simplicity, if she wore vivid colourings she absorbed their influence, and so on and so forth through a gamut of other tendencies. This, of course, is tinged with a flavour of exaggeration; but it is true, with no shadow of doubt, that clothes, thoroughly restful in design and colouring, convey an inevitable feeling of repose to their wearer. It is why their importance is doubly enhanced just now. It is a nice point, the question of repose in colour. By no manner of means does it indicate a dolorous tone in fixed and inflexible fashion. There are bright shades that are yet restful to the eye, darker tones that jar, and it is matter for expert discrimination.

Things We Could Lose

In the meanwhile, there is much that could surely be done to insure additional rest to the days in which we live. Why in the name of fortune are motorists permitted to make the day and often the night hideous by sounding horns, which are the last word in discord? Some of these inventions are like nothing so much as machinery falling out of a locomotive, only even more startling and nerve-destructive to the unwary passer-by. Yapping dogs and noisy street vendors are additional strains upon the nervous system. The hand of authority has already been laid upon the newspaper boy, and suppressed the shrieking of passing events; it might surely wander farther afield with advantage.

Like a delightful character in one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas we have most of us a little list of those who never would be missed. On this many a daily annoyance would find its allotted place. It is all very well to complain of the nervous tension of the times. Much of the complaint is justified with no shadow of doubt, the causes being far beyond our control. But in other directions it is a matter of our own making, and one we can obviate the moment we see the error of our ways.

To live in a restful atmosphere is at all times important, but it has never been so vital as now, when its attainment has become a matter of vastly increased difficulty. To people, however, with a good fighting spirit difficulty but enhances satisfaction at its ultimate gain. The world is upside down enough without us contributing still further to the tilt. If we study rest in our ways, our garments, and everyone of our actions, we shall be doing ourselves and everybody else yeoman service, and last, but not least, helping the man from the Front.



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THE SURVIVAL OF LONDON

By J. D. SYMON

THERE are those who complain that the London of these days is dull and uninviting. From their judgment permit us to enter a respectful dissent. The Mother City is certainly changed and subdued; at nights she is, perhaps, even gloomy, by contrast with her former blaze, but never really dull. For amid all the stress of the times her ancient fascinations remain. Certain superficial attractions may have vanished, but in her quintessence London is unassailable, while some characteristics, and these the most permanent, have won a heightened value by the disappearance of the blurring non-essential. An open city, she is impregnably fortified by her very immensity.

The Season is not, but London of the Season asserts her ancient charm. The butterfly population may be invisible or may go disguised in sober hues; Mayfair has laid festivity aside, and the house of feasting is now the house of healing, but the spacious summer nights on the borders of the Park are this year more than ever wonderful. The undertone of ceaseless traffic still supports the huge and complex orchestration of the capital; it does not matter that the traffic is no longer that of pleasure but of the deadliest business. A London waste and silent is inconceivable. The Martians of Mr. Wells's romance achieved that wreckage. A human enemy, however inhumane, would hardly compass it. Nor would it fall within his scheme. London, if taken at all, must be taken alive. Granted an engine sufficiently powerful to destroy her and her millions utterly, no mortal could attempt the work of cleansing and restoration. Her ruins would be in every sense the abomination of desolation, unapproachable, breeding death to the victor. Natural situation has made her the one possible heart of a world Empire. Her area, turned to pestilential heaps, would defeat the dream of the Imperial ravisher.

Him I saw close, one February day, as he drove down Pall Mall, on his departure after a memorable visit of condolence. That greenish complexion of his, first noted by George Stevens in his German sketches, was very marked. Later it gave place to something less mysterious and impressive. But that day he looked exactly as Stevens had described him. He sat, remote and proud, splendid in his eagled helmet, still a young man. Before him rode the axe-bearer of the Life Guards. The edge was turned away from Majesty, but one could not at the time resist the whimsical suggestion, and a thought of what that symbol reversed meant to gazing crowds in London long ago, when dignitaries left Westminster Hall after their assize. To right and left the Emperor looked, not at the crowds, but upwards at the palaces of Clubland, it seemed with an air of future proprietorship. All this, his glance seemed to say, will one day be mine. That impression, very vivid at the moment, has remained supreme over all other memories of that fleeting pageant.

And London, in her grey majesty, is well worth a conqueror's dream. No would-be conqueror of intelligence but would desire to have her as little spoiled as might be. "London, thou art the flower of cities all," sang Dunbar in times when her growth had hardly begun. The poet touched a deeper truth in his opening line. "London, thou art of townes A *per se*." It is her idiosyncrasy, her state apart from all others that is the sum and substance of her life. To call her the flower of cities might be a mere poetical flourish, applicable at will to others. But Dunbar saw further. His genius extracted the quintessence of London and gave it immortal shape. Heterogeneous and unwieldy the capital may have become, but in the mass she conforms to the spirit of her nucleus, to which her outlying tribes resort when they would enjoy her charms at the full, and know themselves for citizens of no mean city. Herein London is eternal, as Rome is not; this is the heritage we hold, and by God's grace will keep. And the persuasion that, here and thus constituted, lies the only heart of world-wide Dominion, must give covetousness, boasting of "another and a better Rheims," pause before the boast to do as much (or as little) for London. Break her continuity, and you annihilate her power. For her main-spring is her history.

Only a person who had fallen into an enchanted sleep on the first of August last, and, suddenly awakened to-day, had been set down in the midst of London, could give a satisfactory account of the change that has come over us. He would note first of all the omnipresence of a certain cloth (I am under contract not to name it or its cause), and he would wonder if he were really awake or still dreaming an exaggerated version of the South African affair. The exhortations in huge

letters, covering whole fronts of hotels and theatres, to all fit men to adopt the profession of arms would tempt him to ask whether we had not all gone a little mad. Informed, he would agree that we were very sane, but the shock would take some time to subside. He would be more mystified by the grey scaffolds on the façade at Hyde Park Corner, which carry the colour of the battleship to the gates of the Park; and if his first awaking had been at night he would imagine the soaring searchlights some ceremonial of jubilee. He would be conscious, in a way we cannot quite appreciate, of a London in disguise. The lowered street lamps he could not account for at all, except they were intended to give the searchlights a finer effect.

Gradually, however, all things would come into focus. The newspaper placards would tell our amazed inquirer the truth, that is, the general fact of our present state; for he would not expect particular truth from these conflicting brevities of conflict. The names of so many belligerent nations would still bewilder him as to *pro* and *con*. But at last he would understand, amid all the welter, what was afoot. Fortunate man: he alone could see as we all wish to see, what it is that has overtaken us. The slow cumulative effect of many happenings and many distractions has blurred our vision. That is our misfortune, not our fault.

If our late dreamer were of military age he would be off to enlist, and his rediscovery of London would have to wait. But if his years kept him at home at such patriotic tasks as lay to his hand, he would be able, as he went to and fro about his duties, to pursue, from 'bus top or pavement, his quest of the city he knew before sleep came upon him. Stripping away the accidents of the moment, he would find his London still true to herself, more than ever orderly in her throngs, and obedient to Robert, ordinary and special, her giant and impetuous traffic still swayed by the motion of his hand. The city's life by lamp-light may not, could not with propriety, be the gay swirl that it was, but it is still intense enough to be a sight for strangers, and the crowds in the dim spaces are more interesting than of old, for they seem a people of shadows, such as may have moved by night in the great cities of the past when the art of public lighting was embryonic. These dim myriads of our London streets to-night are somehow suggestive of passages in "Salamambo."

London has gained rather than lost in picturesque effect by her shrouded lamps. Now as never before we understand in town at nightfall what we have always understood in the country, that most perfect refrain of Homer, "Then the sun sank and all the ways were darkened." The electric light wrought marvels, which inspired Mrs. Meynell to her discovery in the colour of London—"the throng go crowned with blue;" but it took away even as it gave. The great blue spaces of twilight can now be seen in mass with a new intensity, and the last fragments of light touch the greys of the buildings to an unsuspected pearl on spire and column. And for once the London night sky comes into its own. The stars are ours, without screen or earthly rival. The garishness of lighted London no longer fetters the city to the mundane.

The incidents of streets transformed to present uses keep alive the reputation of Town as an inexhaustible store-house of curious interests. Lately there has beaten into our daily life a quickened pulse of military music. The afternoon band in Trafalgar Square is a paradox, something festal in its air, yet very little festal in its purpose. More to the point is the marching band, with blare of brass or skirl of pipes, heading the ranks of recruits. And the singing regiment is always with us. Everywhere occurs some touch of the unusual, such as the Red Cross nurse intent upon her sewing at the open window of a mansion in Park Lane. Dull! London dull! Not for a moment. Quieter outwardly; inwardly sternly resolved with a resolve that grows, as knowledge of the need for resolution increases, but still the same ancient, enchanting witch-city she has ever been. Age cannot wither, custom cannot stale her infinite variety. She is still "of townes A *per se*," subtly adaptive of herself to new conditions, but never relinquishing her essence.

Her little waywardnesses remain also, as befits her sex. For a time her very pitfalls seemed to increase by reason of our altered way of life. But such things were inevitable in an imperfect world, and the strong hand of authority, careful for the victim, put out to save him. Other pitfalls there are, more strictly part and parcel of London and far less serious. These will remain, although the heavens fall. If proof were wanted of the survival of London it lies close at hand. August is not far away, and the streets will be up!



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THE WAR BY LAND.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

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THE one great interest of the war as a whole at this moment continues to be the Austro-German advance against, and the corresponding Russian screening of, the Rowno-Ivangorod line of railway.

Upon that main matter all the rest of the campaign is turning.

It is the retreat of the Russians and the uncertainty as to whether that retreat will lead to a prolonged postponement of their counter-offensive that has postponed the corresponding offensive which all the Allies and every student of the war was expecting in the West. It is the same action in this Eastern theatre of the war which is bringing increasingly into play the factor of enemy wastage upon our side of the balance-sheet of war and exposing the factor of tardy equipment and munitioning against our side in the same balance-sheet. The operations against the Dardanelles find more than half their meaning in this same operation, for if Russia were munitioned and equipped in useful time through the opening of her chief avenue of supply, the whole war would immediately change.

Finally, it is the Eastern operations which have among other causes produced that political uncertainty, especially in this country: a political uncertainty upon which the enemy most faithfully trades.

The Rowno-Ivangorod line, then, is the great interest of the moment.

Readers of these columns are familiar with the very simple elements of the strategic problem here, but I will repeat them so that this article may be followed as a whole.

The River Vistula is much the most serious military obstacle in Europe; broad, deep, rapid, with usually a highly defensible steep bank to be held against a force attempting to cross it.

The River Vistula is only crossed by railway communication on a large scale at Warsaw.

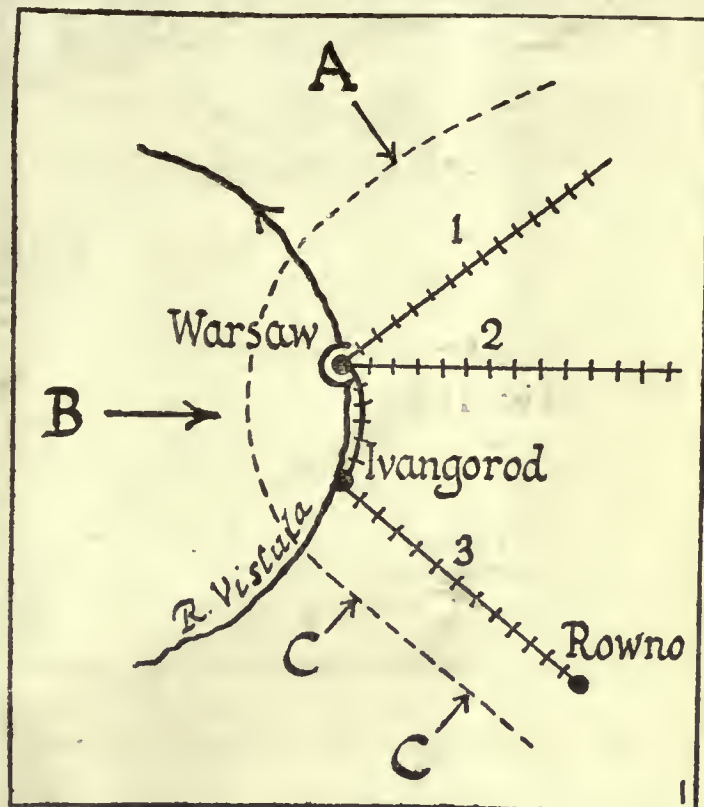
Therefore, whoever has the railway bridges of Warsaw possesses the crossing of the Vistula, for a modern army cannot live long without railways.

Therefore, if the enemy could seize the railway bridges of the Vistula, he could, for some long time to come, render a new Russian offensive across the Vistula impossible. He would have put the Russians behind a hedge where he could keep them with comparatively small forces.

All this has been repeated twenty times.

It is because Warsaw means this that Russia is holding that big and expensive salient expressed by the dotted line in the accompanying diagram.

So long as the railways I., II., and III. are intact Warsaw holds. Pressure along the arrow A from the north is not great, nor is there as yet apparently very serious pressure directly on Warsaw at B; but the great mass of the enemy, and a still larger proportion of their heavy artil-



lery, is bringing the most violent pressure to bear on the third side, along the arrows C—C, to try and get astride of the line Rowno-Ivangorod; and there lies for the moment the crux of the war.

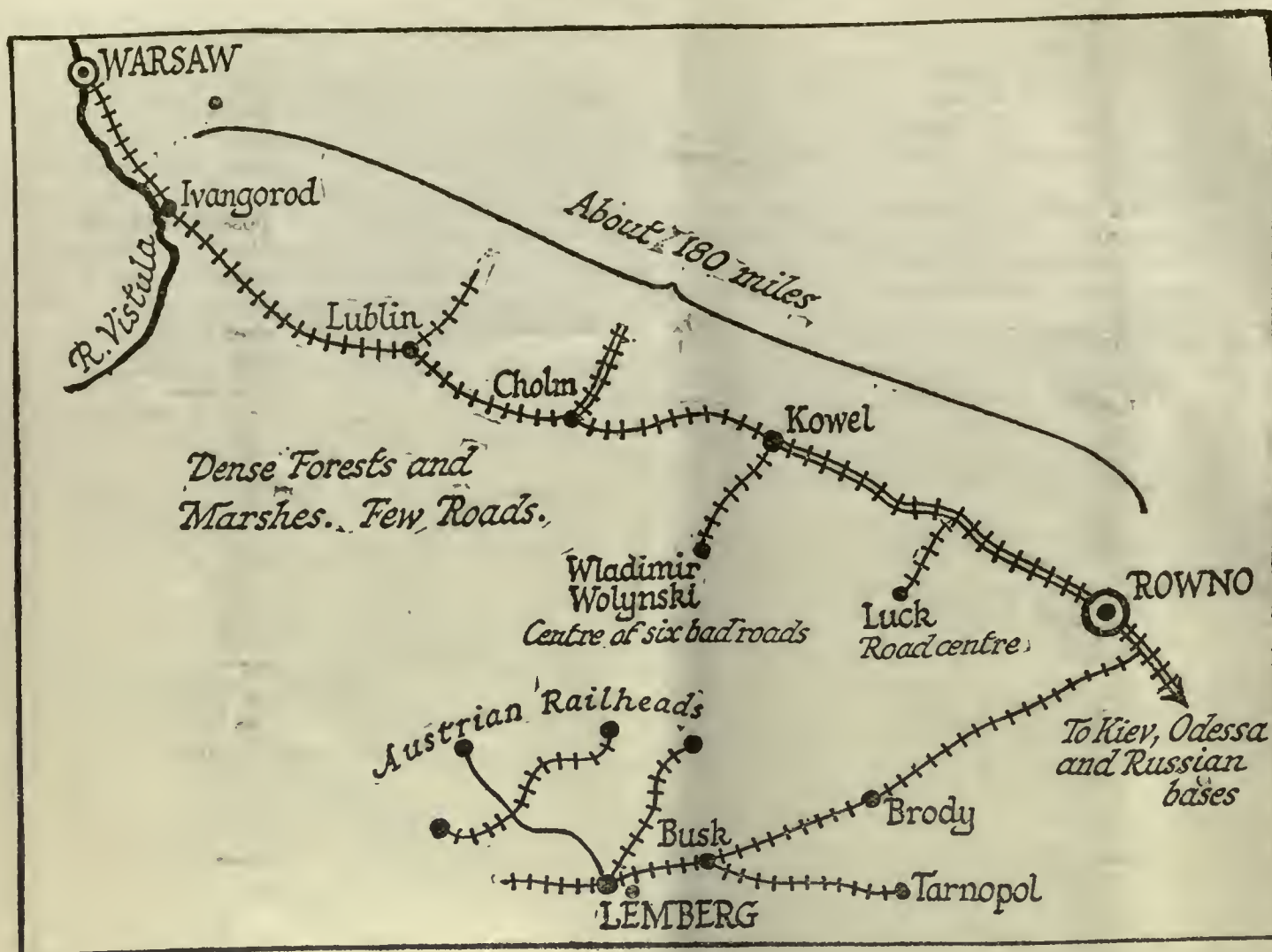
What we have to follow in the news of this week, and that in some detail, is the enemy's approach to this line and his chances of cutting it. If he reaches it and cuts it, Warsaw can hardly be held. If Warsaw be evacuated, and the Russian line straightened, the enemy has the whole Vistula obstacle for his own, and, though he shall not have defeated or inflicted disaster upon the Russian armies, he will be comparatively free to use considerable portions of his forces elsewhere.

We have seen, in a somewhat detailed analysis last week, the nature of this Rowno-Ivangorod line. I therefore on the next page repeat the diagram used on that occasion.

The line as a whole may be regarded as consisting in three sections of about equal length, each of some sixty miles. There is the double section as far as Kowel; the section to Lublin, including Cholm, where there is a single and a double line coming from the north; and finally, the last section from Lublin to the fortress of Ivangorod.

Now, the enemy's attempt, which is even now in progress, is being made against the second of these two sections, and a double blow is being struck—one, apparently, mainly by Austrians against Lublin; the other, apparently, mainly

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with German forces against Cholm. And we must never forget that the Austrian heavy artillery is as good as anything of its kind in the world, both as to its type and as to its handling.

The general reader will at once be struck by the apparent paradox of the enemy's marching through the worst bit of country in the belt before the railway and in that over which he has the greatest distance to go from his railhead and consequent facility of supply.

Why is he acting thus? It seems at first difficult to understand when we consider that the whole of his power consists in superior munitionment in heavy shell, and that munitionment is with very great difficulty supplied along any road in the quantities required by modern warfare. It is an arm now dependent upon railways for its efficiency.

In order to see why it is that the enemy is thus striking for Lublin and Cholm, instead of striking for Kowel, which is nearer to his fine Galician system of railways, and to Lemberg, we must appreciate the importance in this district of the Bug.

About a day's march east of Cholm the River Bug runs from south to north. Near its source, where it is an insignificant obstacle, at the town of Kamionka (K), the enemy are in possession of it, and can therefore turn its line. But shortly after its first reaches the Bug becomes a considerable stream running through a marshy valley and possessed of few crossing-places at which an army can pass. Nowhere at all in Russian territory (in this district, at least) is there a spot where dry land on either side of the Bug comes quite close to the stream itself; there is a belt of marsh on either side all along.

If, therefore, the enemy had undertaken to deliver his main blow east of the Bug and towards Kowel, in the region A—A on the following diagram, he would have been operating in this peculiar fashion:



His big force, which he would have had to maintain in munition and food, would have been fed by communications corresponding, roughly, to the arrow in the diagram, very lengthy, and not perpendicular to his new front, but curling round. He could not have defended those communications well because, leaving only small forces to the west, in the region of the Bug at B—B, the Bug would have separated them, and kept them out of touch, from the main army at A—A. And if the Russians had attacked hard in the region B—B (as they certainly would have done), he could not have reinforced his imperilled troops there from the region A—A, for the Bug

ran between, separating them. In other words, his communications would have been in grave peril.

He therefore wisely determined, in his attack upon the railway line, to choose the region west of the Bug.

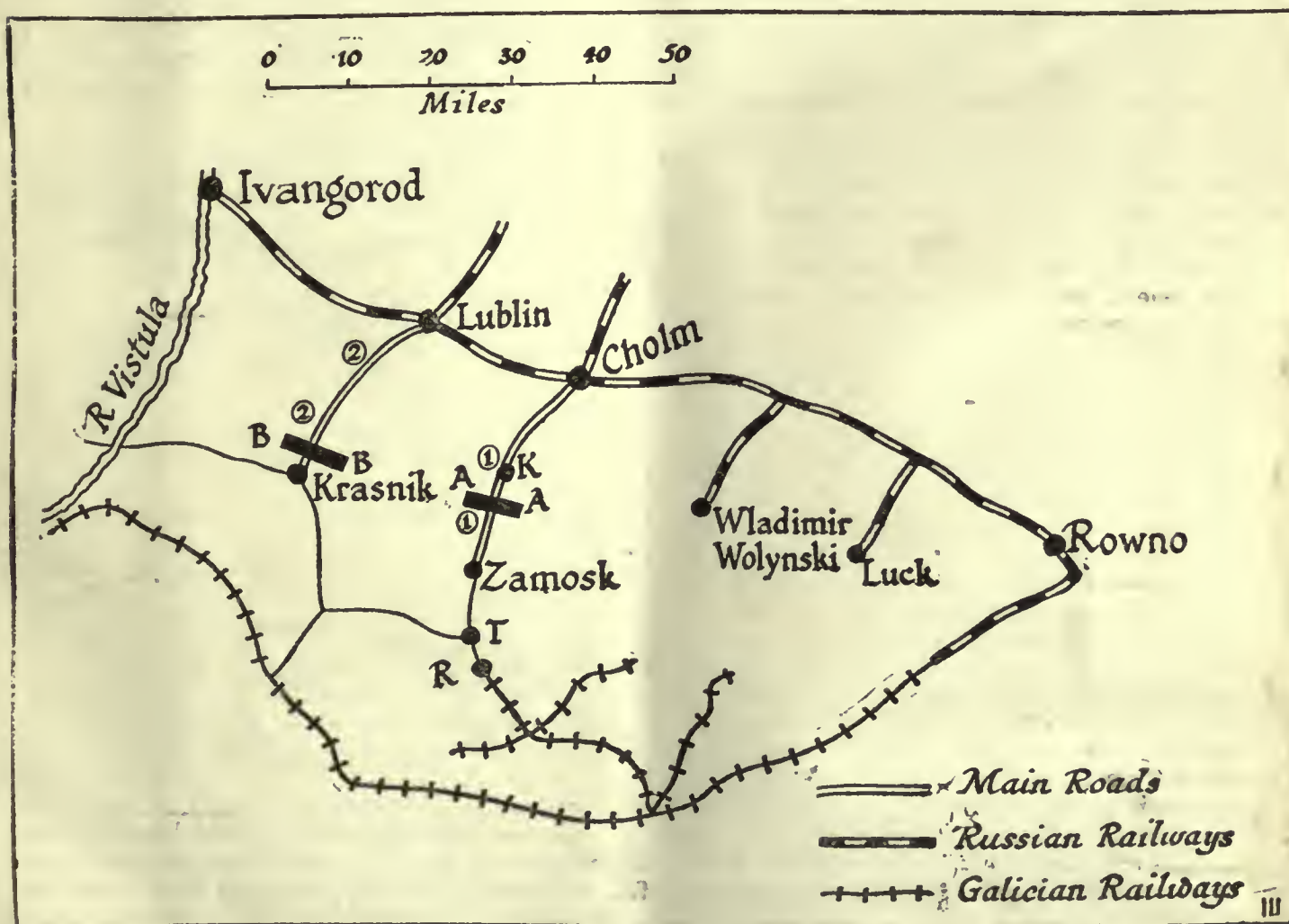
He had a further reason, which is that if you seize Lublin and Cholm you are cutting off Ivan-gorod and Warsaw from numerous centres of munitionment and recruitment in the central north, Lublin and Cholm being junctions. The isolation of Warsaw by the cutting of this railway is therefore somewhat more thorough if the cutting be effected at Lublin and Cholm than if it were only effected at Kowel.

We sum up, then, and say that the enemy, who has been advancing hitherto directly westward along the main Galician railway, past Lemberg, has turned the main mass of his troops at a right angle during the last fortnight, and is now bringing them up by the few roads of that inhospitable belt of country, which separates the Galician railway system from the Russian Rowno-Ivangorod railway. The dimensions of this belt and its relation to the two sets of railways may best be appreciated from the following sketch, to which a scale is attached.

One of these causeways runs from just beyond the railhead at R, through Tomasow (T), then to Zamosc, then to Krasnostaw (K), and so to Cholm.

The other is more roundabout. Two roads converge upon Krasnik; thence a causeway, like that to Cholm, runs to Lublin. The enemy may, therefore, be said roughly to possess two avenues—and two alone—for his attempt. He is in possession of Krasnik and of Zamosc. One of his avenues is the causeway Zamosc to Cholm, which I have marked 1—1, and the other is the causeway from Krasnik to Lublin, which I have marked 2—2. At the moment of writing the two enemy columns have proceeded about equally far each of them from their railheads. They are each fighting at about the same distance from the Rowno-Ivangorod line, which it is their business to reach, and the Russian defensive is attempting in curiously parallel circumstances of ground to check their advance.

One of the battles has been going on in front of Zamosc at A—A and the other in front of Krasnik at B—B. Upon their final result will depend the fate of Lublin and of Cholm, and with the fate of these two junctions the fate of the Rowno-Ivangorod line, and ultimately, it must be presumed, of Warsaw.



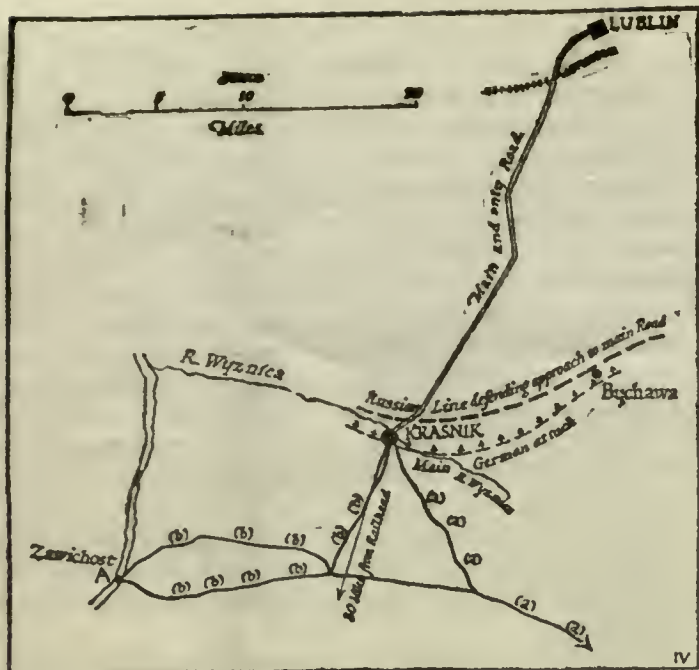
The Galician railway system I have indicated in this sketch by one convention, the Russian railway system by another.

It will be seen that in the region in front of Lublin and Cholm, through which the enemy is now operating northwards, there are no railways at all, but only a few roads, of which two main causeways and no more would support the passage and full supply (however tardily) of large guns.

Let us turn to each of these attempts in somewhat greater detail.

We will call the Austrian column working from Krasnik, Column 1, and the column, which appears to be mainly German and is working from Zamosc, Column 2.

Column 1 occupied Krasnik or its neighbourhood at the end of last week. It was then about thirty miles from the railhead, and it had brought



up, or was bringing up, its supplies by two roads—one, the road marked a-a-a-a; the other, the double road leading across the Vistula at Zawichost (there is no bridge, I believe, but only a ferry), marked b-b-b-b-b. From Krasnik runs the main causeway, the only good road north of that town, marked with a double line upon the above sketch, and striking the railway, which is the great objective, rather more than twenty miles beyond Krasnik, and so reaching Lublin. Through Krasnik, or rather just in front of that town, there runs towards the Vistula, into which it ultimately falls, the small river or stream of the Wyznica. The line of this stream the Russians hold successfully. The Germans, therefore, are attempting to get round east of Krasnik and between that town and Bykhawa, where there is no natural obstacle, and soon, as one proceeds towards Bykhawa, one gets open country. The Russians are massed in defensive over against the German attempt. The battle is not, at the moment of writing, decided.

It is, however, already clear at the moment of writing (Tuesday evening) that this Austrian column, with Lublin for its objective, has done better than its neighbour, to which we shall presently turn. All the Friday and Saturday the line hung undecided, but upon July 4 (the Sunday) the Austrian right, up in the drier country, near Bykhawa, managed to advance. The left, along the Wyznica, seems to have been held by the obstacle of that stream, and whether the Austrian advance will continue as a whole in this region will depend entirely upon the amount of ground it can occupy upon the right. If it gets well forward there, the Wyznica line will have to be abandoned, and the Russians to fall back still nearer to the railway line.

Now, the action at this stage (where we are compelled to leave it from lack of later news) is both critical and perilous. The original positions, just in front of Krasnik, were themselves not much more than twenty miles in front of the railway line, where it passes in front of Lublin, and if lines thus distant cannot be held, it is difficult to see how positions between these and the railways would be held. Twenty miles is not a distance so great that it seriously hampers the bringing up of munitions from the railheads, and no very great advantage is gained in the mere

handling of these munitions by falling back further.

Moreover, there is no natural obstacle between the Wyznica stream and the railway along which the Russians could check the enemy's advance sufficiently to consolidate a new position. It is all slightly falling ground in rather flat country, less wooded than that immediately to the south.

On the other hand, the extent of the Austrian success, though it is admitted by the Russian communiqué, can be measured pretty accurately, and is not formidable. There are 8,000 wounded men picked up, and only 29 officers among them. The guns lost were six, with their wagons. That does not mean the breaking of the Russian front at all, but the fact that artillery was captured does mean the advance of two or three thousand yards beyond the positions of last Friday, and the loss of all the trenches lying east of the head waters of the Wyznica and in front of Bykhawa.

One may sum up and say that since the further news which has reached London on the Tuesday afternoon, and relates to the fighting upon Sunday last, the chances of the railway near Lublin being held by our Ally have fallen. In what degree they have fallen, and whether those chances are now heavily against the Russians or only slightly against them, we cannot tell until we have more news.

Meanwhile, the second column, German in composition in the main, and operating towards Cholm, has not had, so far, any similar good fortune.



Cholm, we say, is the objective here; and precisely as in the case of Lublin, there is one great main causeway negotiating the marshes, and cutting through the forests of this somewhat deserted land. As near Krasnik, so here, the enemy is fighting about thirty odd miles from his

railhead, and as in front of Krasnik, he is being held up by the Russians rather more than twenty miles from the railway and Cholm. The precise place where the fighting of the Friday and Saturday, which went on at the same time as the fighting near Krasnik, took place in the case of Column 2 was in the triangle between the River Wieprz and its tributary, the Wolica, the Germans attempting to reach Krasnostaw, and the Russians holding them up in the angle between the two rivers. The rather narrow front of the principal action spread from the village of Tarzymiechy to the village of Krasnoe Stryeff. Precisely as in the case of the corresponding action for Lublin, so in the case of this action for Cholm, the fighting is not apparently yet decided, but it has hitherto gone more in favour of the Russians. The enemy attack and the Russian defensive in the angle between the two rivers fluctuates. The village of Tarzymiechy changed hands twice on the Saturday. On the Sunday what happened is not yet quite clear, but it is evident at least that the German attack on that day broke down, and at one point left a few prisoners in the hands of our ally. Unfortunately, a mere defensive against this second column does not counterbalance the retirement further west.

It is evident that if the enemy should attain the railway and get a firm grip upon it at any point, and retain that grip, it would not matter very much to the issue whether his success were achieved at Lublin or at Cholm.

One can understand that the Austrians, with their deserved reputation for the production, handling, and munitioning of heavy pieces, should have done better here than the Germans, since the whole of the war, in this theatre, entirely depends upon the enemy's superiority in munitions for pieces of 100 millimetres and over. But whichever of the two columns reaches its objective first is, unfortunately, indifferent. Either would suffice to do all that the enemy desires to do in this quarter.

It remains true, of course, that with every mile of the advance the difficulty of bringing up heavy shell to the head of the Austro-German columns increases. But there is not a corresponding increase in the advantage the Russians have in approaching the railway, for they are now so near it that a few miles more or less does not count.

The issue is not yet decided. The line is not yet grasped by the enemy; it still serves ammunition, within its capacities, to that screen which our Allies have thrown before it and parallel to it to the south.

But the enemy possesses still quite clearly a great superiority in heavy shell.

That superiority he will retain for some weeks to come. It is possible that these actions are but preliminaries to the coming up of his main body of munitions by road, and that even if they are again favourable for our ally, he may yet have to give up the belt of twenty miles lying behind him and lose the railway. But if a week or two goes by without this defensive being finally forced, then we shall know that the enemy has made all the use he can of the roads, and that they are insufficient for his purpose.

Such is the problem and its development, which we have to watch during the next week in this critical region of the war.

It is, as I need hardly remind the reader, of a weight so grave in the whole war that it is difficult to write of it with that detachment which a mere commentary on military affairs demands. The enemy has only to advance another few days' march, and, though he still has before him the formidable triangle Brest-Ivangorod-Neogeorgiwiesk, upon which so much strategical writing has been produced—or wasted—it will hardly be possible for the Russians to hold permanently the Vistula line. That great issue is now in the act of decision. Its fate one way or the other will be clearer in a very few days.

THE DARDANELLES.

The last action in the Dardanelles, which took place on the last two days of June and the first two of July, is of importance for three reasons.

In the first place, it enables us to conjecture—though only to conjecture—something of the enemy's condition.

In the second place, it has inflicted upon the enemy a very appreciable loss.

In the third place, it has resulted in a clear and calculable gain towards the Allied side in the siege work there proceeding.

The first of these points, though it is the least directly measurable and contains so large an element of mere guesswork, is by far the most important for such notes as these, because it concerns the ultimate factors of strategy in this region.

As has been repeatedly pointed out in these notes, since the attempt to occupy the Achi Baba ridge at once failed, and since the fighting settled down to trench work two months ago, the main hope of success has lain in the difficulty the enemy must find in recruiting himself in men and heavy shells. Indeed he must have a difficulty in recruiting himself in all kinds of munition.

But there is in this affair a most important element of doubt proceeding from the two main things on which we must be ignorant in varying degrees: First, his original store or supply of big shell; secondly, the extent of the difficulty he finds in bringing men and all forms of ammunition, but particularly big shell, down the Asiatic shore and across the Straits.

We have seen in past numbers of this journal that he was hampered. Submarine work in the Sea of Marmara had largely condemned him to transport by land. This transport by way of the Isthmus of Bulair was forbidden him because that neck of land is under command of the guns of the Fleet. Transport down the Asiatic side is difficult because the roads are exceedingly bad and the distance great. Even the last stage of transport across the Narrows is somewhat interfered with by indirect fire from the Fleet—at any rate during fine weather and during the day.

We may be certain that he piled up any amount of small arm ammunition in the many weeks of preparation which were afforded him, but the bringing over of great masses of men and still more the bringing over of heavy shell must have been imposed upon him from quite an early stage in the proceedings.

Now it is a legitimate conjecture—though, I repeat, only a conjecture—that this last attack of his, which has happily so disastrously failed, was prompted by some anxiety as regards his supplies.

It is difficult to see what other motive he could have had, for although the gradual advance of the Allied attack must be checked if it is not to succeed, yet to throw away such great masses of men and to deliver an assault pushed so desperately home, and yet failing, means something more than that.

We must clearly appreciate that the enemy lost in four full days and a portion of the fifth half as many men as the *total casualties* upon our side during all the operations from the beginning. We may count our casualties now at somewhat over 40,000. His, in this one attack, are somewhat over 20,000, and I say that these figures and the character of such an operation does look as though he were getting nervous upon the steadiness and rate of his supply and desired to settle matters as quickly as possible.

It is justly remarked in all experiences of this kind that our estimates of enemy losses can never be perfectly accurate, and that we are always inclined to take our desires for realities. But there are circumstances in this case which warrant our accepting the exactitude of the figures given beyond the ordinary.

In the first place the area over which the estimate must be made is restricted. It is a line a little over three miles altogether. In the second place the width of the belt over which the casualties must be measured is limited. From the Allied front to the very top of the ridge of Achi Baba is barely 3,000 yards range at the narrowest, if as much on the left, and all the heavy fighting took place quite on the edge of even that narrow belt. In the third place there was an advance over much of the ground where the fighting had taken place, so that the results of the British and Allied fire upon the enemy's troops could in a large measure be ascertained by direct evidence from the numbering of the dead left behind. Again, the ground lifts upwards everywhere in front of the Allied trenches towards the Achi Baba ridge and therefore the effect of the fire is under more or less direct observation whenever that effect is taken upon open ground. Further, we have from the General Officer in Command of the whole expedition the phrase: "After checking and counter-checking reports from all sources, I put down their total casualties at 5,150 killed and 15,000 wounded." And he goes on to say what is valuable to the comprehension of the calculation: "The number of killed is approximately correct, while the number of wounded is an estimate based partly on the knowledge of the number already reported alive at Constantinople and on experience of proportion of wounded to killed in previous engagements."

It is not an over-estimate at all. It is much more likely an under-estimate to have a multiple of less than three for wounded to killed even in such very close fighting as this.

Now the second point, the proportion of enemy loss, flows directly from the above. We do not know, of course, the exact numbers which the enemy has behind his deployment upon the slope of the Achi Baba ridge, still less do we know his rate of recruitment. But if we estimate his loss during this one engagement at an eighth or ninth of the men whom he had actually present upon the Peninsula we probably should not be far wrong; and that is a heavy blow.

Finally, we must consider the gain in actual ground and in position which the action means.



Our great difficulties in the Gallipoli fighting have two sources. First, the great strength of the Achi Baba position, which is a ridge running right across the narrow width of the Peninsula from M to N, with its highest points about 730 feet above the sea at the Achi Baba peak, its lowest in the saddle, 250 feet lower, in front of Krithia, at O, and either end, at M and N, reposing upon very precipitous ground which falls directly upon the water.

Secondly, the very cramped limits to which the landing force has been confined. The ground occupied by the Allied troops at the end of the Peninsula—ground to which they were pinned after the fluctuating fighting of the first two days, is hardly eight square miles. It is only just over three miles broad at its broadest, and hardly three miles long at its longest, tapering down to the ridge at the very end of the Peninsula, in the intervals of which the landing beaches are situated. The whole of it is under direct shell fire from the enemy batteries upon the heights, and to that we owe not only the very heavy rate of casualties, but the impossibility of sufficiently screening even the hospitals and the posts of central command. Everything is equally in peril, and nothing has been more remarkable than the proportion of casualties among those who would, if it were possible, be put behind the zone of immediate fire.

In this difficult and highly confined space the chief features are as follows:

First, at the extreme end of the Peninsula, high ground, running more or less in a ridge from X to Y. Then behind that a broadish valley, steeper upon the west than upon the eastern side, and scooped out of land which continually rises north-

ward, so that the shape as well as the moulding of the whole may be compared to that of a tongue. When the end of this valley is reached, and the ground has already risen by some hundreds of feet, we mark upon the left, as upon the right, two deep ravines; the one on the east, marked K—K, afforded cover from which the French, so long as they lay to the south of it, were perpetually attacked.

Some weeks ago the French carried a temporary work at about B, from which post they now command the ravine, and presumably make it untenable to the enemy. On the west, another ravine, some 200 or 300 feet deep, and very narrow, which the British have called the "Nullah," runs up northward from the sea. The trenches ran, before the last action, from B pretty nearly directly across the Peninsula to the sea, so that about half the Nullah was in the hands of the Allies, the remaining, or northern, half in the hands of the enemy. Beyond the Nullah, and between it and the sea, was a plateau, the further side of which, towards the Aegean, falls precipitately 400 feet on to the water.

Now, towards the northern end of this plateau, about the point marked A, there is a rather higher portion of ground, or knoll, and it was from this point that the first enemy attack was delivered upon June 28. It failed, and the knoll was occupied. In the night between the 29th and the 30th, the enemy attacked again, at about two o'clock in the morning, not at first in great strength—about half a battalion. This force was spotted upon the open high ground which here slopes down in a regular glacis from the Achi Baba ridge. They came under the searchlights of the *Scorpion*, the guns of which vessel opened fire and destroyed the formation. But immediately afterwards the enemy, swarming up from the Nullah itself, continued the attempt to take the knoll in much larger numbers, and even when it was broad daylight the reinforcement of a couple more battalions coming from Krithia advanced into the Nullah and up against the positions the British had captured, only to be broken—mainly by machine-gun fire. The next night, the 30th, immediately after dark, came the third attack, repelled by the Gurkhas, and at dawn a fourth, in no great strength, made across the open of the plateau, nearly all of which last attack was wiped out.

Meanwhile, during all these assaults upon the knoll west of Krithia, the main line east of the Nullah and south of Krithia village was being subjected to continual assault, an assault the brunt of which was mainly borne by Colonial troops. Twice on July 2, in the morning and in the evening, the attack was renewed, broken upon the latter occasion mainly by the shrapnel fire of a British field battery. This was the last attempt of the enemy, and by the next morning the action had ceased.

The total result would seem now to be the advance of the Allied line as a whole to positions corresponding roughly to the dotted line upon the sketch above. Krithia village still lies immediately in front of it, and the average distance of the Achi Baba ridge, which must be occupied or turned before any attempt can be made upon the Pasha Dag and the consequent domination of the Narrows, is about 3,000 yards.

THE WESTERN AND ITALIAN FRONTS.

The Western front has been distinguished this week by nothing but two counter-attacks by the enemy. The first was a very violent attack by the Germans in the Argonne, which succeeded in carrying some hundred yards of trenches over a depth of perhaps a third of a mile. It is but a detail in the perpetual struggle along those five hundred miles. Its only significance is the considerable concentration of men with which it was effected and the very heavy losses entailed. It would seem to have been delivered by a couple of divisions of the Crown Prince's army, and these would seem to have lost about one-quarter of their effectives.

The other attack (of the same sort and meeting with the same qualified success) was delivered just west of the Moselle, at the corner of the Priest's Wood, and succeeded in giving the enemy the line of trenches he lost two months ago and three or four hundred yards of ground. It was distinguished by a particularly heavy bombardment, but, like its fellow, is a detail of no general significance in the progress of the war.

Upon the Italian front the bombardment of the Austrian fieldworks and of certain of their permanent works continues. It has not yet arrived at any decisive result, nor even at any appreciable advance. The Italians are at much the same distance from the essential points upon the railway at Tarvis, in the Pusterthal and above Trent, as they have been for two weeks past. They continue to hold and cut the railway upon the Isonzo Valley, but they have not yet reduced, it would seem, the fortified ring surrounding Tolmino. There was a rumour in London derived from sundry French and American papers that Tolmino had fallen last Friday. There was a further rumour that, though it had been evacuated by the Austrians, it had not yet been occupied by the Italians. The official communiqués, which are our only reliable guide in these matters, say nothing of all this, and it is pretty clear that the town is still, at the moment of writing (the evening of July 6), in Austrian hands—or, rather, was in Austrian hands when the last communiqués were issued upon the evening of Monday, the 5th.

TO A FEW CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to a certain amount of correspondence which has reached me in the course of the week upon the matter of enemy casualties and of the blockade, which I have been asked to refer to in these columns, I must beg to be allowed the utmost brevity, for they are points which have been dealt with over and over again in these columns.

In the matter of the blockade, the greater part of the questions directed to me ask for some explanation of the fact that the enemy has been allowed to obtain masses of material essential to the conduct of his campaign, and in particular cotton, through lack of which, had he been forbidden it, he would long before this have come to an end of his resources.

The only answer that can be given to these questions is that which has been afforded over and over again in these columns: There is no military reason whatsoever why such a thing should have

been permitted; all military arguments are obviously opposed to it. The arguments in favour of this course of action can only be political, and, as such, are not suitable for discussion here.

It is quite possible that when the policy of allowing cotton to enter Germany and Austria was adopted those responsible did not know that cotton was used for the manufacture of propellant explosives. They have certainly known it for at least eight months, however, because, let alone the long analysis of the situation which appeared in these columns last year, the Press has, since the beginning of this year, been full of protests. It is, therefore, indisputable that some political reason must have decided the issue. What that was the present writer is neither able to discuss nor in a position to discover.

The second group of correspondence which I have received relates to numbers. Since the Press, or, at any rate, that part of it which has most weight to-day in London and great towns, has worked to depress the public mind, and since the continued attempt to increase that depression has been permitted by the authorities—though it proceeded from men quite incompetent to judge the situation—the simplest processes of arithmetic are doubted if their result seems to tell against the enemy.

For my part, I cannot see how those plain arithmetical rules should lie. In order to doubt the truth that the enemy has permanently lost over a third of his total man-power, and has lost out of the field, from various causes, close upon half, one must believe that his losses in a series of violent offensives in every part of the field of war have been far less in proportion than those of the Allies; one must also believe that his own published lists are wilfully swollen and exaggerated; one must refuse to accept the analogy of past cam-

paigns—in general, one must admit miracles in favour of the enemy and against oneself. It is, perhaps, a wholesomer state of mind than the opposite extreme, but it is equally irrelevant to careful analysis.

I will not burden my pages this week with a repetition of the process of calculation brought forward again and again in these columns, but when next a batch of evidence arrives, in the shape of new enemy lists, or in any other form, it may be worth while to present yet another full analysis of the situation.

It is enough to say for the moment that the maximum enemy capacity in the field is certainly, past, and that nothing could restore his original preponderance save a very great offensive on the part of the Allies, if that offensive broke down.

It seems hardly worth while repeating, and yet it is essential to the most elementary sense of the situation that the figures so arrived at do not propose or indicate victory in themselves. What they can do, and what is amply worth doing at this moment, is to check the irrational and exaggerated, and, above all, hopelessly vague, conception that the enemy has some marvellous powers, or some inexhaustible reserve of numbers, which make his armies and their achievements different from those of his opponents. He is in exactly the same boat with us, save that one of his opponents is far less fitted to produce equipment and munitions than the rest and that he himself has not command of the sea. His success or failure will depend upon exactly the same elements in all other matters: numbers are one factor, and the avoidance of bad strategical mistakes is another.

That his wastage can go on at the present rate, and that without obtaining a decision for very many more months, is impossible unless you allow two and two to make five.

A GENERAL SURVEY.

(Continued.)

I SAID in my last pages of this general survey of the situation (which appeared the week before last, there being no space for a continuation last week) that the *fifth* of those theories with which the enemy began his great campaign was of an importance that merited a discussion to itself. For upon his error or judgment therein was largely to depend the result of his effort.

Let us see how far he was right and how far wrong in entertaining it. At least, so far as the experience of the campaign up to this point has given us results from which to judge.

The theory is not very easy to define. To call it a dependence upon close formation would be far too narrow a definition. To call it a contempt for fire discipline, accurate shooting with a rifle, and rapidity of field artillery fire would be certainly erroneous and exaggerated. We can only do justice to this theory by putting it in very general terms, and in contrast to the opposite one more generally held by those against whom Prussia and her dependents went out to war.

Generally speaking, then, the Prussian service looked more doubtfully than did, say, the French upon those methods in war whereby the numbers of men immediately available for an operation might be spared.

Prussia approached the chance of the modern

war with the conception that very great losses in a very short space of time were *first*, worth while in critical moments, because they would, even under modern conditions, achieve their object, and, secondly, were, once you could prove them worth while, possible to expend usefully, because the strain could, even under modern conditions, be met by a sufficient discipline.

The whole thing is a question of degree. Everybody knows that you must not miss a critical moment by fearing to lose men. Everybody knows that there is a point after which, if you have lost men without anything to show for it, you have simply proved yourself spendthrift and a bad calculator. The difference between the mood in which Prussia approached modern warfare in this matter and the mood in which her opponents approached it was a difference to be represented numerically by a comparatively small fraction, yet that difference exercised, and is still exercising, a very powerful effect upon the campaign.

A metaphor will, I hope, make clear what I mean. Two men are to run in a mile race. The one believes that if he sprints fairly fast at the beginning he will obtain a lead which he will never lose. His opponent believes that this policy is a mistake, and that it is far better to go slower on the average, and that sprinting at the begin-

ning will exhaust a man before the race is run out. The first man is not such a fool as to begin a mile race at a hundred yards pace; the second man is not such a fool as to begin it at a walk. The difference between the two may even be quite slight, but the expert will at once recognise it, and upon which of the two is right the result of the race will, in the main, depend.

When the Prussian was told that the modern defensive increased so enormously in strength that men could not be got to face it in packed formation, he answered, with perfect justice, as the matter has turned out: "Your men may not be able to face it thus, but my men can."

When he was told that, even if he could get his men to face it, his units and formations would get blown to pieces, their drive would not get "home," and that he would, in nearly every case, have been spending enormously with nothing to show for it at the end, he answered that this was precisely where he differed from his opponents in theory. Not only he *could* get his men to stand these tremendous losses, but it would be worth his while to make them do so, because he would reap a reward much more than the sacrifice involved.

Now, the wisdom or unwisdom of Prussia in this regard cannot be finally summed up yet. The war is not yet over, and we may yet see one of these enormously expensive experiments of hers getting its object at last, breaking an enemy defensive and rolling up an enemy line.

But after nearly a year of warfare we can at least say this, that with something like a dozen general examples of the method and innumerable particular local examples, it has been far more expensive than any results could warrant.

There was no point in the reckless throwing away of men even in the first great drive of last

August unless the Allied line had been turned or at least pierced. The immense slaughter of men between Armentières and the sea from the last days of October, 1914, to the middle of November demanded as a fruit the piercing of the Allied army, or, to speak more accurately, the division of the Allied forces into separate bodies which could be defeated in detail. Similar slaughter upon the Bzura and the Rawka in front of Warsaw, all during January, 1915, demanded the capture of the bridges of Warsaw or they were mere waste. But the bridges of Warsaw were not captured.

Should the Prussian ultimately fail through having thus thrown away recklessly such masses of men, we must remember that the type of war he set out to wage against the French, who are his principal opponents, was one in which he had an enormous numerical superiority. We must remember, again, that he was in a situation which made rapid victory far more fruitful than a victory delayed. We must remember that his type of discipline gave an instrument which he at least could use in this fashion, and that the possession of a unique instrument is a great temptation to the using of the same.

If he fail and obtain not even an inconclusive peace, but final exhaustion, he will principally have to thank these, the fifth and sixth of the theories of war with which he undertook to destroy, the more ancient civilisations of Europe.

I mean that the future historian of the war will undoubtedly ascribe that result in the main to an exhaustion of men, and this exhaustion of men must again in the main be ascribed to the theory I have here been considering.

H. BELLOC.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR BY WATER.

By A. H. POLLEN.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

NAVAL FIGHTS IN THE BALTIC.

ON Monday and Friday last week naval actions took place in the Baltic, north of Libau. On Monday the Germans attempted a landing at Windau, and covered the attempt with a bombardment by a squadron of coast defence battleships. These are of no particular military value; their broadsides consist of three 9.4 guns only; they carry about 8 inches of armour, which is no protection against heavy shell, and they are too slow to run away successfully. They were accompanied by four light cruisers and some destroyers. The landing parties apparently came in trawlers. The Russian land artillery and a squadron of destroyers had apparently no difficulty in repulsing the landing party and driving the hostile ships away. There seems to have been no battleship or armoured cruiser squadron available to pursue and engage the retreating ships.

But between Monday and Friday it looks as if a powerful cruiser squadron comprising the English-built *Rurik* of 15,000 tons and the three *Bayans* (of a little more than half this displacement)—all four built immediately after the

Japanese War—and the *Oleg*, an unarmoured cruiser, built a couple of years before the war, went on a reconnoitring cruise to the Southern Baltic—no doubt looking for the force that had bombarded Windau on Monday. At six a.m. on Friday morning, when returning from this cruise, they were off the coast of Gothland, when they encountered a German light cruiser of the *Augsburg* class, a mine-layer, *Albatross*, and some destroyers. The morning was foggy, and a scrambling kind of fight ensued. This lasted until nearly nine o'clock, when the *Albatross* was driven ashore near the Ostergarn lighthouse, and the remaining cruiser and destroyers fled northwards. The *Rurik*, with her consorts, pursued, and in about half an hour met the *Roon* in company with destroyers. She was shortly afterwards joined by two other light cruisers. The Russians immediately engaged the Germans, and these, being in greatly inferior strength and with the wounded *Augsburg* to protect, steamed south in full flight. A running fight lasted till 11.30, by which time the *Roon* had been silenced and was in flames, and the Russians had been drawn into an area where submarines were in waiting. Further pursuit was inadvisable. The encounter with

the submarines seems to have been skilfully managed, for no torpedo struck any Russian ship, and one of the submarines was certainly rammed.

The official German report makes no mention of any fight except the early morning engagement in which the *Albatross* was driven ashore. But it *does* say that the intention of this reconnoitring force was the stereotyped manoeuvre of luring the Russians into the submarine field to which, five hours later, they were actually brought in their chase of the *Roon*. Neither the Petrograd official report nor Renter's correspondent indicates how far south the squadron reached before the submarines compelled them to desist.

At three o'clock on the same afternoon a squadron of the German battleships of the *Deutschland* class—11-inch gun ships—the last built before the German Admiralty adopted the all big gun type—was attacked by Russian submarines in the Gulf of Dantzig, and the leader of the squadron was sunk. It would take a 15-knot submarine some thirteen or fourteen hours to reach the Gulf of Dantzig from the Ostergarn lighthouse, so that it seems certain that there is no connection between the cruiser actions of the morning and the submarine attack which took place two hundred miles away in the afternoon. The fortunes of the day went strongly in favour of the 'Allies. The *Albatross* was driven ashore and wrecked. A submarine was sunk, and more than one cruiser was seriously damaged. And, finally, a battleship was sent to the bottom. After the extraordinary secrecy which has veiled all the naval proceedings in the Baltic, it is gratifying, but by no means surprising, to find that the Russian command is extremely alert, and that the Russian *personnel* are as capable as they are willing.

GERMAN NAVAL STRATEGY.

But it is a little difficult to grasp the precise strategical idea the Germans are pursuing in these waters. They have possession of Libau, and the left wing of their land force is, no doubt, trying to push on towards Riga. Monday's raid on Windau, if it had resulted in the occupation of that place, would no doubt have strengthened the position of the left wing. But it is difficult to understand—if the Germans really attach great importance to possessing Windau—why so feeble a force was sent to attack it; and if no importance is attached to its possession, it is still more difficult to see why any naval force was risked in that direction at all.

An alternative theory is that, possessing Libau, the Germans wish to turn it to account as a base of supply, and are making these naval demonstrations partly to ascertain the disposition and to feel the strength of the Russian fleet; partly in the hope that activity on their part may deter the Russians from pushing too far south, where they would interfere with the projected line of supply from Königsberg and Dantzig. If this was their plan, the German command should have been somewhat disconcerted at finding that the Russian cruisers who encountered their outposts were not feeling their way from north to south, but were on their return from a *reconnaissance* of their own in the Southern Baltic. In other words, that the Russians were pushing past them and not awaiting the German attack.

The truth of the matter seems to be that, as in the North Sea, so in the Baltic, the Germans are faced with this dilemma: They are in possession of what is actually a very considerable naval force. It seems absurd and irrational to possess this force and not to use it. It surely must be of some military value. But they cannot use it with effect on subsidiary objects, such as bombardments to assist landings and so forth, unless they *first* use it to win the command of the waters in which the bombardments, landings, &c., are to take place. The British fleet, it is true, is using the British Channel, and, indeed, all the seas as if it had already conclusively *won* the command. But it can only do this by being at any moment prepared to defend the ships that are using the sea, and, *à fortiori*, being always prepared to dispute the command with any force which the enemy may send out. Faced with this position in the North Sea, the Germans have only used their fleet for cross-ravaging expeditions. Indeed, it almost looks as if the fleet had been built in the belief that some advantage was to be got from expeditions of this sort, apart from being able to command the waters through which the expeditions were made.

Now, it cannot be questioned that if Germany concentrated the whole, or, at any rate, a very large part, of her naval force in the Baltic, she could meet the Russians in greatly superior force, and so reproduce in the Baltic the position we have created in the North Sea and the Channel. If she wishes to use sea force to help in the attack on Riga, she has no alternative but to give the Russian Navy the option of a decisive battle to settle which of the two fleets is to command the Baltic. Why will Germany not take this risk?

The probable explanation is that the Germans are still uncertain as to whether the *Gangoot*, the *Poltava*, the *Petropavlovsk*, and the *Sevastopol* are really commissioned and ready to fight. If they have to run the risk of meeting these ships, reinforced by the *Imperator Pavel* and the *Andrei Pervosvanni*, they have to remember that they would have to provide a force capable of meeting a broadside power of fifty-six 12-in. guns and twelve 8-in. This broadside is at least as powerful as the broadside of Germany's first eight Dreadnoughts, and, of course, far more powerful than the broadside of all her pre-Dreadnoughts put together. The situation in the North Sea being what it is, it is exceedingly unlikely that Germany will risk this great force in an engagement with the Russians, who, as recent events have shown, are not only perfectly willing to engage, but seem to be most admirably prepared, trained, and equipped to do so. All the evidences seem to show that Russian gunnery is of the greatest possible merit. Indeed, so high is the spirit of the Russians, and so marked the advantage which they have taken of their experience of war, that the Germans probably fear that if they sought an engagement, not with eight Dreadnoughts, but with twelve, they might be promptly engaged, and that in such an engagement, victory, if won, might be purchased at a cost that would bring German sea power to a very low state indeed.

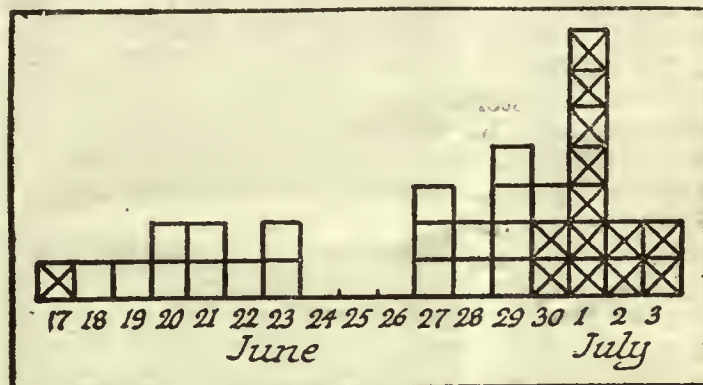
This being the situation, it seems to me unreasonable to expect a decisive action in the Baltic. The Germans, consequently, should not be able to aid their operations on shore by any co-operation of their fleet.

THE BLACK SEA.

In the Baltic Russia's demonstration of her sea spirit and sea efficiency is on the grand scale—dramatic, convincing, entirely of a piece with her efficiency on land. Alone of the navies of Europe she has had experience of war, and learned by it, and there is certainly no navy in which professional accomplishment is better combined with knowledge and enthusiasm. In the Black Sea, the persistence with which the Turkish fleet avoids the Russian squadron makes any similar demonstration impossible. But we should be both short-sighted and ungrateful if we lost sight of the excellent service which Russia is doing to our cause in those restricted waters. Whatever the truth of the Dardanelles military position may be, it cannot be questioned that by far the best solution of its difficulties is to be found in cutting off the sources of Turkish supply. Our own submarines are, we may rely upon it, doing all that is possible to make the Sea of Marmara too dangerous for the transport and supply ships, and will do all that is possible to prevent the Dardanelles themselves being ferried, if land bases further west than Panderma Bay are established by the enemy. But the same end would be gained if the most important item of the enemy's supplies—namely, the provision of shells, can be checked at the fountain head.

It is generally supposed that Turkish projectiles have been partly imported overland from Germany, and, to a still greater extent, been manufactured in or near Constantinople, at shops established by representatives of German armament firms. Almost all the raw material going to these shops—that is, all ore and coal from purely Turkish sources—has to be brought to Constantinople by sea. This is certainly true of coal, for the only coalfields the Turkish Empire possesses are found in the valleys that run down to the Black Sea, between Bender Eregli, about 130 miles due east of the Bosphorus, and ending at Tchatal Agzy further along the coast. The valleys in which coal is found are roughly parallel to each other, and the railways run down the valleys to the sea; but they are not apparently cross connected. Each district is therefore provided with means of sending its coal only to the coast from which it must be shipped. Coming from west to east there are, then, a series of roadsteads, or ports—Bender Eregli; Koslou, an open roadstead; Zongouldak, the only port with a pier, loading gear, &c., where the French company, which before the war exploited the most valuable of these mines, had its headquarters. Beyond Zongouldak are two other open roadsteads—Kilibli, with ten, and Tchatal Agzy, with twenty miles of line up to the coalfields. It is, then, on these ports or roadsteads that Constantinople relies for its coal supply, and this supply is not only the only source of illumination which the town possesses, but is equally its only source of power. It is for this reason that the Russians for some months now have been carrying on a ruthless campaign against all colliers. It will be noticed that, on the same eventful Friday that saw the sinking of the *Deutschland* and *Albatross*, a Russian submarine sank three steam and one large sailing collier and a number of smaller craft. Meantime a destroyer squadron once more bombarded Zongouldak, destroying the appliances for loading the coal aboard ship. This is a form of

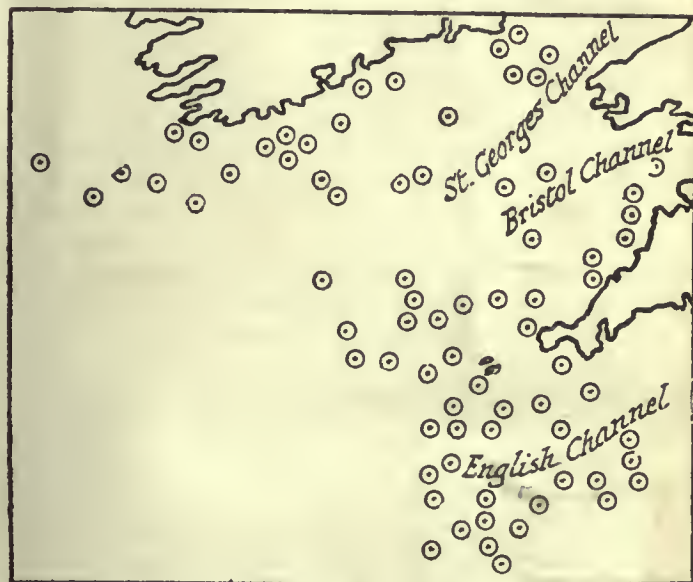
pressure which must tell, and tell seriously, in the course of a campaign in which munitions have to be used with extravagance.



THE SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN.

A fortnight ago we published a graphic record of ships attacked by submarines from February 1 to June 17. To-day the record is carried on to July 3. In the seventeen days it will be seen that thirty-two ships have been attacked, though all of them have not been sunk. The *Turnwell*, for instance, on June 17, and the *Kotka*, June 29, were brought safely into port. The *Venus*, June 21, was allowed to pass in circumstances which I described last week. The *Tunisiana*, on the 23rd, was beached near Lowestoft, and the *Cameronia*, on the 22nd, escaped altogether. In addition to these thirty-two ships—six of which were neutrals—two trawlers and six drifters were sunk, all round about the 23rd.

The most striking part of this record is the fact that, between June 27 and July 3 no less than twenty-one ships were sunk in the approaches to the Irish, Bristol, and English Channels. All, that is to say, within an area 250 miles from east to west and about the same from north to south. It includes, roughly, then, 62,500 square miles.



It will be remembered that in the first fourteen days of the month, sixteen were sunk in the same neighbourhood. The extraordinary virulence of these attacks in this neighbourhood, and their success, has not unnaturally led to the question being asked, if something cannot be done to afford protection to merchant ships in this area? It has been suggested, for instance, that all traffic should be directed to certain narrow and easily-defined channels, which can be put under efficient patrols. There would certainly have to be six routes, one coming in and one going out for each

of the three main lines of traffic, St. George's Channel, Bristol Channel, and the English Channel. If these routes were observed to a point, say, fifty miles south-west of Ireland, it would necessitate the patrolling of an area of 6 by 250, or 1,500 square miles, assuming that it was practicable to limit routes to a width of one mile only. How many destroyers would be necessary for this task? If fifty destroyers were available, it would mean thirty miles of route for each destroyer. If we suppose the destroyer to cruise at 20 knots, and to have a radius of view for scouting purposes of three miles in all directions, it means that she would have a fifth of her beat always in view, and could bring the whole of it under observation in the course of ninety minutes. If only twenty-five destroyers were available, the beats would have to be sixty miles long, and so forth. But the system would only be efficient with the largest possible number of patrolling ships.

Correspondents send me many and most ingenious suggestions for enabling merchant ships either to defend themselves by mines or gunfire or to evade pursuit by making a smoke screen. But I fear it is not practical politics for merchant ships to do anything more in self-defence than to go at a higher speed than a submarine, when they are capable of such a speed, or to confine their stay in a danger zone to darkness, when the dark-

ness is deep enough and lasts long enough. The escape of the *Anglo-Californian* can only be explained by the fact that the submarine had exhausted her torpedoes. Outside of this they must either look for protection to the Admiralty, or reconcile themselves to the fact that there is no protection possible and take their chance.

The capacity of the Admiralty to defend the merchant shipping seems to depend almost entirely upon possessing an adequate number of fast, well-armed patrols. The number, of course, depends upon the area to be patrolled. A system that would confine merchant shipping entering or returning from the Atlantic to definite routes would reduce that area to one-fortieth of its present size. It should not be very long before a number of destroyers sufficient to patrol such routes will be available. I say this because I naturally assume that special provision was made for increasing the number of destroyers in the first months of the war, when it was seen how great a rôle the submarine would play, and that this provision was doubled, trebled, and quadrupled in December last, when the Germans announced the intention to add murderous piracy to their other crimes. And now that the English Channel seems clear, could not the French destroyers be asked to patrol the area between the Atlantic and these Channels?

THE ATTITUDE OF ROUMANIA.

By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

CHIEF among the conditions essential to the speedy and successful ending of the present world-war are the reopening of the Dardanelles and the active military co-operation of the three South-Eastern States which still remain neutral and self-complacent. At bottom, these two conditions are so closely interwoven with each other that the realisation of one would entail that of both. But as yet we must content ourselves with speaking of either achievement in terms of hope. For the diplomacy of the Allied Powers, after having exhausted its ingenuity and resourcefulness in endeavours to accomplish the second feat, appears to be little nearer the wished-for solution to-day than it was eleven months ago. The problem, as conceived by the Allies, who, it seems to me, were bent on beginning with what could only be the final consummation, was the revival of the Balkan League. To those who have a clear vision of its inherent difficulties, this enterprise, under present conditions, smacks of the squaring of the circle. Personally, I should have preferred to see it reduced to much simpler terms; to terms which might not, perhaps, so fully harmonise with the principle of nationality laid down by the Allies, but would, at any rate, render a workable arrangement relatively easy and absolutely effective. That, however, is not the point with which we are now concerned.

Of the three South-Eastern States, Roumania is the one whose attitude the British mind seems least able to comprehend. That Greece, ruled by the Kaiser's brother-in-law and a band of Venizelos's antagonists, should show signs of lapsing into its former anarchic condition, and pass into German tutelage on the way, nothing could be less astonishing. For Venizelos, during the few years of his reconstructive administration, had wrought a political miracle at the cost of the vested interests of a little army of place-hunters whose appetites grew with enforced abstinence, and who were

eager to bring back the old anarchy which alone could gratify them. And the King, whose conduct and motives demand a chapter for themselves in the tragic story of Hellenism, closed the memorable parenthesis. Bulgaria—ruled by an Austrian Narcissus, administered by Russia's avowed enemies, and angered by the fatal blunders of her ruler, which she has been taught to lay to the charge of the Allied Powers—is naturally vindictive, mistrustful, and grasping. Beneath the patriotic demands for all Macedonia, Kavalla, and the Dobrudja lurks the ambitious design of expanding the destiny and the frontiers of the nation, and of building up that greater Bulgaria by means which involve the subjection and assimilation of other races and the creation of a Balkan Prussia.

But Roumania appeared to stand on a different footing. Suddenly confronted with an unhopied-for opportunity of emancipating several millions of her downtrodden brethren in Austria and Hungary, she was first thrilled with the prospect and then shrank from realising it. Already last winter the Roumanian Ministers in the capitals of the Allied States announced that their Government had irrevocably taken its decision, and was awaiting only the fitting moment, which they defined now as that of the completion of their military preparations, now as the day on which Italy would descend into the arena. To Italy in particular the assurances volunteered by Roumania's most responsible representatives dispelled all doubts respecting not merely the nature of her resolve, but also the approximate date of its execution. And on the strength of these assurances Roumania received substantial help and furtherance in Paris and London, and has recently been suing for analogous services in Rome, where the Roumanian Minister had long been ostentatiously playing the part of an apostle of the Entente.

Before we can satisfactorily account for this elusive behaviour, it behoves us to divest ourselves of certain

erroneous notions too prevalent to-day—such, for example, as that Roumania's position is virtually identical with that of Italy, and that the Allied Powers have been chary of inducements, offering her far less than she could have reasonably expected.

Between Roumania and Italy there is no parity. The former State constitutes an ethnic island, surrounded by foreign and not always neighbourly peoples. Descended from a Latin strain, the population contains an admixture of Slav blood which is estimated—like the Slav words in their tongue—at 33 per cent. From a Danubian principality, it has slowly risen to be a Balkan Kingdom, whence cohesive force was vainly expected to issue, and keep the original Balkan peoples from being loosed into mutually warring elements. Ringed round by a wall built up by history and religion which the subtler voices of refined humanity may one day pierce, all these nations may justly demur to having their conduct gauged by Western standards. For in these interesting clefts of international life, where even the noblest spirits are cramped and narrow, and the stars are seen twinkling at noonday, public opinion, in the Italian sense, is lacking. The benighted masses, listless and inert, are hypnotised and mummified rather than led. For a whole generation the foreign business of Roumania was transacted by the late King without check or control. At his death this unconstitutional, but unquestioned, prerogative passed to the privileged classes, who already had in their hands the internal governance of the realm. And at present these classes have at their head a politician who is certainly the most extraordinary and typical, if not the greatest, character sprung from a spiritual soil where the highest needs of the people, and the capacities of its leaders to meet them, are what they are in Roumania.

John Bratiano was born under a lucky star. From nature he received physical health and considerable abilities. From his illustrious father, who was gifted with political vision, moral courage, and a marvellous capacity for work, he inherited, besides name and prestige, the leadership of the strongest Parliamentary party in the country. Finding everything that ambition could strive for ready to his hand without the need for personal exertion, he has never made any. Before he had an opportunity to merit the honours of a hero he became an idol, and, content with the dignity, has acted the part. And now if he but threatens to descend from his shrine, the nation is moved to its depths as by some imminent national disaster. He governs in conformity with what his political followers deem the constituents of Roumanian progress, and forbears from attempting to make any fresh contribution to its slender stock of ethico-political ideas.

Hence his policy, conducive enough to the attainment of party objects, is not weighted with the solid aims of national statesmanship, or the higher purpose of wise, progressive government. During his tenure of office and the vicissitudes of the present struggle, his Cabinet has given no proof that the landmarks of European civilisation mean anything to Roumania. His great opponent, and Roumania's one statesman, Take Jonescu, and also the ex-Minister Filippescu, have continuously striven to raise the political standard by leavening its gross elements with the higher conceptions of international solidarity and duty. And there are some signs that their endeavours may finally prove successful. If Roumania resembled Italy in possessing powerful currents of national thought and feelings, the present crisis would compel M. Bratiano as it compelled Giolitti, who was also the absolute ruler of the two Houses of Parliament and the bureaucracy, to bring his policy into harmony with the aspirations of the people or else to disappear. But the leader of the Liberal Party is the ruler of the realm, from whose fiat there is no appeal. Between the cases of Roumania and Italy, therefore, there is no real resemblance.

Neither can one account for the bewildering course of Roumania's policy by the disproportion between the

demands she has put forward and the offers made by Russia. At the extent of the national claims one need affect no surprise. The formula is simple and comprehensive: all the Austro-Hungarian provinces inhabited by Roumanians are to be united to the kingdom after the war. This, being a corollary of the principle of nationality, is acceptable to all the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance. It is only when one proceeds to localise the provinces and districts that a divergence of views is noticeable. And the difference turns upon the partition of the province known as the Banat of Temesvar and on the future frontiers of Bukovina. As part of the former territory is inhabited by Roumanians, Bratiano asks that a further portion, which is not Roumanian, and reaches as far as the River Tisza, shall also be incorporated in the extended kingdom. Now to this there are objections of several kinds, deriving from the principle of nationality, from common equity which would allot the zone in question to Serbia, and from considerations of military strategy which point in the same direction. For if Roumania's claim were allowed, she would annex a stretch of territory occupied by foreign nationalities.

It is enough to consult Roumanian statistics on the subject to see that in the contentious part of the Banat the Roumanian elements amount only to three per cent. of the population, the Germans contributing twenty-seven and the Serbs thirty-two per cent., while the remainder consists of an admixture of Magyars, gipsies, and Slovachs. Lastly, it should not be forgotten that if the strip in dispute were allotted to Roumania, the Serbian capital, which it borders, would be indefensible.

The partition of Bukovina is also beset with difficulties, but they are of a lesser order. Duly boiled down, they shrink to the allotment of the capital city, Czernowitz, which Roumania demands. If it be taken over by Roumania, so, too, must the districts to the south and west of it, and these are populated by Ruthenians or Russians whom the Tsardom is loth to abandon to any foreign State. On the other hand, Czernowitz is unquestionably a Roumanian centre, the seat of a Roumanian Metropolitan See and of a university, and it belonged of old to Moldavia, which was undoubtedly Roumanian. Those are the main arguments. But the heat with which they are maintained is attributable to an unavowed motive analogous to that which fired the Greek and Bulgarian plenipotentiaries at Bucharest in their battle for the possession of Kavalla, the richest tobacco district in the Ottoman Empire. In Czernowitz there is a bishopric endowed with a yearly revenue of twenty million francs, to which the Austrian Government and also certain princes of the House of Hapsburg were wont to have recourse for the payment of various pensions and other expenses. But I have little doubt that, in view of the vast interests involved in the higher question of Roumania's belligerency, all these considerations will soon be viewed in correct perspective and dealt with in a business-like way.

As for the international demands which M. Bratiano has put forward, such as a satisfactory arrangement respecting the freedom of the Straits and the navigation of the Danube, the circumstance that they are international renders their settlement by any two States at this juncture inconceivable; and that they should have been formulated at all is construed in Petrograd as a circuitous way chosen by the Bucharest Cabinet to put off taking a decision.

The military objection to immediate intervention has also been interpreted as a pretext, although it has a little more substance. Russia's defeat in Bukovina has, it must be admitted, deprived the Roumanian Army of what would have been one of its wings. And that is a consideration, for M. Bratiano would like to arrange intervention of the kind which his predecessor, Maiorescu, found so cheap and lucrative two years ago.

(To be continued.)

A GLIMPSE OF WAR.—THE BUFFALOES.

By W. L. George.

SIMONETTI crouched in his hole, weary beyond describe and feeling in that little space as if already he were buried. He had fallen there the night before with a sprained ankle, and for many minutes lain upon his face, quivering as bullets from the Austrian and Italian machine guns streamed over his head, so close as to make him sink his head in his shoulders and burrow into the ground. His ankle hurt. Perhaps slowly he could have dragged himself out towards the Italian trenches, but he was a very young soldier, and he had then thought only of one thing: to dig himself in a foot or so, where nothing could hurt him, where, face against the crumbling soil, he could be just an animal, thinking absurdly of the shop, of the counter over which, a week before, he had been selling cigarettes with a broad, white-toothed smile.

The night had passed, a night of horror, when all the time shells burst over his head and bullets burrowed all round him. Then a day, an interminable, silent day. The sun had speared through the sparse leaf of the mulberry trees, finding him out, until he had to shift as if he feared that his flesh would blister wherever rested the shafts of light. His water-bottle was empty; he had eaten his emergency ration; now, with legs stiff up to the knees, rather hungry, and his throat like hot ash, he watched the sun slowly set beyond the grey lead of the Isonzo waters. Night at last! Soon under her black wing he could crawl away. She came slowly, and he hated this blinding sun; without knowing it he plagiarised the saying of a great general: "Thou damned sun! Wilt thou never set? . . ."

Suddenly the sun vanished below the horizon. He shivered, for the southern twilight was short, and here already was the Italian night, that felt freezing and wet. His shirt that had been caked with sweat grew hard and cold, like a shroud. A little wind rose up, fluttering the leaves of the mulberry trees and drawing long whispers from the boughs of the cypresses. Day was coming; soon he might move. He raised himself a little; there was nothing to be seen. Some hundred yards ahead, just under the slope beyond the cypresses, were the Austrian trenches; lower down, at the bottom of the foothill where he lay, were his friends, no doubt. Upon his right, where the ground sloped sharply, stretched the mountain pass. There he saw quite clearly the Austrian trenches, behind their wire entanglements, that shone in the evening light. He could see men move in the trenches. What a position for a sniper! But he dared not move; perhaps he could not, for in twenty-four hours his body had become conscious of only one thing—cramp. The evening grew darker, and in the forest before him rose everywhere the white night-mists, thin and cold as the breath of the buried dead. . . .

Simonetti rubbed his legs. Soon, crawling upon his belly, he could begin that long, long journey of six hundred yards towards the Italian trenches. But it was not quite dark enough, he thought; so he watched, amused by the movements of friend and foe, which he alone up on that slope could see. The forest trenches were hidden, but in the pass he could see the Italians moving. He fancied he could hear them speak, for the air was clear. And, more cruel, he saw very well a fire that cooked something, and a dream of onion soup formed in his brain. For a long time Simonetti, who yesterday was drunk with patriotism and glory, thought only of onion soup. But there were movements; they interested him. They were incomprehensible rather. He could see the bersaglieri roofing their trenches with planks. Little by little the trench and the traverses were shortening and disappearing under this mysterious ceiling. And there were other movements, too, that surprised him, in the rear, where the ground dipped suddenly and there was a hollow invisible to Austrian eyes. The twilight was thick now, and he saw only black masses that moved, that separated and then joined. There was no rest in the dark hollow among the darker shapes. They were strange in their heaviness, and for a moment Simonetti wondered whether his mind was

wandering, whether he dreamt day dreams. He did not think of crawling back now; he was like a savage that forgets danger in his magpie curiosity. It was singular in the hollow. He had a vision of animals, oxen perhaps, and for a second wondered why they should bring cattle up so near the line. Then again he watched the trench, which had now completely disappeared under its roof; he could see that plainly, for the planks gleamed white. There was no room even for a rifle barrel. It was as if the trench had never been, and from the hollow the ground stretched out almost flat. He strained his eyes to their utmost. The black shapes had come closer, and he could see them struggling and jostling. Every now and then he heard a muffled bellow that was not quite that of an ox, and he had a glimpse as suddenly the moon rose of a polished white horn. His heart began to beat; these were not oxen . . . a picture of the Campagna Romana formed before his eyes.

Buffaloes! In his excitement the herd magnified; there were not scores, but hundreds, thousands of them, gigantic, woolly-ruffed. He fancied he could see crowds of shiny horns and little brown, buried eyes that sparkled. For a moment his mind was blank. . . . Then he thought of the roofed trench and quite suddenly understood, for there was a little light now behind the herd. Every few yards upon the ground he saw a little red glow, as if there stood a brazier. He saw the black shapes of the bersaglieri as for a second they stood before the glows. Those beasts were not there for nothing. They were going to be driven. Why roof the trench save to give them passage? In the light of the rising moon he saw the Austrian entanglements shining now like silver. He was so oppressed by his growing conviction that he hardly noticed that from the distant heights at Caperletto the Italian artillery had begun to pour shrapnel upon the Austrian trenches. Shells burst close to him now and then in the wood, and sometimes splintered boughs fell near him. He was all filled with the drama of the restless beasts in front of the braziers. He was fiercely alive just then. He had a vision of the wild brutes massed in a little space, frightened by the night and the silence, crushed together, heavy rump against great shoulder. And he understood the little glows; he guessed that there were irons heating. He had a vision of the herd, maddened by the touch of the burning steel, rushing on towards those entanglements that glittered pale in the blue light. . . . He was afraid; it was horrible, somehow, because so silent. He saw agitations among the bersaglieri, agitations among the beast; he heard a deep-throated bellow. . . .

Then all his senses leapt into activity. It was not that louder and louder screamed the shrapnel above his head, that he heard almost every second the dull, dry sound of flying earth as the shells struck. It was that the agitations in the hollow had suddenly become purposeful, that he had a vision, abominable yet certain, of the great herd snorting and stamping as men pricked it with their bayonets, as roars of anger rose up when a flank was suddenly touched with a hot iron. It made him sick and he shrank, for he fancied that his nostrils were filled with the scent of burning hide. For a moment all seemed peace; the Isonzo rolling past eternally towards the sea, which he could see shining beyond Monfalcone.

Then all was action. Through the scream of the shrapnel he heard the shouts of men in the hollow, the bellowing of the enraged beasts; and then a new sound—the trample, resounding as if it came from deep in the earth, of a thousand hoofs. It was a little sound first when it began, and intolerably it rose, muffled and dull, as the herd, stampeding, drew near. It was hypnotising, this growing heavy sound which blotted out for him the voices of the guns. He could hear nothing else, and he started as for a second the muffled trample changed into a sharp sound: the buffaloes were across the wooden roof of the Italian trench. They were coming, and almost at once they were passing, it seemed, just under his feet. As he heard them he saw them, for from the

Austrian trench the searchlights played upon the herd. The buffaloes came, dense-packed and yet ordered like massed cavalry. Simonetti could see them all individually, some tall and lank, with spreading white horns; others low, with immense woolly ruffs, their thick muzzles between their crooked knees, with hanging mouths and wet muzzles. They came, row after row, pressing on, away from those who had tortured them into the emptiness before them where was something, anything upon which they might wreak revenge. He heard their short breaths, sharp bellows like cries of rage, and the steady spit of the machine gun turned upon the herd. The Austrians were taken by surprise. Here and there a man fired a rifle, but only one thought of using the machine gun. As the bullets struck them the herd did not pause; there was a squeal of pain, but, as if this were too much, as if from the past torture the buffaloes had gathered ungovernable fury, they doubled their short legs under their heavy breasts, bounding. . . .

Simonetti watched, his body all stiff, for the roaring herd was in the entanglements now. He could see them under the searchlights, see them as if near enough to touch them, with flecks of blood and white sweat upon their hocks. Only for a moment did the obstacle seem to stop them. Heads first, massive brows bent, the great beasts burrowed into the wires, choking with muffled roars, all fury as the barbs stung them, hardly noticing the feeble pricking upon their thick hides. It seemed the work of a second. The buffaloes rushed passed him with tossing heads all tied up in torn wire, trampling it in their rage. He had a vision of the field of wire, tangled and carried high aloft upon a thousand horns. His heart beat; it nearly stifled him, so epic, beyond arrest, seemed this charge. Then a mine exploded . . . he saw a shoot of flame, a spume of smoke that suddenly rose like a white mushroom in the blue-lit blackness of the night. The ground shook under him. He saw black objects flying in the air; he had a sense of confusion, of things falling, of the roar of artillery, of something incomprehensible, incredible, just visible in the searchlights. . . . It was like seeing what was not there, because he saw it too well. . . .

Then he heard the bugles, and very far down there in the hollow, near the braziers, a cry: "*Avanti! Avanti! Savoia!*" And, magically, line after line, the bersaglieri rose up from the soil, flinging aside the white planks which had roofed their trench. He could see them, an endless pack, quite black, save for the glittering points of the bayonets. And in the front, near the Austrian trench, mine after mine exploded under the trampling hoofs. For one second in a sheet of rising flame he saw the unforgettable: high above, mid streaming earth, two vast black shapes that twisted and rolled in the air—two buffaloes, hurled aloft, bleeding and torn, and yet still gamesome, so lifted, so dying, striking with last strength at the empty air. . . .

Simonetti had crawled down at last. It was a long time after, and he was alone, for the fighting now lay far ahead of him, far beyond the Austrian trench into which the bersaglieri had poured hard upon the heels of the raging beasts. He struggled along the broken ground of the pass towards the hollow where were the braziers, warm and comforting. His limbs ached, sweat poured from him. For a moment he lay upon the ground, breathing hard. He grew aware of another breathing a little way off. He started. Lit up by the moon he now saw something black and large. It was not a rock—he knew that at once; but something alive that lay and breathed heavily. Terrified and exalted, he crawled a little closer. Its big black flank rising and falling, shining a little in the moonlight, lay an old bull buffalo. Its side was torn open by a machine-gun volley. It lay there, and panted, moving a little from right to left its vast woolly head. For a second beast and man looked at each other, almost as if each one understood the other's hurt. The little brown eye of the beast was not yet glazed. It stared at the man, and as it so did the breath came in quicker snorts, the head lifted. On paralysed hindquarters the buffalo reared up. For one moment it so stood, and, bending its head with lowered horns, it leant towards the man as if to gore him, to give in fighting the last of its strength. Quite suddenly it grew rigid, then weak; a shiver passed over the broad rump. Slowly, all dignity, as its life fled, the old bull buffalo laid its head upon the ground and died. Tangled in its broad horns was a mass of wire like a silver crown.

Mr Hilaire Belloc's next lecture at the Queen's Hall will be on Tuesday, July 13, at 8.30.

THE NAVAL PIANO FUND.

THE instant response on the part of our readers to the appeal for funds to purchase a piano for one of the ships in the North Sea Fleet has been gratifying in the extreme, and we are now able to announce that the sum of £45 11s. has been received, although the fund has only been in existence for a period of a week. The makers of the piano, the Orchestrello Company, of Regent Street, are very generously supplying one of their best instruments at a cost of £44 10s., which represents a considerable reduction, and the balance of the sum subscribed will be devoted to defraying the cost of carriage. The subscription list is now closed, and we wish to thank our readers for their prompt and generous response. We append a list of the subscribers:

	£	s.	d.
W. W. Kettlewell	2	2	0
J. H. S. Fullerton	2	2	0
C. J. Rivington	2	2	0
Edgar Hanbury	2	2	0
R. K. Hodgson	5	0	0
A. Wyatt Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. Owen Wardle	0	10	0
Ernest Owen	1	1	0
J. H. Brodie	2	2	0
T. H. Riches	2	2	0
Mrs. Murray Baillie	0	10	6
Mrs. Newton	0	5	0
Miss Lilian Downe	1	1	0
Miss Edith Lloyd	0	1	0
James W. Sharpe	2	2	0
Mrs. W. H. Baillie	0	7	6
F. S. Niven	2	0	0
H. G. Hadfield	0	10	0
Miss Constance Wilmot	1	0	0
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Captain Huddart	0	10	0
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W. A. Stewart	1	0	0
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Miss M. Reid	0	5	0
T. W. Lee	0	10	0
Leslie A. Hunter	1	0	0
Anonymous	2	2	0
Anonymous	2	2	0
Anonymous	2	0	0
			£45 11 0

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MOTOR AMBULANCE FUND.

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

DEAR SIR,—I beg you to permit me to express the most sincere thanks of my committee and of all the members of the Munro Ambulance Corps to yourself for your generous initiative in offering us a new ambulance and to the subscribers who have enabled you to carry your suggestion into effect. The car was taken to the front on the 18th inst. Owing to the corps having, by invitation of the local military authorities, recently undertaken a fresh field of work, the arrival of such a reliable and admirably equipped addition to its fleet is especially opportune, while the value of the gift is enhanced by the fact that the subscriptions have been so ample as to permit your placing at our disposal a substantial sum towards its future upkeep.

Let me add that my committee is very sensible of the distinction that a spontaneous gift from a paper of such standing and so well-informed as LAND AND WATER confers upon our little unit and regards it as an indication that the services of its active members at the front under its founder, Dr. Hector Munro, and, since his retirement to join the R.A.M.C., under its present commandant, Mr. Ivor Bevan, are considered deserving of public support.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EVERARD FIELDING.

(Chairman London Committee, Hector Munro Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps)
5, John Street, Mayfair, W.

A BALKAN INTERLUDE.

By R. A. Scott-James.

ELEVEN years ago! It seems to me only yesterday that my party came clattering into the tumble-down town of Ochrida on that burning August day—my dragoman and I, with the poek-marked Commissary of Police and the escort of songful Albanian gendarmes. All day we had been toiling across mountain ridges, down precipitous valleys, past burnt and ruined villages, and from far off we had seen the great lake of Ochrida shining blue in the distance. After much travelling we had reached this ancient town, with its narrow, cobbled streets and dun-coloured houses, and heard the welcome splash of the little waves.

We passed through the streets to the Bulgarian house where I was to lodge, and the fezzed inhabitants gazed curiously at the travellers. I was received by a broad-browed Bulgarian dame, with hair neatly arrayed in a long, dark plait, and by the alert, emphatic youth, her son; and was shown into the guest-chamber, a sort of drawing-room, where later a mattress and embroidered coverlet were laid on the ground for a bed.

Here I received the smart little Italian officer who represented the foreign gendarmerie service in Ochrida. I dined with the family in the bare outer hall, the women standing whilst the men ate. In the morning I was taken to see the Bulgarian Bishop, the fiery Metropolitan who breathed out indignation at the fate of compatriots; and the Greek barber, a talkative man who had been a gentleman's valet in England and cherished a picture of Queen Victoria and her consort. And I went up the steep hill to the west of the town to see the ruins of the castle and the view far out across the lake.

I lingered among these hoary remains, with this eastern town straggling down the hill below me, on my left the desolated land of Turkey, on my right the dark mountains of Albania, and away to the south, beyond the great lake, the land still inhabited by Greeks. It seemed to me that the whole of history lay stretched out in panorama before me. It was not far away that Themistocles, in exile, sought sanctuary at the house of Admetus, the Molossian king. The town below was once ruled by Alexander the Great. The castle takes us back to the great days of Scanderbeg and Marco. Here the Bulgarians came, a conquering horde. Here came the Serbians, when their power rivalled that of the Eastern Empire. Here at last came the ruinous Turks, and only a few months ago they had added one more horror to the tale, suppressing an abortive insurrection with fire, murder, and rape; and the villages all around, as I had seen them, were roofless, inhabited by destitute old men, women, and children.

To me then, eleven years ago, it seemed that all that history could do had already been wrought upon this seared and time-hardened region. It was hopeless and beautiful. Upon the ruins the peace of solitude had settled, and civilisation and energy were infinitely remote. The vast lake, stretching beyond vision to the south, its deep blue contrasting so serenely with the blackness of the surrounding mountains, held in its depths all the extinct life of centuries. Here, surely, history had ended.

And yet, as I see now, history was just beginning again in that seemingly remote place. An epoch-making revolution was inaugurated there, when Niazi Bey raised the standard of the Young Turks at Resna and Ochrida. In a second war it was finally liberated from the Turks. In a third it came definitely under the rule of Serbia. In a fourth, at this moment, it is one of the main bases from which the Serbs are feeding the troops which are operating in Albania. In those eleven years it has been the navel of European history. From the mountains which enclose that lake like the sides of a deep bowl the ball of the world's destiny has been set rolling. Thence started the Young Turkish Revolution, which in turn started two Balkan wars, and from these began the European War. Was not the first step taken when Austria said to Serbia: "Your territory shall go west as far as Ochrida, and no further?" But Serbia has gone further.

For me, then, it was a land promising little for the future, pregnant only with memories of the past, and beautiful in its desolation and quiet. In the early afternoon a strange craft, a *tchun* as it is called, was moored just outside the house where I lodged. From primitive times, perhaps

thousands of years ago, boats such as this have plied on Lake Ochrida. It was a roughly-hewn, punt-shaped vessel, with deep sides, and its prow rose high above the water like that of an ancient galleon. The stern was low. Across the bulwarks, amidships, was placed a square, railed-in platform, projecting over the water on each side. High up in the prow sat three oarsmen, on benches one below the other like steps, with long oars all on the stroke side of the boat. Low in the stern sat an aged man with an oar as rudder, ready to counteract with the backward movement of his tiller the one-sided work of the rowers.

Nikola, my young host, and Alexandre, my Bulgarian dragoman, conducted me to the platform, and there, with rugs to lie upon, and my luggage for pillows, we stretched ourselves at ease, and the boat pushed away from its mooring. The town, tumbling as it seemed from the hill right into the water, receded. The women, washing their linen from their house doors, made a fringe of bright colours between the blue lake and the yellow, white, and green of the houses, the minarets and the trees. The water lay smooth as glass. The sun poured sub-tropical rays upon our heads. To the west lay the high, steep mountains of Albania; to the east the equally precipitate mountain ridge which separated us from Lake Presba. To the south the lake lost itself among the distant heights beneath which, twenty miles off, lay the Greek monastery of Sveti Naoum, our destination.

The men in the prow worked till they sweated, but so awkwardly disposed were the oars that progress was slow. We moved far out into the middle of the lake, proceeding southwards. On the land we could see no signs of habitations; on the lake there was no vessel but our own. A flock of great cranes flew across our track, their legs floating behind them, like ships of the air. In mid-water the men stopped suddenly from their labours, and rested on their oars. The youth, who sat highest in the prow, a Greek, tore off his vest and plunged unexpectedly into the water. The man next to him, a Serbian, followed suit, and with shouts of pleasure the two hoisted themselves in at the stern, their bare legs and bodies glistening. There was an outburst of talk and animation before the vessel resumed its course. The falling sun threw out a red blaze across the Albanian sky, and shed a mist of purple over the mountains, and we saw the "wine-dark deep" of Homer in the waters of the lake. The evening breeze came down quite suddenly. Little short, sharp waves tossed the *tchun* up and down, and as suddenly the surface became calm again.

We were nearing the monastery. It rose, an ancient, massive pile of white and black, almost sheer above the southern margin. As we approached a great bell tolled, and its deep tones sounded across the lake and were echoed from the hills. It was the signal to announce the arrival of strangers. Down the hillside path hurried the dependants of the monastery, and the Abbot himself, with high black hat and long robes, shook us by the hand and made us welcome.

He conducted me through the great main gate of the monastery into the wide courtyard in the middle of which stood the little Byzantine chapel, through a great corridor and hall to the guest chamber. There I was regaled with rakia and tobacco, and the Abbot, with his Socratic face, genial, courteous, and wise, discoursed to me about the great estates of the monastery, less fruitful than of old owing to the policy of the Turks. And when he had introduced to me another visitor, a Greek, and invited me to choose the menu for the evening meal, he took me out to see the kitchen, where cooks were attending to great cauldrons simmering over fires, to the buttery, and to a cool chamber where hundreds of cheeses were stored. He showed me the chapel, with its quaint, richly-coloured frescoes, and its Greek inscriptions, and led me to an open place high up above the lake with an expanse of water and mountain stretching out into the distance, and left me there till darkness had fallen.

And that was eleven years ago. All was very peaceful, and utterly removed, as it seemed, from the noise of the world. And yet even then, just behind those dark mountains, discontent was simmering; and from further behind Governments were stretching out eager and avaricious hands; and from still further behind, the Powers of Europe were watching. For such solitudes as this, for such Oriental back-worlds, civilisation was waiting.



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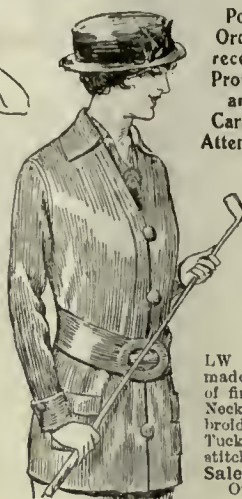


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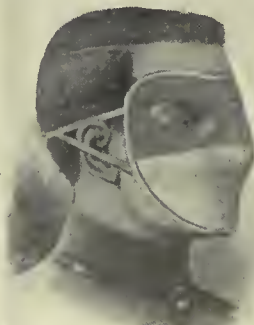


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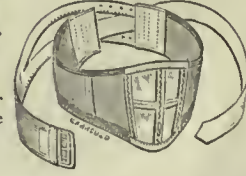
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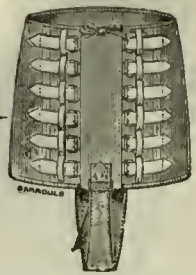
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IN any other year but this people would have their plans all ready cut and dried for the summer holiday, which is a necessity of life to many. As it is from all indications there will still be a holiday season, only it will be a holiday season with a difference. People will seek a change of scene and surrounding more from sheer necessity than from the diversion point of view. Men and women alike have in many cases worked themselves to a standstill, undergone great stress of anxiety and strain, and in consequence the need for relaxation of some sort is a vital one.

This year, without doubt, many will get to know their mother country in a way they have never done before. The continent being practically a sealed book to the traveller, and travelling in all other directions difficult and hazardous, must mean a focus of attention on our native land. The result cannot fail to be a delightful one. There are beauty spots in the British Isles which are second to none, the opportunity has arrived for many to explore them, who formerly would never have made or seized it. Of late years the fashion has sprung up amongst many people never to imagine they had taken a holiday without wandering far from these shores. Unless they took the boat train to some place on our coast, and there embarked upon a steamer for some foreign port the change of air was in their opinion incomplete. Armed with the familiar small green wallets with a collection of tickets inside, provided with foreign money, faced with the immediate necessity of having their luggage turned inside out and ransacked by a ruthless Custom House officer, they started confidently on their way. The treadmill of events, this year, has voted against any such complications. Travelling will be simplicity itself, it will practically begin and end with the purchase of a ticket at the railway booking office ten minutes or so before the train departs. Even the most seasoned traveller may find an unexpected voice within him rejoicing at the change.

Strenuous Visiting

Though much has been shaken to its foundations, life in many a country house would seem to the casual observer to be undisturbed. There is still a considerable amount of quiet entertaining, visitors come and go, the week-end trains still bring their quota of guests. It is only when one peers more closely into existing conditions that one sees that though things to all intents and purposes are going on much the same as usual, in reality they are altered as fundamentally as though shaken by an avalanche. People's outlooks are altered, the even tenour of their ways has been rudely disturbed. The country house visitor now mainly justifies her existence by the practical help she is able to give. There is no room for the idle butterfly about whose diaphanous wings so much nonsense has been written in the past. That it is nonsense has been proved by her disappearance. The gaily-coloured butterfly has vanished into the brown moth, though the latter is blue more often than not, wearing the dark blue coat and the blue and white hat of the Red Cross persuasion, or some kindred body.

Many an unwary mortal hoping to escape for a while from her own daily round and common task has arrived at a sunlit country house in the growing glamour of a summer evening to find her hostess busily making and rolling bandages, or some such work. She assuredly will be at once pressed into the service. Or she may find that a nurse has suddenly had to go off duty at a neighbouring V.A.D. hospital, and that a substitute must be immediately found, with the finger of fate pointing straight at her humble self. There is only one justification for her existence as a visitor, that being that she can lend a hand in some pet scheme or project.

A change of scene, when carried out beneath a friendly roof, is rarely now-a-days anything in the shape of a rest cure, nor will it be while ninety-nine women out of every hundred are busily engaged in war activities of some description or another.

Quiet Spots

Those therefore who feel that a complete rest of body and mind has become essential to their well-being should be wary and seek some quiet spot far removed from their friends and acquaintances. They should take the train to some quiet seaside place on a "safe" corner of the coast, and there in some serene spot within sight of the sea, rest in solid earnest. There are attractive seaside hostels far removed from the usual blare and noise of a hotel. Hotels, which are to all intents and purposes like some great country house, quiet, dignified, reposeful. There is one hotel in particular on the South Coast, which lies by the side of a harbour, where yachts of small tonnage continually pass in and out. It has a lawn stretching towards the narrow beach—for it is a small unpretentious spot—a great hall, a wonderful oak staircase, which winds upwards to a surrounding gallery. It is ideal for the special type of holiday many of us are needing this year.

Then there are still, even in these sophisticated days, farmhouses where rooms can be hired and a week or so pleasantly spent in appropriately rural surroundings. There will probably be more interest than has ever been known before in these placid places, for harvest will be soon with us, and the harvesters from all accounts are going to be a varied lot. The farm house visitor will more likely than not feel the lure of the harvest field and lend a hand, too. It will be very strange, very interesting, and the surest form of tonic for a jaded brain and nerve. A holiday in a country village, which has not yet fallen under the ban of modern red brick villadom can be a very agreeable one. With bedroom windows opened to their far extent overlooking some lovely part of pastoral England, with the fragrance of creepers, shrubs and flowers in the air, with the hundred and one sounds that are in reality minute but sound immense in the country stillness, life is still worth living, and an idyllic existence a possibility.

The Younger Generation

From the children's point of view some sort of a holiday is a necessity. The small fry keenly appreciate the weeks they spend in happy freedom on the seashore or in the country meadows, and few grown-up folk no matter how sad and listless they feel themselves will care to deprive them of this fleeting happiness.

The question of expense comes into holiday-making as it comes into most things this year, but people are prepared to take any pleasure they can snatch cheaply, and many a holiday will be achieved at half the cost of those of recent years. So it seems as if in many cases the children are to have their holiday in spite of everything, and that the beach of many a pleasant seaside town will be covered with energetic youngsters, bare-legged and sunburnt, building wondrous palaces with pebbles and sand. And those who are obliged to stay at home will doubtless have their holiday season also, spent in familiar places though it be. Many parents, no matter how fully occupied they may be with affairs inside and out, will strive to make it something like the old holiday days of yore, though a peregrination to the seaside is no longer a matter of course which can be firmly and confidently anticipated by the nursery folk. It takes very little to make a child happy, and in these days when depression is a fatally easy thing, the smiling faces of small important people in brief suits and pinafores, are as welcome as sunshine, and as beneficial.



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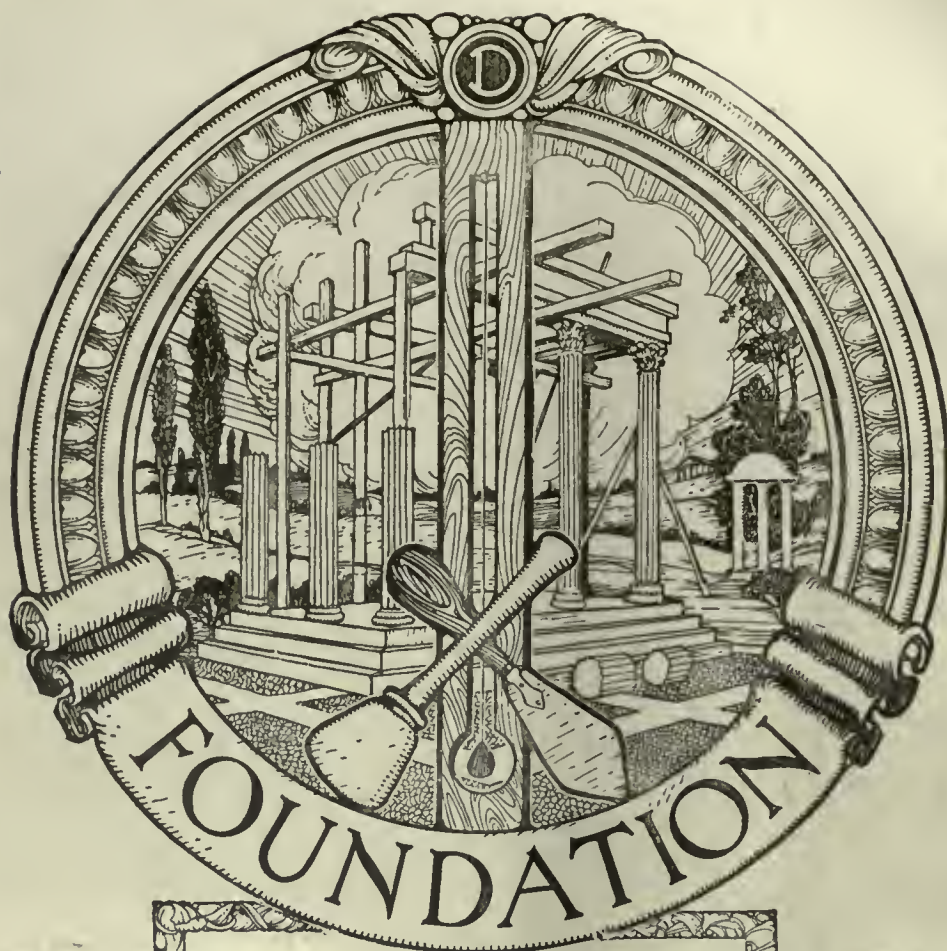


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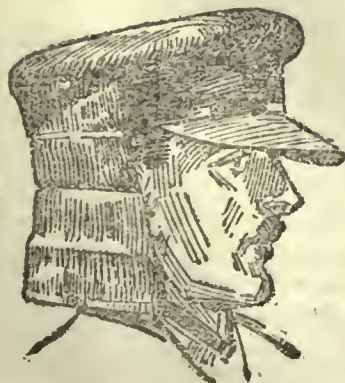


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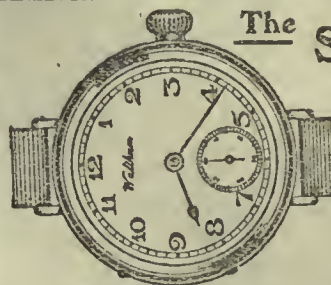


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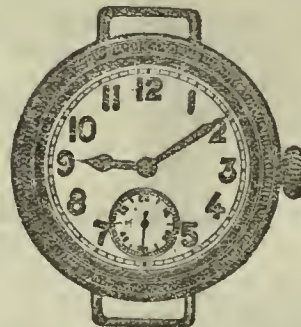
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THE WAR BY LAND.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

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THE ATTACK ON THE ROWNO—IVANGOROD RAILWAY.

THE whole crux of the campaign still lies as to its present phase in the field between the Galician border and the Rowno-Ivangorod Railway. The issue in that field is not yet decided. Upon its decision will depend the trend of the next two months of the war at least, and perhaps more.

With the elements of the situation the reader is already familiar. The great enemy advance through Galicia lasted two months. Its main objective was the separation of the Russian armies, which, when the lesser portion of those so separated had been dealt with in detail, would have given the enemy a decision. Its subsidiary objects were the recovery of Galician soil, the securing of Hungary from invasion, the recapture of petrol supplies.

As to its subsidiary objects, the enemy succeeded in his campaign.

In his main object he failed. During the first quarter of the period in question, from May 1 to the 13th—15th of that month, he was not far from succeeding. The blow struck on the Dunajec was an exceedingly heavy one. The Russian line was with difficulty maintained; the retreat, though more and more orderly as the fortnight proceeded, was pressed until the line of the San was reached; every local initiative still lay with the enemy.

Upon and after May 16 the campaign changed in character. The enemy still had superior offensive power. The Russians were still condemned to ultimate retirement. But the new character apparent was the fact the various steps of this retirement were now undertaken at moments chosen by our Ally, and not at the immediate will of the enemy. Thus, the salient of Przemysl was held until June 1 with apparent ease. That is, until ample time had elapsed for the evacuation of all stores and material.

During the month of June the Russian retirement was even more deliberate and self-governed. The enemy's advance to beyond Lemberg averaged no more than two miles a day. He never forced the Dniester permanently; he did not force the Grodek positions. Each step backward of the Russians was a step taken *before*, and not *after*, the corresponding movement of the Austro-German armies.

When the Russian retirement had reached the continuous line of the Zlota Lipa and the Bug, just covering the very important junction, near Busk, of the railways leading to the Russian bases and iron districts in the south and east, the Austro-German advance eastward halted. The attempt to divide the Russian armies had failed, and the enemy's plan changed and was now directed towards a less decisive, though very im-

portant, object. He could no longer hope — the momentum of his drive having completely disappeared—to thrust a wedge between the Russian armies and to separate those in the south from those in the centre and north. Leaving only a sufficient force to watch the line of the Bug and the Zlota Lipa and halting there, the enemy turned his great concentrated mass of men and guns—more than half his total forces in Galicia—at right angles and marched them northward from the railheads of the railway system which radiates from Lemberg, and proposed to advance upon, to cut, and to hold the Russian railway running from the fortified junction of Rowno to the great fortress of Ivangorod, upon the Vistula.

The reader is already familiar with the fact that the fate of Warsaw depends in the main upon the security of this line. It is, indeed, true that Warsaw can still be victualled in a round-about way from the south, even if this line were cut, and, further, true that two other lines, one from the centre of Russia, the other from the north-east, reach the bridges over the Vistula at Warsaw. The cutting of the Rowno-Kowel-Cholm-Lublin-Ivangorod line would not mean the immediate fall of Warsaw, but it would mean that Warsaw would be in so difficult a position that its evacuation before further peril was incurred would impose itself.

The news which had reached London last week in time for comment in these columns showed the enemy advancing from his railheads through about one-half the distance between those Galician railheads and the Rowno-Ivangorod railway. Two main roads—and two only—leading to Cholm and to Lublin respectively crossed this belt. He was in front of Zamosc upon the one with a body consisting principally of Germans under General Mackensen. He was in front of Krasnik with the other, a force partly Austrian and partly German, under the Archduke. Contact was already well established between the Russian line and the new Austro-German advance northwards. No definite result had yet followed upon that contact. The main bodies were held before Zamosc and Krasnik. Thinner lines connecting Krasnik with the Vistula, Krasnik with Zamosc, and Zamosc with the Bug were similarly held before correspondingly thin lines of their Russian opponents.

Now the event of the week since these comments were written has been a heavy check administered to the second column, that of the Archduke, whose main force lay in front of Krasnik. This action, which developed through the Tuesday, the Wednesday, the Thursday, and Friday of last week, I will now describe in some detail under the title of the Battle of Krasnik, for it is sufficiently distinct in character to merit

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this separate title, though no final or decisive effect has yet developed from it.

THE BATTLE OF KRASNIK.

The fundamental conditions of the Battle of Krasnik are these:—

1. For his main advance, for the bringing up of his munitions, and for his ultimate pressing on to Lublin and the railway line, should he defeat the Russians, the enemy has one main causeway. There are smaller country roads not properly kept up or metalled even in the degree that the main causeway is metalled. But the main causeway is the only available avenue for moving the mass of his vehicles, and particularly his heavy munitions upon which he depends.

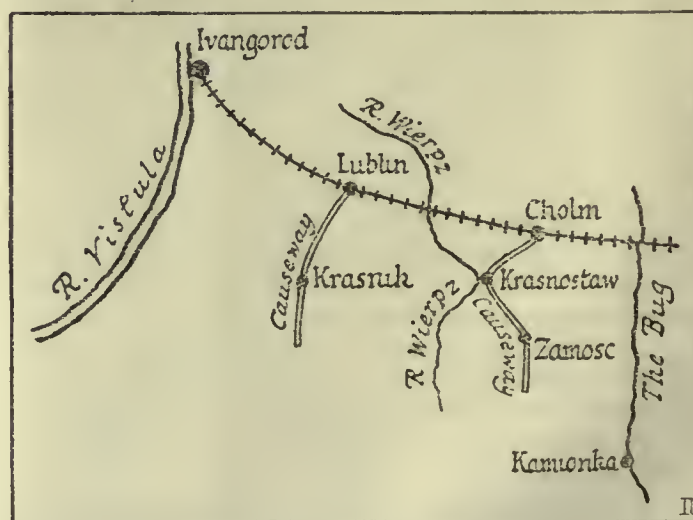
When, therefore, the main blow was struck, it was bound to be struck in about equal proportions east and west of the main causeway, which would be the centre of the action.

2. The action before Krasnik, essentially an attempt upon the part of the Archduke's column to reach and cut the railway at Lublin, lies parallel to, and was necessarily co-ordinated with, the action of the other column thirty miles to the east, the Germans under Mackensen who are aiming at Cholm, and who were operating in front of Zamosc, just as the Austrians, with certain German contingents, were operating in front of Krasnik. This German column under Mackensen was, like that of the Archduke, tied for its provisionment to one main causeway—that which passes from Zamosc to Cholm through Krasnostaw.

3. Both these main masses, concentrated on the only two great causeways of the district, are connected, as we have seen, by a comparatively thin line, and are also protected upon their flanks

by comparatively thin lines reaching to the Vistula upon the one flank and to the Bug upon the other.

4. The connection between the first column and the second is somewhat interrupted by the marshy valley of the Upper Wierpz. This river runs in a depression roughly parallel to the Cholm causeway, and it has the following effect: If either of the two main masses of the enemy were to suffer a serious reverse, the other could not reinforce it rapidly, because the marshy depression of the Wierpz runs between and there is no good road communication. The whole situation may be grasped from the following sketch, which



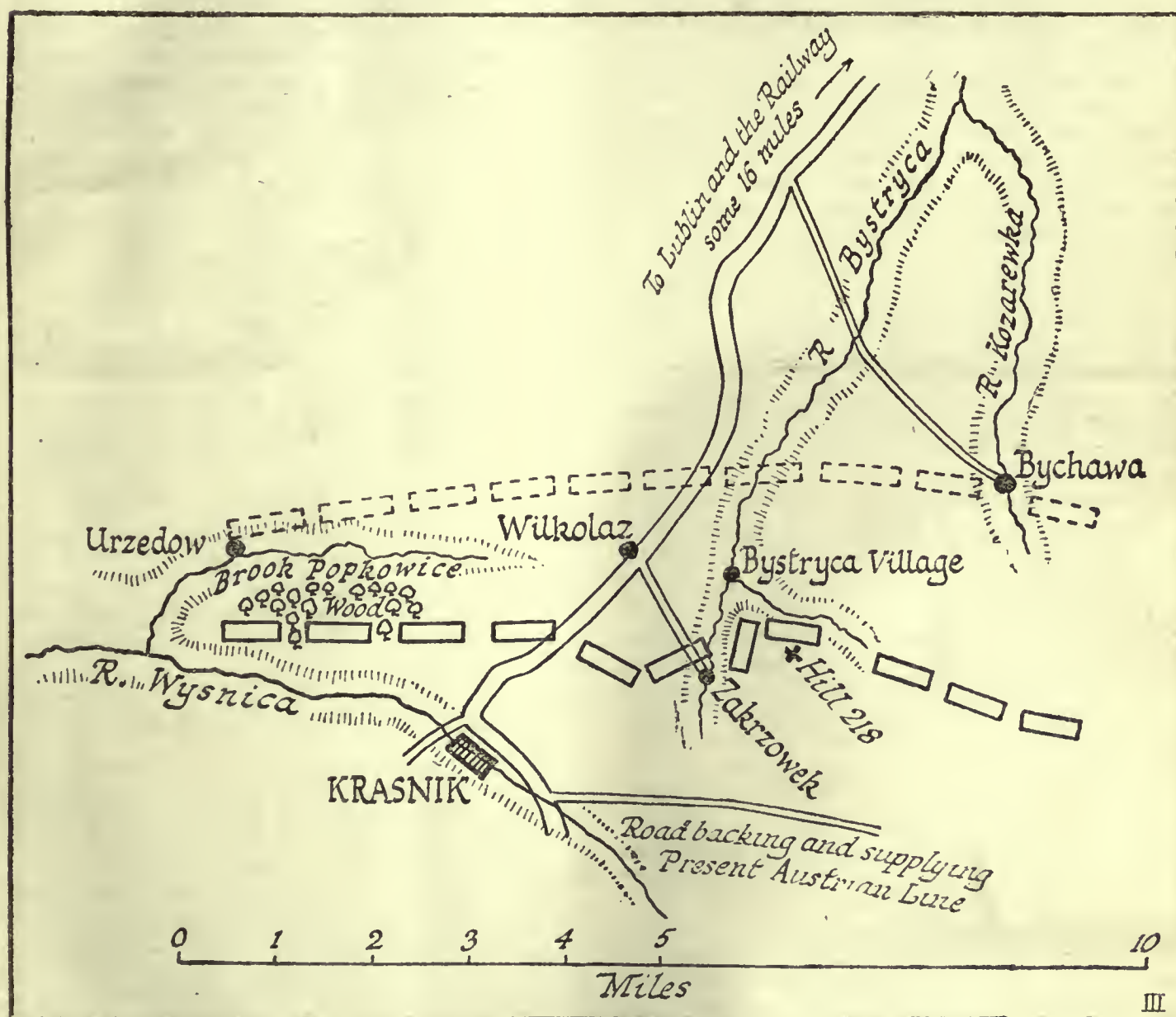
shows the principal elements of the ground. The scale may be estimated from the fact that the whole front, from the Bug to the Vistula, over which the enemy is operating is about eighty-five miles. The enemy has no troops beyond the Bug, and his front presents a certain salient, because it turns back southward down the Bug valley to Kamionka.

These essentials of the ground being grasped, we can proceed to examine what exactly happened at the end of last week upon the Lublin road.

The main forces of the Archduke—in number perhaps sixteen divisions, or, say, rather less than one-third of a million men—deployed in front of Krasnik and advanced to a line stretching from Urzedow upon the Popkowice (or Urzendowka) Brook to somewhat beyond the country town of Bychawa upon the Kozarewka Brook, a small tributary of the River Byzstryca. The whole front thus occupied by the main body was in length about ten miles. The Russians having behind them now a railway not twenty miles away, and being able, therefore, to concentrate troops and munitions rapidly, met the shock just to the northward of a line drawn from Urzedow to Bychawa, and at the first onset were able to force back the Austro-German line.

wooded plateau between the Brook Popkowice and the River Wyznica; their right stretched across an important triangle between the upper sources of the Byzstryca and a small stream coming in from the east—a triangle the importance of which will be apparent in a moment, and which is erroneously described in our communiqués as “Hill 118.” The extreme Austrian right, apparently slightly refused, stretched out to a point due south of Bychawa, and about three miles from that town or large village. Beyond this point only a comparatively thin line of posts kept up communications across the twenty or thirty miles which separated the Archduke’s main body from that of Mackensen beyond the Wierpz.

This second line taken up by the Archduke after his retirement the Austro-Germans have found it possible to hold—at least, up to the news received at the moment of writing—and the centre



They concentrated, especially upon the centre—that is, upon the high road—and during the Thursday and the Friday they carried the Popkowice Brook, the bridge of Wilkolaz upon the main road, Bychawa itself, of course, and even the village called after the name of the River Byzstryca. On the third day of the fighting the Austrian line, leaving in its retirement some 15,000 in the hands of the Russians (not, remember, a very large proportion—only five per cent.), was back upon the high ground which runs everywhere north of Krasnik. Their left lay upon the

of their effort has been the little triangle of high ground in front of Byzstryca village and between the last waters of the Byzstryca and its earliest tributary rivulet. This triangle of high ground has a summit 218 metres above the sea, the meaning of which figure and of the ground it dominates can best perhaps be understood by some such general description as follows:—

All this countryside, of which Krasnik is the capital, is a watershed, or high plateau, averaging about 200 metres, or rather more than 600 feet, above sea level. It is the watershed between the

Wierpz Basin and the Basin of the San and Vistula. The general level is ravined, but only slightly, and with very shallow valleys, by the streams that rise here and flow, some, like the Wyznica, towards the Vistula, twenty miles away; others, like the Byzstryca, towards the Wierpz.

The triangle of land between the Upper Byzstryca and its first tributary rivulet, therefore, must not be regarded as a dominating height. It is but a portion of the plateau, like the rest. Its defensive value consists only in the fact that upon both sides there is a short slope down to the water-level. Why its height (from which its title is taken) of 218 metres has been misprinted 118 in this country I do not know, but the error is obvious, because there is not for miles around any spot within 50 or 60 feet of so low a contour as 118 metres. Moreover, the summit of this slight elevation, which lies where I have put the cross somewhat to the eastward side of the triangle, is clearly marked 218 metres on the best survey of the district.

This half-isolated position, then, Hill 218, is that upon which the Austrians have depended as a nucleus for their whole defensive attitude since Thursday last. They have even counter-attacked from it during the last few days, and have attempted, though unsuccessfully, to carry Byzstryca village.

It will be seen from this general description of the Battle of Krasnik that what our Ally has succeeded in doing is to check one of the two columns operating against the railway, to throw it back after the shock of its first attack over a belt averaging some two miles in width, but more than that has not been effected. The check saves for the moment the railway at Lublin. It is not a disaster for the enemy. Very far from it. It is a hold-up for the moment. It does not represent a retirement sufficient to affect in any way the position of Mackensen, who is facing towards Cholm from Zamosc along the eastern road. The two enemy forces are still roughly in line. If either can bring up munition by road in sufficient quantity, it will attempt a further offensive, and that further offensive may come first either again from the Austrians in front of Krasnik, or from the Germans in front of Zamosc, or from both together.

Before discussing the opportunities the enemy now has, so far from his railways, of bringing up munitions, and the disadvantage at which he stands compared with the Russians, who have a railway everywhere behind them now, parallel to, and not twenty miles from, their front, let us see what has happened to the eastern column, under Mackensen, a force in about the same strength, and deployed upon only a slightly smaller front than that occupied by the Archduke.

We have seen last week where Mackensen's body was checked. About half-way between Krasnostaw and Zamosc there is a rather broad, triangular plateau, low-lying, like all such formations in this district, sloping down upon the west towards the upper waters of the Wierpz, which here run in a very tortuous and narrow stream through a marshy bottom, and on the east to the little tributary stream Wolica, which falls into the Wierpz at Krasnostaw. From the one stream to the other the front of Mackensen's main body is drawn up, starting from just south of the village of Tarzymiechy, which was carried by the



Russians, and lost to the Germans ten days ago, in front of the hamlet of Krasne, and so to the Wolica, upon the east; the whole of this front is rather more than seven miles in extent.

It will be seen that the disposition of Mackensen's troops, though on a somewhat more crowded front, is very similar to that of the Archduke's. Each General is exactly astraddle of the main causeway in his district, each has a depôt and, presumably, an accumulating amount of stores and munitions there immediately in his rear, the one Krasnik, the other Zamosc; each is facing towards and attempting to reach an important point upon the critical Russian railroad—the one Cholm, the other Lublin; each is rather more than one long day's march from that railroad.

The whole question of whether either or both of these two enemy columns will be able to undertake a successful offensive in useful time depends upon the way in which they can use the poor road facilities of the district. Were our Ally as well munitioned as the enemy there could be no doubt of the result, for the Russians lie close to their railway, by which they can concentrate troops and munitions rapidly at any point of their line, which runs exactly parallel to that line, while the enemy's front is at distances varying from thirty to fifty miles from railhead.

Further, the road facilities for bringing up heavy munitions, especially, and big guns are, as we have seen, limited and bad.

But the unknown factor is the *proportion* of munitionment, especially in big shell, upon either side, and until the event shall have shown us how this stands, it is impossible to conjecture the future. We can only await the result.

Meanwhile it is of some purpose to point out what the handicap is under which the enemy now suffers. To have only indifferent roads and few behind you, while your opponent has a railway behind him, means that the rate at which you can bring up munitions, and particularly heavy shell, will be greatly inferior to your opponent's. It may be an inferiority of four to one or even ten to one, and in the particular case of the enemy positions between the Bug and the Vistula to-day there is the further fact that lateral communications from one column to the other simply do not exist. Mackensen can only reinforce the Archduke, or the Archduke Mackensen, across open country by tracks of beaten earth, including the crossing of a narrow and shallow, but marshy, brook valley—that of the River Wierpz. Munitions cannot be sent in aid any more than men, save very slowly, from the one force to the other. It is under this

double handicap that the enemy is acting. If he succeeds in spite of it, it will be because, slower as must be his rate of supply than that of the Russians now in this particular field, yet his total supply may be so much greater as to make up for the difference of speed in delivery.

A successful Russian offensive here would endanger the communication between the two enemy armies, would compel the immediate retreat of the eastern one, for Mackensen could not strike in flank with any force, being not only sufficiently held for the moment, but also having the obstacle of the Wierpz, such as it is, incommoding him upon his left. He would have to fall back should a Russian offensive of this sort develop in any strength. But as yet no such offensive has developed. All that has happened has been a decided set-back to the Austrian column, the holding up of the German column for ten days, and both parties presumably accumulating munitions for the next move.

It is sometimes asked why, should the enemy fail to achieve even his secondary object—the cutting of this railway line and the consequent evacuation of Warsaw—it must be regarded as a strategic defeat for him. It is suggested that, though the Austro-German advance has failed to separate the Russian armies and has not hitherto succeeded even in reaching the railway in question, the enemy might decide to stand upon the defensive even in this region, as he has upon the West, maintain his territorial gains, including nearly all Galicia and more than half of Russian Poland, and, so standing upon the defensive on the Eastern line, turn his energies again to the West.

This suggestion seems to me erroneous. It is impossible to give to the Eastern line that immobility which has been given for months to the Western, and this on account of its very great length. In all its sinuosities the line the enemy must defend—should he turn to the defensive—from the Baltic to the Roumanian border, is about 1,000 miles. It is about double that which he is holding upon the West. With the aid of a great natural obstacle like the Vistula the thing could be done, and if he obtain Warsaw, then with the Vistula line in his possession he might, though at a great expense of men, stand entirely upon the defensive upon the East. But without the possession of the Vistula line it is difficult to see how he could do so. He has, by concentrating great numbers of men in one district—Galicia—drawn a corresponding number of men thither of the Russian armies. Perhaps two-thirds of the Eastern forces are now south of Ivangorod. The rest of the line is, therefore, for the moment, comparatively stable and at any rate quiescent. Let him once withdraw the pressure of these great numbers and it would seem inevitable that upon so very long a front the Russians, free to concentrate where they would, must restore at will mobility to the line in their own favour again.

In other words, though the last reserves of men may be used for a last attempt upon the West, that attempt cannot be swelled by men released through the adoption of a defensive attitude along the whole Eastern front. The enemy would seem to be compelled to maintain his offensive there until he obtains a decision, or at the very least the Vistula line, and, failing either of these successes, must continue exercising pressure upon his opponents continually if he is to prevent a return to that opponent.

THE WESTERN AND ITALIAN FRONTS.

On the Western front there is no development of importance in the course of the week. A strong German counter-offensive has been begun below the Lorette spur against Souchez. The enemy have carried the cemetery and claim, at the moment of writing, a further advance of 600 yards; which turns on later news to mean *not* 600 yards gain forward, but an advance of a few feet on a *front* of 600 yards—a characteristic piece of malinformation. The fighting is proceeding, and there is yet no final result one way or the other.

There have been rumours proceeding, presumably from German sources, of continual concentration this side of the Rhine, and of the passage of heavy artillery. It is quite impossible for anyone, save members of the Higher Command and their Intelligence Staffs, to weigh the value of these rumours. Exactly similar rumours in the past have, in about three times out of four, proved to be devices put forward by the enemy for hiding action elsewhere. But the remainder have been warnings of an offensive that did actually develop.

On the Italian front we have no official news that advances our knowledge of the campaign appreciably in the course of the week. But, unofficially, there has come through an interesting piece of news that is likely enough to be true, to the effect that the Austrian position north of Cortina, in the Dolomites, is becoming critical. The narrow gap, just before the highest point in the road between Cortina and the Pusterthal, has been under heavy bombardment for many days. Were its fortifications merely the old permanent fortifications they would long ago have been reduced, but the whole meaning of this prolonged siege work on the Austrian and Italian frontier is, of course, that the enemy, like ourselves, are using temporary field works in abundance, and supplementing with them, or more probably, supplanting by them, the old permanent works. For the narrow area of these and their known location render them, as the experience of last year proved, untenable against a modern siege train.

Whether this unofficial piece of news is accurate or no the next week will enable us to determine.

THE DARDANELLES.

Of the three methods by which alone success in the Dardanelles could be hoped for—the advent of a much more powerful siege train, the aid of a new ally in that territory, the interference with Turkish supply—the latter would seem to be promising some result. The German Press has been allowed to talk openly of the shortage of munitions on the Turkish side, and it is clear that Roumania has now, for some little time past, forbidden German and Austrian material to pass through her territory to the Turks. The enemy attitude on this matter is so open that it forms one of the very few political indications of strategic conditions apparent in the course of the war. What the effect of a continued Roumanian resistance to German and Austrian pressure would be in the Dardanelles we cannot yet tell, because we have not the elements for a calculation before us; we do not know the reserves of heavy ammunition

in the hands of the Turks. But fairly good evidence from that front seems to show that the enemy is already feeling a pinch in the matter of big shell. He has fired, for instance, armour-piercing shell at troops in the trenches, which he would hardly do if his supply of shell, other than

naval munitions, were still adequate. There is no report of any slackening in his fire—at least, none made public. But the quite undisguised political action of Austria and Germany against Roumania suggests that the question of supply for the Peninsula may soon become acute.

A GENERAL SURVEY.

(Continued.)

THE last two points we have to notice among the enemy's guesses as to the probable turn modern warfare would take can be dealt with more briefly than those we have hitherto been reviewing, for in each the enemy was thoroughly in the right and the Allies, as a whole, in the wrong.

These two points are the use of heavy artillery in the open field—with which may be incorporated the value of high explosive shell, not only against permanent fortifications, but for general operations—and the value, especially upon the defensive, of a very large provision of machine guns.

As to the first of these points: Roughly speaking, there were two schools before the outbreak of war—the school which belittled the value of heavy guns in the field, and of the use of high explosive shell for general purposes took their stand upon the experience of all modern warfare, including the recent lessons of South Africa and Manchuria. The proportion of losses produced by these methods did not seem to warrant the very great expense and lack of mobility they entailed.

Now, it must here be conceded that though the enemy was right in his theory, and we were wrong, chance has also played very directly into the enemy's hands.

After all, what is it that renders the use of heavy shell and of high explosives of such peculiar value at this moment? It is that the war settled down months ago to trench warfare, which is essentially siege work.

What makes that trench warfare possible? Nothing but the combination of two quite unforeseen events, as much unforeseen to the enemy as to ourselves—namely, the failure of his use of mere numbers at the outset of the war and the immense forces available for the holding of a defensive line.

With less forces engaged or with more countries entering the field, it would be perfectly impossible for trench warfare of this sort to have developed. It is no good holding an entrenched line which can be turned. It is essential to the prolonged defence of an entrenched position that its two flanks should be quite secure.

The German southern flank in the West is secure because the Allies will not violate Swiss territory. In the north it reposes upon the sea. The Eastern front is too long to be held permanently as one entrenched line, hence its fluctuation; and if certain of the Balkan States should enter upon our side complete mobility would certainly be restored to the Eastern front to our advantage, as it has already been recently partially restored to the enemy's advantage.

On the second point, the ample provision of machine guns and the training of many officers and men in their use, there is nothing to be said except that the enemy has proved entirely in the right. His guess was perfectly just and the opposition school was perfectly wrong.

This is true not only of the use of the machine gun in the defence of an entrenched position, where it has amply and completely proved its value, but also to a lesser extent of the machine gun in almost every other operation in the field. It is, perhaps, if we survey the war as a whole, the only point in which the enemy's theories are open to no criticism at all, but have proved an exactly accurate forecast of the way in which modern war would develop. Just as the French theory of a most highly-perfected quick-firing field piece has proved upon their side the one unchallengeable preparation for modern war.

Before completing this survey we should do well to note certain larger and vaguer points—but not less important—than these particular ones which have been chosen for comment.

It is remarkable, for instance, that, regarded in its very widest aspect, the enemy's grand strategy has hitherto so consistently failed. No one can say that it has failed permanently until the history of the war can be written as a whole. No one can foresee the results of future movements.

The only general proposition that can be laid down for the future is that which has continually been repeated in these pages—to wit, that by a mere numerical process the enemy's manpower must progressively diminish at a greater rate than that of the Allies, and that everything must therefore continue to depend upon his power to obtain a decision before numerical inferiority leaves him unable to maintain his full strength upon the three fronts he now has to hold. That his grand strategy has failed in its principal object so far is a very plain and simple matter of history. He set out to use his immense numerical superiority last year in piercing or enveloping the Allied forces in France. He failed, was condemned to retreat upon prepared positions, and was there pinned. He set out next to break forth from those positions and failed in the great battles of Flanders last November. He set out next to grasp the bridges of Warsaw in late December and January, first from the west, next in February from the north, and failed in either project. Even his recent successful advance through Galicia, important as have been the material and the political results obtained, has not yet reached its strategic object. Its chances are,

perhaps, rather less now than they were two months ago.

The importance of noting this is that whereas the Allies also failed in a certain strategic objective much the greater part of their action—all of it until the early summer or late spring—was undertaken against odds. The French failed badly in their strategic object of August, but they failed with the scales of numbers heavily against them. The Russians failed in their strategic objective last autumn when that objective was Silesia, but again they failed against a great superiority of numbers, which the enemy could then still command. The Russians again have failed in whatever was their strategic objective this winter—and that we must presume was the capture and holding of the Carpathian Passes for an advance when the summer should come. They have, upon the contrary, been beaten back, as we know, to the confines of Galicia in one place and beyond that frontier in another.

Still, taking it as a whole, the war, regarded impartially, is rather a series, so far, of failures in the grand strategy of the enemy than of corresponding strategy upon the side of the Allies. Every higher command on both sides, for instance, at this moment, sees quite clearly the position so often repeated in these columns, that the choice is between the enemy's obtaining a real decision within a comparatively brief delay and his approaching exhaustion as compared with his foes. Therefore his grand strategy in its simplest terms must be mainly directed to the attainment of such a decision and that of the Allies rather to postponing it than to direct action at the moment upon their part. And this being so, it is fair to judge the general strategic results on both sides by the measure of success the enemy attains in his great main attempts to divide his enemy's forces, whether that attempt be made upon the East, like the one now in progress, or upon the West, where, in the opinion of many judges, he will make his next and perhaps his last effort. It is true to say that the importance to the enemy of obtaining his decision before the late autumn is very much greater than the importance to the Allies of obtaining a corresponding decision against his Eastern or his Western line by the same date, and it is upon this criterion that the whole position must be judged.

One hears it sometimes proposed that the progressive diminution in man-power which the enemy must suffer as compared with his opponents is compensated for by his mechanical advantages in the production and use of missiles, and particularly of heavy shell.

Now, we have not the data upon which to judge this matter with the same accuracy that we can bring to the judgment of man-power. But it is again true to say that no proof has been afforded of the enemy's superior power of mechanical production. There is a great deal of vague talk about his marvellous organisation and the rest, but no one can give us figures which are in any way convincing, and the apparent facts of the campaign do not bear out the thesis as a whole.

It is obvious that he has accumulated enormously more heavy shell for work upon his Eastern front than could the Russians under the strict blockade of last winter and with their lack of industrial opportunities. But, by all accounts, the delivery of shell from the Allied side in the

West has been numerically superior to the delivery from the enemy's side on that same line. And the result is the more remarkable when we consider that much the greater part of the industrial plant of France is in territory still occupied by the enemy. It seems to be equally true that the delivery of shell on the Italian front is at a far greater rate from the guns of our Allies than from those of the Austrians. Further, the Allies are producing in very great quantities munitions of the largest kind—the production of which demands a wholly disproportionate amount of energy—for the fleets in action, and by way of reserves for those fleets, if further and more extended action should be forced upon them.

It may be true that the enemy, with his unlimited resources in iron and coal, his industrial districts as yet untouched, and holding those of his foes at Lille and at Lodz, not to mention the vast mass of Belgian plant, can produce more shell altogether than the whole body of the Allies. But if he can, he has not hitherto shown any proof of his power.

Lastly, there is (if such phantasies be worth remarking) the frame of mind of those who seem to imagine that, with overwhelming mechanical supplies (which they gratuitously and without proof ascribe to the enemy), the diminution of numbers of men, in no matter what ratio, is indifferent.

That mood is wildly wrong. Whenever great pressure is brought upon a line, no matter what the mechanical contrivances in the defence of it, you must, if you want to hold that line, bring forward very important forces. Witness the recent pressure upon the German line north of Arras. Every conceivable mechanical device their science could afford the enemy (and except in the provision of machine guns they had even here no advantages over the French) was at their disposal. They were none the less compelled to concentrate the equivalent of at least five army corps upon that narrow space during the end of May and the month of June, and of those five the equivalent of three are out of action now.

H. BELLOC.

(To be continued.)

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S WAR LECTURES.

Mr. Belloc will lecture on the course of the war at Queen's Hall on Tuesday, July 27, at 8.30.

"We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

—The Prime Minister of England,
Nov., 1914.

THE WAR BY WATER.

By A. H. POLLEN.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE DARDANELLES.

THE dispatch in which Sir Ian Hamilton describes the first ten days of the invasion of the Gallipoli Peninsula was published after my article of last week was written. It followed hard on the account of the fighting at the end of June and the first few days of July. Both the dispatch and the telegraphic accounts of the British advance and the Turkish counter-attacks throw a considerable amount of new light on the share of the Navy in these operations. But I do not propose on the present occasion to discuss these matters in detail, as they can more suitably wait until the next dispatch is received, when the whole of the operations up to the advent of the German submarines can be brought under review.

But certain matters should not be passed by in silence. The dispatch is of a literary brilliance worthy of the operations it describes. And it is remarkable for the generosity and eloquence of its tribute to the seamen's service to the Army. I have ventured to say before that, when the full account of these operations comes to be written, it will be found that they constitute perhaps the most astonishing of all recorded military achievements. This could not have been so but for the perfection with which the sailors' share was performed.

It seems clear that the artillery support given by the ships was of really great value only while the actual landing was going on. So long as the enemy occupied positions between the beach and the crests of the hills they could be brought under the direct fire of the guns. Once on the long, receding reverses of these hills they were out of reach. It will be noticed that in the recent fighting none of the big ships were brought up to support the troops. The monitors and destroyers that came to the help of the *Talbot* are possessed of no bigger guns than 6 and 4 inch. Yet there seems to have been a limited amount of indirect fire, as Renter's correspondent refers to the services rendered by the captive balloon. That nothing larger than 6-inch guns were used points to the fact that it is only the smallest naval gun, even when using half-charges, that can get a sufficiently high angle with its fire to be of service.

This a little bit discounts the hopes some of us entertained that the battleships would very greatly facilitate the operations of the Army. But we have to recognise two limitations to naval fire. The first, which is already familiar, is that it is comparatively easy for the Turks to put their batteries where they cannot be reached by naval guns. The second is that the flatness of its trajectory carries the naval shell horizontally into its target instead of vertically. The steeper the angle at which a shell falls, the less its velocity; the less it buries itself in the ground, the greater the destructive area when it bursts. A single big shell falling vertically into a position will radiate damage from the point of impact. But a shell hitting horizontally, and at a high velocity, buries itself in the obstacle, and on bursting is either

altogether innocuous (that is, if it goes deep enough) or destructive over a very small area.

But the thing will be altogether different when the troops have advanced far enough to bring the forts of the Narrows under observation. For these will then be brought under the fire of 12-inch guns from a great distance, and consequently the shell will descend at a larger angle. Great accuracy will be obtainable, and the vast volume of fire that will be at hand will more than compensate for the minor disadvantages I have set out above.

THE GERMAN NOTE.

If it were possible for German diplomacy to surprise, the final reply to President Wilson would be a startler indeed. The first reply based itself on the allegation that the *Lusitania*, being armed, was virtually a ship of war. All such pretences are dropped now, and the crime justified on the grounds:

(1) That the *Lusitania* might have been expected to float long enough for the passengers to be saved.

(2) That if the submarine had warned the ship before firing the submarine would certainly have been destroyed. The event is held up to execration as a result of the horrible kind of sea war that Great Britain is waging! Surely fatuity of argument and effrontery of speech can go no further. It is surely a dangerous argument that murder is *necessary* to Germany. If the Imperial power can only continue if bloodguilty piracy continues, America may feel compelled to take a hand in ending both. President Wilson has to make his warning good and hold Germany to strict account. How will he do it?

The American community appears to be divided into three camps: an extreme German party that considers the sinking of the *Lusitania* justified on the grounds Germany has put forward; a party that sees no alternative, honourable to the nation, except immediate war; a third party, far larger than either, that is profoundly pledged to peace, and hopes against hope that some middle course, that is neither war nor surrender, and is compatible with the country's dignity, may be found.

Much discontent has been aroused in America, and has seemingly been growing stronger, owing to the British application of the theory of the continuous voyage. The cry of the American exporters, who wish to profit by the German demand for cotton and metal, to some extent discounts the horror which the German atrocities have created. The issues are greatly confused by a hopeless inaccuracy of speech and a profound misunderstanding of sea law. Nor is this misunderstanding confined to America. I have had several letters from correspondents saying it was a cowardly thing to allow women and children to travel in a ship in which munitions of war were carried—as if such cargo implied the risk of being sunk. A Congressman, speaking at one of Mr. Bryan's meetings, declared that "So long as our Government

permits this unfair traffic of arms and munitions, so long will we German Americans not ask Germany to spare boats with such cargoes." One of the resolutions that was passed with acclamation said: "American manufacturers have, during a year, supplied the eight nations of the British Alliance with weapons against the three nations of the Teutonic Alliance. To confess that it would be unneutral to throw all the belligerents on their own resources is to confess a partiality which discredits all our professions of neutrality." As if it were the American Government, and not private American firms, that are sending munitions. Surely muddleheadedness could go no farther.

The complications to which "contraband," "conditional contraband," and the "doctrine of the continuous voyage," and so forth, have given rise, make most laymen recoil from the discussion of Prize Law. But the essentials of the matter are really quite simple. The fundamental fact to bear in mind is that the sea, being no country's property, is a highway theoretically open to all in times of war. If the unarmed ships of a belligerent put to sea, they may be stopped by the armed ships of another belligerent, and their ships and cargoes be confiscated. But whatever their cargo, it is no military offence to put to sea, and neither crews nor passengers may be injured. And this holds good whether the unarmed ship is trading with an allied belligerent or with a neutral Power.

Neutrals are absolutely free to trade with other neutrals and conditionally free to trade with either belligerent. They can only be stopped by the other belligerent and searched, so that the neutrality of their cargo can be proved. If a neutral ship is carrying pianos, snuff, and flowered silk, and its passengers are dancing-masters and bishops, it will be allowed to go on its way undisturbed. The cargo is manifestly innocent. If it carries arms, explosives, and remounts, and its passengers are enemy generals and reservists, it will be taken into port, because the cargo is manifestly intended to assist the enemy's armed forces, and is "contraband of war." But the ship is not an enemy ship, and even with appearances so much against it, it and its cargo will not be a *legal* capture and confiscated until the question is tried before a duly constituted court, which hears counsel and sworn evidence, and follows accepted law in giving its decision.

If the neutral ship carries such things as food, or copper, or other raw material from which munitions may be made, even if these are destined for a neutral port, or consigned to a private individual, it is open to the suspicion that they may ultimately be intended for the enemy's forces. And the ship may be brought to port so that the neutral can remove this suspicion by legal process before he goes free. But however warlike his cargo, and, consequently, however unneutral his action, the only penalty that can be attached to him is the arrest of his ship and the confiscation of his cargo. As in the case of belligerents, so in the case of neutrals, the lives of the crew and passengers must be absolutely respected.

Note here that neutral traders act for themselves only. They do not involve their country. When Mr. Bryan's resolution spoke of "our" professions of neutrality, he mixed up national with private action. It follows from these principles that neutrals travelling in unarmed belligerent

trading ships, are just as safe as if they were travelling in their own ships. They take the risk of being stopped and taken to an enemy port, but whatever the cargo in the belligerent ship, they are guilty of no offence, their lives may not be threatened, and established custom throws on the belligerent that catches them the obligation to do all that is possible to return them to their homes or forward them to their destinations.

The controversy between Washington and Berlin arises from the fact that the right of search, which Germany possesses equally with all other belligerent Powers, is useless to her, because search, and its logical consequence of taking the ship into a German port, can only be carried out if German surface ships were free of the sea. But as no German cruiser can appear upon the sea at all, her Navy can only be represented on the ocean by submarines, which are not large enough to carry prize crews, and if they were, the prize crews could not get the captured ship past our cruisers into a German port. If, then, Germany wishes to injure British sea-borne trade and put an end to British imports—both perfectly legitimate objects of war—her only means of doing so is by sinking the ships carrying these imports, which is an entirely illegitimate means of gaining her end.

In other words, she cannot carry on an attack on our trade and observe the rules as set out above. In many cases where the coast was clear the captains of the submarines have warned the ships coming to or leaving British ports and given the crews and passengers the doubtful chance of escape that is involved in taking to the boats. But in quite as many cases—as happened with the *Lusitania*—the ship has been sunk on sight, and the escape of the passengers and crew left purely to chance. Between forty and fifty neutral ships have been thus sunk, including some American ships, and the lives of many thousands of neutrals have been jeopardised and the lives of some hundreds, including some scores of Americans, been lost. The American protest arises out of the fact that these neutral Americans were exercising an acknowledged right in travelling either in belligerent or neutral unarmed ships, and were killed in defiance of every law of humanity and morals. Germany replies that, as she can make no other counter-stroke to the British embargo on her trade, it follows that this counter-stroke can legitimately be used. It is the argument of the militant Suffragette. America has called upon her categorically to abandon this procedure. Germany, with an explicitness that leaves nothing to be desired, declines to accept American dictation. Between any two other countries the issue could only be war. It remains to be seen whether President Wilson will find an alternative.

So far as the British and Allied interests are concerned the situation, in any event, is entirely to our advantage. The American protest puts the criminality of the German proceedings on record with a conclusiveness which the whole civilised world acknowledges and posterity will certainly endorse. Despite the noisy cheers with which certain German papers have greeted the official attitude, the minds of many thousands of Germans must be gravely disturbed.

The issues between Great Britain and Washington are only questions of law. If in these we are proved to be wrong the matter can be met

by the payment of damages. The issues between Berlin and Washington arise out of the fundamental principles which safeguard human life. These cannot be compromised on any terms at all. No screaming by the American exporters can now or in the future confuse the controversies.

SOME QUESTIONS IN NAVAL GUNNERY.

An eminent admiral suggests the discussion in these pages of two subjects which seem to be but indifferently understood. As he is hardly less distinguished as a writer than for his professional record, it will be a matter of regret, no less to me than to my readers, that he insists upon my doing what he could do so much better himself. His first is a gunnery question pure and simple. He is struck with the frequency with which the defeated side in a gunnery engagement has been described as having been "outranged" by the victor. He reminds us that this expression was used in the case of Admiral Cradock's engagement with von Spee off Coronel, of both of Sir David Beatty's actions, and of Admiral Sturdee's action off the Falkland Islands. He suggests that the word has come to be used as a euphemism for the victory of gunnery that is better, or at least more effective, over the gunnery that is worse. With certain reservations, I agree entirely.

At long range the heavier projectile has a flatter trajectory, and consequently will hit with errors in range upon the sights that would make a lighter gun miss. Secondly, heavier guns shoot with greater uniformity, so that when a broadside of their projectiles falls into the water it is easier to correct the range for the succeeding rounds. The target is thus brought more quickly under fire, and can more easily be kept in range. At long range, then, heavier guns, if the methods of fire control are equal, will always give better results—that is, more hits—than lighter guns. But as all guns from 8-inch upwards can actually reach to the practical limits of visibility at sea, it is misleading to describe this advantage as "outranging."

Of the engagements that have hitherto been fought only the slenderest details have been published, and in the absence of exact details it is quite impossible to institute a close comparison between the shooting of the two sides. The Germans have only had two conclusive successes with gunfire. The destruction of the *Pegasus* was not effected in an engagement, but was a surprise attack, and the *Koenigsberg*, that had this solitary warlike proceeding to its credit, has just succumbed to H.M.S. *Mersey*. In the engagement between von Spee and Admiral Cradock the English squadron had all the worst both of the light and in the high sea that was running. The main deck 6-inch guns both of *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were certainly out of action, being carried too low for efficient firing in really heavy weather. The action, therefore, resolved itself into a contest between the two 9.2-inch—and possibly four 6-inch—guns of the *Good Hope* and the four turret 6-inch and possibly two upper 6-inch guns of the *Monmouth*. The difficulties in controlling two single guns nearly one hundred yards apart are almost, if not quite, insuperable; and to control 9.2's with four 6-inch would be more difficult still. If, as I am inclined to suppose, not even the upper case-

ment 6-inch guns of the *Good Hope* were of much use, and that only the turret guns of the *Monmouth* were brought into action, then the disproportion in force was even more marked than the disadvantage of conditions.

Von Spee's ships had the British vessels sharply outlined against the still luminous western sky, and employed a homogeneous broadside of six 8-inch guns, mounted high above the water. Their task was at once much easier for the control parties and for the gun-layers, even if we suppose that the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* were fired independently. It seems much more likely, however, that both these ships were fitted with a director. All accounts agree that *Good Hope* was hit, one 9.2 turret disabled, and the ship set on fire by the third salvo landing entire on the ship. In a rough sea this performance would be almost miraculous at 10,000 yards if the guns were fired independently. If they had directors, the German superiority was overwhelming. Had the actual weight of armament been equal, the result might quite possibly have been the same, when the conditions for its use were so greatly in the enemy's favour. But even if the *Monmouth* could bring six 6-inch guns into action, and the *Good Hope* only two 9.2's and four 6-inch, we were employing a broadside of only 1,600 pounds against von Spee's 3,000. But the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were not outranged, for, as von Spee admits, his two ships were hit at least six times.

The affair of the Heligoland Bight was fought in misty weather, and 6,000 yards was the limit of sight. In *Fearless* and *Arethusa's* succession of cruiser actions, the armament—except for *Arethusa's* couple of 6-inch guns—was of the same calibre. Every enemy ship in the first action was so badly wounded as to be compelled to retire, and in the last *Mainz* was so badly wounded as not to be able to retire at all. When, therefore, Commander Goodenough's squadron came into action with their broadsides of 6-inch guns the *Mainz* was sunk immediately. The battle cruisers crushed the little *Koln* and *Ariadne*, but there was no question of range involved.

We do not know how many 12-inch gun hits were made on the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* at the Falkland Islands fight. But from quite early on in the engagement the Germans made a fair number of hits on our battle cruisers. Here again there was no question of their being "outranged," and it is indeed quite possible that by the time each was brought to the condition when they could fight no longer the Germans may have scored as many hits as we had. But, naturally, enough, twenty 8-inch shells hitting *Invincible* and *Inflexible* would not do a fiftieth part of the damage that the twenty 12-inch shells hitting the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* would do.

The engagements between the *Nuremberg* and *Glasgow*, and the *Leipzig* and *Kent* were fought in each case with a superiority in armament, *Glasgow* having two 6-inch and five 4-inch against the *Nuremberg's* five 4-inch guns—a winning advantage with such small ships, and *Kent* being vastly more powerful than the *Leipzig*. But in neither case would there be an appreciable difference in the range power of the guns. In the fights between the *Carmania* and the *Cap Trafalgar* and the *Sydney* and the *Emden*, the heavier battery won in each case. But there, again, there is no evidence that the winner kept, or tried to keep, out of range of the loser.

On the Dogger Bank, so far from the Germans having been outraged, they succeeded in winging the *Lion* disastrously and in hitting *Tiger* several times. The *Blucher* succumbed because she came under the fire successively of three broadsides of 13.5's and two broadsides of 12-inch guns. I do not mean to say that with her 8-inch guns she could have been expected to *hit* at the opening ranges of this engagement, which, if I remember right, was about 18,000 yards. It is, indeed, the one case where the word "outranged" may possibly be used rightly, although it is exceedingly doubtful if many hits were made, even by the 13.5's, until the range had been considerably reduced.

None of these engagements have—so far as the details are known—revealed any principles entirely new to gunnery. It had been for years contended that if a squadron armed with lighter guns is compelled to engage one armed with guns of a markedly superior nature, the only conceivable right tactic is to close at full speed so as to compel the enemy to fight in conditions in which the smaller pieces will, first, find it easier to hit; next, be sure of doing serious damage when they do hit; and, finally, gain the advantage of their more rapid fire. It is interesting that in the engagement between *Sydney* and the *Emden* and the *Carmania* and *Cap Trafalgar*, the German

ship in each case adopted this tactic at the outset of the action. But in neither instance was she able to continue closing. The truth is that if one ship closes another at full speed, there must be set up so *rapid* a change of range (and, if the enemy changes course, so *varying* a change of range) as completely to baffle the systems of fire control generally in use.

The only way in which a ship can be said to be outraged is when it is desired to use its guns at ranges which require an elevation too great for the mountings. It was, for instance, currently said that one of the reasons why *Queen Elizabeth* was sent to the Dardanelles was that her 15-inch guns could bombard forts by indirect fire, that could not be reached by the old-fashioned ships. I would hazard a guess that the old Mark 8 and Mark 9 12-inch guns could have reached to any target actually engaged by *Queen Elizabeth*, had those guns been so mounted that the requisite elevation could have been got. But for many years it was a fixed idea in British naval circles that ships would never engage forts again, and ships' guns, consequently, were never mounted so that extreme elevations were possible.

My correspondent's second subject for debate is the problem of defending ships against torpedo attacks and submarines—a subject I postpone to next week.

SEEN AT THE FRONT.

III.—OUR BILLETS.

By An Officer.

THE morning light came filtering in through the closed shutters. And Walter, in the next room, was heard saying to his confederate Smith; "We'd better wake them up, 'adn't we?" and Smith was heard to reply, "Yus, or there'll be trouble." Now, Smith was a rough, burly fellow, who had a habit of violently jogging one's elbow when half-asleep and whispering in his hoarse way, "Time to get up, Sir." The usual reply to which was, "For Heaven's sake, go and kill yourself." Walter, on the other hand—he had been a valet—was the sort of man who goes quietly about his business and announces it is time to bestir just three minutes before the hour for parade. Good fellows as they were—and, as servants, none better—they contrived to do some extraordinary things. There was a night in the trenches when, in the early hours, I had to transfer to a new dug-out at the further end of the line. Smith and Walter found me. Through the bright moonlight they came, an unmistakable mark for the German bullets, plodding happily along together, Walter carrying his pots and pan and cooking apparatus, Smith burdened with several newspapers, a brown-paper parcel, a cake, a bottle of gin, a blanket, and a rifle. So they had been wandering about, jumping ditches, climbing fences, and struggling through trenches, at imminent risk to life and limb, until—as usual—they found their destination in the end.

But now let me introduce you to Captain Jim. Captain Jim is my kennel companion—for only so can one describe it—and at the present moment he is washing himself in a little canvas pail. He is naked to the waist, his skin being very white, like a woman's, and he has a childish, pink face. His braces hang loose by his sides. He is swearing quietly to himself because it is very cold—and no one has a mightier vocabulary. A peculiarly urbane and agreeable young man, there is none more gallant or more capable. He does not

"tell people off"; he does not fuss; but he gets things done. Which is the highest tribute one can pay to a soldier.

Presently together—if you can imagine it to be about 8.30 in the morning—we eat fried bacon and eggs and bread-and-butter—plenty of it—at an inconveniently square table. Then we go out to the company parade, which happens in an orchard. It is a lovely morning. The brilliant sunshine makes even this sad land look fair and almost attractive. Not a sound comes from the direction of the trenches, though an aeroplane—one of our own—is slowly buzzing its way across the sky. The singing of innumerable larks is the only other sound. We go round the billets and walk about for a time, feeling more like exceptionally peaceable farmers than soldiers on active service. The courtyard of this French farm presents a scene sufficiently typical of the war in the West.

The British soldier is lounging about with all his accustomed *négligé*, the stump of a cigarette in his mouth; cocks and hens (with crested heads) and one or two fat black pigs are scratching and burrowing in the somewhat pungent and very plentiful manure of the farmyard. Madame, wizened and old, with two rubicund daughters, is heavily committed in the matter of washing linen outside the kitchen door. Monsieur le père, who has an imperial and a short white pipe which he never ceases to smoke, leans contemplatively on the door of a cowhouse regarding the unwonted scene. Who would think that the opposing lines of trenches, locked together in the grim death struggle, are scarcely a mile away? Yet hardly has the thought occurred when in the middle distance a gun booms ominously.

After transacting certain business with the company sergeant-major, a square, thick-set man with a non-committal manner and a gruff voice, we proceed to battalion headquarters, first, however, inspecting the

billets of the men in lofts, barns, and cowbyres. On the whole they are very comfortable, bedded down on dry straw, with a bundle of hay for head-rest. At battalion headquarters orders are transacted, punishments for misdemeanour awarded, and future operations, either in or out of the trenches, discussed in detail by the commanding officer, the adjutant, and company officers. After which we go our several ways to the midday meal. Our own billet is about half a mile distant down a long, straight bit of road, bordered on either hand by flat fields and ditches, willows, and dwarf oaks. There is no traffic on the road but an occasional wagon rattling past. Only a few groups of gunners are visible here and there. The one notable sound is the busy humming of a threshing machine at the neighbouring farm.

A midday meal, more ample than elegant, awaits us. Beefsteak, with bacon and many potatoes, steaming hot; slices of stout plum cake sent from home—for this is pudding ready-made; and much ration bread with very white Belgian butter and jam. And through the half-open doorway we catch a glimpse as follows: The worthy Smith and his crony Walter are seated on biscuit boxes by the fireside, balancing their cheese on the edge of their knives. They are surrounded by the whole French family—*père et mère et filles*—from whom frequently come peals of laughter at the sallies perpetrated by our faithful satellites in Glasgow-Cockney "*parlez-vous*." And, truth to tell, the good people never cease to laugh and jest though the enemy are at their very gates. Which is the way of their country. Nor can I say that the Germans behaved badly when billeted here; neither was it otherwise the case in other billets known to me. First in September came the Uhlans to this wayside farmhouse; and later a detachment of Hussars. They paid for everything they took and all behaved respectfully. Which is one of the few things I have heard to the credit of our enemies.

After luncheon there is a musketry parade, and afterwards we stroll down to a field to watch a football match. The battalion team is playing an artillery eleven. Everybody is there to watch the game: much excitement. No one notices the incessant "boom" of the German guns and the scream and the bang of their shells, which are exploding as regular as clockwork

around a farmstead not three hundred yards away, until attention is momentarily distracted by a shell bursting unmistakably in the very next field. Then someone bethinks himself of the threshing machine, which, sending up a column of black smoke, offers an ideal target to the German artillery. At the same time our own guns take up the challenge, and the game of football goes calmly on beneath an unending procession of "Jack Johnsons." So accustomed is everybody to this comparatively harmless demonstration that no one takes the smallest interest in it until a shell chances to crash through the roof of the little inn which stands at the cross-roads near by.

Then it seems advisable to go home to tea. A busy evening awaits us. A great pile of at least two hundred letters have to be censored. Each must be glanced through before being officially stamped. This, mind you, is one of the most onerous (and tiresome) duties of company officers at the front. Meanwhile the Germans have ceased shelling, as have our own guns, and all is quiet outside. We work by the light of candles thrust into the necks of empty bottles. Presently the post arrives—the greatest event of this and every day—and it has to be answered. Writing letters home is a pleasure second only to that of receiving them. Also the English newspapers come to hand. And there is a bottle of port done up tantalisingly in straw, and a new cake, not to mention a beautiful boneless chicken in a glass case. Perhaps the thought is a little degrading—I mean that one lives for one's stomach these days, and the invariable source of quarrel between a man and his friend is that the latter has better food or more of it!

After dinner the men have a concert in the big barn. There they all gather, serried masses of them, lying on the piles of straw and hay, ranged along the beams, and squatting in rows upon the floor. And Jock, who has a concertina, performs upon it; and Bill, who is a bit of a wag, sings funny songs; and Alf provides a sentimental ditty (chiefly about the girl he left behind him); while Captain Jim (aforementioned) tells the most outrageous stories in the drollest manner possible; and everybody smokes and claps and jests and roars to their heart's content. So that for this brief hour we all forget the war—which, I verily believe, is the chief ambition of every honest soldier at the front.

THE IDEALS OF THE WAR.

LIBERTY.

By L. March Phillipps.

GERMANY has one considerable advantage in this war in that the cause for which she fights admits of instant definition and can state itself in three words. *Deutschland über Alles* is a proposition which every unit of a crowd can equally appreciate. It is a shout in which all can join, and it therefore tends to produce and to maintain that unity of will which is of such incalculable value as a support for a nation's armies in the field.

We are less fortunate. It is indeed true, as was pointed out in our last article, that the principle of liberty for which the Allies are fighting is so rapidly gaining ground in Europe that already it is in a fair way to being accepted as a common ideal. And indeed, if we imagine the Prussian menace removed, it is evident that, among all the other European nations, liberty already forms a bond of mutual sympathy and understanding which seems to promise a Europe at peace and in agreement with itself for many a year to come.

But still the fact remains that the principle of liberty, though thus irresistibly winning its way, does not convey a distinct picture to the mind in the sense in

which the German ideal conveys to every German mind the picture of Germany with her heel on the world's neck. The word liberty has to be pondered over before the full meaning of it can be disengaged. Moreover, there is in particular one reason which prevents us from doing this and makes us shy of using the word too freely or dwelling on it overmuch, and that is that it has become imbued with political associations and carries our memories back to those party contests and party cries which we are all doing our best to forget and lay on one side, but which have such a disconcerting habit nevertheless of reasserting themselves on all possible occasions.

This is a pity. We cannot do without this word liberty. Unless the war is about liberty, it is about nothing intelligible. Unless England stands for liberty, she stands for nothing. Unless the British Empire, in its growth and unity, testifies to the vitalising influence of liberty as an ideal of life, it has no meaning whatever. The very first step in an inquiry like the present brings us face to face with this principle, for to grasp the significance of the ideals at present in conflict is, in the first place of all, to grasp the

significance of the word liberty. This is the pith of what we are fighting for, and, consequently, if we in this country are to secure the unity of thought and will which we need to secure and at which we are all aiming, it is out of this word that we must wring it.

And it is to be done. If the reader will look steadily at the word liberty he will see the dust of party politics settle and clear away from around it, until it appears as the central inspiration of our national action. What will be his first discovery? Liberty, he will perceive, is the instinct of a man to be himself and to develop and grow in accordance with the laws of his own being; and this is not merely a human, but a universal, instinct, for it is one which man shares with all nature. The master impulse and principle of life which inhabits every bird, or beast, or insect, every plant, or tree, or flower is precisely the impulse towards self-realisation, the impulse to exist and develop in accordance with the law which constitutes its own identity and the assertion of which by every natural organism maintains what we call the struggle for existence. Man's desire for liberty, for the liberty of self-expression, self-realisation, self-development, is a natural instinct.

This is our first discovery; but, then, continuing our examination, we make another. Man is a herding or gregarious animal. And here, too, we are dealing with something fundamental. Nay, here, too, the animal precedent comes in again, for it may be said that at least all animals of a benign and progressive tendency (as cattle, horses, dogs) are herding or social animals, while those which we especially stigmatise as wild beasts (tigers, panthers, lions, &c.) are solitary and anti-social. So it is with man. It is evident that all co-operation, all possible progress of whatever kind, material, intellectual, or spiritual, depend upon and are the outcome of the gregarious instinct.

Man, then, would be free, but man would herd. But immediately he finds himself in this difficulty—that the two chief instincts of his nature clash. He cannot at once herd and be free. The social cement consists of the measure of free will which each individual surrenders to society. Out of these contributions governments and laws are composed, which are society's instruments, and which must, if society is not to disintegrate into its separate atoms, be permitted to coerce and control the individual will.

Here, then, are two points of view, both natural to man and instinctive in him—the point of view of the individual and the point of view of society. And according as men's temperaments incline them, they take opposite sides in the unending argument which goes on between these two, some insisting with all their might on the right of the individual to free self-development, and others insisting with all their might on the sanctity of law and order and the superior rights of society as a whole. On this basis is built our party system, and as each side is conscious of the other only as an obstructive influence, their mutual antagonism is fanned into a perpetual controversy.

But now we take our last and most earnest look at the meaning of this word liberty, and what do we see? We see that, in effect, the fierce opposition just noted is itself a delusion—it is superficial. Under that apparent opposition there is real unity. Neither of the two ideals involved, neither liberty nor society, can exist save in a degraded and stunted form, otherwise than through the help of the other. Liberty in itself, liberty uncurbed, unordered, unsocialised, is no more than the instinct of the tiger in the jungle. To grow to anything, to be susceptible of advance, it must submit to such restraints as will adapt it to the social state. So that the party which is the guardian of liberty, though constantly at loggerheads with its rival the guardian of social order, yet in reality has vital need of this party's assistance.

And the converse also holds true. For what the party of order wants is not social order as a cast-iron

system—the social order of ancient Egypt, for example, which existed in such utter immobility as effectually to negate every motion of intellectual and spiritual development. No, the party of order, as much as any, desires vitality, progress, thought. It is the guardian of society; but it is a living, not a dead, society it would maintain, and this condition of progress, of life, of development, can only be inspired by the presence and constant operation of the spirit of liberty.

Therefore it appears that both the great English political parties need each other and lean upon each other. They have always co-operated. Both have been equally concerned in the task, which together they have accomplished, of building up a social structure which contains within itself the principle of liberty while preserving at every step the principle of order. This it is, this ideal of an ordered liberty, which our Empire itself is an attempt outwardly to realise; and, more than that, this it is which is in process of becoming (with certain grim and terrible exceptions) the political ideal of the European nations. It is indeed wonderful and most significant how, State by State, all along the South and East of Europe, where the night of tyranny has brooded longest, the whisper that the cause of liberty is being fought for is firing the young nations to its defence. Has the reader considered what it must be to every patriot, to every lover of liberty, to watch the power of that spirit which is drawing from East and West the British Colonial contingents to the defence of such an Empire as ours? Has he thought what so signal a proof of the might and power of ordered freedom must mean to those States which are struggling out of Austrian or Turkish servitude towards the realisation of the same ideal?

This task, then—the realisation on an imperial scale of the idea of ordered freedom—has been Britain's task in the world. Every Briton and all Britons have co-operated in it. This it is that we are fighting to defend, and out of our knowledge of our common share in this it is that we must wring the assured and absolute unity of will and sentiment which there is a disposition to attain, a longing to attain in all quarters, yet which somehow we have not quite succeeded in attaining.

We all know what is lacking. A Coalition Government has been formed, but what does that imply? Does it not imply a like coalition of sentiment all through society? What signifies unity at the head if it is lacking throughout the body? It has been said that, to secure such unity, we must set aside party considerations in the present crisis. I do not like "set aside." We are fighting now to preserve what, through all our history, the two political parties have been fighting to build up. To set aside party purposes is to set aside the very cause and justification of the war. No, we must not set them aside, but, looking at them in the fierce light that now plays on them, we must look *through* them. We must realise them in their joint action, in their mutual need of each other, in their common result. In that result—in the British Empire as it stands to-day—is the justification and fruition of all that is really constructive and sound in the theories of Conservative and Liberal. Let neither give up a jot of his own thought, but let each complete it by adding to it the thought of the other. We should have done then with those party wrangles in the House of Commons and in the columns of our newspapers which are such a constant source of weakness and discord among us. Then we should achieve the unity we are in search of. The German kind of unity, the fierce, outward, *Deutschland über Alles* unity, which is an offence and a threat to others, and which excites the more horror the better it is known, is not for us. But for us is another kind of unity, which spreads and grows, drawing to itself ally after ally, as the meaning of the word liberty and its significance for the future of mankind spreads, like light, through the mind of the world.

THE ATTITUDE OF ROUMANIA.

By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

(Concluded.)

IT would, perhaps, be unfair to allege that the fluctuating attitude of the Roumanian Cabinet reveals among its chief motives deep-rooted personal egotism. It might be rash even to affirm that individuals, shareholders, traders, bankers, speculators—whose all-absorbing interest lies in the distribution of German money and in the benefits of German credit—have furnished the keynote of a policy which poses as national and patriotic. But it is fair to say that the economic influence of the Teuton, which was very marked in Italy, is clearly discernible in Roumania as a regulative undercurrent of unchanging motive in the relations of that State towards the two groups of belligerents. It is no exaggeration to describe Roumania as a sort of Teuton colony. The economic atmosphere in which the country breathes and has its being is German. Capital, enterprise, credit are supplied by the Fatherland. In the Discount Bank in Berlin there is a cellar with the word "Rumänien" over the portal, and within there is nothing but heaps of Roumanian shares, obligations, and securities. The railways, which have a convention with those of Prussia, are Roumanian only in name.

But not content with these permanent fetters, the Germans have forged others of a stronger quality, such as temporary contracts, heavy "deals" in corn, and speculations by trusts. At the outbreak of the war, German agents were sent to Roumania to buy up the whole harvest of maize, which was not yet dried. The European market being closed, this was a godsend to the landowners. They at once formed a trust whose influence on the Government was almost irresistible. Prices rose rapidly. The Roumanian railway was unable to transport the vast quantities of corn to Austria-Hungary. The Government forbade the exportation not of the maize but of rolling stock. Germany and Austria, equal to the occasion, extracted enormous benefits to themselves from this piece of apparent ill-luck. Hundreds of goods trains came rolling into Roumania. The empty wagons were soon made the objects of lively speculation, and not only by private individuals. In Bucharest a "wagon exchange" was opened and concessions were sold at the rate of sixty pounds sterling a wagon. Now, the speculators who wield great political influence could not approve military intervention, which would have hidden the sun that was enabling them thus lucratively to make hay. And now that Italy has declared war the Teutons are repeating the trick. They have already bought up all the corn that will be available in Roumania down to the end of August and have paid thirty per cent. of the price in gold. And the conveyance of the corn will be effected as was that of the maize, with all the collateral gains to be had through the "wagon exchange." These transactions bind the hands of those who have signed the contracts, and who form a most important element of what is known in Roumania as public opinion and sentiment. And several Press organs have changed sides and espoused the cause of "neutrality." (*1)

It is in congruity with this public opinion and sentiment that M. Bratiano's policy appears to have been conducted from the outset. Last October the Premier (*2) discussed the subject of his country's attitude with the Government of the Tsar, and the upshot of the negotiations has since been unofficially narrated in two contradictory versions. That which was spread in Bucharest speaks of an agreement by which

Roumania, in exchange for her neutrality, should be entitled to annex all territories of the Hapsburg Monarchy inhabited by Roumanians, provided that she took possession of them before the close of the present war. Accordingly, from October until April 26, military preparations were pushed forward, but the Premier declined to discuss more fully the when and how of the performance of his part of the contract. On April 26 he reopened conversations with Russia with a view to defining the territories inhabited by Roumanians. He began by putting forward a demand for the contentious districts of the Bukovina and the Banat in the dictatorial tone to which his colleagues and subalterns are used, but which M. Sazonoff would not have brooked even from the Kaiser's Ambassador at the time when Germany's relations with Russia were most friendly. The Russian Minister gave him a Roland for his Oliver in the shape of counter-proposals which nipped the pourparlers in the bud. That was in the month of May. It was not until June 18 that they were resumed, and then the Russian Government showed its appreciation of the issues by its readiness to compromise. I have reason to believe that the only point on which it is and will remain inexorable is the cession of the Pancsova zone of the Banat, which would put Belgrade at the mercy of Roumania.

The Russian version of the pourparlers is briefly this: The capture of Lemberg in September convinced the Roumanian Government that the hour of action was striking and that Russia's assent to the annexation of Transylvania and Bukovina must be had *in return for military intervention*. This assent was duly given in a telegram sent by Sazonoff on September 19 and confirmed by another dispatch of the 22nd, in which he used the decisive words: "In the hour of liquidation the right to recompense will be recognised only for those who have taken part in the common effort." These facts are well established, but M. Bratiano, finding that they did not dovetail with his methods, suppressed them. Not only did he conceal Sazonoff's proposals, but he assured the leaders of influential political circles that Transylvania and Bukovina had been guaranteed to him by Russia as the guerdon of neutrality. In this way he had seemingly outdone the exploit of his predecessor, who had had to mobilise in order to obtain part of the Dobrudja. M. Bratiano would not pay even this price for the new kingdom. In January, however, the truth began to leak out, as truth will. The Roumanian journal *Dimincata* disclosed the contents of Sazonoff's telegram which M. Bratiano had suppressed. But the Premier was equal to the occasion. His semi-official organs denied the existence of the telegram pointblank.

To sum up: Roumania for the time being is M. John Bratiano. And this idol of the nation is embarrassingly conscious that his shoulders are supporting the whole weight of the present Roumanian realm and also of the greater kingdom yet to come, and is resolved to fashion the latter as far as possible without trouble or expense to the former or risk to his own great name. He has thus set the national problem on the lowest grounds conceivable, and it depends on him to keep it there. For, with the exception of the enlightened and courageous band of young Roumanian patriots led by Take Jonescu and Filippescu, the only public opinion with which he is concerned is that of the classes whose main interests keep them closely linked to Austria and Germany. So long, therefore, as the Allies continue to tackle the problem on the lines heretofore adopted they can confidently anticipate no change except by far-resonant military success. But is it indispensable that they should continue their efforts on these barren lines?

(*1) Roumania's neutrality has been relative, as the Russians know to their cost.

(*2) Although Roumania has a Minister of Foreign Affairs, he does not count in a Cabinet of which M. Bratiano is the chief.

THE PINE WOOD.

By J. D. Symon.

TO random fancy the pine, more perhaps than any other member of the forest parliament, is brimful of suggestion. If the companion of your walk be learned in the science of trees, he will entertain you by the hour with an exact account of the pine which has all the variety and charm of a romance, ranging from hemisphere to hemisphere. If he be a man of letters, this tree will serve as his guide-post along a pleasant path of allusion beginning with Theocritus and ending with the musical close of Carlyle's essay on Burns, that vision of the northern poet's song as a Valclutha fountain beside which the traveller halts "to muse among its rocks and pines." Amid a thousand references he will not forget how Pliny compared the ominous cloud over Vesuvius to an Italian stone-pine, nor that "spray of western pine" which Bret Harte laid upon the grave of Dickens. Sublimest of all uses of the pine in literature is Milton's, where he takes it as the standard by which to measure Satan's spear.

The first note of the Sicilian-Alexandrian poet is borne upon the whisper of the pine, and Theocritus is not alone among ancient singers in his sense of the peculiar Aeolian music of this tree, which is more soft and continuous than in those of richer foliage. To his shepherds and goat-herds the pine is a friend, a playmate even that pelts them with its cones, as they lie idle beneath its scanty shade. Children these Sicilians were, and children throughout the ages have found in pine-cones a delightful toy of many uses. The Scottish rustic child personifies them as sheep and arranges them in flocks. To him the word "cone" would convey no meaning. They are his "yowies," that is, "little ewes," and known by that name alone, even when they serve other fancies. To-day, no doubt, they march in ordered battalions of Allies and enemy.

Manifold are the gifts of the pine; timber for ships, and pitch to caulk their seams; the framework of the house; in ancient days, the torch to light the hall. The painter owes it an indispensable material of his art or craft; the physician of these later days prescribes its fragrant balsams either as distilled by the chemist or inhaled upon the free air beside the healing wood itself. Without the resin of pine the violin is dumb. But these are questions for the encyclopædist, and apart from the purpose of these desultory lines.

For the pine-wood that set its name to the title is no generality, but a particular and very gracious incident of a certain country-side. It is in an especial sense an incident, for the county is famous for another tree, which has supplied the advertising pamphleteer of holiday rambles with an apt alliterative nickname for the district. Our pine-wood is exotic, and thereby gains something in charm, which is all the greater by a peculiarity of situation. If it stood alone, it would still be remarkable and a very delightful variant of the landscape, a somewhat austere qualification of a perhaps too opulent English woodland. But it does not stand alone, it is, in fact, concealed; from no point does it emerge upon the view with that commanding silhouette which in the Highlands gives the group of pines its rugged and wind-tossed mystery. For it is a wood within a wood.

Some forester, a generation or two ago, had the happy inspiration to relieve the monotony of abundant beeches with a plantation of pine, set down without break or pause beside the other trees. When you enter the wood, you do not suspect the sudden contrast in store. For about a mile the path, soft as snow in fallen beech leaves, winds through a maze of grey stems carrying a filigree of the most delicate foliage. Then the ground dips into a deep dingle, which still continues, on its further ascent, the "melodious plot of beechen green and shadows numberless." The beech wood seems interminable, and in spring, when the hyacinth shimmers above the russet carpet, its seeming endlessness is more than half its charm. But the top of the ascent once gained, a single footstep leads you into a new world. You have passed from a pavilion into a cathedral.

To some natures the solemnity of the pine is forbidding. In those whose earliest associations are of the plains, east or west, where those trees fringe the horizon with tern and ragged arms, flung athwart a leaden sky, this feeling may be understood. But those who know the pine of the northern hills, in all its variation from dark spruce to fairy larch, or the massed contrast of its canopy beside the sea of Naples and the two Sicilies, its solitary relief which Turner loved to paint, find it the friendliest of trees. Theocritus celebrated the oak as well, but his landscape is inseparable from the pine; which his shepherd Comatas praises above the olive

beneath which Lacon reclines and boasts of his good fortune. And even here, far away from the warmth and glamour of Sicily, with her sea and her fountains, the pine brings into the English landscape a hint of Theocritean song.

So, one could imagine, at the point where our two woods join, with no other boundary mark than the change from fallen beech-leaves to the even softer carpet of withered needles of pine underfoot, might another rustic Lacon and Comatas dispute in verso the claims of their several resting-places, Lacon in the beech wood and Comatas beneath the neighbouring pines. And the last word would be again with Comatas:

"That way will I not go, sweetly here the bees are humming. There are two wells of water clear and cold, on the tree the birds are warbling, and the shadow is beyond compare with that wherein thou liest, and from on high the pine-tree pelts us with her cones."

But such a contest must to-day remain a thing of fancy only. Hodge and Giles, whatever poetic stirrings they may feel, refuse to carry on the tradition of the impromptu battle of wits and verses. Insular reserve holds them dumb, and any overbold singers who tried the experiment would seem to our rustic worthies only fit and proper persons to be "certified" and "put away," phrases of ominous significance whereon it is unnecessary to enlarge. Mr. Pope has put the whole matter in a nutshell, not without some support to the view of Hodge and Giles.

On ordinary days one usually has the pine wood to oneself, but on Sundays and holidays the single path, which official instructions say must be strictly kept, is alive with strollers. Something in its larger air, or the convenience of fallen tree-trunks, makes it a halting-place for those wayfarers, who seldom seem inclined to linger under the neighbouring beeches. Bolder spirits, defiant of authority, have even been known to picnic under those soaring aisles, that lead the eye upward and upward, to new glimpses of sky and cloud. And the grouping of the bare stems has its peculiar magic, a curious incommunicable fascination, an intensified version, as it were, of the clustered lances in Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda."

Like its own needles, the charm of the pine wood is evergreen. At no hour or season does it fail of beauty and fragrance. Under our infrequent snows and a red winter sunset it suggests the solitudes of the Far West; when the bracken is brown in late autumn it seems some little ambassadorial plot of the Scottish Highlands, set down in demurer England. If the red deer were to bound across the path you would not be surprised, and at all times, so sharp is the likeness to the north, you seek subconsciously through the more open vistas for glimpses of mountain peaks, and look in vain for that melting blue which closes the distances of forests far away. That is awaiting in its intensity, although the southern landscape has its own ethereal charm of receding distance, but never quite the same miracle of colour as is wrought among the hills.

Another accessory sought and missed is the brown mountain torrent, but it were unfair to allow national instinct to stretch the parallel too far. Ungrateful, too, for the pine-wood of the south, this stranger of the forest, is all the more gracious that she is exotic. Here, as she starts unlocked for from her beechen screen, she speaks with a new accent; she adds, as the wind sweeps through her branches, an unfamiliar and slightly bizarre note to the symphony of the forest. And as we listen to that note, awakened by the light summer airs, we come back once more to the poet with whom we set out. "Sweet, meseems, is the whispering stir of yonder pine tree, goatherd, that murmurs by the wells of water." No translation (not even Andrew Lang's, here twice borrowed) can give in its perfection that miracle of sound, for the original has a word that imitates with exquisite assonance the very music of this vocal tree. The man of science will explain to you minutely how it is that the needle-foliage produces just this distinctive note, and he is not uninteresting; but the ancient poet reproduces the sound itself, and makes the pines of all ages and all countries kin. What we hear in the English wood to-day Theocritus enshrined two thousand years ago in a vocal record. Save the mark, the word "record" is in this connection of acoustics somewhat modern and incongruous. Let us hasten to erase it; for an impulse from a vernal wood should teach rather of man than of the machine. Yet to this favour has an age of mechanism come!

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A LITERARY REVIEW.

"Subjects of the Day." By Earl Curzon of Kedleston. With Introduction by the Earl of Cromer. (Allen and Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

"War Poems, and Other Translations." By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. (Lanc.) 4s. 6d. net.

The speeches collected in this volume afford a fair opportunity of judging the oratory of Lord Curzon. They are worthy of a ceremonial order, on non-party questions, and designed perhaps to conceal as much as they reveal. They are fluent, rhythmical, apt. They show sometimes the adroit debater, sometimes the man skilled in saying sweet nothings with an exquisite grace. There is never discernible any trace of passion. The kid-gloved manner is seldom laid aside.

The same qualities appear in his verse translations from French, Belgian, Latin, and other poets and in his neat renderings of modern poems into Latin elegiacs. He can give us a very graceful rendering of François Coppée's "Ruines du Cœur" and a cheerful translation of M. Cammaerts' plainer patriotic poems; but he fails completely when he seeks to reproduce the intensity and the suppressed passion of Verhaerlen's "Agonie de Moine." He speaks of the readiness with which "the ideas and even the phrases of one language discover their equivalent in another"; but his translation of "Agonie de Moine" is sufficient to show that for translation of poetry, when poetry is inspired, something more is required than equivalent ideas and phrases. However, there is much in this little volume which should give pleasure; and it should be mentioned that the proceeds are to be devoted to the Belgian Relief Fund.

"Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters, 1792-1896." Edited by Her Daughter, Henrietta Litchfield. (Murray.) 2 Vols. 21s. net.

The earlier letters in this collection are written by members of Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood's circle. The later letters are those preserved among the friends of her daughter, Emma Darwin. The correspondence is of primary interest to the members of the family, but there is so much of more general concern that Mrs. Litchfield has been well advised in offering the work to a larger public. Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood was a beautiful and clever woman, and there is charm and humour in her letters. Emma Darwin, or "Little Miss Slip-slop," as she was called in her childhood because of her untidiness, had, in the author's words, "a large-minded, unfussy way of taking life which is more common amongst men than amongst women. My father . . . would say the only sure place to find a pin or a pair of scissors was his study." She was highly intelligent, but not intellectual. She finds "Sartor Resartus" too difficult to read, and declares that "we find 'Pickwick' not at all too low for our taste." She liked Thomas Carlyle, but Jane Walsh had "an hysterical sort of giggle. . . . I cannot think that Jenny is either quite natural or ladylike."

Charles Darwin was not of a sociable disposition. He eschewed dinners and parties, though Emma tried to induce him to like the theatre. "He is the most open, transparent man I ever saw," she writes at the time of her engagement. "He is particularly affectionate and very nice to his father and sisters, and perfectly sweet tempered." Mrs. Litchfield has evidently taken great pains in the sorting and arranging of the correspondence, and has added interesting biographical notes.

"The Blue Horizon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson.) 6s.

Mr. Stacpoole made a popular success with his clever book, "The Blue Lagoon." The present volume, which bears a similar title, is written in the same highly-coloured, descriptive style, and has many of the same romantic qualities. It consists of several stories, the scene of which is laid in Florida, or on other tropical coasts. His model is Robert Louis Stevenson, and in one of the stories the lure of "Treasure Island" leads his persons into an adventure—treasure is found, not in the form of "pieces of eight," but of a lovely American maiden. That is like Mr. Stacpoole. He can paint a picture; he can line out a character with some subtlety; he adores romance and adventure; but he cannot resist the pretty-pretty conclusion which Stevenson achieved. However, it is all very agreeable for a summer afternoon.

ments, we find ourselves drawn into an interesting discussion of the proper relations between the architect and the sculptor; and he impresses upon us in another place that we must guard even the ugliness of old memorials—"our churches, great and small, are frozen history." The illustrations are numerous and sumptuously reproduced.

"The House of Many Mirrors." By Violet Hunt. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.

A perfunctory word of praise can do little to convey the quality of Miss Violet Hunt's novel. It is clever, but it is not to cleverness that it owes its distinctive character. It is not very neatly composed, and yet it concludes with the full, final effect of a drama. It seems to be made up of scores of little pettifoggings, often sordid, incidents, and yet we are left with the full, rounded impression of authentic tragedy. The woman herself, Rosamond, is not an altogether likeable person. Miss Hunt is quite unsparing in showing all her heroins's little meannesses, her vulgarities, her cheapness, if the expression may be used. We are told how she sells her old clothes, "her misfits," to her friends (what friends!). We see her always making little plots, and seeing before her "vistas of chicanery, of counter-plotting." She is always thinking that someone or other is "spying" on her or on someone else; and such-and-such an acquaintance is an antagonist who "shows her hand."

We arrive at the conclusion that Miss Hunt, with her mordant pen, her ruthless niceties, her flagrant derelictions of taste, has achieved an effect strikingly real—ironically tragic and poignant.

"Jaffery." By William J. Locke. (Lanc.) 6s.

Mr. Locke has undoubtedly mastered the art of writing a certain kind of novel. The kind of novel we mean is aptly described by one of the persons in this story.

It deserved the highest encomiums by the most enthusiastic reviewers. It was one of the most irresistible books I had ever read. It was a modern high romance of love and pity, of tears iridescent with laughter, of strong and beautiful though erring souls; it was at once poignant and tender; it vibrated with drama; it was instinct with calm and kindly wisdom.

The reader will find that "Jaffery" fits most wonderfully into this mould. The plot, perhaps, is merely ingenious. A young man has published a novel which takes the reading public by storm. His publishers, his wife, and the public eagerly expect his new book. Unfortunately he was not the real author of the work which won him fame, and the effort to produce a sequel kills him. A gallant friend, who loves the widow, steps into the breach, and produces the requisite masterpiece. Too late the widow, discovering the sacrifice, offers her love. His passion has been deviated from her to a wild Albanian lady, who accompanies him in his picturesque adventures as a war correspondent.

Tenderness, high romance, calm and kindly wisdom—they are all here, and here to excess. In most of the books that Mr. Locke has written there figures a certain suave, erudite, mildly humorous, sententious man who provides an atmosphere of unruffled calm; and through the eyes of such a hero we watch the careers of a number of amiable, loving, "erring," and rose-watery persons who are at length dismissed with that smiling tear of which Mr. Locke and Mr. J. M. Barrie are both alike masters.

"Memorials and Monuments." By Lawrence Weaver. "Country Life" Offices.) 12s. 6d. net.

"In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries," says Mr. Weaver, "there was a sound tradition which gave pleasant shape to divers sorts of memorials, whether brasses, incised slabs, wall tablets, tombs, or headstones. To-day many of the persons who are curiously called 'monumental masons' bring to their task neither educated taste nor the knowledge of good historical examples." His own task is to "focus attention on good examples, old and new." His book is mainly devoted to describing and criticising chosen examples—two hundred subjects selected from seven centuries; but he has brought so much enthusiasm and appreciation into his criticisms that he has avoided the dullness of a mere catalogue. For instance, in treating of church monu-

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THE MACHINE GUN.

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SINCE mention is not infrequently made of the capture of machine guns from the enemy it is necessary to sound a note of warning, lest more importance than is justified should be attributed to these minor successes. It must be remembered that to the Germans the loss of one or several machine guns does not represent what at the beginning of the war it would have meant to us with our then vastly inferior total of these weapons. It is believed that before war broke out the Germans had available a stock of 50,000 machine guns, apart from any that have since been turned out in their arsenals. Their employment of them has, in a certain sense, been prodigal and carried out with a disregard of loss which is only comprehensible when the large reserve of these weapons in their possession is borne in mind.

To the Germans the machine gun represents merely a piece of machinery of immense killing and stopping power which has cost a certain sum of money, but is less vulnerable and less valuable in every way than the number of men and rifles of equivalent killing power.

A Maxim perfectly understood and well handled by a well-trained team has the fire effect of a hundred and twenty men using rifles; on certain occasions and under certain circumstances its powers and possibilities are even greater than this.

It was not until the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 that the Maxim achieved any great success. In this campaign in Manchuria the machine gun at last came into its own, and the experiences gained there formed the basis of the tactics taught in our text books which are embodied in the statement that "The machine gun is a weapon of opportunity, eminently adapted for surprise situations, but not suitable for a prolonged conflict."

We are still in a stage of learning in connection with the Maxim gun. The present war has taught us much and will teach us yet more, if only we are willing to learn.

The work done by the machine gun in the Russo-Japanese campaign was as deadly in its effect as it was astonishing in its result. The conclusions formed ought to have been convincing. No country, however, realised more fully the great possibilities of this arm than did Germany. She immediately set to work to manufacture large numbers of the latest and lightest pattern of Maxim: trained her best men to form the machine-gun teams: and this weapon which hitherto had been a despised subsidiary arm, became a highly trained and separate branch of her forces.

Other countries are beginning now to recognise the claims of the machine gun, and much could be written on this subject. But, put briefly, the following are some of the chief advantages and characteristics of the machine gun.

Firstly, its *Mobility*. The gun weighing as it does 38lb., and its tripod mounting 45lb., it can be easily and quickly taken wherever an infantry soldier can go. It can thus be used to support infantry closely. Also under certain conditions it can sometimes take the place of artillery, though under no circumstances is it ever a match for artillery. It is most important to realise this latter point: inability to do so was largely responsible for the failure of the machine gun used in the Franco-Prussian War by the French.

This weapon seems to have been cursed by its name. It is not a gun, and to look upon it as such is to seal its doom. If looked upon as an exceedingly quick firing and accurate automatic rifle, then, and then only, can it be properly handled and its best effects realised.

The *invisibility* of the Maxim is another point in its favour. When in action it presents a front equal to that of two men with rifles. It is very easy to conceal the gun, the least fold in the ground being sufficient to hide it from view. If, however, it should be discovered in one position, there should be alternative positions previously found to which the gun can be moved without loss of time.

An advantage of the machine gun is its *invulnerability*. Infantry will never again fight in two ranks in civilised warfare, and the closest formation possible for a firing-line is one pace per man. A hundred and twenty men will, therefore, occupy roughly a hundred yards, and the target pre-

sented to the enemy is a hundred yards in breadth: with correct elevation shots striking anywhere within this hundred yards will be effective. The machine gun only occupies a front of one yard, or a hundredth part of the front occupied by infantry having the same fire effect.

It is obvious that ten per cent. of casualties in the infantry firing-line reduces the fire effect by just that amount, while from thirty to forty per cent. would silence it altogether or render it ineffective. But provided a machine-gun team is well trained, and every member of it is interchangeable, it can suffer from eighty to ninety per cent. of loss without its fire effect being in the least diminished.

The *all-round traverse* is an important characteristic of this arm. The chief value of it lies in the facility with which the gun can be turned in any direction, without moving the tripod, and with the minimum of movement or exposure. This facility enables the machine gun to engage at once an enemy advancing from an unexpected direction without a moment's delay, and without increasing its vulnerability to enfilade fire. The all-round traverse indicates action on a flank or in a detached post as particularly suited to the machine gun.

The *fixed mounting* of the Maxim is another point to be noticed. From it it follows that the personal factor is reduced. The reduction of the personal element combined with the fixed platform result in the close grouping of machine gun fire. The personal factor being largely eliminated renders it particularly valuable in the crisis of a fight. It has no nerves as men with rifles have, and provided one man can sit behind and press the thumbpiece, its fire effect will be as valuable and great as ever no matter how critical the situation may be.

Rapid production and application of a large volume of accurate fire is a further point in favour of the machine gun. When the gun is loaded and laid fire can be opened instantaneously at any moment, making the gun especially valuable for outpost or night firing.

Yet with all these favourable characteristics and many advantages of the machine gun, it is commonly supposed that it more often than not fails to work owing to the gun jamming. Like every other piece of machinery, the Maxim has delicate parts, the breaking of which will cause the gun to stop. There are, however, two kinds of stoppages—the avoidable ones and the unavoidable ones. With a well-trained team of intelligent men the former will never occur, and it would be a disgrace to the section if they did occur. The unavoidable, when they do occur, can be rectified in a few seconds, and the gun started again without the loss of opportunity or effect.

And now comes a most important point. The Maxim has, as we have seen, many advantages and great possibilities. Neither of these, however, will be realised unless the men of a machine gun team are all good men and well trained. Company commanders should therefore see that the machine gun officer gets the very best men. The latest establishment for a machine gun section is one officer, two sergeants, one corporal, and twenty-four men, with a reserve section of the same number. It may seem hard on the company commander to have to part with his best men; yet without them the machine gun officer can never either realise the possibilities or exhibit the power of the weapon under his charge. And when it comes to business the company commander will have every reason to be grateful to the machine gun team, and will be amply repaid for having sent his best men to the section.

In the crisis of a fight, when each side is struggling for that superiority of fire which alone can make the assault possible, the side that can first bring up a section of machine guns and from the four of them deliver 2,000 shots a minute for, say, three minutes only will win the day.

This war of to-day is one to a certain extent of machine guns. To get the best out of them, their working and tactical handling must be perfectly understood, and the best men of a regiment are essential for this purpose.



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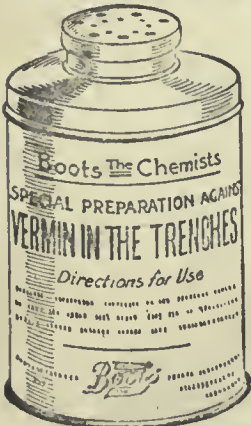
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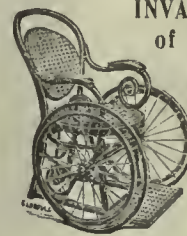
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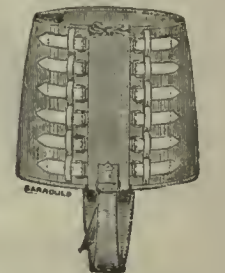
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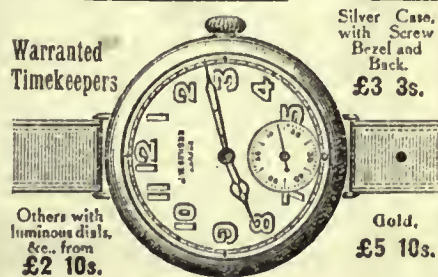


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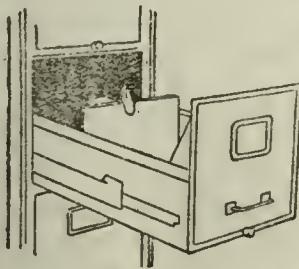
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THE WAR BY LAND.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

It is not always possible, on account of the difficulties of make-up, to put a diagram in exactly that part of the text to which it corresponds, and as inconvenience due to this has been pointed out to me, I shall in this article, and in future articles, refer to each diagram by its number, which will be printed upon it in large type.

WARSAW.

UPON two lines of railway, and one defensive line natural and reinforced, depends the fate of Warsaw.

One of these lines is that passing from Lublin and Cholm, the other is the main railway from Warsaw to the Russian capital, defended by the natural line of the River Narew, and the fortifications thereupon.

At the moment of writing (Tuesday evening) the last news of the enemy related to Sunday, and upon the evening of that day the advance of the enemy, with six hundred thousand men, against Lublin and Cholm, had come to within ten miles of the railway. His advance with about half these numbers against the Narew had come up to the line of the river.

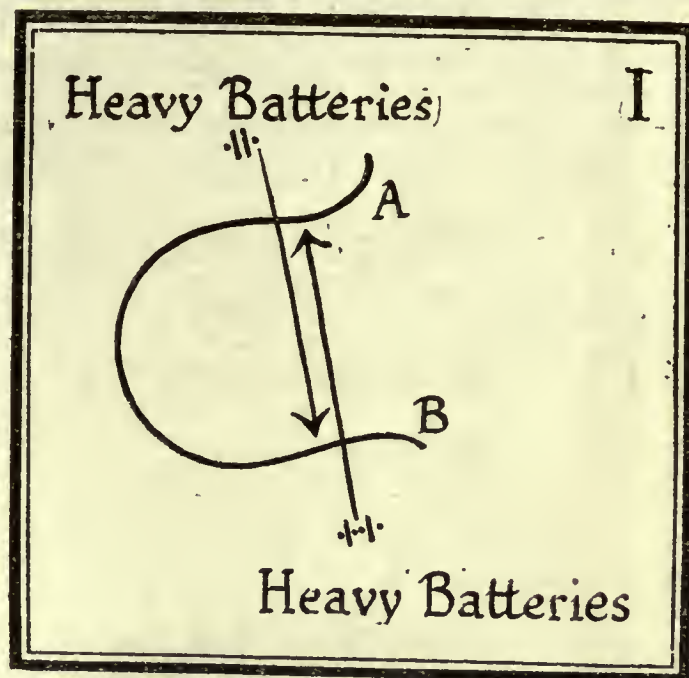
These notes are written, therefore, in the last and most acute crisis of the great series of battles upon which the fate of Warsaw, and with it the line of the Vistula, must depend. It is possible that before my readers have these words before them next Thursday the issue will be decided. It is certain that it will be decided now so shortly that our chief purpose must be, not to guess at the chances of that decision, but rather to appreciate its character.

When you are dealing with considerable tracts of country, and with the modern defensive, you must not speak of a salient merely in terms of the map.

A salient is indeed a salient whether it be large or small, and still offers many of the characteristics which it has offered in past wars. For instance, it necessarily requires a greater number of men to hold its prolonged line than would be required to hold the chord across the neck of the salient. Again, the forces operating within the salient have obviously the advantage of interior lines.

But the danger which a salient presents is something different under the conditions of the exceedingly strong modern defensive from what it was in the older wars.

When a salient has a neck so narrow that bombardment threatens either side of the neck in reverse, as in Diagram I., then the salient is obviously an element of danger. Its neck may be cut, and the forces within isolated and destroyed. More than this, the neck, as between A and B in Diagram I., may, if the enemy succeed against



either side of the neck, leave a gap through which the enemy may pass and pierce the line.

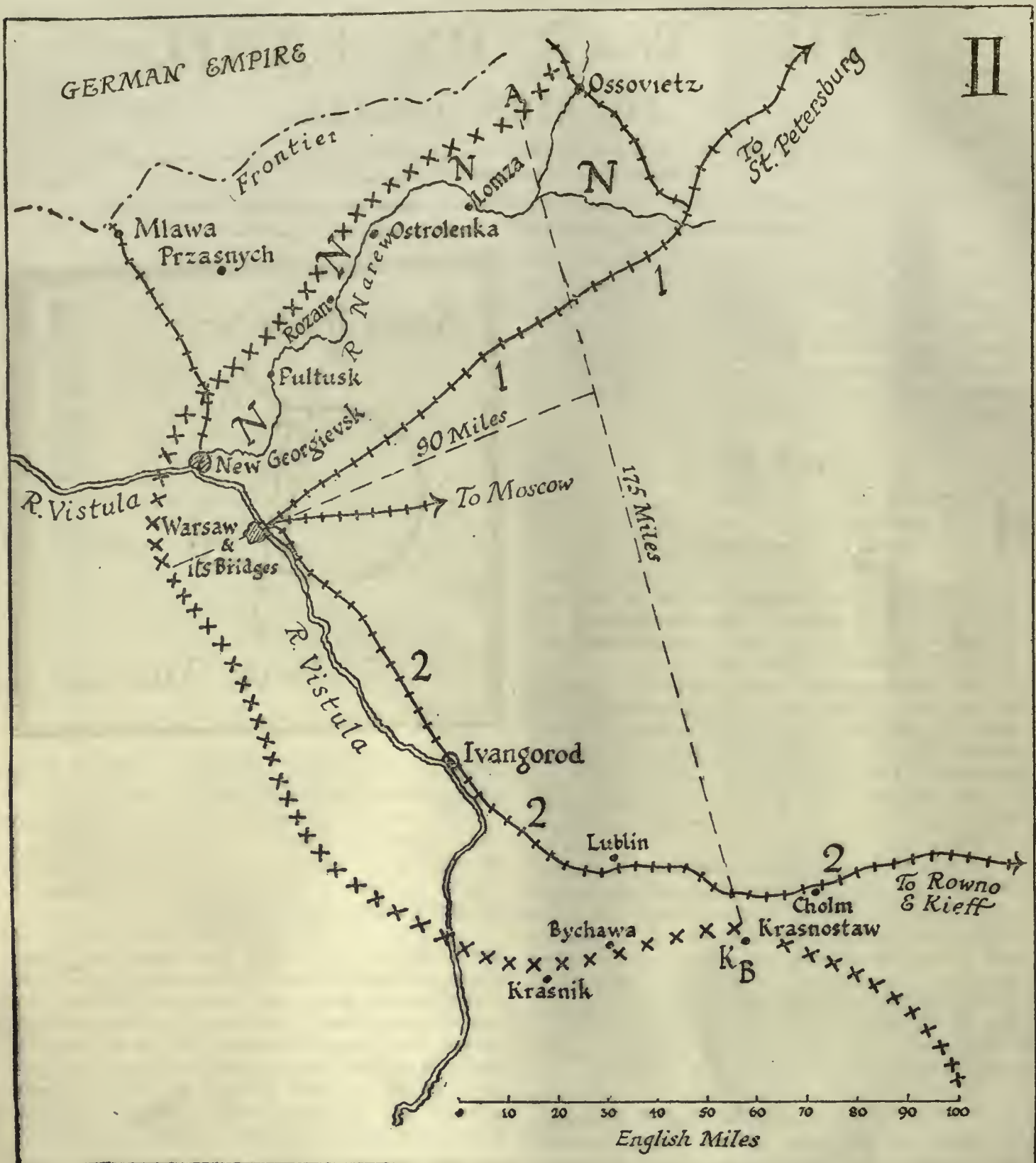
We saw all this some weeks ago in the case of the salient in Przemyśl. Another example was afforded in Flanders by the too-much-projecting salient of Ypres after the first use of poison by the enemy, upon April 22.

A great strategic salient covering a territory, too large for such attack in reverse is another matter. Many such a salient has been held in the course of this great war without difficulty. In the old days of mobile armies in the field any such salient was from the moment of its existence a peril. You were fighting on two fronts, and you were trying to hold (under conditions where advance and retirement were matters of a few hours, and the whole line subject to continual fluctuation) more territory than you needed to.

But the strength of the modern defensive is so great, entrenched men amply provided with missile weapons and ammunitions are, within a certain minimum per mile, so enforced against any attack that the old general arguments against a large salient no longer hold. We see that in the great main one which has its apex near Noyon, in France, and in the smaller example, which has its apex at St. Mihiel. We saw it for a month round Ypres, and we see it to-day on a small scale just north of Arras.

The same is true of even so pronounced a salient as that long curve, the apex of which is Warsaw, with its bridges over the Vistula. An exact trace of that salient is given in Diagram II. as it stood last Sunday, the 18th, the latest date of which we have information. It will be seen from this trace that the salient is not only irregular, but pronounced.

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If we take its main elements it has a chord or neck between the two critical points A and B of 175 miles; while from that chord to the apex is no less than ninety miles.

But the salient might be even more pronounced and yet be strategically sound under modern conditions. Indeed, there are but two questions to ask in order to decide whether the salient can be held at all, and the answer to neither of these questions is expressed in terms of the acuteness of the salient.

The two questions are:

(1) What opportunities have the defenders of maintaining their defensive upon either side of the neck of the salient through avenues of supply there situated or where natural features aid their defence?

(2) How far are the defenders, in numbers of men, equipment, and munitions, able to make use of these opportunities?

In the case of the Warsaw salient we know the condition. There is upon the north and upon the south an avenue of supply for munitionment and for the concentration of men open for the defensive; one, the main railway from Warsaw to St. Petersburg, marked (1) (1) upon Diagram II.; the other the main railway through Ivangorod, Lublin and Cholm, Rowno, and so to Kieff, marked (2) (2). We know that so long as Russian armies can stand upon the enemy side of these two avenues of supply, the salient and the railway bridges of Warsaw which it guards can be held. We know that if either of them goes, then, sooner or later, the salient itself must go, and with it, at the best, the bridges of Warsaw, and, at the worst, the stores, troops, &c., which the whole salient contains.

At the present moment—or, rather, upon last Sunday—the Russian armies in the South stood in front of (2) (2) upon a line represented by the

crosses in that region, the nearest approach of which line to the Lublin-Cholm-Rowno railway (2) (2) was at Krasnostaw, marked K upon Diagram II., and only ten miles from the railway. We further know that the occupation of Krasnostaw did not follow upon a deliberate Russian retirement, but was the immediate result of a strong Austro-German offensive which carried the town.

As to the other front—the northern front—we know that the Russian armies are still well on the enemy side of the railway (1) (1), but here there is another element in the situation, which consists in the fortified line of the Narew. The exact trace of this fortified line is that shown upon Diagram II. by the letters N N. It supports several fortifications, which will be dealt with in more detail further on, and which command and protect the crossings of the river, the nature of which as an obstacle will also be dealt with further on. In this northern sector on that same day, Sunday, July 18, the Russians had retreated to the line of crosses there shown, and, according to the enemy reports, they were leaving but protecting forces at the bridge-heads, while the main bodies were retiring behind the stream.

It will be clearly apparent from so general a description that the issue long pending and the climax of the Austro-German plan has arrived. For if the line of the Narew be forced the railway behind it can hardly stand; while if that other railway (marked (2) (2) upon Diagram II.) to the south, from which the enemy are but now ten miles distant, be reached, his success will be equally certain.

The answer to the first question, then, is clear enough. We see what the avenues of supply and concentration of troops holding the salient, and particularly its apex at Warsaw, are, and in what peril they now stand.

The answer to the second question is less easy—or, rather, it is impossible.

We have, roughly, a conception as to the men. We know that in men the Russian numbers present upon these two fronts are, if inferior, not greatly inferior to the enemy numbers. But as to the proportion of equipment for those men we know nothing except that their reserves are tardily equipped; as to the proportion of munitionment, and particularly for the heavy pieces, by the action of which can the corresponding artillery of the enemy be kept in check, we know nothing save that our Ally is still grievously handicapped in the matter; but whether he has a quarter, or a third, or half of the fire power of his enemy in pieces from, say, 4 inches upwards, we have no evidence to guide us.

From this general view of the position let us turn to the particular details of ground which will make the action and its result more comprehensible to the reader.

There are two operations: the first, upon the south against the Lublin-Cholm railroad, has been a regular action of great magnitude, with a result locally clear if not final; the second has been no more than a general strategic operation, a Russian retreat coupled with a German advance, the one upon, the other towards, the River Narew.

The first of these operations, then, I will call the "Battle of Krasnostaw"; the second, the "Retreat on to the Narew."

THE BATTLE OF THE KRASNOSTAW.

It will be remembered from our analysis of last week, and the preceding weeks, that the enemy advance against the Rowno-Ivangorod railway—that is, the southern of the two great avenues feeding Warsaw and its salient—was handicapped by the increasing distance it would draw the Austro-Germans from railhead as they proceeded through the railless district which separates this railway from the Galician frontier.

It will further be remembered that upon the advantage such a railway running immediately at their back gave the Russians depended the opportunity for resistance the Russians here possessed in spite of their inferior munitionment.

Further, it will be remembered that the enemy, though possessed of imperfect roads in this district, depended mainly upon two great causeways, that passing through Zamosk towards Cholm, and that passing through Krasnik towards Lublin. The issue would depend upon the comparative rates at which the enemy could bring up his superiority in men and munitions by road and the Russians could bring their insufficient supply from the neighbouring railway.

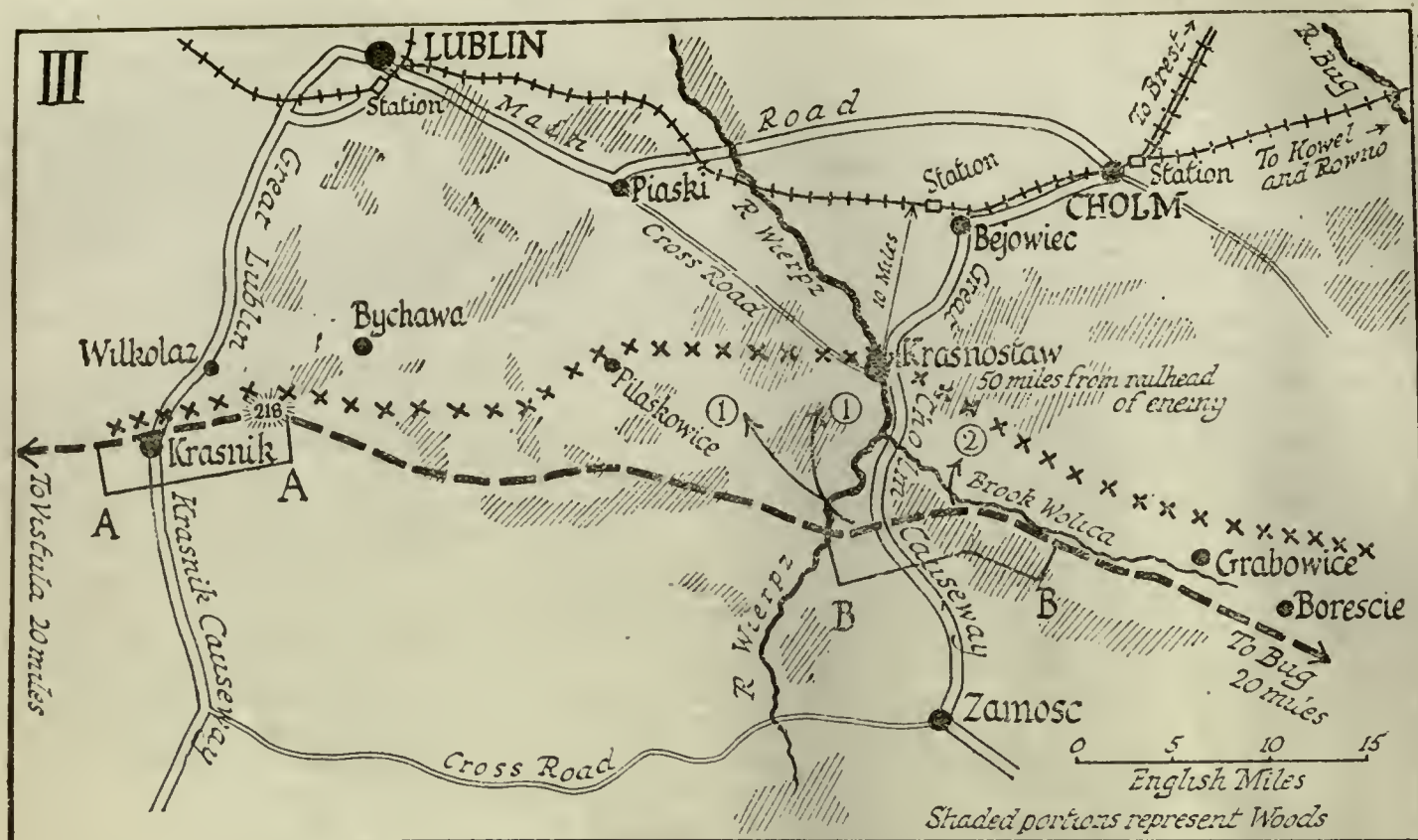
The enemy was divided into two main armies, the one dependent upon the Krasnik-Lublin causeway, the other upon the Zamosk-Cholm causeway.

Each army was about a third of a million men in number. The first and the second both came into action in the first week of July, the main body of the one just to the north of Krasnik, the main body of the other about ten miles north of Zamosk, in the angle between the brook Wolica and the upper waters of the River Wierpz (here little more than a brook, though marshy). The first column, under the Archduke, was badly checked between July 5 and July 11. It lost about 22,000 prisoners, counting wounded, and perhaps fifty thousand casualties all told, counting light casualties. It was beaten back from the line Wilkolaz-Bychawa shown upon the left of Diagram III. to a line about three miles at a maximum and one mile at a minimum to the south of its most advanced positions. It still hung on to the high ground immediately north of Krasnik, and particularly defended with success the height 218, of which a somewhat detailed description was given in these columns last week.

Mackensen's column had in the same days been held up in the triangle between the upper waters of the Wierpz and their tributary there, the brook Wolica, and after its check in the triangle remained quiescent, presumably bringing up heavy munition, until Friday, the 16th.

Upon the Friday, the 16th, then, the general line of the enemy in this region may be represented by the line of broken dashes carried across Diagram III., of which line the two great nuclei or massed bodies of men were in the oblongs marked respectively A A (under the Archduke) and B B (under Mackensen), with comparatively thin lines joining them and prolonging them on either side, to the Bug upon the east, to the Vistula upon the west, an extension in either case of about 20 miles, the whole front being one of rather more than 85 miles.

From this position, established for nearly a week after the first check of the Archduke, the enemy advanced, I say, upon Friday, the 16th.



The Archduke's bodies, A A, attacked repeatedly all that day and the next, but did not get beyond the line Wilkolaz-Bychawa. On Saturday last his attack was particularly furious, and none the less failed after ten assaults.

Mackensen, in the determining part of this general action, was more successful. He delivered two blows, the one more strongly supported than the other. With the first he swerved to the left, along the arrows (1) (1) in the right centre of Diagram III., keeping, however, the mass of his guns and men near the causeway, as he was bound to do if his big artillery was to be efficiently supplied, and bearing, then, down upon Krasnostaw. His lesser effort was along the arrow (2) an attempt to force the brook Wolica near its mouth, where it falls into Wierp. Meanwhile, the thinner portion of his line was keeping up an attack against the upper waters of the Wolica and the villages of Grabowice and Borescie.

Both these efforts of Mackensen succeeded, and it is well worthy of remark that this success was the first in many weeks wherein the Russian retirement was compelled by enemy pressure, and not due to deliberate choice. It is the more significant, because it has brought the enemy so very close to the Vistula line of railway.

In the course of Sunday, the 18th, Mackensen's main effort (the arrows (1) (1) upon Diagram III.) reached the whole front from the hamlet of Pilaskowice, which is but twelve miles from the main line of the railway, to the country town of Krasnostaw, which is but ten—though twelve miles by road—to the village and station of Bejowiec.

By the morning of Sunday last, early, both the village and the town were taken, and the Austro-German front lay immediately inclusive of, and covering Krasnostaw and Pilaskowice.

Meanwhile, the effort along the arrow (2) had also succeeded. The line of the Wolica was forced, the heights beyond it occupied, and, so far as can be gathered from not very full messages, the Russians retired, not only from the line of the

Wolica, but above that line of the Grabowice-Borescie, which villages they had defended with the bayonet successfully during the whole of Saturday.

The Austro-German front, therefore, as a result of what may be called the battle of Krasnostaw, would seem to have lain on Sunday evening—the last moment of which we have record at the time of writing—very much as the line of crosses runs in Diagram III.

It will be clearly apparent from this same Diagram III. that the Austro-German advance thus forced against the line of our Ally, now seriously threatens the main railway lying immediately behind it.

So much for the southern effort.

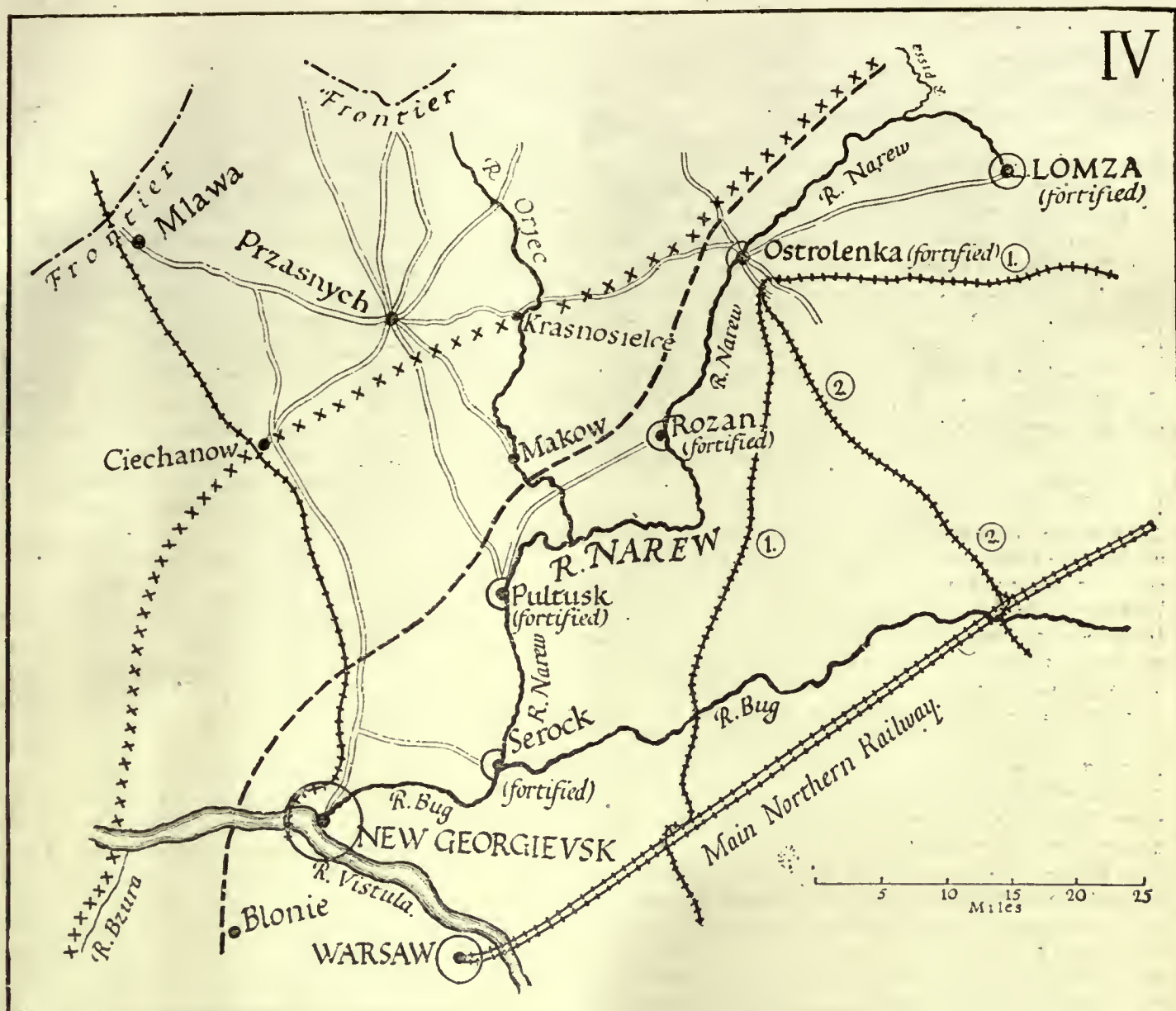
THE RETREAT ON TO THE NAREW

The northern operation, which may properly be called the Russian retreat on to the Narew, can be more simply described, because only partial actions have taken place, and the retirement of our Ally has here been deliberate everywhere, and not forced.

It will be seen upon Diagram IV. how the country lies relative to the northern railway supplying Warsaw and the defences thereof upon the German side. This line is imperilled by the main German attack under Von Hindenberg—which attack is being conducted with about three hundred thousand men, or, as we have seen, only half as much as the force working on the south against Lublin and Cholm.

The German armies are coming down from the frontier, behind which they are admirably served by a network of railways specially constructed for aggression against Russia (and the equipment of which was recently developed, like everything else in Germany, for this premeditated war) on to the line of the Narew, which line, continued by the lower reaches of the Bug after Serock, lies like a screen in front of the main northern railway.

It will be clear from Diagram IV. by what



a belt the Narew protects the main northern railway. At its narrowest and near Serock, where the Narew falls into the Bug, you have not more than twelve or thirteen miles, which increase, up to the line passing through Lomza and from the mouth of the Pissa, to a matter of about forty miles.

This belt is served by two subsidiary railways, of single line, of course, but, if I am not mistaken, of the ordinary Russian gauge. The one marked (1) (1) upon Diagram IV. bends up as a loopline to serve Ostrolenka, a country town upon the middle Narew; the other runs from the apex of this loop perpendicularly down to and across the main line, and is marked upon Diagram IV. (2) (2).

It will be clearly apparent to the reader that these railways (1) (1) and (2) (2) can be of no service to the enemy in his advance should he force the line of the Narew, unless the Russians were foolish enough to leave rolling stock upon them: an error which no commander could commit. There is, however, for the enemy's supply in this advance a railway which they can continuously use, because it links up with their own highly developed system beyond the frontier and with the railway from Mława to Neo Georgievsk. It is the existence of this railway which makes it certain that the main effort must come westward of the River Orjec, and, indeed, it is upon the belt west of that railway that we have seen the main enemy advance in the last few days.

Certain Russian outposts lay in Przasnysz

and Ciechanów, while rather behind these outposts a preliminary line was prepared to cover the Russian retirement, and ran from Ciechanów to the crossing of the Orjec at Krasnosielce.

The outposts fell back before the German advance on Przasnysz on July 14. The Russian rearguard held up the enemy from the 15th and 16th along the fortified line Ciechanów and Krasnosielce, only falling back upon the 17th, after having inflicted as much loss as possible upon the advancing Germans, the operation precisely resembling the corresponding retirement from Jaroslavl on May 13-16 last. The great mass of the Russian forces, thus protected by the Ciechanów-Krasnosielce screen, had in the interval retired to points close upon the Narew, and upon Sunday, the 18th, which day gives us our last news of the north as of the south of Poland, the line which had a week before corresponded to the line of crosses upon Diagram IV. lay as do upon the same diagram the dashes, while to conform with this retirement the lines along the Bzura River south of the Vistula, which had been held for so many months, were given up, and a new line, as shown on Diagram IV. by the dashes, prolonged south of the Vistula, was taken up to cover Warsaw upon that side.

These lines pass in front of the village of Blonie, and are called by the name of that town.

Now the whole interest of the present position in front of the Narew consists in the nature and result of the Russians' further retirement.

The Narew is a slow stream, no broader in

this section, I believe, than from 100 to 150 yards. It is, like most of these Polish rivers, marshy, and its approaches are in most places more difficult than those of neighbouring streams.

At every place where there is any considerable road crossing the Russians have established a fortified bridge-head. With the date and strength of these fortifications I am unacquainted, but works permanent and temporary exist from Lomza downwards at Ostrolenka, Rozan, Pultusk, Serock, while at the junction of the Bug and Vistula there stands, of course, the very powerful fortress of Neo Georgievsk.

The last German communiqué tells us that the Russians are retreating across the Narew, and adds vaguely that their bridge-heads are of no avail. Nothing can be gathered from phrases of this sort. The real interest of the position is this: Have the Russians decided to defend the Narew line, holding the bridge-heads temporarily as best they can and deciding to use the river itself for their main obstacle, and, if so, will they be near enough to railway supply, and will they have enough munitions from that railway, to maintain this natural line? If they cannot, then Warsaw is, of course, lost. If they can it is, *so far as the northern attacking line is concerned*, saved. Whether they will or can hold the Narew line, only the future can determine. It is significant that they have not fought in front of it as they did in February, but have fallen back to it and perhaps beyond it.

Should the Northern or Southern edges of the salient be forced, or both, there still arises the problem of the "Polish triangle" — Neo Georgievsk, Ivangorod, and Brest. Some have believed that this famous series of fortresses could yet save the situation even if the Northern or Southern railways were cut. It will be more practical to discuss this when the event is determined one way or the other.

THE ARGONNE.

As for what has happened during the last three weeks in the Argonne, it has been greatly exaggerated, not only upon the enemy's side, but upon the Allied side. It is difficult to attach any weight to the rumours that the Crown Prince was instructed to break through the French line at this point. He only attacked with twenty thousand men—or half his command—he only attacked upon a front of ten kilometres—that is, a little over six miles.

That his achievement or failure should have been made much of in Germany is only natural. Apart from the tendency on both sides to exaggerate any slight advance, at no matter what cost, there is the acute political interest pressing on Germany to-day of making the best of every bit of good news.

What happened is easy enough to describe.

The part of the Argonne where the attack developed was that sketched upon Diagram V. The Argonne is essentially a ridge of clay, covered with thick wood and undergrowth—mainly oak—and the Franco-German line runs transverse to the forty-mile long ridge of the clay.

The rising ground and the forest are virtually coterminous, and the limits of the one define the base of the other.

The French hold the small town or large village of Vienne le Chateau, upon the western

side of the forest; upon the eastern side the larger and historically famous country town of Varennes is in the hands of the Germans.

There is a road running along the western side of the forest, in the plain just under the slope. It goes from St. Menchould, the capital of all this district, northward, and passes through Vienne le Chateau and the village of Binaville. On the eastern side of the forest there is a road going from Verdun, running through Varennes, and immediately afterwards through the hamlet of Petit Bouveuilles and Bouveuilles proper. Both these villages are in the hands of the Germans.

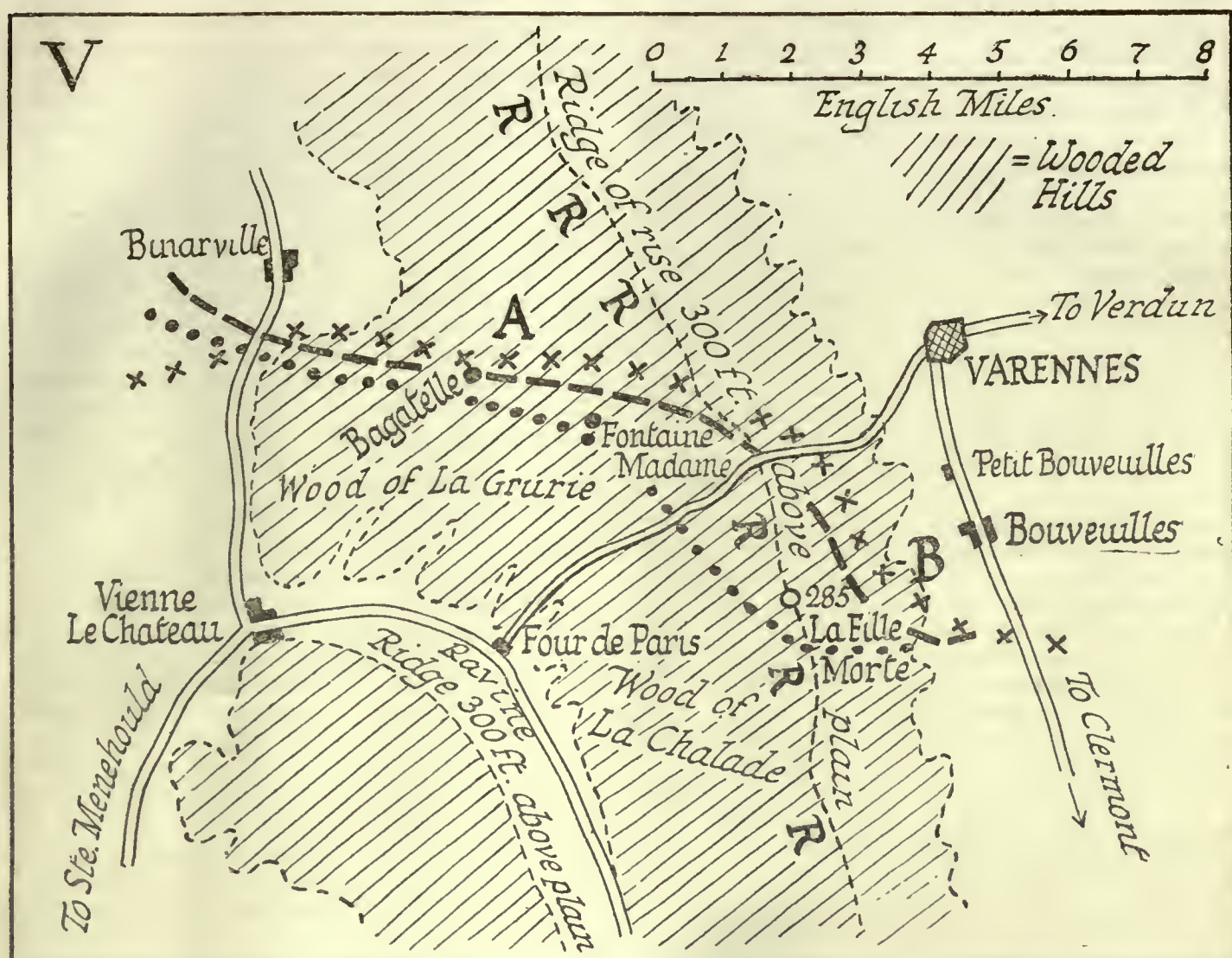
The clay ridge, the summit of which is about 300 feet above the plain, is diversified in this neighbourhood by a ravine which starts up from the woods from Vienne le Chateau, watered by a little muddy brook, and marked by an almost equally muddy country lane, which I know well. At the point called Four de Paris, where there are, or were, a couple of houses, between the high lift of wood on either side, a branch lane goes right across the main ridge to Varennes. The woods to the south of this branch lane are called the woods of Chalade, those to the north the woods of La Grurie, within which latter are two points perpetually recurring in the communiqués, a little hunting lodge called the Bagatelle, and a spring with stonework round it called the Fontaine Madame. Along the main ridge indicated on Diagram V. by the letters R R R goes a ride or green lane between the trees, known as the Haute Chevauchée, and the highest point on it, 285 metres above the sea, is called, from local tradition, "La Fille Morte." It is only slightly higher than the rest of the ridge, but there is a clearing here which gives distinction to the point, and one looks down through tree trunks to the ravine on the west.

The Crown Prince's main attack was delivered along the front from A to B in Diagram V., when the French front at the beginning of this operation lay as do the crosses in that diagram. The maximum result of his efforts is represented by the line of large dots, and was reached rather more than half-way through the period of his daily attacks. He had by that time picked up about three thousand wounded men and some unwounded men as well. He had carried Point 285 and acquired quite a section of the main ridge, his total advance being something like a mile.

After that the French pushed him back, recapturing most of the ridge taken, including Point 285. The total belt the Germans retain on the balance of these operations has a maximum width of 400 yards, that maximum width lying very much where the belt is crossed by the lane from the Four de Paris to Varennes.

In affairs of this sort, which cannot be compared for magnitude to the principal local actions further north, such as Neuve Chapelle, or Festubert—still less to the considerable operations north of Arras—the only matter of interest is the proportion of losses upon either side. It may be presumed that it is in this case pretty evenly balanced. On the extreme end of the line westward, near Binaville, there seems to be a slight French advance.

If there is any other point worthy of notice in this piece of news it is the figures of the French prisoners which the Germans give. It has already been pointed out in these notes that there



are three methods known to the enemy, used and reiterated as occasion demands.

The first is exact enumeration, to which he is quite conformable. It is suitable to the Prussian temper.

The next is giving any number that occurs as conceivably likely to affect the enemy's judgment. After a considerable success this method is nearly always employed. It was employed after Tannenberg, for instance, and after the Dunajec. It is a legitimate method of war, but it is no basis for calculation. Its object as a military measure is to make the enemy believe that he has lost more men than he has in the first confusion of a disaster.

The third method is to give as your number of prisoners the total number which the enemy can possibly discover to be missing after a long period. This also, of course, involves falsehood, because of the missing a great number will be dead and a few will be stragglers who rejoin their colours, or wounded who will be afterwards discovered. This method is employed when the enemy has had time, or is known to have taken pains, to estimate his total losses, and its object is to make him believe that the largest possible number of his men have surrendered so as to shake his *moral*. It is the latter of these three methods which were undertaken by the Prussian authorities after the failure of the Crown Prince's attack during the last three weeks, the numbers of French prisoners given by the enemy (7,000) being the total number of missing along that whole section of the Western front during the whole period. The actual number of prisoners seems to have been the first statement given—wounded and unwounded, about three thousand. The number

picked up by the French in their successful counter-attack, the French, pursuant to a standing order which admits of very few exceptions, refuse to give.

THE PRUSSIAN POLITICAL EFFORT IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Meanwhile, and consonant with the situation in Poland, there is present a psychological factor in the present phase of the war which all careful students of it should note, for it will sooner or later re-act upon the enemy's strategy.

This psychological factor is the product of the enemy's advance through Galicia and of the postponement of the Allied offensive in the West. To some extent it is the product also of those disloyal newspaper campaigns in England by which our Allies are so perplexed and which the Government should never have allowed.

Such as it is, it may be summed up in one sentence: *The great mass of the enemy is now confident of a draw.*

To this main truth might be added the modification that in proportion as the enemy critic is trained to military affairs (or concentrates on purely military problems) in that proportion he knows that, with the grand alliance unbroken, the purely military result of the campaign *cannot* be a draw.

There is not the slightest doubt that if we could hear the private conversation of the Higher Commanders of the enemy we should discover a frank admission that, short of a real decision before the winter and granted the tenacity of the Allies, defeat is ultimately inevitable for them. But even here, even among the highest commanders of the enemy who direct the general

operations, you would find more reliance upon political factors to save the situation than you would have found some months ago, and the political effort of Prussia at this moment is the measure of her reliance upon the weariness or disunion of the Allies.

Take almost any newspaper you like published in German and you will find this civilian confidence in an inconclusive peace taken for granted: and I mean here by an inconclusive peace a peace that would leave Germany in possession of, or at least directing, much that was not German before the war—most of Poland and certainly the port of Antwerp.

The most significant example of this confidence is to be found in the pathetic appeals of the international pacifists in Germany against the wickedness of annexation. Suppose these gentry in France or in Great Britain were protesting against the annexation of German territory actually in the occupation of the Allied armies, we can see that it would be the greatest possible proof of a universal confidence in victory. And so it is with Germany. So completely certain is all public opinion in that country that the invaded districts can be retained at will that even opponents of annexation take its military possibility for granted.

Thus the principal military critic on the Berlin Press, who usually writes soberly and with judgment, only goes so far as to say that he does not think the Allies can shift the German line in the West.

A purely military judgment of the situation from the enemy's point of view we cannot obtain. One could only have it, as I have just suggested, if one could overhear the conversation of the German and Austrian higher command. But it must of its nature differ entirely from the general and quite erroneous public opinion which the German Government fosters and which a section of our own Press is permitted to reinforce.

I have given over and over again the plain reasons for this distinction between instructed and uninstructed opinion in Germany and between the purely military chances of an inconclusive peace as against the chances of obtaining such a peace by political effort. I will not weary the reader here with more than a recapitulation of the very simple military argument. It is this:

The enemy numbers suffer from a certain wastage. This wastage proceeds at about five to six times the rate which can be repaired by recruitment. Meanwhile, the Allied forces also suffer from wastage, but from a wastage less than the amount which can ultimately be repaired by recruitment—e.g., Russia has actually ready and trained, though not yet equipped, more men behind her fighting line than all the men she has lost. Great Britain has actually ready and trained in the West, though not yet fully equipped, more men than have been lost in every fashion to all the Western Allied forces during the whole war between Switzerland and the Sea. Further, Great Britain and Russia have behind these again further fields of recruitment. The enemy has none.

So much for men.

What about equipment and munitions? The enemy has full equipment for his diminishing numbers. The equipment of the Allied reserves, on the other hand, is still proceeding, and the process is slow. It none the less remains only a

question of time, for, within a certain calculable limit of time known to the higher command of the Allies, all this immense untouched reserve, East and West, will be fully equipped. With every passing week a larger and a larger proportion receive their equipment; the plant for increasing the output is itself rapidly growing, and the neutral supplies of the world are open to the Allies as well.

It is the same with munitions. Had we stopped cotton going into Germany the war would already have been over. Even as it is, while the enemy can produce munitions at a certain rate, the Allies in the West can produce and procure them faster in proportion; the Allies in the East, that is the Russians, can, with much more delay, gradually bring their output and purchase from neutral markets up to the required standard.

The thing is simple arithmetic, and there is no conceivable rebutting argument.

All that does not mean a necessary and calculable victory for the Allies. It only means that such a victory is more and more probable with every week that passes, as one week passes after another without the enemy's obtaining a decision.

What is meant by "the enemy's obtaining a decision"? The term signifies, not the occupation of territory or of this or that town—this is a political, not a military factor—but *the destruction in a greater or less degree of the Allied armies*. For instance, if the enemy had been successful in his great attempt of May and June to separate the southern from the northern Russian forces, he would have been able to attack one of the divided parts at will, and certainly to overwhelm it. This would have left the remainder in a state of gross inferiority, and, therefore, subject to similar destruction in its turn. He would then have been able to concentrate all his remaining forces for a similar task upon the West.

But short of obtaining a decision, the inexorable process of attrition continues, and is wholly in favour of the Allies and against the enemy, and the pace is such that the opportunities for a decision get less and less as time proceeds.

It is probable that the enemy's higher command has already decided that the time has passed for a true decision in the East, and that the best thing that can be hoped for is the seizing of the bridges of Warsaw and the holding of the Vistula line.

That would not be a decision, but it would be a useful and a great preliminary step towards a decision. With the Russians behind the Vistula line, the Eastern front could be held defensively with limited forces, and large forces—though much less than would be released by a final victory against the Russians—would be free to come back and operate in the attempt to obtain a decision in the West.

The whole situation, then, is perfectly simple. Its terms are glaringly obvious for anyone who will set down known figures and known rates of wastage to determine.

What, in the light of such a situation, as it is now clearly appreciated by all competent opinion in Europe, is the significance of the political opinion and the political effort in Germany, which I have described?

It means that the enemy's higher command must use every effort to persuade three bodies of

general, and mainly civilian, opinion that things have arrived at a stale-mate, and that the prolongation of the war is useless. These three bodies of opinion are to be found in the domestic opinion of the enemy, in the public opinion of the Allied populations, and in that of neutral countries, particularly the United States.

In a military sense, the idea of a stale-mate is nonsense. It has no meaning. There is no such thing as a military situation which is, of its nature, eternal. There is no such thing as a military situation which is incapable of solution. However long the process, it inevitably turns, after a certain lapse of time, in one direction or the other.

To take the strongest example of all, the siege of a fortress in the early Middle Ages. Under the conditions of that time, the powers of the defence were at their maximum against the attack. A stone building, the result of years of labour, and exactly calculated to the military conditions of its period, was provided with water supply, and with stores for years, tenable by quite a small garrison, could hold out on occasion for years. There are innumerable examples of attempts to reduce such a resistance which failed. But the failure was never a stale-mate. If after a prolonged effort the assault despaired of success and raised the siege, the result was either due to a political breakdown or to the inability of the assault to provide further equipment. If neither of these causes were present, the siege, however prolonged, ultimately and necessarily ended in the capitulation of the besieged.

But, really, the point does not need to be laboured. It is self-evident; at least, it is self-evident when it is clearly seized.

Now, the whole value of the present Prussian political effort lies in the fact that the mass of civilian and general opinion in all countries fails to grasp that self-evident proposition. A prolonged defence, especially if its siege character is masked by the great extent and fluctuation of the operations—by successful “sorties” and holding-

up of the besiegers, as now in the East—comes to be looked at as an indecisive struggle, which can never be resolved.

If Prussia can succeed in making this opinion general, it will so re-act upon even the higher command of the Allies as to serve her purpose in obtaining peace, even after she has despaired of getting it by a true decision in the field.

To spread this unmilitary conception in her own country and among her dependents is doubly useful. First: It affords moral support to her Government and her higher command under conditions of loss which would otherwise prove intolerable; next, it powerfully affects opinion abroad, especially where that opinion is malignant or incompetent or both—as is particularly the case with those newspaper owners who have recently been playing the enemy's game in this country.

As regards the neutral opinion of the Allies, to spread this conception of a stale-mate is easy in proportion to the licence allowed to private interests which secretly favour an early and disastrous peace. It is notorious that such licence is pushed to much greater length among some of the Allies than among others. It is sufficient for the moment to point out here that the permission by the Government and by the military authorities of such a propaganda is equivalent to the permission of treason.

It will, perhaps, be necessary to write in these columns in more detail upon this very dangerous feature in the situation. For the moment the panic-mongers are under a cloud and a little afraid. Their professional political servants are lying low and their newspapers have put the brake on. With the first bad news their activities will revive.

As to opinion in neutral countries, and particularly in the United States, the main effort of the Prussian Government consists in pleading a moral apology, and perhaps the chief effort in this direction, among countless others, is to be found in the pamphlet of which General Bernhardt is at least the nominal author.

BERNHARDI'S PAMPHLET FOR AMERICA.

I DO not know how far this document is familiar to readers in Europe. At any rate, it is very generally ignored. I will, therefore, be at the pains of considering its chief points.

The appeal is about 4,000 words in length. It is very verbose and diffuse, and upon a careful analysis one can discover no more than fourteen definite, but not *very* definite, statements. I have picked them out and reproduce them here.

It is of advantage to note even in such vague and clumsy work the nature of the appeal made, because the thing is an epitome of the whole Prussian effort, of its ignorance of the world, of its stupidity, of its laboriousness, of its reiteration, of its certainty of itself, of its insistence and patience, of its doom to failure—in a word, of what is called its “efficiency.”

These vital sentences of the document, as published in the American Press are, in their order, as follows:

- I. “England, through its military agreements, had long before violated the spirit of Belgian neutrality.” (Par. 1.)

- II. “In France no secret is made of the fact that the first opportunity was seized to draw the sword.”

(Par. 3.)

- III. “In Russia it is frankly admitted that the crushing of Austria and the conquest of Constantinople constituted the objects of carefully-prepared war.”

(Par. 3.)

- IV. “After 1864 universal conscription became the common property of the entire German nation, the palladium of its further development.” (Par. 15.)

(This is an argument rebutting the view of abhorrence expressed by civilised Europe against the Prussian military system.)

And again:

“There took place in the army an equalisation of all social differences.” (This for the American public!) (Par. 18.)

- V. “German militarism has elevated humanity in them” (in the Prussian soldiery), “which to-day is amply proved by the humane character of our methods of war.” (Par. 25.)

- VI. “Our enemies want to justify the war they criminally started.” (Par. 26.)

- VII. “Nearly all States hastened to imitate the German Army system, not as a precautionary measure against a feared German policy of force, but because the political importance of the system was recognised.” (Par. 31.)

- VIII. "The German Empire has done everything in its power, at times under considerable sacrifice, to maintain peace." (Par. 32.)
- IX. "In 1914 Kaiser Wilhelm drew the sword only because he had been attacked by *numerically superior* enemies." (Par. 33.)
- X. "French and Russian militarism grew into an European menace; in France, through the reintroduction of the Three Years' Service term; in Russia through the accumulation of tremendous war material in Poland, and the proposed building of strategic railroads against the Austro-German frontier." (Par. 37.)
- XI. "Russia maintained an army in peace which by far outnumbered all armies of Europe." (Par. 38.)
- XII. "War would hardly have resulted if England had not joined in the war alliance of the two Continental countries." (Par. 40.)
- XIII. "The British Army is formed from a horde of hirelings that serves for money, not from the flower of the nation." (Par. 44.)
- XIV. "One-half of the world allied itself to crush Germany under the instigation of Great Britain." (Penultimate par.)

These mostly general statements, picked out of an immense mass of vague verbiage, form the only direct matter for criticism which this excellent military writer presents when he attempts a rôle in which, let us hope, all soldiers are naturally reluctant.

The rest is merely talking at large about the excellence of Prussia, her policy, her history; the weakness and envy of her rivals, and so forth.

Well, each of these fourteen statements can be met so easily that one is almost ashamed to undertake the short task of exposing them.

I. England, France, and Prussia had solemnly agreed that Belgian territory should be inviolate. Upon Prussia breaking her trust not only England but France also actively prepared to keep theirs and to protect Belgium. They failed. But to call this a breach of neutrality is exactly as though of three trustees, one, proving fraudulent, should call the other two who were prepared to prosecute him, unfaithful to the spirit of the trust.

II. For nearly a generation France desired to destroy Prussia, and *would have* done so had it been within her power. She was quite incapable of fighting single-handed; the alliances and understandings against her outnumbered her by four to one. When at last she obtained the support of Russia it was on the strict understanding that this support was for peace and not for war; to prevent her being attacked, but also to prevent her attacking. So true is this that peace was preserved until the idea of reversing the conditions of 1870 had weakened in France with the growing up of a new generation and had been almost abandoned. When war came it came as the result of an ultimatum of the most violent kind, launched against France by Prussia, and regarded throughout Germany as the prelude to instant and crushing victory.

III. Exactly the same argument applies in the case of Russia. The challenge issued to Russia was as violent as words could make it, was delivered unexpectedly, and allowed of no delay whatsoever. And Russia's strong appeal for peace and negotiation was rejected. As in the case of France, the ultimatum was delivered by the Prussian Government under the conception

that victory was certain. Prussia has never before talked as she is made to talk here. She adopts now a style utterly novel to her, and she only adopts this new language because her plans have failed.

IV. Conscription in Germany was not universal. There was no military service in Europe where social conditions made a greater difference between man and man. The fact that French conscription was universal and that social ranks were obliterated in the Army was the great contrast between French and German military ideas, and the contrast was a commonplace throughout Europe.

V. This fifth point is simply silly. The German army in Belgium, still more in Poland, and to a less degree in France, has committed countless abominations of a kind quite unknown in modern war, including the enslavement of the civil population, rape, arson, and murder—in particular the murder of children. The Allied Governments have issued, and will (at the conclusion of the war) issue in far greater mass, the detailed and very numerous cases which can be proved by innumerable witnesses. Meanwhile, Lord Bryce's report, drawn up by men who had hitherto admired modern Germany to excess and who rejected masses—whole categories—of testimony which the French and others will admit, is open for all English-speaking readers.

VI. No arguments have been brought forward by the Allies since the war began to justify it. The war came after a generation and more of boasting on the part of Prussia that she was invincible with her allies. That she cared nothing for treaty where the aggrandisement of Prussia was concerned. That Christian morals were for the weak. That her conquest of peaceable neighbours was the logic of history! And so forth. The origin of the war was akin to all this. It simply consisted in the couple of ultimatums already alluded to challenging Russia and France to give way or to fight. They had no option but to fight or to lose their position as great Powers. Prussia may have hoped they would give way without fighting, as they did in 1909. But she challenged, and the responsibility is hers.

VII. It is true that many of the methods of the German Army were wisely imitated abroad after 1870, because they proved excellent in war, particularly short service and the corresponding system of great reserves. It is not true that the modern great conscript armies were uninfluenced by the German peril. They were directly produced by it, and the proof is that until 1870 such awful burdens were undreamt of outside Prussia, and that yet for forty-four years the peace was maintained. In nearly all modern equipment Prussia has copied—not led—for Prussia is not creative. Hence the power of the Western Allies, taken at a disadvantage, to hold their own.

VIII. No. The Prussian Government (that is, the German Empire) alone of all the Powers engaged in this war presented the two violent demands on Russia and France which were, and were intended to be, declarations of war. Austria hesitated. Russia begged for an arbitration. France was moving heaven and earth to avoid war—and therefore mobilised late. England was last of all to move.

IX. Exactly the opposite of the truth. The

German Emperor could put at the outset of the war, with his allies, eight men against the Allies' five. That is why he made war, and that is why the Prussians were, at first, confident of winning.

X. False. The French three years' service was only introduced after violent debate, most reluctantly, *after and as a consequence of* an enormous and unexpected increase in the German Army, openly a preparation for war. The strategic railways on the German side of the frontier, *their absence* on the Russian, was one of the chief causes of Prussian confidence, and remains the key to all that has happened on the Eastern Front.

XI. Not as an army ready to take the field fully equipped. Prussia knew that Russia could immediately put forward less even than the German Empire, let alone the Germanic Alliance. Had it been otherwise Prussia would never have made war.

XII. War had already resulted *four days* before the British Government tardily decided to come in.

XIII. The motive of service in the enormous voluntary effort Britain has made during this year is so little connected with a wage that everyone reading these lines, like the writer of them, could name fifty cases of men who had impoverished themselves by volunteering, and would be hard put to it to find a dozen cases of men who were even slightly better off at the risk of wounds and death.

XIV. The "half the world" consisted of troops numerically inferior to the troops Prussia could command with her Allies by sixty per cent. It was (again) the knowledge of this that caused Prussia to make war. With

similar odds against her Prussia would not have been heard of. Great Britain was the last of the three great Powers to enter the campaign, and the other two, Russia and France, received and did not send the peremptory challenge. On July 31, 1914, this deliberate challenge produced a war which Prussia and her Allies had been preparing for three years. The mere material preparation corresponds with that period.

All these replies are obvious truths and commonplaces, which are now a part of history. One only sets them down thus with wearisome reiteration in order that, against the extraordinary catalogue the Germans have drawn up for American consumption, a similar short catalogue of rebutting statements can be consulted.

THE EMPIRE'S PLEDGE.

"We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

—The Prime Minister of England,
Nov., 1914.

THE WAR BY WATER.

By A. H. POLLEN.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE VALUE OF NAVAL SUPREMACY.

WHEN in naval war one of the combatants has established a command of the sea which the other cannot dispute, it is inevitable that the war must continue barren of engagements between first-class ships. Such fighting as takes place will arise chiefly from amphibious operations initiated by the stronger, or raids which the weaker Power may make upon trade or communications.

After Trafalgar, except for the affair of the Aix Roads, the activities of the British Navy were confined to small operations on the coasts of Spain, Holland, and of the Baltic, and to single-ship actions, which were brought about either by chance or in repelling raids on our military communications or on our trade. History is repeating itself in these respects to-day. The Grand Fleet has been, in the fighting sense, idle since the beginning of the war, with the exception of Admiral Beatty's lightning dash to Heligoland, and his unsuccessful chase of Admiral Hipper across the Dogger Bank. The fighting has all been either amphibious, as at Tsing Tau, in the many attacks on the Turkish Empire, from

the Persian Gulf to the Ægean, on the German colonies in Africa, and repeated attacks on the Dalmatian coast by the Italians—some very interesting details of which were published on Tuesday morning—or in repelling raids, as in the North Sea, at the Falkland Islands, in the Baltic, &c.

Note, then, that, except in the Baltic, where the curious phenomenon exists that both sides have the choice of initiative, the stronger Power has established a freedom of communications, both for its military forces and for its trade, that the enemy is absolutely powerless to dispute, except by the agency of submarines.

Rightly looked at, this condition of things has practically existed from the very commencement of the war, and the purely sea actions that have taken place have grown out of raids which the weaker has undertaken in the hope of achieving his purpose while evading the fighting forces of the other. It is in the nature of things that in such circumstances it will only rarely happen that, if engaged at all, the weaker will be engaged willingly. But a Power unable to contest the general command of the sea may yet have a local superiority.

This was exemplified when Von Spee, with his two armoured and three light cruisers, encountered Admiral Cradock with the *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, and *Glasgow*. That the enemy should have such local superiority is *prima facie* evidence that the stronger Power has erred in the strategic distribution of his forces. But such instances are anything but uncommon in war. There were many single-ship actions with the French, just as there were many single-ship actions in the American War of 1812. And it happened not infrequently a British captain found himself either forced or morally bound to engage an enemy ship, larger, more stoutly built, better armed, and more numerous manned than his own. In the case of the war with America this happened with painful frequency, and defeat was more tragically certain, because to heavier metal and longer ranging guns the Americans added an almost overwhelming superiority in gunnery skill. Indeed, it is one of the mysteries of naval history that the Royal Navy, which owed its long series of victories over the French *solely* to the superior gunnery which made the brilliant and surprising tactics of Nelson possible, should, in the seven short years that followed on Trafalgar, have allowed its skill to fall away. The glory of the victories that it had won so dazzled the winners that they forgot the art to which victory was due.

These single-ship actions had, of course, nothing beyond local importance. They could not influence the general course of the war, because even when the majority of actions was lost, as was the case in the war of 1812, the preponderance of sea power was not affected to the extent of depriving Great Britain of the general use of the sea. The Americans could only have deprived us of this by the possession of a superior fleet of *capital ships*, and no such American fleet ever existed.

Where, as was the case between 1805 and 1815, in our engagements with the French, we were, in the majority of instances, successful, these victories, unless locally, added nothing to our general preponderance. But when it is remembered that, in the ten years between the Battle of Trafalgar and the end of the war, a score or so of such engagements took place every year, it will be realised that in the old days naval war, even with command of the sea assured, was very far from being free from exciting incidents.

And to this must be added the fact that throughout these years the French took a very heavy toll indeed from our merchant shipping. Between five and six thousand ships fell to the French cruisers and French privateers. In spite of our military command, we could not protect our merchant ships effectively nor altogether stop either the trans-oceanic trading or the coasting activities of the enemy.

SPEED AND RANGE.

Modern developments have very greatly changed the aspect of naval war by the introduction of two entirely new factors. The first is the enormous *extension* of the cruiser in speed and striking range. Against the ten knots of the frigate the modern light cruiser can travel at twenty-five. The frigate was limited, in any wind, to 19 points of the compass in its choice of courses. The modern cruiser can go in any direction at will; it is helm free. The frigate had a far

narrower choice of courses at its top speed, was entirely dependent upon there being a wind for having any speed at all, and in a gale was both beyond control and in grave danger. The modern cruiser is independent of weather, is practically never in danger from gales, and its motive power is self-contained. The effective range of the frigate's guns was at its maximum 1,000 yards. *Sydney* opened fire on the *Emden* at between 10,000 and 11,000. The time that the frigate could stay at sea was limited by the water it could carry. The cruiser's radius is limited by its coal, but in our case coaling stations are so numerous and, so far as our present enemies are concerned, so safe, the facilities for rendezvous with colliers so remarkable, and the time occupied in replenishing bunkers so short, that the necessity of recoaling is, generally speaking, hardly more than a nominal check to continuous cruising.

It is a mere commonplace to say that speed annihilates distance, but this commonplace truth has revolutionised naval war more thoroughly than any but a few anticipated. *It has converted all the seas into narrow seas.* The German commerce-destroying cruisers were, for the most part, considerably faster than the majority of those engaged in trying to terminate their careers. But, being without coaling-stations, they were dependent for fuel partly on their captures, partly upon an extraordinarily well organised service of colliers from North and South American ports. But the career of the longest lived of these raiders was relatively short. It seems almost incredible that Germany should not have one single cruiser on our trade routes at the end of the first six months of the present war, since, in the last ten of a war that lasted over twenty years, the French could take between 500 and 600 prizes a year from us.

The principle involved is, it seems to me, simple. All raiding by a force *generally inferior* at sea is based on its ability to evade the stronger forces, and the possibilities seem to vary as the square, if not the cube, of the speed of the units engaged. How long, for instance, would Botha, De Wet, and Delarey have kept up a fight after the fall of Pretoria if Lord Kitchener's armies had had services of endless high-powered automobiles, of flying machines, and wireless telegraphy? Speed of movement, means of getting accurate information from wide areas, and the power of transmitting it to great distances instantly, are fatal obstacles to operations that for success must rely on flight.

Note, then, that the first remarkable development of modern sea war is the complete relief of the superior power from the attacks by hostile ships or squadrons, both on its isolated fighting vessels or its mercantile marine, and that this development had been effected by the obstacles which speed and long-distance communications put in the way of *evasion*.

LIMITATIONS OF THE SUBMARINES.

It is the submarine which supplies to-day the place which the enemy cruiser and the enemy privateer filled one hundred years ago. And its success is based solely upon its being able to fulfil the condition which speed, wireless telegraphy, and the long-range guns have denied to the enemy ship—viz., *the principle of successful evasion*. Except in cases which are necessarily rare, the

submarine—which can attack, but cannot engage, which can sink an enemy, but cannot fight him—can make itself safe, by inclining its planes and burying itself beneath the waves. A means of attaining complete safety, at once so immediate and so complete, combined with the possession of a weapon so instantaneously destructive, gave the submarine a character that had become fabulous before its efficiency was tested in war. It is barely a year since, on the invitation of Sir Percy Scott, we were all arguing whether any battleship could remain afloat, now that the submarine was in existence. Eleven months of war have taught us that command of the sea resides to-day, as it always has resided, with the possession of the greatest number of the most powerful fighting units, so long as they can be fought with an efficiency at least equal, if not superior, to that which the enemy units command. For all the submarine's command of safety, for all its power of invisible approach, for all its possession of the instantaneously annihilating weapon, it has, as a simple matter of fact, been entirely powerless to diminish the number of the principal fighting units on either side, and the fighting units have not been compelled to abandon their main task by the measures they have taken to preserve themselves. The submarine has not affected, even in the most remote manner, that command of the sea on which our continuance as a prosperous nation, and our ability to take part in a Continental war, depend.

In the first few months of hostilities it certainly had a success, which was much greater in the estimation of those who watched it than in actual fact. Its powers and limitations had been set before the world by Captain Murray Sueter, R.N., so long ago as 1907. The problem of defeating it had been shown by this very able and clear-sighted officer to be a far more complicated and far more urgent problem than that of using it to the best effect. But, for reasons which we need not stop to examine, this problem had never in times of peace been examined with the thoroughness that was to be expected from a sea Power that had everything to lose and nothing to gain by bringing the submarine to perfection. What we had failed to anticipate, by intelligent analysis and well-considered experiment, in time of peace, we learned by the rude ordeal of loss of lives and ships in war. No sooner were the *Hogue*, *Cressy*, and *Aboukir*, *Hawke*, *Hermes*, and *Niger* sunk, than it was suddenly realised that to avoid being sunk was quite a simple affair for ships of war. *Formidable* fell in what were undoubtedly novel conditions. But they were not conditions that would have been overlooked had the preliminary analysis been scientifically conducted. From the sinking of *Formidable* to the sinking of *Triumph* and *Majestic* was a matter of some months, and the more one learns of the circumstances in which these ships were sunk, the more amazing does their undoing become, unless, for good reasons, the risk was deliberately taken. The *Gambetta*, *Amalfi*, and *Garibaldi* seem to have succumbed in circumstances indistinguishable from those in which our own ships were lost. Surely it stands to reason, if ships by the limitation of their fire control can only be employed when they are stationary, that to employ them thus is to make certain of their being sure and "sitting" targets if submarines are about.

Rightly considered, we can say that twelve months' experience have shown that warships need never be lost by submarine attack, except in those rare conjunctions in which a vessel going at high speed chances to pass one at a range at which missing is impossible—as may have been the case when *Roxburgh* was hit recently—or in conditions of seeing in which the periscope is invisible.

PROBLEMS OF SUBMARINE ATTACK.

The distinguished correspondent whose gunnery problems I discussed last week propounded a second question, relating to the defence of warships against submarine torpedo attack. Part of his question is answered by the fact that we have not, so far, lost a single warship that could not by precautions which now seem elementary have been saved. The possibilities of surprise can be—and, in fact, have been—reduced by ships being escorted by fast craft. Their speed and armament, when employed to scour for the submarine with the desired vigilance, can make under-water operations so difficult and so dangerous as to be well-nigh impossible. But in the exceptional case they will fail, as they failed with *Triumph* and *Majestic*. Is there any way of meeting these cases? Can the ship be made torpedo-proof?

So far as I know, this problem was never seriously faced until, after the teachings of the Japanese War, the question was gone into in 1907. If I remember rightly, experiments were then made with exploding gun-cotton charges under specially prepared portions of the old *Duke of Edinburgh*. But the character of the passive defence employed, and the result of the experiments, were quite properly kept secret. And no ship designed since 1907—I mean, of course, no armoured ship—has so far been torpedoed. It still remains to be proved whether the problems considered in 1907 have been satisfactorily solved. But one would be inclined to hazard the guess that none of the experiments of eight years ago were carried out with charges of the dimensions used at the present time. It is possible, therefore, even if protective measures have been adopted in more modern designs of ships—whether by a greater subdivision into compartments, or by the actual employment of armour, or, at any rate, of a far stronger system of bulkheads—that these might prove quite ineffective against modern charges.

But this is not to say that the problem of passive defence is insoluble. It is in the nature of things that, when a disease is declared, the discovery of its remedy is, at the lowest, facilitated. The ingenuity of constructors may, for all I know to the contrary, already have found methods by which future ships can be made virtually safe against under-water attack, at least to the point of maintaining flotation, even if speed and mobility suffer.

But if the problem has not been solved, and if it prove, as it may well prove, insoluble, an alternative way out of the difficulty will most certainly have to be considered. The object of all passive defence is to *localise* the injury. And beyond question the most effective way of localising it will be to cut the ship in half, when for any given under-water attack only half would suffer. Is it practical to substitute

for a 30,000-ton ship, carrying eight guns, two 15,000-ton ships carrying four guns each? Would it be possible to give to the two smaller ships the same speed, the same armour protection—in so far as the experience of war may show armour protection to be important—and the same stability as gun platforms, that the single ship possessed? Is it possible to fight two broadsides of four guns as efficiently as a single broadside of eight guns can be fought? It will be seen that to answer these questions a vast amount of expert knowledge is required. Speed, for instance, is to some extent a function of length. Steadiness as a gun platform is to some extent a function of width. Fire concentration is easier as the number of guns in a gun battery increases. To give the same armour to two ships of approximately the same length clearly involves the carrying of a vast deal more; indeed, nearly double the amount. The total horse-power in the two ships, then, to get the same speed, would have to be vastly greater than in the single ship. Ships could not, then, be divided without raising the cost of every gun brought into action. The *Formidables*, for instance, carried four 12-inch guns into action at 18 knots, at a cost of £250,000 per gun. The ten 13.5's in the *Iron Duke* can be taken into action at 22 knots at a cost of considerably less than £200,000 per gun. The economy is obvious. The *Formidables* were manned by, say, forty officers and eight hundred men. The *Iron Duke* requires only a slightly larger personnel. The upkeep of two ships in victuals, clothes, and pay would nearly double the upkeep of the single larger ship. Is the economy argument prohibitive?

It would seem as if, once the principle is established that a numerous and efficient destroyer patrol is generally an effective protection against submarines, the cheaper alternative to subdividing the ship would be to increase its escort protection. It would cost a great deal less to build three fast destroyers and keep them manned than to build two ships to take the place of one, and to maintain them with double crews. An increase of escort of anti-submarine craft has this, also, to commend it, that your added expense is giving you *added naval force*—for the fast craft that defends your capital ship may in a fleet action prove a valuable asset in attacking the enemy's main squadrons. But the problems involved are intricate and complicated, and it seems quite safe to say that, so far, no sufficient experience has been gained for the direction of the right solution to be unmistakably indicated.

If the submarine, on the whole, has been a failure against the capital ship, what are we to say of its performances against the unarmed merchantman? Has it proved an efficient substitute for the commerce destroying cruisers and privateers of former ages? We have five months' experience now of an absolutely ruthless war waged by the German under-water boats against the trading craft coming into and passing out of British ports. In those five months less than 200 ships have been attacked. Between forty and fifty times as many have entered and sailed without coming within fighting distance of a submarine at all. Of those attacked, a considerable proportion have either escaped being hit or, having been hit, have been brought wounded into port. None of these ships have enjoyed the protection which

destroyers and fast craft give to battleships. None of them possessed any means whatever of self-protection, beyond, in a few cases, superior speed and resolute and skilful handling. The guns of the warships have, in many cases, actually saved the ship from attack, and in almost every case may be considered factors extremely disconcerting to the submarine. Except for the danger of being rammed, the submarine has nothing to fear from the merchantman. Is the record of a nominal percentage of ships coming into and leaving English ports one that shows the submarine to be an exceedingly formidable enemy of the trading ship?

THE SUBMARINE WAR.

We publish to-day three diagrams, one completing the submarine record for the month of July from the first to the nineteenth, which shows that in the last fortnight their successes in attacking ships show a distinct decrease. The second shows the triangle—Fastnet, Ushant, and St. George's Channel—with the ships that have been attacked there in the current month. The third shows the same triangle with all the attacks that have taken place within it since the beginning of the war.



1.—SUBMARINE ATTACKS ON SHIPPING.
July 1-19. Those crossed occurred in the triangle.

There is one more feature of submarine war which seems to me eminently worthy of remark. I have before raised the question of the *periodicity* of the German attacks in our own waters. Is not the same periodicity very clearly marked in other fields? In the last week or so we



2.—ATTACKS SINCE JULY 1.



3.—TOTAL OF 82 SUBMARINE ATTACKS IN THIS AREA.
FEB. 19—JULY 19.

have had many apparently reliable accounts from Athens and elsewhere of the efficiency of the British submarines in attacking the Turkish transports plying between Penderma Bay and Gallipoli. The correspondents go so far as to say that we have completely scared the transports off the sea, and that the Turks are compelled to

supply their Gallipoli forces by Rodosto and Bulair, or by the Asia Minor roads right up to Chanak. And yet Sir Ian Hamilton, in his last dispatch, tells us that a Turkish battleship, elsewhere described as the *Goeben*, threw no less than forty 11-inch shells into our lines before the last Turkish assault. Subsequent accounts speak of repeated advances of the British forces, in which they were supported by heavy battleship bombardment of the Asiatic forts of the Turkish positions by the Allied ships. It looks, then, as if our own submarines were far from being constant in their attentions east of Chanak, and that Admiral de Roebeck has had good reason to think that no German submarines were, at any rate on these particular days, in our neighbourhood in the Aegean.

Is it not clear from the foregoing considerations that the submarine is anything but an extraordinarily efficient ship of war? German submarines have, as the reader has seen from my little plan, attacked eighty-two British and neutral ships in the approaches from the Atlantic. But suppose a 25-knot cruiser, armed with 4-inch guns had been equally free to hang about this neighbourhood during these five months, would not her victims have been at least ten times as numerous?

THE IDEALS OF THE WAR.

THE IMPERIAL POINT OF VIEW.

By L. March Phillips.

TO one who is more or less familiar with Colonial life and thought it is surprising to find how great is the misunderstanding of the subject which exists in England. English people apparently figure the Colonial as a kind of banished Englishman. They picture him dreaming beside his camp fire of the "old country," and the cathedral close, and the rooks in the immemorial elms. Evidently there must be numbers of people in England who, themselves very susceptible to emotional impressions, habitually transfer to the oversea citizens of the British Empire the same sentiment of home-sickness and longing which would tear their own hearts were they to discover themselves to-morrow in the bush or the backwoods, on the prairie or the veldt. These emotional people see in the Colonial co-operation in the present war an exhibition of filial devotion to England. That satisfies them. They seek no further motive. They might not say so in words, but their feeling at heart is that the Imperial bond consists in love of the Mother Country. The newspapers, with their instinct for the sentimental, almost always adopt the same view.

It is, however, quite misleading. Colonials are, indeed, attached to England, but they are attached to her, not because she is the repository of ancestral memories, but because she is the source and chief guardian of the principle of civil and constitutional liberty on which Colonial life is based. Colonials, least of all people, are subject to attacks of sentimentality. The lives they live, the demands made by the opening up of a new country, and the consolidation of a new order of society keep them steadily practical. They are neither introspective nor retrospective. Such is the urgency of their circumstances that they are bound to be engrossed in their own immediate affairs and in the realities of life

around them. There where their homes and hopes are their hearts also have taken root. They think of England, on an average, perhaps once in six months.

If the reader would distinguish, as it is most important at the present juncture that he should distinguish, between the motives that count for much and for little in Colonial estimation, let him glance at our first attempt at Colonial expansion. In the year 1620 the *Mayflower* landed her cargo of Plymouth Fathers at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, and one hundred and fifty years later, in 1776, the Declaration of Independence, by which the rule of England was rejected as "incompatible with the aspirations of a free people," was adopted by Congress. Our first experiment in Empire-building had ended in disastrous failure.

Why? The Yankees had just the same memories to fondle as the Canadians and Australians of the present. All influences that evoke tender associations—ancestral homes, a common history, memories and subconscious instincts woven out of English life—were theirs. With astonishment and indignant vexation the England of that day saw such claims repudiated. They were, indeed, rejected with an energy which sufficiently proved that *they*, at any rate, were not ties to trust to. The ardour with which the raw Colonial levies tackled the British Army was not in the slightest degree affected by the memories they held in common.

What, then, was the motive which, in the estimation of the Colonists, *did* count? The reader knows the answer. He remembers the, as it already seems, incredible spirit of despotism in which we set to work to govern the new country. A "Colony," according to our definition, was to be not a free but a subject State. The American Colonists were offered an alternative: Would they cleave to England and forfeit liberty, or would they cleave to liberty and forfeit England? Their stern

and determined answer defines once for all the deepest instinct in the British character and the only one on which it is safe to count.

But the British Empire consists of Dependencies as well as Colonies, and in both cases our experience has been curiously similar. If India, like the Colonies, is fighting on our side to-day, it is because our Indian rule has undergone the same change as our Colonial rule. India, in the East India Company days, was treated as an English perquisite, delivered into our hands to be exploited and ransacked for our own advantage. There followed the Mutiny. The Indian Mutiny was in the East what the American revolt was in the West—a furious protest against tyranny. And it had the same effect. We learnt in both cases the same lesson; but we learnt it in the same way. That is to say, we learnt it as a matter of practical experience, not as a matter of thought and reason. This method was all very well as far as it went, but it did not encourage the investigation of principles. The broad fact which our Imperial history has to teach us is that liberty is so truly the cement of the Empire that whenever it has been violated the Empire has shown signs of splitting asunder, and whenever it has been vindicated the Empire has closed solidly up. This is the leading and most salient fact which emerges out of our Imperial record, the significance of which it would seem impossible to miss. And yet we are apt to miss it. We miss it because we have not built our Empire in that way—with any thought of the inward idea it was embodying—but simply as a practical affair with demands of its own which it is expedient to gratify but not necessary to analyse.

We are all proud of the Empire, and not only that, but we are proud of the way in which it seems to have grown of its own accord, rather like one of our great mediæval cathedrals, not planned and prearranged, but increasing as practical needs and necessities arose. But still this kind of Empire-building has the drawback that, never having thought of the Empire as the incarnation of any coherent thought at all, we find ourselves, in a crisis like the present, somewhat at a loss in regard to the spirit which animates it. Thus we still incline, in quite the old way, to emphasise the English or national aspect of the matter, and that to such an extent that we even credit our Colonists with the same kind of devotion to England that we feel ourselves. When shall we learn that patriotism is not Imperialism? Patriotism is devotion to a concrete object. Imperialism is devotion to an abstract idea. New Zealand and Canada are not fighting for the love of England, but for the love of a principle which all Britons, whether they live under the North Star or the Southern Cross, hold in common. Really if we forget this, if we allow ourselves to figure England herself as the Imperial inspiration, we are, so far as

thinking is concerned, back in the old American revolt days again, and making the old mistake as to what the bond of Empire resides in. The American revolt should have taught us, if anything could teach us, in what that bond did and did not consist. And what was true then is true now. Liberty is the motive, tyranny the enemy, now as then. It cannot be too forcibly stated that the Canadians and Australians, who fought with such heroism at Neuve Chapelle and Gallipoli, were fighting in precisely the same cause and for the same reason as the American recruits who charged the British infantry at Bunker's Hill.

To-day the position is this. A Power has arisen in Europe, profoundly hostile to liberty, and of such formidable strength and resources as to menace its very existence. This new Power is inspired by a very clear-cut and intelligible order of ideas. It knows its own nature, can give a clear account of itself, and is perfectly aware of what it wants, and how it means to get it. It encounters a body of nations, inwardly indeed united, but imperfectly cognisant of the nature of their union. In England, especially, it meets something that knows not whether it is an Empire or a nation. Others know. The world knows; Germany especially knows best of all. It is not for an island in the North Sea that Germany reserves the purer essence of her hate, but for an Empire which is the realisation of all that is most antipathetic to her own Empire as she imagines it and will try to make it. And the weaker States of South-Eastern Europe, watching the conflict with anxiety and dread and secret hope—they, too, know what meaning for the world, and especially for the small nations of the world, is contained in the British Empire. But we somehow are in doubt. We talk of the Empire; yet owing to our persistent habit of reverting to the national point of view, we fail to realise the Empire. It is doubtful if any country interested in the war is so uncertain as to England's Imperial mission as England herself is.

This is the need which the present crisis lays upon us. It is time England emerged out of the old insular order of ideas into one of greater intellectual grandeur and more universal concern to mankind. The world is waiting for her to take this step. Let her take it, and there will pass over the land a wave of consciousness, a realisation of our Imperial position, which will not only fuse the British race into a solid unit in this quarrel, but will inspire and hearten every hesitating State that is groping after the same ideal. Whether we know it or not, and whether we act on it or not, we stand in this conflict in the position of leader. The fact of the existence of the Empire places us in an opposition to Germany more definite and absolute than any of our Allies. People talk of England's share in the struggle and whether or not she is doing it. I know not what England's share may be, but the share of the British Empire is Germany.

THE VOLUNTEER.

By J. D. Symon.

THE man in our midst, who wears the grey-green jacket (which is not exactly khaki) and the red brassard, is one of the most significant products of the present time, and potentially of considerable value to the nation, although his value is, perhaps, still held to be problematic. Like his predecessor of 1859 and 1800, he is a self-made man as far as military qualifications go, and he cannot escape some of the disabilities of the *parvenu*. Into these disabilities we do not propose to enter here; they are discussed and understood by a central organisation which is daily improving the Volunteer's position. In these safe hands all grievances and hindrances may for the moment be left. The present remarks will reflect no grumbles, carp

at no authority, but simply endeavour to present the new Volunteer and his work as they are in themselves, and to show a remarkable Force-in-Being.

The Volunteer's first usefulness, both now and in 1859, has been his vicarious contribution to the gaiety of nations. Half a century ago John Leech saw the possibilities of the civilian soldier as a vehicle for humour, and he gave us the Brook-Green Volunteer, a figure so droll and whimsical in its manifest extravagances that for once ridicule did not kill. To-day it is the same. Once more *Mr. Punch* indulges in sly weekly digs at a new civilian army, without in any way discouraging the wearers of the red-flannel brassard. Nay, rather, our National Jester, who is also a serious person, is the whole-

hearted supporter of the movement, its laureate, and unless we are much mistaken he himself marches in its ranks. In point of age he is entirely eligible; in fact, the *doyen* of the force.

It is on this question of age that the new Volunteers chiefly stand apart from all their forerunners. Earlier corps did not require to impose any restriction on their membership. In the days when Sir Walter Scott was Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteer Light Horse, the public danger, although serious enough, was not such as to impose the obligation of service on every fit man of military years. And in 1859, although the threat of invasion was sufficiently real to produce a Volunteer army that far surpassed every expectation in point of numbers and enthusiasm, the younger men could enrol without reproach. There was then no question of making the corps an excuse for shirking a sterner task. The youthful (and whiskered) Volunteer could shoulder his muzzle-loading Enfield with the best possible conscience and shoot away his ramrod with the full consciousness of patriotic duty bravely done. To-day the young man is rightly barred from the civilian ranks, unless on sufficient cause shown, and an undertaking to serve with the Regular Forces, if called upon.

Hence the whole character of the corps is changed. It represents no longer an overflow of young energy, but the quiet determination of men who saw themselves disqualified by age for the most active, the only satisfying service, to do what they might for defence of hearth and home. The idea of pastime has vanished. The work has been undertaken in a spirit of high seriousness and of earnest devotion. Men long past the years of full agility, men to whom the armchair had become a proper and deserved refuge after the day's work, have cheerfully sacrificed their twilight ease to march and counter-march, to learn the art of "digging-themselves-in," to submit to discipline and bear fatigue. The physical drill class has reduced what Gilbert in his "Discontented Sugar Broker" calls "adipose deposits," and many who last autumn thought their running days were over, can now perform an extended attack in rushes without losing breath or turning a hair. The old boys are renewing their youth as the eagle his age.

Docility and determination have made progress exceptionally rapid. The awkward squad very quickly became the efficient platoon; for every man works hard to obtain his proficiency badge. Veterans of ripe age are indefatigable in musketry practice, and will not rest until they have passed the War Office test for shooting. They blaze away twopences innumerable for ammunition, and watch their target with a jealous and sometimes a wistful eye. If not to-day, then to-morrow they will qualify, and next week, perhaps, go one better, and be classed as marksmen. Hope springs eternal in the veteran's breast. Among those not so old and still vigorous the standard of marksmanship is very high.

It is Hope that most of all sustains the Volunteer. On Hope he has done all that he has done, and he still trusts that his efforts will not be in vain. Like his predecessor of 1859 and earlier, he has paid for his equipment out of his own pocket; his only grant from Authority has been a grant of red flannel, which is the essential part of his uniform. All else is mere decoration, smart and serviceable decoration, but without military significance up to the present. But our Volunteer still believes that he is on the right track and he goes forward gaily, in spite of dubious comment.

The dubious commentators wag sapient heads at the movement and say, "Oh, yes, but *will* the Volunteers be used? Are the greybeards and the creaks not being allowed merely to amuse themselves, to keep them quiet?" Into the recesses of the official mind we have engaged not to attempt to penetrate here, but it may be surmised that Authority has no such cynical design. Amid a thousand preoccupations of greater urgency, Authority could not be expected to arm and equip the last line until the intermediate lines were served.

Meanwhile, the last line perseveres to some purpose with its self-imposed task, and it would be difficult to say how it might be better employed. The Volunteers do not waste time in grumbling over any supposed lack of encouragement. They are their own encouragement. Already, thanks to their Central Association, their organisation has won important concessions, which have given the body no little heart. Not the least valuable of these has been the introduction of the county system, which has united the independent local companies into regiments with a territorial designation. *Esprit de corps*, never lacking from the outset, has now a fuller significance. The movement proceeds on a larger scale and gains the momentum of augmented mass.

The scale and the mass are, perhaps, hardly realised by the public at large. That was impossible, as long as the village or district corps carried on its work in splendid isolation, but now, when single counties can muster many battalions and show numbers running in many cases into tens of thousands, the movement has become visible. Frequent field days, which bring together large bodies of these new territorials, are putting to the proof the work already done. The Volunteers are showing that they can at least manoeuvre at battalion strength without reproach and with increasing promise of improvement. They are not puffed up, and know they have still a long way to go, but they take correction cheerfully as a necessary stage on the road.

Historians of the older Volunteer movement have noted with regret that it suffered from overmuch adulation. The Eighteen-Fifty-Niners took the public by storm and were petted and praised more than was good for them. Their numbers alone won instant recognition, and the public made no secret of its pride in the new force. But the first enthusiasm died young; volunteering soon ceased to be fashionable and languished somewhat until 1886, when it at length won tardy support from public funds and took a new lease of life.

The new Volunteer of to-day runs no risk of over-encouragement from the public or the Powers-that-Be, and it is perhaps all the better that it should be so. The Powers may have had the history of the earlier movement in mind when they refused to rush out with official support. Perhaps in view of what is afoot, and the altered spirit of the nation, too long lulled to inaction, a little more cordiality would not have come amiss; but again we decline to criticise. Be that as it may, there can be no possible harm in any effort to stimulate public interest in this remarkable sign of the times, the spontaneous growth of an army of half a million citizens, still vigorous, daily growing in efficiency, and capable at least of relieving younger men for the hardest service of all. That secondary duty is the most the over-age Volunteer can hope to perform, but he believes that he could perform it competently at need. As yet, he has only a qualified assurance that his time, strength, and money are not being expended in vain; but the omens, if a little obscure, are not wholly unpropitious, and on that he goes forward. He cherishes a modest conviction that a train-band half a million strong cannot remain a negligible, though necessarily humble, counter in the great national and Imperial adventure. He may have his comic side, but even that won him immortality in the figure of the doughty and tenacious train-band captain, John Gilpin; and he does not forget that he also follows in the more dignified steps of the patriot, John Milton, member of the Honourable Artillery Company. He knows, too, that the Chief Captain takes long views of this war, and he is content to bide his time, to train assiduously, and to possess his soul in patience until the day when he is assigned a task. A movement of such spontaneous vitality, enthusiasm, and strength cannot surely fail to be of some service at a moment when every man must do his part for the cause of Liberty and Civilisation. The Volunteers represent the class most difficult to utilise; it says something for that class that it found its own way, unaided, towards a possible sphere of service. The rest is on the knees of the gods.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A LITERARY REVIEW.

THE tempests which have shaken the age in which we live "have not yet led our best writers to seek, in the manner of Shelley, "to enlist the harmony of metrical language, the ethereal combinations of the fancy." Much of the best recent literature has been literature which attempts to explain—to explain the war scientifically through political and social history, through the history of thought, through the history of history.

An evidence of this interest may be found in the English translation of Professor Henri Pirenne's "Belgian Democracy: Its Early History" (Manchester University Press and Longmans, 4s. 6d. net). Professor Pirenne, of Ghent University, wrote this little treatise before the war broke out. But it is now, more particularly, that it can be appreciated. It is a study of that town life (especially in the Middle Ages) in which the burghers of cities such as Ghent, Bruges, Brussels, Louvain, Liège, and Ypres were building up the prosperity, strength, and tenacity of the Belgian race.

Or we may find another evidence of the historical interest in Mr. Ninian Hill's "Poland and the Polish Question" (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d. net). Mr. Hill's book is not, like Professor Pirenne's, the result of long study and pondering of history. The historical chapters are little more than a sketch, serving as background to a survey of the Poles of to-day, the Poles whose nationality have been repressed in vain by Germans, Russians, and Austrians. But this sketch, slight as it is, serves to remind us of the brilliant past of that kingdom of powerful nobles, throughout a long history made grim by bloodshed, faction, and intrigue, but remembered by the Poles of to-day for its knightliness, its elegance, and martial renown. The disabilities from which the Poles have suffered since the partition have made them forget their earlier differences. The attempt to destroy their nationality has united them in interest and in sentiment.

For a definite assertion of the vital importance of history in the modern world, we must turn to an important book by the Professor of History at l'Ecole Polytechnique Suisse.

"Modern Germany and Her Historians." By Antoine Guillaud. (Jarrold.) 7s. 6d. net.

"When studying the history of the growth of German Unity," says Professor Guillaud, "one is struck by the important part played in it by the historians: they were the promoters of that National Liberal policy which reached its triumphant climax after the victories of 1866 and 1870." To English readers this may seem strange. Our politics has been profoundly influenced by philosophers, economists, and even poets, but seldom, to any noticeable extent, by historians. Milton, Locke, Burke, Bentham, Mill—these and others have had their direct influence on the political issues of religious toleration, constitutional government, popular representation, laissez-faire, &c. Macaulay, it is true, wrote history from the Whig standpoint, just as Green wrote it from the Radical standpoint. But it was politics which influenced them, rather than they who influenced politics, and the greatest of all our historians, Gibbon, was moulded neither by politics nor race. He alone wrote world history with the sublime detachment of a universal irony.

We can find none among British historians, with the possible exception of Carlyle, who have exercised an influence analogous to that of the Germans. We must, however, beware of concluding that Treitzschke is the type of all the greater German historians. He is the most extreme, the most fantastic example of Prussian megalomania, a *reductio ad absurdum* of an historical school just as the Kaiser to-day is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Imperial idea. Do Niebuhr, Ranke, Mommsen—historians who have been esteemed in this country—culminate in Treitzschke, with his doctrines of the divine right of States and the sacredness of war? Professor Guillaud argues that they do. To estimate the importance of these authors and their lesser satellites, we must remember that the study of history had developed before Germany had become a nation. The makers of the modern Empire used every intellectual force that was available as a weapon with which to coerce events still in the making. Baron Stein, who founded in 1819 the historical association which, as Professor Guillaud calls it, was "the cradle of national historical writing in Germany," wrote to a friend: "I have been animated by the wish to awaken the taste for German history, to facilitate the fundamental study of it,

and so to contribute to keep alive a love for our common country and for the memory of our great ancestors." Throughout the nineteenth century the most diligent of German historians were also zealots in the cause of so-called "Liberalism," becoming more and more pro-Prussian, champions of autocracy, haters of France and, in the last stage, haters of England.

Niebuhr fails to provide the author with a good case. The latter generously asserts that Niebuhr "inaugurated the modern historical method," but he scarcely convicts him of bias unless it is a bias to regard history as "past politics." Still less in the case of Ranke can the charges against German studies be successfully illustrated. Ranke had the large, philosophic grasp, the interest in facts for the sake of ideas, the lively imagination tempered by commonsense and wisdom which together made him the ideal exponent of universal history. Professor Guillaud admits that he was incapable of concealing facts.

But the author can establish a far stronger case when he comes to Mommsen. We have all inevitably admired the History of Rome. It has fascinated us as perhaps no other history fascinates. No poetic drama could lead more magnificently to the triumph and deification of Julius Cæsar, the grand culmination of the Roman Republic, the beginning of the Empire. But history is not poetic drama. We have all known the falsity of this dramatisation of events. Professor Guillaud might have recalled the fact that Cicero is mentioned only once by name, and that in a footnote—such was Mommsen's scorn for this "voluminous and equally empty author." Though we cannot agree with the Professor when he calls Julius Cæsar "that deceitful and cunning man," he is right when he calls Mommsen's history "the glorification of force"—"to Mommsen the vanquished is always wrong."

About Treitzschke, the historian who embodies the doctrines of militant Germany, we have already written in these columns. Professor Guillaud's analysis is admirable. The whole work, informed as it is by knowledge and penetrating criticism, is an illuminating study of the great intellectual forces which have contributed most to the making and unmaking of Germany.

"Politics and Crowd-Morality." By Arthur Christensen. Translated from the Danish by A. C. Curtis. (Williams and Norgate.) 7s. 6d. net.

Half a century ago British politics was profoundly influenced by, if not based upon, political theory. Burke had laid down the formulae of constitutional government; Bentham, Mill, Lecky, and many other students worked out the philosophy of democracy under Mid-Victorian conditions. But to-day there is no great group of theorists who have sought to explain our wholly different twentieth century democracy, a democracy which rests not upon the middle classes, but upon the crowd. A Frenchman, M. Le Bon, has to some extent cleared the ground in a preliminary essay, "The Psychology of the Crowd," and now, in a work by a Dane, Arthur Christensen, we have an application of the crowd theory to the theory of politics. Christensen takes into account many forms of modern government—British, French, Danish, and even Hungarian, Russian, and German. Therefore much that he has to say is not specially applicable to our British Parliamentary system.

But the question of crowd-morality and crowd-intelligence applies in all the cases he considers. Modern politics, he urges, is the "practical expression of crowd-morality," and as such it lags centuries behind individual morality. "Qualities which exist only in the few cannot enter into the composition of the crowd-mind." Only primitive emotions can enter into a crowd, only threadbare ideas which can be expressed in catch "phrases" can strike their intelligence. The crowd reacts almost insensibly to suggestion; it has no feeling of responsibility. "The more responsibility is distributed the less heavily it weighs upon individuals." The author's suggestion that in the future governments will represent trade groups—that is to say, national interests—ignores (1) the question of how such a revolution, if desirable, should be attained; (2) the fact that the modern trade groups, unlike those in the Middle Ages, are cut in two by the cleavage between employers and employed; and (3) the fact that economics is very far from being the whole of politics. His analysis of the low conditions of political morality, cynical as it is, is extraordinarily suggestive and disillusionising and is of profound importance.

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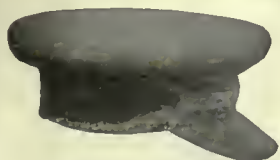
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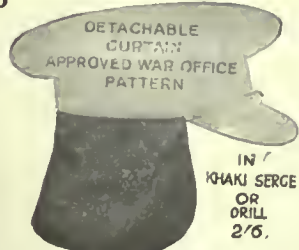


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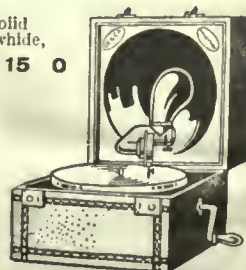
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THE WAR BY LAND.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

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In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE ITALIAN FRONT.

THE mere movements upon the Italian front—if so stationary a condition can be said to produce “movements”—can easily be told, and is not the chief point for our consideration upon that front. It is not the advance or the checking of the Italian forces that is of chief importance to the Allies in this field. What counts for the Alliance as a whole is the effect of the Italian intervention upon the numbers of the enemy; with that I will deal in a moment.

As to the movements, then, they are no more than, *first*, the securing (which is now apparently amply achieved) of those northern roads coming down from the Alps which threatened an enemy interference with the flank of the Italian advance upon Istria; and, *secondly*, the prosecution of that advance itself.

It is the latter point, of course, which has been, so far, the chief business of the campaign.

The position which the Austrians have chosen to fortify and make a centre of is the town of Gorizia, or Goerz, which lies a little removed from the left bank of the Isonzo at the foot of the mountain country through which the river has come by a deep gorge. Until Gorizia is taken the Italians cannot advance upon Trieste, as will be apparent from Sketch I., Trieste being, in this sketch, at T, and the line I—I representing the Isonzo river. It is clear that a large body of men and guns and munitions in existence within the circle of dots at

that the force at G should be destroyed, or at the very least cut off. That is why the attempt to capture or mask Gorizia is for the moment the main Italian operation.

How this operation stands at the end of two months of war may perhaps be best appreciated by a glance at Sketch II. The mountain country, (the foothills of the Julian Alps) comes down sharply on to the plain, the line of demarcation between the hill country and the flat being as clear as anything of the kind in North Italy. The Isonzo issues from a deep gorge which it has cut through the mountains and comes out on to the plain at a point where the line of demarcation between the mountains and the plain runs northward into a sort of pocket. Within that pocket is built the town of Goerz, or Gorizia, and beneath the projecting spur of high land immediately to the west is the spur of Podgora, beneath which the high road and the railway cross the Isonzo.

The level plain stretches southward from Gorizia, traversed by the Isonzo for an extent of about four miles, beyond which there rises the low plateau called the Carso, to the southward of which, again, we find a narrow slip of flat country, along the sea coast upon which stands Trieste.

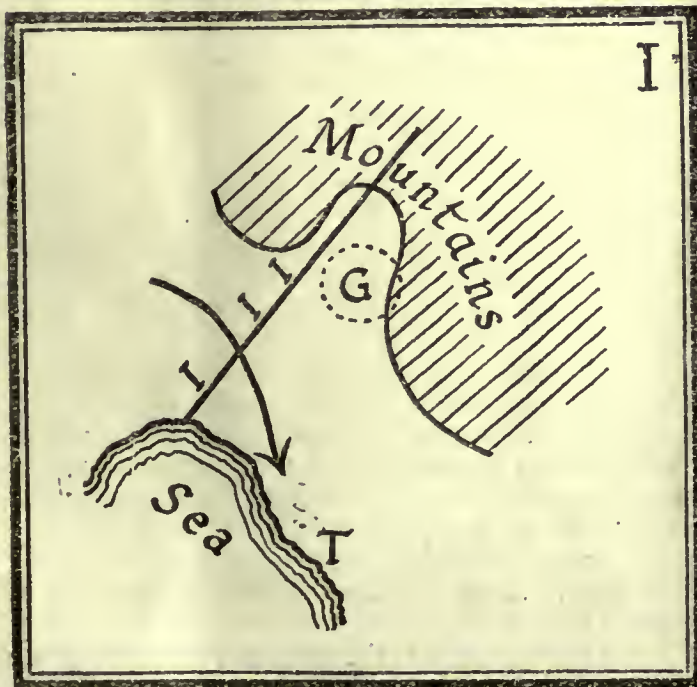
The Italian effort so far has succeeded in holding all the Isonzo (both banks of the river) from two or three miles below Gorizia to its mouth; and the Italians have established themselves firmly upon the tip of the Carso plateau. Their line runs as does the line of dashes upon Sketch II. (see following page). It will be seen from the position in this line that Gorizia is not invested or even partially surrounded.

The Austrians have here a double object—the one defensive, the other offensive. Their defensive object is the retention of the spur of Podgora, which protects the bridge-head and prevents an Italian attack from that side. For if the Italians held it, Gorizia below would be at their mercy.

Their offensive object is to drive the Italians off the Carso plateau and to seize once more the line of the Isonzo intact as a line of defence for the whole district. They were very foolish ever to have allowed it to get into Italian hands. It should have been perfectly possible to have fortified so strong a line from the mountains to the sea. For it is a distance of but one day's march, and the river is, I believe, everywhere rapid—but I am speaking of ground which I have not myself visited.

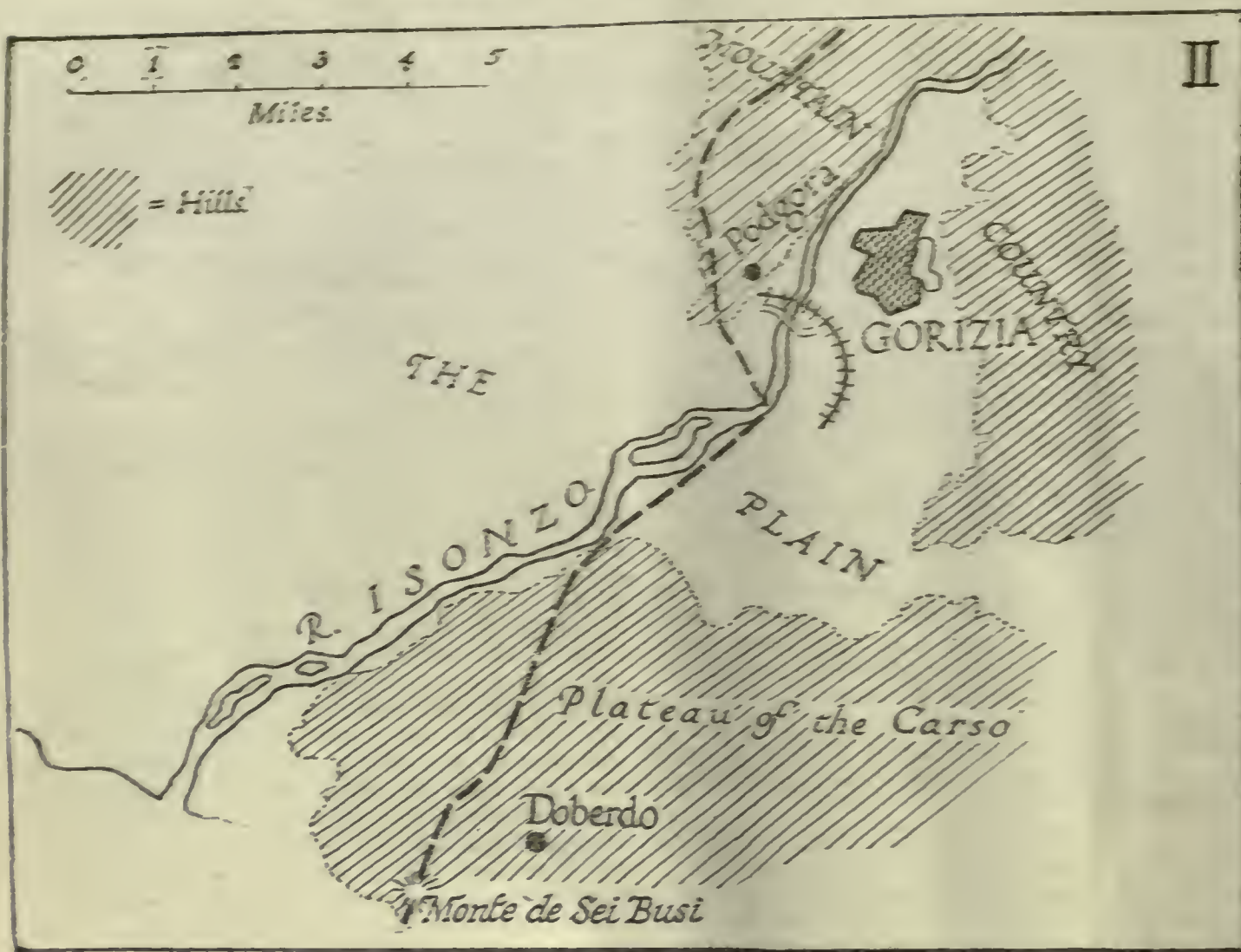
The Italian object, on the other hand, is everywhere offensive. They desire to seize the spur of Podgora, because if this were in their hands they would command with their heavy artillery the depôts, barracks, &c., of Gorizia. And they also desire to press forward across the Carso plateau and down on to the plain to the north of it until they have pinned the Austrian

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G would be disastrous to an attack along the arrow towards T. They would come down upon its flank and cut its communications and destroy the force attacking along that arrow.

It is essential, therefore, before advance in the direction of the arrow can be proceeded with



troops in Gorizia up against the mountains and cut them off from all supply, save such (quite insufficient) as can reach them by the mountain tracks.

Such being the position as a whole on this main point of the Italian front, we shall next turn to the most important matter in connection with that front, which is, as I have said, not the advance or retirement of the Italian line, but the effect of the Italian intervention upon numbers.

Let me recapitulate these elements of the numerical situation, which render this point of such importance.

The enemy, as a whole, has lost such numbers that his reserve in man-power may probably be regarded as not more than one-twelfth now of his total original man-power, or anything between a fifth and one-sixth of his remaining man-power.

Well, consider this reserve of man-power before the Italian operations began. It was there, ready to supply constantly the gaps formed by the heavy fighting upon the Eastern front, and occasionally to send reinforcements to the West for particular operations.

Italy intervenes. At once a portion of this reserve must be used. According to the drawing-power of this "blister" applied on the Italian front is the reserve depleted. At its maximum—should it have to meet all the forces Italy can put into the field, and should it have to meet these forces with a similar number of men—the reserve would be exhausted altogether.

Meanwhile, the "blister" draws the enemy's men down in a perpetual stream, which always flows in one direction, even while it is still a small stream, and from which no men can be spared to go back again to other places.

Supposing, for instance, the Italian pressure began by accounting for no more than one hundred thousand men, and if this grew to be two hundred thousand, and became a little later three hundred thousand, the process is one of perpetual depletion without any chance of recovery; and that for this reason: that the enemy has decided (for the present, at any rate) to treat the Italian front purely defensively. He is, at any moment, putting there the very least number of men and guns required to hold on. Therefore, every access of reinforcements is something which he sends as the minimum and begrudged allowance for a theatre of operations in which he is deliberately keeping down his numbers. He only sends them there because he must, and because perpetual wastage leads him, week after week, right close up to the danger point, and compels him to drain in more men.

This effect of the Italian operations upon the enemy's reserve of man-power works more powerfully than the mere numerical statement might make it seem to work. It has, in other words, a more powerful effect by far than a mere reduction in the enemy's numbers.

There is a treble action.

First, there is the direct reduction in numbers.

Secondly, there is the difficulty of keeping the units on other fronts at full strength.

Thirdly, there is the confusion caused by the uncertainty as to how many men may be wanted for this Italian front in the future.

Let me put the matter in a concrete way, and my point will be apparent.

Supposing, in some smaller operation than this great war, a general had, say, one hundred

thousand men fighting on a front, and behind them, say, twenty thousand men—and after that no more. These twenty thousand men consist, let us say, in four units of five thousand each. He makes his plan for reinforcing his perpetual wastage among the one hundred thousand on his front, and says to himself, "I will first draw from Block 1 of my reserve, then from Block 2, and so on." He gives orders, distributes equipment and munitions accordingly, and thus perpetually keeps his fighting front at full strength.

In the midst of such a campaign, in full action, there comes an attack in a totally different place from his old front, which he cannot meet with less than, let us say, one block of his reserve. He sends off Block 4, at least interfering with his original plan, but he cannot say to himself, "Now I have sent Block 4 I have done with the whole business." He may need, sooner than he expects, to send off Block 3 to the reinforcement of Block 4; just as he is preparing to set his machinery in motion for reinforcing his old front from Block 2, he may get news from the new front that even more men than Blocks 3 and 4 will be required, and he will have to draw upon Block 2.

In other words, the introduction of the Italian front into the campaign has, by direct numerical effect, by confusion of plan, and by, possibly already, the starving of units upon the other fronts, begun to produce its effect.

But what we cannot do more than conjecture—and that only on very insecure elements of judgment—is the actual rate of the drainage effected by the Italian pressure upon the Austrian forces.

We must remember that this purely defensive attitude which the Austrians have adopted from the beginning (obviously under a joint plan with the Prussians) was based upon the extreme difficulty of all the country until one gets to the last few miles between Gorizia and the sea. Nominally they had to defend 300 miles; in reality, they only had to defend about a dozen points where troops could cross in large numbers the barrier of the mountains. And all they had to do at these points was to prevent them crossing. Their rôle was purely passive, and depended very much more upon artillery than upon rifles.

It will perhaps be discovered, when the history of the war is written in detail, that the enemy was not constrained to put upon the whole frontier between the Krn (or Montenero) and the Swiss boundary more, including local reserves, than fifty thousand men.

But when we come to the more or less open country, south of Gorizia, where the main action is now developing, it is quite another matter.

It is obvious that at first the Austrians attempted to hold this front with too few troops. They allowed the Italians to get across the Isonzo and to get a footing upon the Carso plateau. In order to repair this error, and to throw the Italians back across the Isonzo, they have massed, especially in the last two or three weeks, and more particularly in the last ten days, what are evidently very important forces.

The front in the immediate vicinity of Gorizia is hardly held with less than two divisions—probably more like three; while upon the Carso plateau itself there was an attack in force last week, of the numbers of which we have no information, but which we are surely under the mark in estimating at four or five divisions.

It is pure guesswork, and must be taken at no more value than that, but I would suggest that at the beginning of the war Austria had not between the Adriatic and the Swiss frontier an eighth of a million, or 125,000 men. I will suggest that at the present moment the forces upon this front have passed, or are approaching, double this number, and are reaching a quarter of a million. How many more men the enemy may have had to concentrate here we cannot tell, but I do not see how it can have been less even to-day in view of the known weight and numerical strength of the growing Italian offensive.

Now these enemy reinforcements must, as a matter of sheer necessity, increase.

Not only must men come down to replace wastage—which has certainly been high in the heavy fighting for the hill called the Sei Busi and in the big struggle for the Podgora spur—but now that it is apparent that the numbers present are insufficient to prevent the slow Italian advance from proceeding, those numbers must be increased.

If we will keep steadily in view this factor of numbers on the Italian front, we shall be less impatient and less liable to false judgment in estimating the effects of the new theatre of operations in the South.

THE SITUATION IN POLAND.

In order to understand both the peril and the chances of the Russian forces upon the Eastern front we must distinguish clearly between two strategic theses upon which our judgment will depend. The two theses in question do not overlap. They involve two distinct theories of defence.

The first of these theses is that with which readers of these pages are already thoroughly familiar: Warsaw being the desired object of the enemy (because its bridges are the termini of all railway communications and the possession or destruction of them would give the enemy the line of the Vistula), Warsaw becomes grievously cut off from supply and is at too perilous an angle of a great salient *if either the northern or the southern of the three chief railway lines converging upon it are seized and held by the enemy.*

That is the thesis which has been maintained consistently in these pages for many months. It is, further, an obvious thesis which anyone acquainted with the dependence of modern armies upon railways and the condition of the Eastern front would at once act upon. We have seen as a fact that the enemy has acted upon it from the beginning. He has tried (last February) to cut the northern railway. He has tried (first week in July) to cut the southern railway. He is at this moment trying to cut both the northern and the southern together.

We have further seen that the screen protecting the northern railway and running parallel to it everywhere was the fortified line of the River Narew.

So far as this element in our judgment of the Russian chances of saving Warsaw is concerned, the postulates are, I repeat, well known and even obvious.

Further, we know in what peril the two railways now stand. We know that the Narew in the north has already been forced, and that on the south, though the enemy has halted for some days (presumably in order to reaccumulate ammunition), his advanced trenches are already as close

to the railway as the Houses of Parliament are to St. Paul's.

But there is a second and more doubtful thesis presented for our judgment, to which a brief allusion was made last week, and upon which it is quite possible that Russian strategy may turn, and that thesis may be called "the triangle of fortresses."

Briefly, this thesis may be formulated as follows: "When a given area, bounded by straight lines, has a fortress standing at each angle or junction of these straight lines, then that area will not be open to occupation, nor any part of it, by an army hostile to the power garrisoning the fortresses until one or more of these fortresses shall have fallen."

It is upon this theory that many a famous group of fortresses in history has been designed. It was this theory that lay behind the conception of the group Liège, Namur, Antwerp. It was this theory that gave all its value to the famous Quadrilateral of the Lombard plain in the eighteenth century. And it was this theory which governed the fortification of Poland in our own time.

It is obvious that the simplest and least expensive figure so contained by straight lines is a triangle, the junctions of whose boundaries are but three in number.

A triangle of fortresses was therefore constructed by the Russians at Neo Georgievsk, Ivangorod, and Brest. Warsaw, with its bridges, lies just within the area of this triangle, and if the thesis quoted above be still sound the line of the Vistula can never be held by an enemy until he has reduced one or more of these three fortresses.

The thesis presupposes, of course, that the reduction of a fortress would be a lengthy business, and even exhausting to the enemy. It further presupposes that the area shall not be so large as to prevent any two adjoining fortresses from helping one another or leave a gap between any two adjoining fortresses so wide as to leave immune from interference an enemy army trying to pass between them.

One might put the whole thing in a nutshell by saying that this thesis of the "triangle of fortresses" was equivalent to maintaining that a whole area of many hundred square miles could be turned into one great fortress by using individual fortresses at its boundaries in the same way that individual forts and batteries are used to surround a single stronghold.

I propose to take these two theses upon which we must form our judgment in their order, and to deal first with that with which my readers are by far the more familiar, the defence of the railways and the fate of the Narew fortified line.

THE LINE OF THE NAREW.

With the state of affairs south of Warsaw upon the line leading through Cholm, Lublin, and Ivangorod, the public are now fully acquainted, and there is little matter for analysis. The enemy has arrived at an irregular line in front of, and roughly parallel to, this railway, sixteen miles away from it at the furthest, and not two miles away from it at the nearest.

If the map upon the page opposite be consulted, it will be seen how the Russian front and the corresponding German lines very nearly touch this railway between Lublin and Cholm,

Whether the railway will be seized in the near future or no depends entirely upon the munitionment of the enemy and of the Russians respectively. If the munitionment of the enemy continues to show its overwhelming numerical preponderance, then it is only a question of time for a sufficient mass of heavy shell to be accumulated for a further overwhelming Austro-German bombardment, followed by a further Russian retirement in this quarter. But if the proximity of the railway and the increasing rate of production and purchase of shell by our Ally has made matters more even, then the line will stand, and the railway remain unsevered. We have no means in this country of judging the chances of either of these alternative issues.

With regard to the northern line, however, the nature of the peril menacing it is much clearer.

Upon Friday last the enemy managed to force a crossing of the Narew a few miles above Pultusk; upon Saturday or Sunday he forced a second crossing somewhere above Ostrolenka, and at the same time a third just below Rozhan.

It behoves us, if we would understand what will follow in this region, to go in some detail into the strategics of the belt between the fortified Narew line and the main northern railway from Warsaw to the capital.

For the purpose of this description, I will append a sketch map, IV., with its scale (see page 8).

This sketch map (Sketch IV.) shows clearly enough the error of two opinions rather generally spread in our own Press and that of the Continent. The first is the idea that the region between the Narew and the railway is a roadless waste, a tangle of marshes, without communications, and by its nature protective of the railway. The second error is the conception that the Bug, a broader river than the Narew, covers the railway. It covers Warsaw, indeed, and forms part of that strategic conception of the Polish triangle of fortresses, with which I will deal in a moment—for the Bug runs from Neo Georgievsk to Brest. But the Bug will not save the railway; for the railway can be seized north-eastward of, and beyond its crossing of the river near Brok. Only the Narew forms a continuous screen. Not the Bug.

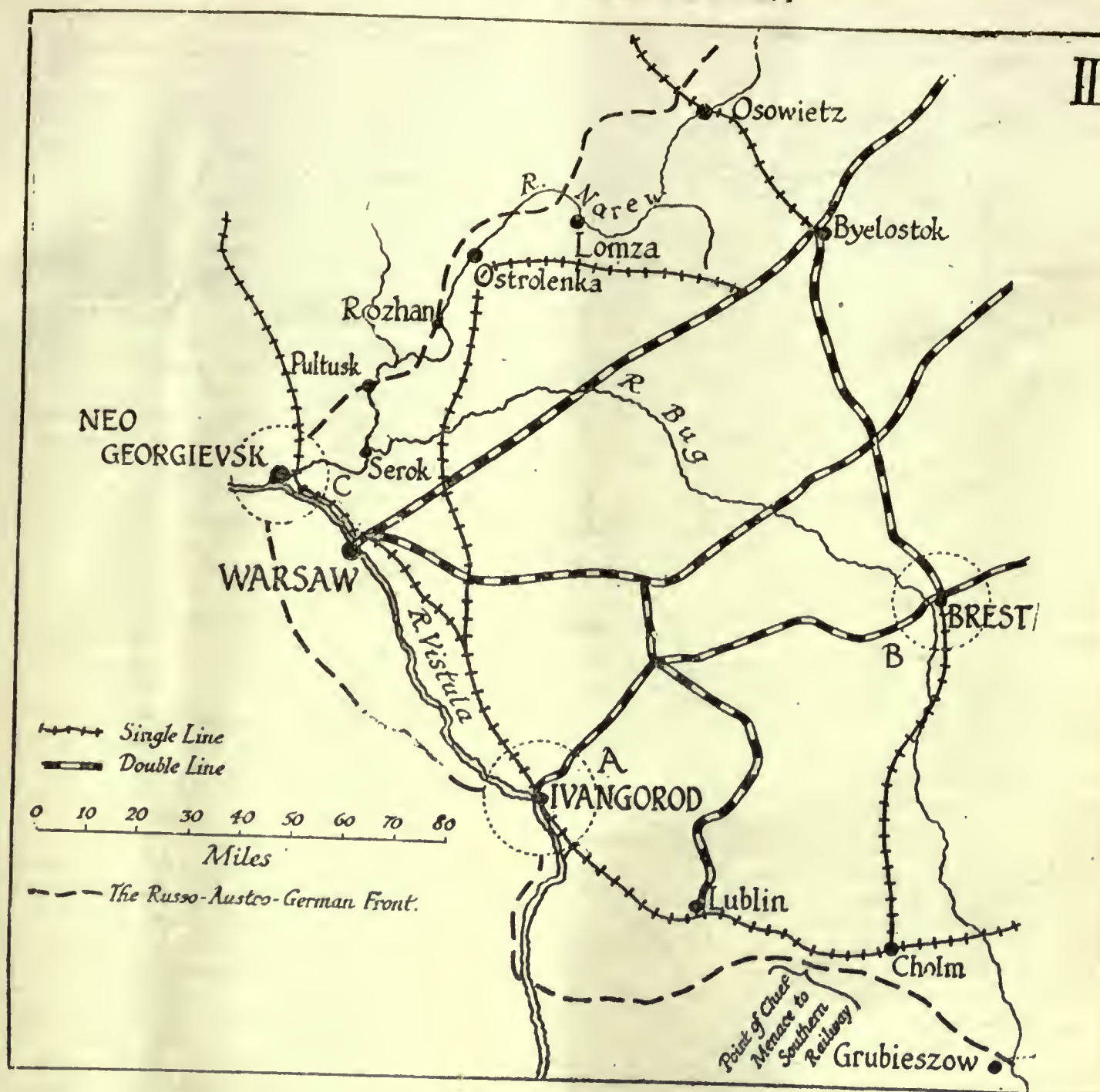
And that is why the Russians have fortified all the bridgeheads of the Narew, but have not done anything of the kind with the Bug.

As to the belt between the railway and the Narew being one of peculiar difficulty for the enemy to traverse, that, also, is nonsense. There are, in a region not larger than a moderate-sized English county, four transverse lines of railway, and a whole system of fairly good roads, proper causeways traversing the occasional marshes, which roads converge upon the important road centres of Wyszkw, Ostrow, and Radzymin; all three of which will be found marked upon Sketch IV.

It is true that the district is very densely wooded, as Sketch IV. also shows, but there is not a sufficient belt of obstacle for the defending army to rely on continuously, once, or if ever, the Narew is abandoned.

Now let us see exactly what has happened to this stream of the Narew.

The Narew is, in this lower portion, a river of about the breadth of the middle Thames, often



with swampy banks and in places bordered by broad and impassable marshes—some of the worst of which lie between Rozhan and Pultusk. But there are many parts where for miles one or other of the two banks is of firm, high ground, and not a few points where both banks are of this character.

It is obvious that the forcing of a defensive line of this sort is only of value to the attacking army if the breach so made be sufficiently wide. If the hole you tear through a defensive line is too narrow, you cannot pour a sufficient number of troops through quickly enough. You will get tangled up if you try to do so, and the undefeated enemy on both sides will pinch your forces before they have managed to separate thoroughly the opposing armies into two distinct groups. That is what happened to Hindenberg last December in front of Warsaw.

Now it is evident that up to last Sunday night the German armies had not forced the obstacle of the Narew upon a sufficient front to be of use. That front might be extended at any moment. The few points at which a crossing had been effected might be joined up the next day or the day after, but up to Sunday night, at any rate, they had not been so joined, and only three isolated crossings had been made. The first and

most important of these was between the mouth of the Orjetz and the bridgehead of Pultusk, at the point marked A on Sketch IV. There lies here upon the southern bank of the river a small wooded district of perhaps twenty square miles, or thirty, rather swampy at the river's edge, but firm a little way inland. The region reproduces very nearly the character of the point at which the Russians managed to cross the Niemen last February—a crossing which, it will be remembered, led to nothing and was ultimately followed by a retreat.

The second place at which the enemy has crossed is in the immediate neighbourhood of Rozhan; but those of his forces which reached the southern bank were thrown back again by the Russians and are again upon the further bank. The third place at which the Germans had crossed is somewhere, not defined in the communiqués, above Ostrolenka, probably near B on Sketch IV. A fourth place where an attempt has been made (and has so far failed) is at Novgorod, still further up stream.

From this there will be apparent the following rather important inferences:

(1) The Russians had not by Sunday night regarded the enemy's piercing of the Narew line as sufficiently advanced to demand a retirement



upon their own part. They did not yet think that the line as a whole was menaced.

(2) The crossings effected were but two in number out of four mentioned, and it may probably be deduced that efforts at crossing were being made all along the line in the hope that a sufficient number would succeed to permit of a linking up of the bodies that managed to get across.

(3) Probably the two places at which crossings were effected were, by the nature of the further bank, swamp, or what not, incapable of continuous defence, which means that crossing on a really broad front, including whole sections of firm ground, had either not been attempted or had not yet succeeded. We further remark that there has not come (up to the last moment of the news received) any account of a crossing effected at a road or railhead. Again, we hear from the Russian communiqués that the enemy has not carried any artillery to the southern bank as yet. Finally, we note that the deployment upon the southern bank was as yet—on Sunday night—restricted to quite insignificant fronts of a few miles.

That is how the matter stood upon the Sun-

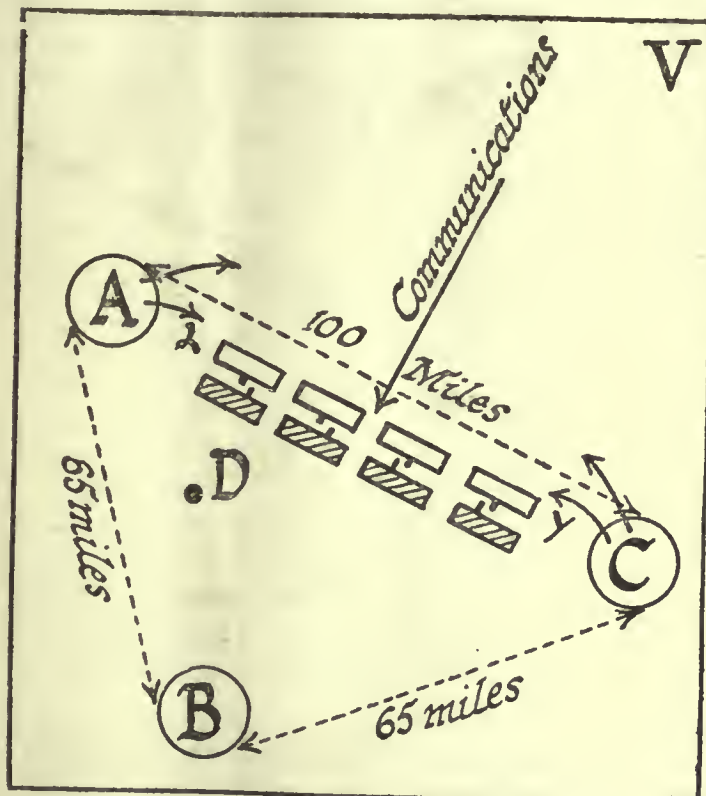
day night, which is the end of our news in this country upon the Tuesday evening, when these lines are written, and it may be summed up by saying that the Germans are across the Narew, just as they were in February across the Niemen; that it is no good getting across unless the crossing is on a sufficient breadth; that the Russians do not yet regard it (at the moment of writing) as being a crossing sufficiently menacing to warrant their retirement above and below the points the Germans hold on the south bank; but that these local German successes, two in number, have taken place under conditions very different from the abortive crossing of the Niemen last February, for there is now a much heavier disproportion between the munitionment in heavy shell of the enemy and of our Ally, to the continued disadvantage of the latter, this, in its turn, being due to the fact that the strict blockade of Russia by nature and the enemy during the winter and the undeveloped industrial system of Russia forbade that accumulation of plant and munitions which the enemy and the Western Powers were able to effect during the same period. That handicap our Russian Ally has not yet caught up by a very long way.

THE POLISH TRIANGLE.

But supposing that the Narew line grows and that the railway behind it is at the mercy of the German advance, there still remains that other thesis of which I spoke, the thesis which maintains that a fortified area of such a sort as the Polish triangle is impregnable.

In that case the mere existence of Brest, Neo Georgievsk, and Ivangorod would prevent an enemy's holding the bridges of Warsaw and the Vistula line.

Let us examine the validity of this thesis under modern conditions, and the consequent chance of the Russians maintaining their hold upon the Vistula line in spite of the loss of the Narew. The theory of the triangle of fortresses can, perhaps, be grasped by consulting the following Sketch V., which is at once a simple example of the theory, and drawn upon the same scale as the actual three fortresses of Poland.



In this sketch the circle marked A stands for the range of the batteries round the depôts and barracks of Neo Georgievsk. The circle marked B stands for similar ranges surrounding Ivangorod. That marked C stands for similar ranges surrounding Brest. The point which it is important to prevent the enemy from permanently occupying is Warsaw, at D. From the rim of B to the rim of C is about 65 miles, much the same distance separates the rims of A and B, while from A to C is more like a hundred miles.

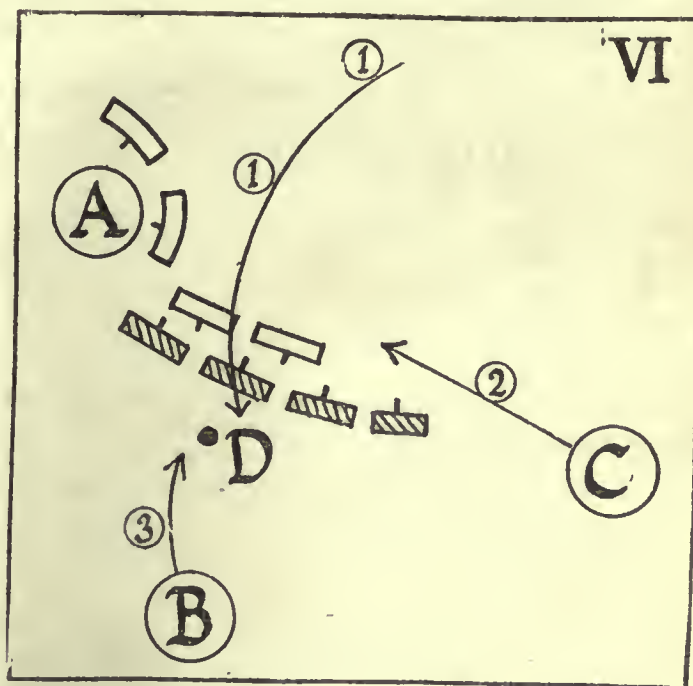
The idea of a triangle of fortresses like this is that the moment the enemy tries to get at D (or any other point within the sacred boundaries), whichever side he attacks from, or even if he attacks from all sides, he must necessarily be up against the following difficulty the moment any body of his penetrates beyond the line joining any two fortresses on either side of it, his communications will be menaced by the forces within those fortresses, as well as by the defending field army. He cannot safely get into the triangle so long as the garrisons of the fortresses remain intact, for it is only a couple of days' march, or three days, at the most, from the most distant of the fortresses to a mathematical point immediately between them.

Now, a large army marches, of course, on so broad a front that its flanks would be quite close to either fortress if it made the attempt to invade the triangle.

The general of the White Army could not get in between A and C, for instance, on Sketch V. without having the garrisons of both A and C striking him at his weakest point, that is his two flanks (at α and γ) while he was tackling the field army of his enemy, which field army I have indicated on Sketch V. by the shaded oblongs opposite the invaders' white oblongs. The garrisons from C and A would come up along the arrows and threaten both flanks and the communications of the White, or invading army. He must, therefore, lay siege to and reduce (or at the very least "mask," that is, cut off by a screen of men) either fortress A or fortress C, or both.

But whenever he sits down to lay a siege, or to mask a fortress, he detaches and immobilises very large numbers of men, and his enemy's army in the field attacks him in this unfavourable posture, aided by the garrisons of the two other fortresses, which thus support their beleaguered colleague.

Supposing, for instance, in this Sketch VI., the White invading army proposes to isolate A, or capture it, so that an advance may later be made on D by such a line as (1) (1) without fear; then this invading White Army would have, say, half



its force occupied in trying to reduce A, and only the other half left to deal with the whole of its enemy's field army, represented by the shaded oblongs in Sketch VI., while the garrison of C would come up in flank along the arrow (2), and the garrison of B would come up in aid of the defending shaded army along arrow (3). The weakness of the White invader in such a case being due to the fact that you want a much larger number of men to take, or even invest, a fortress than you do to defend it.

So, whichever way you look at it, and whatever the invader does, he is, according to this thesis, at so grave a disadvantage once he gets within the boundaries of the triangle, that he will be exhausted or beaten before he has attained his object within those boundaries.

Now it is clear that the value of this thesis depends upon certain characters that were true

of the older warfare, but are, perhaps, not true of the present great war. At any rate, they remain to be tested in this great duel of which Poland is the theatre.

(1) Each fortress must be capable of prolonged resistance against any siege train the enemy is able to bring against it.

So far as this point is concerned we now know from the experience of the war that permanent fixed works of restricted area, whose position is known, go down at once before the modern siege train. But we also know that temporary and mobile batteries well concealed *exterior* to the old works can hold out indefinitely. Witness Osowiec and Verdun. So far as this point is concerned, therefore, everything depends upon how thoroughly the Russians have transformed the old permanent system of their triangle into the new temporary system.

(2) The theory presupposes ample munitionment within the fortresses defining the triangle.

We know how grievously lacking our Ally has been in munitionment for heavy guns with his field army. It may be that he has deliberately refused to draw upon great accumulations within his fortresses, upon the resistance of which he had all along determined to depend. But it is obvious that the strength of these three points—Brest, Ivangorod, and Neo Georgievsk—will largely depend upon the munitionment they command.

(3) The theory presupposes that the garrisons within the fortified areas are large enough to

strike effective blows against the flank or upon the communications of the advancing enemy; or, if invested, to compel the enemy to immobilise large forces. This is a very important point, and is perhaps the weakest side of the theory as applied to this great war.

For the field armies in this war are so enormous that the amount of men detached for the garrison of any one of these fortresses may be quite incapable of acting effectively against even the flanks of such hosts. Metz, in 1870, held up a very great proportion of the whole German army. Przemysl did not hold up a fifth of the Russian armies in Galicia alone. It did not hold up a tenth of the Russian armies south of Warsaw, nor a *twentieth* of the total Russian armies in the field.

It is, indeed, upon this last point that the whole thing will probably turn. If Ivangorod, Neo Georgievsk, and Brest, or any one of them, can exhaust a sufficient proportion of the enemy's already heavily-tried energy, the theory will work and the Vistula line will be saved. But if there is a miscalculation here the Polish triangle will not hold out. The enemy's invasion of the area between the three strongholds will not, consequently, prevent him from attaining his object upon the Vistula. The three fortresses will not, in that case, effect the purpose for which they were designed and to which, perhaps, Russian strategy now has determined to use them.

H. BELLOC.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN, P.C., K.C.M.G.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, P.C., K.C.M.G., Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, whose portrait forms our frontispiece this week, is now in the sixty-second year of his age, but carries his years lightly. The impression he leaves on you is a man of strength, rugged strength. He talks slowly, and there is music in his voice; the smile that lights up the strong features is like a gleam of sunshine. Under six feet in height, he has broad shoulders and a well-knit figure, and the thought will occur how remarkably well Canada's Prime Minister would look in khaki, with red tabs.

Sir Robert comes of a Province famous for its Loyalist stock, though his people were actually there before the coming of the men who at the Declaration of Independence remained true to the mother-country, despite her faults, and proved their loyalty by deeds. They made their sad way northward "along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic," and settled in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, which is Acady. Here in Grand Pré, the home of Evangeline, was Canada's future Prime Minister born and brought up, and you might without exaggeration and with only the alteration of a couple of words adapt to this son of Grand Pré, in so far as his political life has been concerned, those well-known lines applied by Longfellow to the daughter of this village in the forest primeval:

Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others—
That was the lesson a life of trial and struggle had taught him.

Mr. Robert Borden threw up a valuable practice at the Bar when he entered politics. He was an unknown man outside a small circle of friends who had already marked his exceptional abilities and strength of character. Abandoning the certainty of wealth and preferment, he set to work and reorganised the Conservative Party in the Dominion. A little later came the "Reciprocity" campaign. There was the proposal before the

country of a Reciprocity Agreement with the United States, which particularly commended itself to farmers in the Western States. The idea that the Dominion should countenance any international undertaking that might tend to weaken the bond between Canada and England so fired the Loyalist blood in his veins that Mr. Borden addressed the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, speaking in almost every city and town. An incident occurred during this Loyal Progress which is more eloquent than any words of the man's character. After a meeting in Manitoba, where the audience was strongly in favour of reciprocity, a burly farmer leapt upon the platform and, holding out his hand to Mr. Borden, said, with an oath: "I disagree with every word that you say, but, my God, Sir, you are the straightest man that ever spoke upon a platform."

Fortunate, indeed, is Sir Robert Borden to have seen the fulfilment not only of his own faith but of the faith of his fathers. Nowadays, as he himself says, there is not in Canada any Party, or, indeed, any group that has aspirations outside the Empire. Of the work which Canadians have done in France and Flanders he cannot speak too highly. You can see it has moved him to the depths. "Magnificent! Magnificent!" is the only word he can apply to it. Yet one cannot forget that it is to statesmen of the Borden type that the British Empire owes its solidarity to-day, men who have declined to accept that any consideration, personal or immediate, can outweigh the ultimate good that loyalty and faith to the pledged word bring with them. Sir Robert has planted seeds of the maple on the graves of Canadians in France. When the trees attain full growth they will stand as sacred groves. Each spring as they burst into young leaf, each autumn as they redden to the fall, they will bear testimony to the undying glory and the courageous self-sacrifice of those brave Canadian regiments that took their place willingly and spontaneously in the fighting line of the British Empire.

THE WAR BY WATER.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE Austrians have apparently resumed their destroyer expeditions against the Italian coast. It is a tempting form of enterprise, because the railway southwards from Ravenna all the way to the River Fortorie, and from Trinitapoli all the way to Brindisi, can be brought under fire. It is not surprising to hear that the Italians have seized the Island of Pelagosa, a half-way house, and useful to raiders for keeping in touch with home. Pelagosa is about five-and-thirty miles north of the Gargano Promontory and about forty-five miles south of the Island of Lissa. We shall probably later hear of other islands having been seized in the Dalmatian Archipelago. For the Italians are not likely to limit themselves to the destruction of lighthouses and telegraph stations. If the cross-ravaging of the Austrians is to be stopped, advanced bases on islands that give better anchorage than Pelagosa will be highly desirable.

Telegrams from Athens and Mitylene and from the Black Sea show that the war on Turkish communications, both by British submarines and by the Russian Fleet, continues with unabated activity. It is stated that these are having a depressing effect upon the Turks. It is certainly startling to hear of submarines bombarding railway depots.

A correspondent writes to ask why the Turkish positions in Achi Baba cannot be taken in reverse by high explosive shell attacks from battleships in the Gulf of Xeros. It is to be remembered that such bombardments were extensively used in the first weeks after the landing of the British forces, but they do not appear to have proved very effective. The explanation probably is that all the points that can be reached by ships' guns have been carefully avoided by the Turks, and that the batteries are concealed in the innumerable folds of those tangled hills. He asks me if submarines prevent such an employment of battleships, but I am unable to answer his question. We have had no news any German submarine activities either in the Dardanelles or in the Ægean for some time, and it is extremely probable that by now means have been found to defend such ships as can usefully be employed.

I find that it is somewhat generally assumed that battleships and merchantmen are each and all defenceless against the submarine. This heresy arises from the fact that in time of peace we devoted much more time to developing submarines than to finding means to counteract their pestilent capacity. Their awful powers have been the subject of much exciting talk: their limitations are little understood. I am entirely ignorant of the detailed measures which have now been adopted by the Fleet, either at home and abroad, to deal with the problem. But the tale of loss, both of warships and of merchantmen, is so ludicrously small compared with the nature and extent of the menace that only one conclusion is possible. Now that the Navy has had to face the problem it is in a fair way to solve it. The principles that

govern the question have always been well understood by the few, and are now being applied by the many. Before this war is over there will be a strong case for the nations giving up the submarine altogether. That it can be murderously misused against non-combatants is ground enough for its abolition by force. That it will prove to be an utterly inefficient engine of war may make force unnecessary and permit of its abolition by consent. Meantime, the most striking manifestation of its activities seems within measurable distance of achieving what all the world thought impossible. It really looks as if America would be compelled to fight.

THE AMERICAN NOTE.

The third Note which the United States have addressed to Germany on the *Lusitania* affair seems to be intended to be final on the main issues, but it requires very careful reading if its meaning is to be understood. And however careful the reading, there seems to be some passages which almost defy interpretation. Let us, however, first deal with what is unmistakable.

It is nothing less than an ultimatum in two respects. The statement of the doctrine on which America intends to insist is as explicit as it can be, and the warning that to persist in violating this doctrine will be regarded as *deliberately* unfriendly goes to the limit of the diplomatic vocabulary. But when we pass from these two points to the admission that modern instruments have produced conditions not contemplated in the existing code and that allowance must be made for them, the statement that in the last two months it has been shown that submarines can be used in manner substantially consonant with the acknowledged principles of regulated warfare, to the American advocacy in common with Germany of the *freedom of the seas*, and the pious hope that this freedom should be advanced, now and even between the combatants, and finally, to the readiness of the United States to act as a go-between in a bargain to secure this end—we leave the region of plain sailing and enter an area in which the President's meaning is not defined and is difficult to grasp.

AMERICAN DOCTRINE OF SEA LAW.

Mr. Lansing lays down the following principles as those that must govern the conduct of belligerents towards neutrals:

1. The high seas are free (to neutral ships).
2. This freedom can only lawfully be interfered with after the character and cargo of the merchantmen have been ascertained.
3. The lives of non-combatants may not be put in jeopardy in any case (i.e., no trading ship, whether neutral or belonging to a belligerent, and lawfully entitled to carry neutral passengers, may be sunk on sight), unless the vessel
 - (a) Resists capture,
 - (b) Seeks to escape after it has been summoned to submit—note this—to examination (not to extermination).

In the course of the Note, it is stated that these principles confer certain rights on American citizens, and that these rights have been gravely and unjustifiably violated by German naval commanders. Such violations are illegal, and when they involve the actual sacrifice or risk of life, inhuman and manifestly indefensible. Humanity, justice, and a due regard for the dignity of neutral powers dictate that such violations must be discontinued. To persist in them would be an unpardonable offence against the sovereignty of the neutral nation affected. The matter is critical, and a repetition of such acts will, when they affect American citizens, be regarded as *deliberately* unfriendly. The Note reiterates that America intends to abide by these principles, and from whatever quarter they may be violated, will maintain them *without compromise* and at *any cost*.

Friendly—almost affectionate—phraseology abounds, but the reader will not fail to have noted that the definition of principles is rigid, the condemnation of the taking of life is scathing, and the terms in which America's attitude towards any fresh breach is stated are unmistakably a menace. Pacifists will note with some sadness that the mollifying touch of the amazing Mr. Bryan is conspicuous by its absence.

THE "LEELANAW."

Does the Note mean that at the first violation of these principles the Ambassadors will be withdrawn and that war will be declared? The German newspapers apparently expect this as inevitable. All those that have been quoted in the British Press announce with unmistakable emphasis that the continuation of submarine warfare is a German necessity, and most continue unchanged. The writers are struck by America's "hateful disdain" of Germany's point of view. The President's obstinacy, in his repudiation of Germany being justified by the right of retaliation, is fiercely denounced. And, as if to test either the meaning or sincerity of America, the steamer *Leelanaw* was, on Sunday, sunk at a point north of the Orkneys and due west of the southernmost point of the Shetland Islands. If the President means what he seems to say, this act is to be regarded as unfriendly, and only perhaps not *deliberately* unfriendly, because it follows too quickly on the Note to leave room for deliberation. In March, on the German announcement of the war area around Great Britain, it will be remembered that President Wilson coupled the destruction of an American ship with the destruction of American life as acts which America would resent, and for which she would hold the perpetrators to strict account. Whether or not the sinking of the *Leelanaw* is a case in point depends, it seems to me, entirely on what is meant by another passage in the Note.

In this the President, while making allowance for the novel conditions of modern war, speaks as if he could not, on that account, abate any fundamental right of American citizens. His attitude, at first, seems to be that the belligerents must adapt their new methods to old principles, and not expect neutrals to waive their principles so as to tolerate the new methods. But he does say that the conditions have altered radically, and that reasonable allowance must be made for them, and continues in the following words: "The events of

the past two months have clearly indicated that it is possible and practicable to conduct . . . submarine operations . . . in substantial accord with the established principles of regulated warfare. The whole world has looked with interest and increasing satisfaction at the demonstration of that possibility. . . . It is manifestly possible, therefore, to lift the whole practice of submarine attack above criticism." The passage implies that German practice illustrates the reasonable allowances that must be made.

How has the conduct of German submarines in the last two months demonstrated that ships can be searched, and only seized and destroyed, *after search* has proved the presence of contraband? And, if destroyed, how has this been effected without jeopardy to non-combatant lives? In these two months 113 ships and nearly half as many trawlers have been attacked by submarines, and a very large number have been sunk on sight. A heavy and murderous toll has been taken of non-combatant passengers, belligerent and neutral, of crews, and of fishing folk. Clearly the President does not mean that the *general* course which the submarine war has taken has lifted it above criticism. He must mean that amongst these attacks there are certain cases which demonstrate the possibility of using the submarine in a civilised manner. If we accept the law, as it stood before war began, there are, so far as our information goes, only two that can be brought into this category. On June 21 the Norwegian ship *Venus* was met 120 miles east of Aberdeen by a German submarine. She was stopped and her papers examined, when she was found to be carrying a cargo of Finnish butter and frozen salmon. The skipper was given the choice of throwing the cargo overboard or having the ship sunk, and he naturally sacrificed the cargo. The *Venus* was thereupon allowed to proceed to Newcastle in safety. On July 15 a second Norwegian steamer—the *Vega*—had a similar experience and also in the North Sea. She, too, was found to be laden with cases of frozen salmon, 800 casks of butter, and 4,000 cases of sardines. Here, again, the cargo was jettisoned and the ship allowed to proceed. In both instances, as in the case of the prizes taken by the *Karlsruhe* and the *Emden*, the destruction was effected without capture or trial. It is hardly in "substantial accord" with accepted principles of regulated warfare that capture and trial should be waived. But in these two instances it can plausibly be argued that, according to German law, all traffic was running blockade, that a German Court would have condemned the cargo and ship as well, and hence that the neutral gained, and did not lose, by the waiving of capture, detention, and trial.

Is it to be believed that it is to these two events that the President alludes, when he says that the whole world has looked "with interest and increasing satisfaction" at the German demonstration that submarines can be used in their attacks on trade in accordance with the principles of civilised warfare? Are these the only, new circumstances to which the old principles must be accommodated? If so, one is tempted to say that the world is easily entertained and still more easily pleased. It seems a very small amount of virtue to an intolerable deal of piracy. The changes in the old rules will be small.

OTHER EXCEPTIONS.

It is, of course, obvious that other cases were included. They can only be :

- (1) Those in which the ship has been challenged and has stopped, her papers examined, her passengers and crew sent adrift in boats, and the ship then scuttled, torpedoed, or otherwise sunk.
- (2) Those in which the ship has refused to stop, and has been attacked after such refusal; cases, in short, of ships resisting the legal right of search.

It is possible to construct an argument for including both these cases as substantially consonant with regulated war, but to do so involves a straining of the legal meaning of terms and the ignoring of a very hard and obstinate set of facts.

We are, first, driven to the conclusion that the President has so far accommodated himself to the acceptance of the modern instruments of war as to approve the action of German submarines in sinking ships and trawlers, in the cases where they have turned the passengers and crews adrift in boats. It is surely a very dangerous concession. The principle for which Mr. Wilson contends is that the lives of non-combatants shall *in no case* be put in jeopardy. Can it be said that an open and crowded boat, not necessarily too seaworthy, which in no circumstances can carry more than a very limited supply of food and water, and set adrift so far from a coast or port that currents will make the pull home a long and dangerous one, is a sufficient safeguard of the lives of those who are set afloat in her? This procedure has been regularly practised in a climate in which weather conditions change with startling suddenness. Every day we hear of cases in which such boats have taken from twenty-four to forty-eight hours to reach port. It is not to the point if, as a fact, no such boats have been lost. If they have not been, their escape has in many cases been providential, and it seems an extraordinary departure from civilised principles to sanction a practice of which the world has not heard since the days of the pirates and the buccaneers.

Will America submit to the destruction of the ship without trial? It is a point not touched on in the Note; not touched on, if I remember rightly, except in the early days of the controversy, and that began with a repudiation of the so-called blockade as illegal.

In the first American reply to Germany's proclamation of the war zone round England, President Wilson stated in unequivocal terms that if any American life was taken or ship was sunk, Germany would be held to strict accountability. Does he now recognise that belligerent ships may be sunk without trial and neutrals also? Is this an instance of necessary accommodation to new conditions? Nearly half the American case is abandoned if this attitude is to be read into the Note.

MURDER IN SELF-DEFENCE.

The second category is a more plausible inclusion. But it must be remembered that the Germans began by the sinking of a merchantman on sight, and have continued by doing so. Their reason for continuing is obvious. There are many cases in which the submarine has the choice between firing a torpedo when it is hidden—a proceeding which is quite safe for the submarine—or exposing itself to challenge a merchant ship in a

position that permits of the merchantman attacking her. It is largely a question of what bearing the submarine can reach while still submerged. At certain bearings a resolute skipper with a handy ship and a small reserve of speed can run the submarine down every time. If many, or all, merchantmen were armed, the danger to the submarine would be greater still. It is this possible danger that was the basis of the whole German argument in the last reply to America. Had not the submarine sunk the *Lusitania* on sight, the *Lusitania* would surely have sunk the submarine. It is an argument that is ignored in the American Note. Yet it is the crux of the whole question.

Existing sea law has arisen out of the fact that the challenge of the surface ship has two things behind it. The warship was faster or she would not have overhauled the merchantman. She could not jump up suddenly from under the surface. And, being a warship, she possessed overwhelming military power. The merchantman, then, had no choice but to surrender. Cases of resisting capture practically never arose, and partly because surrender involved no risk to life, while fight or resistance did.

The submarine seldom or never satisfies these conditions. A merchant captain, on being challenged by a submarine, has these choices before him. If he stops, the loss of his ship is *certain* and the safety of his passengers and crew exceedingly doubtful. The time to get them into the boats may be inadequate; and, as was the case with the *Falaba*, they may be attacked with torpedoes or gunfire while in the boats. The situation for them may, in any event, appear desperate. If he has a chance to ram, and does so, his ship and all in her are safe. If he tries to escape by flight, he may be sunk by a torpedo or riddled by gunfire. In either case he will, quite likely, have just as good a chance of saving the lives of his passengers and crew as if he had surrendered. Many such cases have, indeed, occurred. The *Armenian* and *Anglo-Californian* are cases in point.

Are we to understand that the whole world has watched with interest and increasing satisfaction the conduct of the submarines that have attacked and sunk the ships that tried to escape from them? It is surely special pleading to isolate these cases as if they stood by themselves. It is to argue in a vicious circle. They should be looked on as part of the whole German procedure. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Robert Cecil have told the House of Commons, for instance, that all the neutral Governments, including the United States, have recognised the propriety of merchantmen arming themselves in self-defence, and have announced that such armament does not change their non-combatant character. The arming of merchantmen is a tradition from the days when pirates infested the Spanish Main, the China Seas, and the Malay Peninsula. Is not the revival of the practice with the neutrals acceptance of its propriety, a recognition that the submarine campaign is piratical?

In any event, and whatever instances the President may have in view, and thinks in substantial accord with the rules of war, it seems to me that the neutral Powers will have given away half their case if they admit a principle of attack on trade that waives the procedure of capture and trial. And it is possible, when we are told in detail what instances it is that the President had

in mind, that a far narrower modification of sea law was intended than appears from a first reading of the Note.

SOME CORRESPONDENTS.

The American Note is so clear and succinct a statement of the principles under which neutral trade is carried on in war that I recommend its text to those who have found this subject difficult to understand. One correspondent, for instance, quarrels with me for saying that it was muddle-headedness to speak as if it were the American Government and not private American firms that are sending munitions. He says, if this argument is sound, why cannot private English firms supply munitions to Germany? He assumes that the British Government prevents this, because it has no intention of supplying munitions to Germany itself, and argues that, if America desired to preserve strict neutrality, it would stop its citizens supplying any belligerent. His next point is that the advent of the submarine makes the carrying of contraband on passenger ships an act of questionable morality, comparable to using women and children as a screen for armed forces. If ammunition was on board the *Lusitania*, he says, the Germans were still in the wrong, but so were we, for it was a mean act to smuggle it under petticoats and perambulators.

To supply munitions is a right of American traders; to stop them would be to limit their rights more effectively than the Germans can ever do. America is threatening Germany with loss of friendship unless the present forms of interference cease. Her action is not hostile to Germany, but protective of her traders. If Germany cares to send for munitions she can buy them in America, too.

It is difficult to know what to say about the second point, because there are some forms of intellectual perversity which seem to go beyond muddle-headedness—into *wrong-headedness*, in the most literal meaning of that condemnatory adjective. My correspondent's assumption is that had the *Lusitania* carried munitions and no women and children, it could legitimately have been sunk. The drowning of the male passengers and crew would have been no offence! Are we all getting so used to murder as to think it excusable so long as it is convenient?

Another correspondent raises a difficulty which, I know, many have felt. How is it that British submarines seem to exercise the same pot-at-sight principles in the Sea of Marmara as German submarines elsewhere? Are the crew of a transport looked on as soldiers, and are all the boats the British are sinking in the Sea of Marmara transports? What about the vessels carrying coal to Constantinople?

Transports and the Army's supply ships—i.e., ships chartered by a Government and in the service of its armed forces—are perfectly legitimate objects of attack. Had the German submarines sunk the transports carrying British troops from England to France, or from Australia and Canada to British ports, or the transports anchored round the Gallipoli Peninsula—like the French *Carthage*—in attendance on the troops, the act would have been perfectly legitimate, and well within what those in command of the ship would have reason to expect and be under

an obligation to guard against. The coal supply of Constantinople comes from the French-owned mines of Zongouldak. These mines have been taken over by the Turkish Government, and are the only source of supply from which fuel is got for lighting Constantinople, for coaling the transports that supply the army in the peninsula, and for working the Krupp munition establishments supplying shell to the front. The coal ships are Government vessels and in exactly the same case as supply ships. The distinction between the coal ship in the Black Sea and the *Lusitania* or any other private trading ship carrying munitions from America to Great Britain is the distinction between a *Government* chartered ship sailing in the service of the Government and a *merchant* ship carrying on its normal and legitimate business. By agreement among civilised Powers, any form of warlike stores coming from a neutral country in either a neutral or non-combatant belligerent ship are contraband liable to seizure; but they do not expose the ship to sinking without notice nor the passengers to the risk of death.

OUR DEBT TO BELGIUM.

Although the phrase "Our Debt to Belgium" is a common one, it is not generally realised that the debt is an instant and pressing one; that, apart from the work that must be done in Belgium after the war, there is a present and pressing need for no less than £500,000 a month to keep Belgians from actual starvation. There are, at the present time, nearly seven million Belgians still in their own country. It is estimated that, with the rapid exhaustion of the meat and vegetable supplies, two and a half millions of these are solely dependent on charity for their daily food, and the remainder are able to pay for the small allowance of bread that they get through the efforts of the neutral commission for relief in Belgium. This neutral commission, a miracle of self-sacrificing and devoted administration, is in sore straits for funds.

In this country a quarter of a million Belgians are being sheltered and given hospitality—but that is not enough. Two and a half millions more of the population of Belgium are in need of bread in their own ruined country, and no victories of the future, no promises of reconstruction after the war, are of use to the people threatened with starvation now. By their vicarious sacrifice the people of Belgium made possible the continuance of our civilisation, saved Paris from German occupation, and, in all probability, saved England from invasion. The support of these people in their dire need is an obligation laid on us; their need cannot be exaggerated; if they are not fed, they die, and since Britain as a nation has gained most by the suffering of Belgium, it is the duty of Britain to see that they are fed. Subscriptions to the National Committee's Fund, of which every penny contributed goes to the Belgians in the form of food, may be sent to Mr. A. Shirley Benn, M.P., at Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

A YEAR OF WAR.

"Land and Water" of August 14th will be a Special Double Number, price one shilling, containing, in addition to all the usual features, a Review of the First Year of the War by Hilaire Belloc and A. H. Pollen. This review will form the best and most complete summary of the first year's war on land and sea that has been published. As an exceptionally large demand for the number is anticipated, orders should be placed at once with newsagents and bookstalls.

THE STORK AND THE EAGLE.

By Desmond MacCarthy.

PEOPLE sometimes ask each other, for the sake of starting talk, who among illustrious dead authors they would like most to have met. These conversational openings are all inept, but, as they go, this is not such a bad one. It is a corridor question, on to which many doors open. Until lately had I been asked who among them I was glad to have escaped meeting, the name of Madame de Stäel would sooner or later have occurred to me, not because I had read and disliked her works, for her books I had always considered "excused," but because the idea of being taken up to that celebrated lady and presented by one's hostess in a few kind words, and then left, must strike terror into anyone who knows he can only show off when there is not the slightest occasion for doing so.

I picture her seated on an ottoman in a turban, dressed in the detestable fashion of the Empire which made women look like milk-cans, and encouraged in them classical attitudes. I imagine her rather over-featured, and in spite of fine, vivacious eyes of an almost formidable plainness. But that is a trifle; she is an epicure in conversation and a tremendous converser herself.

MADAME DE STÄEL'S SALON.

When the Revolution subsided, little islands of the old régime began to emerge again. People not only began going back to the churches, but starting salons again. Madame de Stäel's salon was the most brilliant and influential. Indeed, it was so influential that Napoleon thought it worth while to send her packing out of the country. So here she is on her travels, as fastidious in expression as an eighteenth-century lady, yet most impatient of common sense and moderate feeling; with an eighteenth-century standard of manners, yet with a contempt for every sentiment which is not intimately natural; with a passion for ideas, and yet convinced that it is only "the heart" which counts. She is very conscious of her own celebrity, but she is not happy in the intellectual life. She is always saying things like: "*La gloire elle-même ne saurait être pour une femme qu'un deuil éclatant du bonheur.*" She must have society (she confesses that it is this which puts her at the mercy of life), and yet the only frame of mind which she admires is one which is produced by solitude. Not at all an unamiable character, you see, but still, a lady whom one might well approach with misgivings. Since reading her book about Germany, however, I would risk it. Indeed, I feel inclined to write a sonnet to her beginning

"De Stäel, thou should'st be living at this hour."

By temperament she was a romantic individualist, and, thanks to Napoleon, she came to understand herself so well that she became the first prophet of the romantic movement. Through her detestation of him she discovered what she liked herself. One has only to treat a detested enemy like a finger-post and then walk straight in the opposite direction to come into one's own country. He loathed and despised ideas; ideas were her chief interest. In his eyes men were parts of a great social machine. To her there was nothing so sacred as the individual, and that country seemed to her the most civilised where he was most independent and least compelled to pool his energies and sentiments in the common stock.

IN PRAISE OF GERMANY.

Napoleon promptly suppressed the book, for it was all in praise of Germany, and behind it was a latent criticism of France. It may seem odd that such a book should be gratifying reading at this moment; but it is, and for a simple reason. Her praise of Germany is bestowed on qualities which that country now conspicuously lacks, and this praise was enormously heightened by finding there none of the characteristics which have since made Germany detested and feared. The first thing she has to say about the nation as a whole is that they are a loyal people, who "*ne manquent presque jamais à leur parole et la tromperie leur est étrangère.*" This noble characteristic, she says, must put them at a disadvantage in competition with the Latin races, who are unscrupulously adroit. She remarks upon their lack of national egotism, and fears that since they have no pride of the aggressive kind, they will be again at a disadvantage. She regrets this probable result of this characteristic amiable enough in itself, because they have so much to give to the world at large. They have more independence and originality of mind than any other people.

The French, she says, on the other hand, are strong only "en masse"; their men of genius always start upon the assumption that received opinions are true; their social consciousness is too strong to permit them to be original; they are too drilled. While in Germany the imitative impulse, hardly exists, and the fear of ridicule, which kills enthusiasm, not at all. She attributes this independence of thought to the absence of centralisation, social and political. They are a nation of solitaires, devoted to philosophic speculations, to dreams and to sentiment. In France the public directs the authors, she wrote; the French writer is always conscious of the readers, and wishes to please them rather than himself. But in Germany she found an art and a manner of thinking which delighted her because it was romantic, personal, and independent. The Germany she saw was sentimental, dreamy, loyal, and sincere, a population of gentle philosophers, without patriotism or practicality, and her description of them fixed their type in the minds of foreigners for fifty years. Foreign caricature always lags years and years behind contemporary fact, and one can still see traces of Madame de Stäel's typical German in comic pictures—a mild, vague, heavy man with a long pipe and a pot of beer, his pockets stuffed with books.

The Germans themselves accepted her description of them. "The English rule the sea," wrote Jean Paul Richter, "the French the earth, but the Germans have the empire of the clouds." And when our fathers travelled, it was still this old, naïf, unpractical Germany they still saw everywhere—the quaint, imaginative, ramshackle Germany of which the stork was a more fitting emblem than the eagle. It is curious to read her warning to Napoleonic France; it might be now addressed by some German to Germany herself: "O Frenchmen, if you let calculation decide everything, and reason alone inspires even contempt of danger; if practical intelligence and a calculating impetuosity should yet make you masters of the world, you will only leave behind you the desolation of a sand storm, terrible as the sea, barren as the desert."

MODERN GERMAN CULTURE.

Since the beginning of the war, Nietzsche has frequently been quoted in our books and newspapers. Extracts from his work have been chosen with a view to exciting our abhorrence. His voice is regarded as the very croak of the bird of prey. He, too, has his word on modern German culture, and though no friend of romantic idealistic Germany, this is what he says: "When the Germans began to become interesting to other nations of Europe" (Madame de Stäel's book did more to interest them than any other) "it took place owing to a culture which they now no longer possess, which, in fact, they have shaken off with passionate eagerness, as if it had been a disease; and yet they have known of nothing better to exchange for it than political and national insanity. . . ." It was the dim lustre, the milky-way light which shone round this culture which attracted. Foreigners therefore said to themselves, "That is very, very remote from us; our seeing, hearing, understanding, enjoying, and estimating are all at a loss there: still, it might be stars. Can it be that the Germans have quietly discovered a corner of the heavens and located themselves there? One must endeavour to approach nearer to the Germans?" And they came nearer to the Germans; while a very little later the same Germans began to be anxious to divest themselves of the milky-way lustre; they knew so well they had not been in heaven; but in cloud-land.

Since the war broke out, some writers have sought to show that nothing was more inevitable than that modern Germany should proceed from the Germany which Madame de Stäel described; that the stork should hatch an eagle's egg. M. Leon Daudet has published a pamphlet which he calls "From Kant to Krupp." It is not a particularly able work, and one views with some suspicions a psychological discourse prompted by the stress of the present moment. The argument is briefly this, that German idealism was a boundless extension of the individual "I," a form of egotism which made the whole world centre in the individual, making him think his own experience the only reality. Well, from that definition, if you accept it as a description of German philosophy, the conclusion can be made to follow; only it is not one which those who have not ever metaphysical ability enough to have been even temporarily taken in by idealistic philosophies have any right to hold.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST AFRICA.

By G. Creighton Mandell.

WHAT is the situation in East Africa? How far has the campaign progressed, and have we or the Germans had the better, so far, of the operations? Is the war in that quarter of Africa likely to be brought to a conclusion soon, and is our object the conquest of German territory, or merely the defence of our own possessions? Of what importance would the acquisition of German East Africa be to the British Empire?

These are but a few examples of the many questions I am continually asked, and, in attempting to answer them, I am hampered at the outset by the very general ignorance in England of the nature, resources, climate and geography of British and German East Africa, while the conditions governing everyday life in that most interesting corner of our African possessions are, to the majority, entirely unknown.

To explain fully all these factors, some knowledge of which is necessary in varying degree to a just appreciation of the campaign, would require volumes. Indeed, a sufficient number of interesting books on the diverse aspects of British East Africa have been written already, and to these the reader is referred. Such facts as are indispensable to this short summary will be stated simply when their introduction, to explain certain features of the operations, is inevitable.

NATURE OF THE COUNTRY.

In the first place, it should be remembered that the key to all operations of a defensive character conducted in British territory, and, at the same time, the object of all German offensive movements, is the Uganda Railway, running from Mombasa, the coast port, inland to Nairobi, the capital and military headquarters, and thence to Kioumu, the railhead on the Victoria Nyanza. South of, and roughly parallel to, this line, at a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles, runs the German border. There is thus formed a fairly narrow strip of country, some seven hundred miles in length, of considerable importance from a military standpoint, on the one side of it lying the German border, the British objective, and, on the other, the Uganda Railway, the German objective. In this strip of country, consequently, a large amount of very necessary and very difficult patrol-work has been in progress since the early days of the war, the difficulty of the work varying in accordance with the nature of the country, which can be divided, roughly, into four areas: (a) the tropical coast area, where the cultivated land consists mainly of sisal, rubber, and coconut plantations, and the uncultivated of overgrown, almost impenetrable jungle—this extends from Mombasa to Voi, the latter an important military centre and the junction of a railway of strategic value, which is gradually being constructed across the waterless waste between that point and Taveta, on the German border; (b) the sub-tropical area, extending from Voi to Nairobi, and embracing the great soda-lake and the branch line running out to it from Magadi Junction, a district in which the difficulties encountered by patrols are lack of water and thick patches of thorn-bush, the thorns being of the "fish-hook" variety, tearing through khaki and flesh, and causing abrasions which in that climate quickly form into intolerable "veld-sores"; (c) the highlands, from Nairobi upwards; and (d) the area, again sub-tropical, of the lake shores and Uganda.

WORK OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Such is the strip of country over any part of which, after the outbreak of hostilities, an enemy raid, aimed at the cutting of the Uganda Railway, was momentarily to be expected. Accordingly, the problem of defence arose, and it was found that, quite apart from any idea of initiating an offensive movement, the forces in British East Africa were utterly inadequate to the defence of the country. The only force of trained Europeans in existence was a company of Railway Volunteers, and these men were immediately sent out in small detachments to guard the more important bridges. In addition to this Volunteer company, the only other forces in the Protectorate were a few thousand King's African Rifles, native troops who had never been in action even against other troops of their own calibre, but had been employed merely in quelling disturbances caused by restless border tribes. The number of these troops, moreover, available for immediate use was seriously depleted owing to the fact that a large section of them was engaged, at the time the crisis arose,

in Jubaland, and the Turkhana country, both of which are some hundreds of miles distant from the point at which troops were most urgently needed. In this emergency an appeal was made to the European residents, farmers and settlers of the country, and the response to that appeal constitutes one of the finest episodes in the history of British East Africa, and should earn for the settlers there the respect of all men for all time. From every part of the Protectorate men flocked in to aid in the defence of the land they had made their home. Without a moment's hesitation, men who had put all they possessed into their farms and depended entirely on the yield of the ground for their living left their homesteads and carefully-tended acres, left even their wives without the protection of their presence, to come into Nairobi and sign on. I know of instances where men, as far away as the Uasin Gishu plateau, were on the road some miles away from their farms, when a messenger—a native runner—bearing the proclamation, reached them. Instantly, they turned their mounts towards Eldoret, the nearest township, and thence journeyed, as fast as mule and train could carry them, straight into Nairobi, leaving all behind them, literally, at a moment's notice, laying down the work of years in order to "do their bit" for their country.

Nairobi was soon crowded with these men, among whom was a large contingent of Dutchmen, the whole town aglow with optimism, the world made rosy by the prospect of a "scrap." Picture to yourself an indescribably unkempt town of gawky tin buildings, giving way, here and there, to almost imposing stone edifices. The largest of these, Nairobi House, the only building which boasts a lift, became the Volunteer Headquarters. Large placards were posted up across the windows inviting all able-bodied men to enlist, either in the East African Mounted Rifles, the East Africa Regiment, or Bowker's Horse, a force which later became a unit of the E.A.M.R. All day long men went in and out through the doors, passing in civilians and coming out soldiers, while crowds of natives assembled in the street outside the entrance, and watched the proceedings with consuming interest. Tall, thin-legged Somalis, clad in long, loose *gerbas*, and wearing brilliantly-coloured cloths round their heads, stood in negligent, graceful attitudes, in groups of twos and threes, watching the scene with an air of amused condescension, and exchanging guttural epigrams on the ways of the white man in the intervals of chewing a tooth-stick. Indians, in loose loin-cloths and white puggarees, formed little clusters, and eloquently embroidered the latest bazaar rumours of the war, while Kikuyu natives—relying for covering on a goodly coating of red earth as much as upon a rather threadbare blanket—trudged along stolidly in single file, occasionally emitting uncomfortable ejaculations.

KHAKI-CLAD CHAOS.

In a few days the khaki-clad chaos produced by the influx of the Volunteers was reduced to order. A camp was formed on the racecourse, squadrons came into existence, and troops fell in in a line of which the straightness depended more upon the temperaments of the mules than the desires of the riders. Men who had been captains in the South African War and gained the D.S.O., men who had travelled the world over and become famous as hunters, men who had spent years in the Regular Army willingly fell in side by side with office-workers whose shooting expeditions were confined to occasional Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and laughingly submitted to the training of raw recruits. But with such material training was naturally short, and, before many weeks had passed, East Africa's Volunteers were out in the border country, where the enemy had already made his presence felt by raiding into British territory, burning Masai villages, and driving off their live-stock.

What occurred in Nairobi took place on a smaller scale in Mombasa, where a small but efficient Volunteer corps was formed, as was also the case in some of the Uganda towns, so that, in a remarkably short time, from the hot, unhealthy, tropical coast-belt up to the cooler altitudes of the open, grassy Masai country, away across the wide waters of the Victoria Nyanza, the birth-place of the Nile, through sub-tropical Uganda, past the "Mountains of the Moon," and on towards the Congo, the outposts of the Empire were held by handfuls of erstwhile peaceable white settlers, working in conjunction with the available King's African Rifles, and

their indefatigable officers. How huge and onerous was this task when opposed by an enterprising and unscrupulous enemy may be gauged by a glance at the map: its true nature can only be realised by those who were engaged in its performance. For nearly four months these men fought on under adverse conditions, never recking the extra risks they ran from wild beasts, were they at any time to fall wounded and lie lost in the tall grass or thick patches of bush. And not only did they hold their own, but they were so successful in driving back, and inflicting considerable losses on, superior forces of the enemy, that the majority of the German settlers, who had been forced into the ranks whether they would or no, had little wish to continue the struggle. Indeed, there were cases in which individuals came some distance to surrender, and openly stated that it would only require a little added pressure on our part, and, perhaps, one good fight, before the German authorities would be prepared to discuss terms.

So much for the work of the Volunteers, which must always occupy a prominent place in any review, however slight, of the operations in British East Africa, not only on account of its excellence, not only on account of the magnificent sacrifices it entailed, but because no other troops have ever proved able to accomplish the same work with such marked success. That work did not come to an end with the arrival of the Indian Expeditionary Force: it is still being carried on in the same spirit of determination, but the Volunteers to-day form only a small section of the forces engaged in the subjection of German East Africa, and it is to these other forces and the part they have played in the campaign that we must turn our attention.

The first Indian troops to arrive in the Protectorate were a comparatively small body under Brigadier-General J. M. Stewart, C.B., A.D.C., who was in command of the recent successful expedition against Bukoba, when a strong enemy base on Lake Victoria was captured. These troops were stationed at various points along the line between Mombasa and Nairobi, where General Stewart established his headquarters, and activity in the country for some time after their arrival was directed more to the organising of ordnance and supplies than distinctly against the enemy. The main Indian Expeditionary Force, that is "B" Force, which left Bombay at the same time as "A" Force left for Europe, sailed straight for the coast of German East Africa and attempted to effect a landing at Tanga and capture the railhead there. The failure of this attempt has formed the subject of a short official announcement: no really detailed account of the action has ever been published, and I do not propose to give such an account here nor to discuss the question of why the attack was unsuccessful. The point I wish to make clear here

is that the attack on Tanga was the first move in a definite offensive campaign which was to be carried out by the Indian Expeditionary Force against German East Africa. The failure of the attack on Tanga meant the breakdown, for the time being, of the original scheme and the inauguration of fresh plans, while his victory appears to have encouraged the enemy to fresh efforts and to the maintenance, if necessary, of a long and arduous resistance.

The force which has been transported to East Africa from India consists, mainly, of Imperial Service troops, who are commanded by native officers, with one white Political Officer to each regiment. Added to these are a number of units from the Regular Indian Army, chiefly Punjabis and Gurkhas. The European section of the force is composed of Loyal North Lancashires and Volunteer Corps from Bombay and Calcutta.

After re-embarking at Tanga, the troops were landed at Mombasa. Major-General Wapshare, who was appointed G.O.C., established his headquarters at Nairobi, and dispositions of troops took place in the different areas, which have already been specified, of the long strip of territory lying between the Uganda Railway and the German border. But, although a comparatively large number of troops were thus disposed, the natural advantage of the situation remained with the enemy, who was able profitably to employ tactics which, had we in turn adopted them, would in no way have furthered our ends. The first care of the British, naturally, was to safeguard the Uganda Railway; the second, to develop a definite and successful offensive. The object of the enemy, on the other hand, was merely to cause injury to us; his furthest aim, apparently, being the destruction of some vital point on the Uganda Railway. Accordingly, if ever opportunity offered to effect a quick raid, inflict loss and retire, he was quick to seize it, and some heavy engagements took place in consequence. Some of the severest fighting occurred at Jasin, which is some fifty miles distant from Mombasa, and lies in the heart of a large sisal plantation in German territory, and, therefore, was far better known to them than to us. Our object in occupying the post was to afford protection to the natives inside the British border, but there can be no doubt that to send our troops there at all was a tactical error. This conclusion had been arrived at, in fact, by the G.O.C. and the General Officer responsible for the disposition of the troops in this area, and it had been decided to withdraw the post. Unfortunately, the attack fell before this decision could be carried into effect, and, despite the remarkable gallantry displayed both by Indian and African troops, the position was surrounded and captured.

(To be continued.)

COTTON AND EXPLOSIVES.

By Lord Sydenham.

THE handling of the question of cotton since the outbreak of war might fitly be described as a comedy of errors if the results had not been deeply tragic. From the first, misconceptions, which have needed nearly a year to dispel, prevailed in the counsels of Government, and the Press generally has been slow in grasping the simple facts. When this vital question was first raised, the Government was advised that discarded cotton garments would provide a large supply of this indispensable commodity, and that, failing them, the expert German chemists were well able to turn to account valid substitutes. The latter opinion was endorsed by the Marquis of Crewe in the House of Lords on July 15 in these words: "Knowing what we do of the extraordinary skill and pertinacity of the German chemists, it would, I think, be a bold thing to assume that no substitute, even if less convenient, can be found in many cases." The prevailing misconceptions were heightened by the confusion of two distinct requirements, "high explosives" and "propellants," and when an eminent chemist announced that cotton played no part in the production of the former, and a newspaper headed this announcement as "The Cotton Fraud," the bewilderment of the general public was complete.

As a first step towards what Lord Haldane has called "clear thinking," it is necessary to point out

that "high explosives" and "propellants" serve different purposes; that neither can be substituted for the other; and that their behaviour and mode of employment are diverse. It so happens, however, that gun-cotton was adopted in the early days of high explosives, which possibly contributed to the confusion of ideas. It was used in submarine mines, in torpedoes, and in shells, except shrapnel. "Lyddite," which is picric acid, then came into favour, and now trinitro-toluol, known as T-N-T, which the Germans were quick to utilise and we tardily accepted, is becoming the principal high explosive. Neither of these two products contains cotton, and Professor Reid's statement was perfectly correct. Violence is the main requirement of a high explosive, and this is attained by detonating a substance which otherwise may be comparatively inert and safe in handling. Mines, torpedoes, shells, and now hand-grenades, depend for their effect on this quality. A high explosive in the bore of a gun or rifle would wreck the weapon and might kill the men who used it.

In a propellant, other qualities are needed, of which the most important is uniformity of push without risk of detonation. Gunpowder, after a long unbroken reign, leading to many modifications as the power of ordnance rapidly developed towards the end of last century, at length gave way to compounds

based on nitrocellulose, which are now universal alike for small arms and for guns and howitzers of all classes. But further, the superior molecular complexity of cotton gives it an advantage over all other substances in the production of nitrocellulose. As Sir William Ramsay has pointed out, wood pulp, and even straw, can be used; but the resulting propellant is weaker and less satisfactory in other respects than one made from cotton. It has, therefore, followed that cotton is now a vital need of navies and armies, upon which their armaments depend, and even "the extraordinary skill and pertinacity" of the German chemist cannot change the laws of Nature. He might—and doubtless he could—utilise some other substance; but, assuming that other necessary qualities were maintained, the result must be a weaker propellant. If a weaker propellant is adopted for existing guns and small arms, the range tables must be vitiated and the sights rendered misleading. But all guns and small arms have chambers adjusted to suit the cotton-based propellant, and if larger charges are used to obtain equivalent strength, these chambers would become unsuitable. The difficulty of adapting a propellant made from wood, straw, or other substance to armaments in use in the field would evidently be very great, even if new machinery and new processes could quickly be installed to supply this propellant in vast quantities. What Lord Crewe called a "less convenient" substance might well prove to be prohibitive if suddenly introduced in the throes of a great war. All this will appear to be perfectly simple, and a conference of an hour in August last, bringing together the people who possessed the right kind of knowledge, would have left the facts transparently clear. Most unfortunately we are only now beginning to realise the necessity of using the right men in the right way. The artilleryman might not know the special properties of cotton, but would perfectly understand the difficulty of altering charges. The chemist might not know the construction of guns and rifles, but would at once explain the advantages of propellants based on cotton. The combination of the two experts would have secured the elucidation of the facts.

The more difficult question of the possibility of restricting enemy imports of cotton remains; but, if Government had been led to recognise the vital need of this commodity for the purposes of the war, there can be little doubt that the military situation would be very different to that which confronts us after a year of conflict. The Germans, as an essential part of their long and singularly complete preparations for aggressive war, had accumulated large reserves of cotton; but, at the outset, they did not expect a long campaign, which became plainly inevitable in October. At the same time the need of a far greater provision of artillery munitions than any Power had anticipated was revealed, and the Germans were quicker to realise this need and to develop their production than our authorities. They therefore made great efforts to obtain cotton, and it is certain that very large quantities passed into their hands, while further stores were obtained in Belgium and Northern France. In the old wars, sulphur and saltpetre were commonly treated as contraband. In August last cotton was more important than either; but this had not been realised, and the staple of propellants escaped the list of commodities liable to capture in the abortive Declaration of London. Good precedents to the contrary existed. As Lord Parmoor reminded the House of Lords, cotton was made contraband by the United States in 1861, on the ground that it was practically specifying purchasing power to the Confederacy. The present ground—that cotton is a prime necessity of war—is incontestably stronger, and Mr. Seward took the most sweeping view of the rights of a belligerent to capture all such commodities. The exceptional stringency of the blockade established by the United States in the Civil War, with the added doctrine of continuous voyage—conditions which Great Britain accepted even before the blockade became effective—gave us a strong diplomatic position; but no one who valued the friendship of the

United States would have wished to take a rigid stand on the principles which they adopted when they, too, were fighting for their existence as a great nation. Other measures were open to us, if the supreme importance of cotton had been recognised, and even the purchase of the entire export crop of the Southern States would have paid us a hundredfold. Nothing was done, and the German stores accumulated. When on February 18 the Germans entered on a policy of piracy in its blackest form, reprisals, relatively mild, were instituted under the Order in Council of March 11, which placed such articles as toluol, wool, machine tools, and machines for making munitions of war, together with certain lubricants and large-scale maps, on the list of contraband. Not one of these articles was nearly so important as cotton, and the inconsistency of including wool used as clothing for the soldier and machines for making arms, while excluding the means of making the propellants, without which guns, rifles, and shells are useless, is painfully obvious. Toluol, on the other hand, being a product of coal tar, was not likely to baffle the German chemist.

Under the arrangements of March 11, large quantities of cotton and cotton waste continued to reach Germany through neutral countries; but latterly the general terms of the Order in Council seem to have been more strictly applied, and Lord Emmott stated on July 15 that "supplies going to Germany in the last month or two months" have been "curtailed." Curtailment is a relative term, and we may earnestly hope that, in this case, it implies reduction sufficiently great to count for the purposes of war; but even curtailment appears to have been secured only after ten or eleven months. Meanwhile there are welcome signs that further action may be taken. On July 20 the Prime Minister significantly stated: "I am not myself satisfied with the existing state of affairs. I believe that a great deal of this material, which is a necessary ingredient in the manufacture of some kinds of ammunition [all kinds used in guns and rifles], reaches the enemy which ought not to reach the enemy." A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from the American point of view, pleads strongly for an arrangement with the Southern cotton-growers, which seems eminently practicable. The essence of his proposals is to "combine the declaration of cotton as contraband with a clear and generous scheme of compensation." A shortage of enemy cotton would at any time have stopped the war, and with an expenditure approaching four millions a day for this country and nearly twelve millions for the Alliance, such compensation is surely possible. We desire, above all, to preserve the most friendly relations with the great kindred people with whom we have been at peace for a hundred years; but they must realise perfectly that we and our gallant Allies are fighting for our lives, and they will not forget that, in their supreme crisis, we placed no difficulties in their path, and that the men and women of Lancashire nobly endured privation in order that the Union should be maintained.

We cannot, of course, now know how the cotton reserves of the enemy stand. There are some signs of coming shortage, which may, however, be only indications of the early prevision in which Germany never fails. In June the price of cotton in Bremen was 1.30 marks per pound, and has since risen. An embargo has been placed on rags and cotton waste, while some textile manufactures have been prohibited. The shortage of wool, made contraband on March 11, threw increased demands on cotton in the case of goods made of both materials. Without accurate knowledge of the extent of the cotton reserves in August, or of the large total amounts since imported, it would be unwise to expect any closely approaching effect upon the supply of ammunition. It is, however, certain that if the imports had been stopped or severely curtailed from the beginning the duration of the war would have been sharply limited, and it is not easy to believe that, if the facts as to the relations between cotton and armaments had been appreciated, effective steps would not have been taken in good time.

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SEEN AT THE FRONT.

IV.—SIDELIGHTS ON TOMMY ATKINS.

By An Officer.

THEY were lying side by side in a shell-hole upon a battlefield. We were waiting for a suitable moment to make the next rush. There was lots of noise and a likely prospect of sudden death, but, chancing to be next door, I heard what passed. Private Atkins had found a pistol. Not liking the look of it, he was showing the weapon to his friend. "That's a German, Jock, I reckon, ain't it?" he remarks. "That ain't no perishin' German," replies the friend. "Can't yer see the Birmingham trademark?" Private Atkins has another look, and promptly bets his tobacco-pouch and pipe (new and silver-mounted) that the pistol is a German. "Fat 'ead," rejoins Jock shortly. "Yer don't know the difference between a pistol and a cap-star." He crawls to the edge of the crater and peers over. A shell bursts quite close and the shower of earth and bullets causes him to duck back into the hole. He produces from his pocket the yellow stump of a half-smoked cigarette. Private Atkins throws across a box of matches and the nasty-looking object is solemnly lit. Then the two friends fall to arguing again. Now it is the pistol, now it is Manchester United, and now the why and the wherefore of "this — battle." So it goes on, in the intervals permitted by a tornado of guns, for two immortal hours. God forbid that I should reproduce even a sample of the abuse they hurled at each other, even a title of the names they called each other. Just occasionally they would exchange a cigarette or a piece of chocolate to show there was no ill-feeling. Presently we went on, and I never saw either of them again. Probably they were killed. If so they went to Heaven with blasphemy on their lips, and, no doubt, a great friendliness and affection in their hearts.

Such is the way of Thomas Atkins. Through eleven crowded months of war, out of an ordeal of stress and crisis and peril such as this country has never known, his squat khaki-figure has emerged as the final epitome of all the national effort. In critical times men like to make a hero. No General or Admiral, but Tommy Atkins is their hero to-day. And one comes to know him pretty well, this fellow who wrangles about football and pistols on battlefields, who is always the same, always dependable, always humorous and entertaining, never much better or much worse than his comrade. Not that he lacks individuality. No. At home one inclines to think of him as of a hero—at the front one realises him as an individual. Nor is it altogether the same man. He makes a mistake who thinks that the British soldier is incapable of perception and reflection. There is little imagination, I grant, and it is as well. But the power of assimilating impressions is there all the time—only they are slow to sink in. Moreover, the average man has no capacity for transmitting his notions of things and events—of putting his ideas into words. He may indicate in his own bald, yet forcible, manner what occurred, but he cannot convey his particular point of view towards it. More often he substitutes a ludicrously exaggerated and garbled account of any particular experience. He allows the crude nucleus of his imagination to run riot, and the result is a perfect orgy of bayoneted Germans and superhuman feats in which the *raconteur* plays a leading part. Anyone who has visited hospitals knows what I mean. It is the habit of wounded soldiers—wanting anything better to do—to practise their sense of humour on unsophisticated young ladies and others. For the same reason, one should not stake the fate of a friend or relative upon the word of a private soldier. You will get the worst conceivable version, it is pretty certain.

In which connection I could quote the letter of a young soldier known to me who addressed his mother in these words: "Dear Mother,—I am writing these

few lines though the shells is bursting overhead something terrible, and the row is awful. I have had men killed either side of me. My pal, Jim, got a bullet through the jaw alongside me, and fell back stone-dead. . . . The writer, it so happened, penned his graphic description at least ten miles from the fighting zone and had never been under fire in his life. Yet by one of those strange ironies of fate which nowadays so often turn comedy into tragedy the very first time the poor fellow did come under fire he met his death in precisely the manner he had himself described.

It is through the private soldier's letters home that one comes to know his mind. To the company officer this censoring of letters is at once a penalty and a privilege. There were many kinds of letters. There was a stereotyped way of beginning as there was of ending. "Dear Bella," one would write to a sweetheart; "a few lines hoping this finds you well. Dear Bella, I wish we were back together in the old town again. Dear Bella, it is very cold here. . . . Lots of kisses, dear Bella, from your ever-loving boy, Tom," &c. There is not a wide range of adjective or endearment. The younger soldiers were invariably "in the pink" or "hoping this finds you well as it leaves me." "Tell the boys I was asking for them and remember me to all friends" was another favourite phrase. "Lizzie" and "Bert" always came in somewhere, whilst "Uncle Bob" appears to be related to three-quarters of the British Army. They wrote to their schoolmasters, to their business employers, and often to some mysterious spinster lady who, as the saying is, "corresponded." Then there was the older man, writing to his wife, grave letters full of patience and responsibility, hoping "things were a little easier at home," hoping there was plenty of money and food, exhorting the good woman to bear up and be cheerful for his sake, "tell little Stanley father will soon be home—how is he getting on with his schooling, the little dear?"—"pray God, this terrible war will soon be over and I shall be spared to come back to you again." And through all these letters there runs a touching faith that the end of the war is at the most only a question of two or three months. "And then we shall be all together again at home." In many, too, there occurs again and again an unexpectedly religious vein. I noticed it directly we reached the front. "We are in the Almighty's hands" is a constant phrase, with such interjections as "God willing" or "my faith is in the Lord"—obviously genuine expressions, commonly from young soldiers, but often, too, from hard-bitten old "nuts" of whom such sentiments could scarcely be expected.

Not that Tommy Atkins on active service is by any means a saint. Like the rest of us, he has his faults. At the least and at the best he is a great, honest, simple, and, on the whole, a patient, child. But I will not say that he is absolutely uncomplaining or even uncommonly simple. No; for he is also a bit of a rascal. Age and experience bring a certain craftiness, a certain guile, and your old soldier is master of all the tricks that long campaigning ever taught. It is the same in every trade. This one never spares the raw recruit. He has to learn. Nor, perhaps, does he find that process agreeable. But always—and it is part of his equipment as a fighting man—there comes to the rescue his saving sense of humour. Coarse it is, at times, no doubt, quite abominably licentious and unrestrained—and laughable to a degree—but it carries him through.

Finally, there is that curious sixth sense—neither of appropriateness nor the reverse, but decidedly gay and lovable—which fixes on catch-words, and selects from obscurity such well-known ditties as "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."



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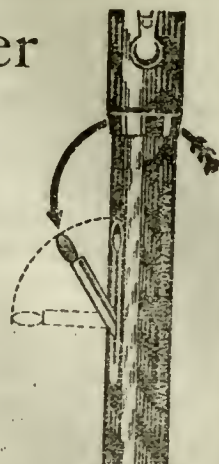
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THE WAR BY LAND.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

IT is clear that the immediate future of the war will now be determined by what has happened upon the Eastern front.

The enemy's success upon that front has closed what may properly be called the third chapter of the great campaign—the enemy offensive in the East—and has opened a fourth, whose nature and issue are as yet unknown to us.

I propose this week first to describe what has happened and is in process of happening upon that front. Next to consider what the effect of this happening may be upon the immediate future of the campaign.

As to the first of these questions, then :

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

Everyone is now familiar with the strategic meaning of the Vistula line. It is only repeating what has been printed a hundred times to say that the Vistula is the most formidable military object in Europe; that no considerable Russian offensive can be conducted to the West of it unless the railway bridges at Warsaw are in Russian hands.

That is what gives Warsaw its unique strategic value. It is not only *a* bridge-head guarding *a* passage over *an* obstacle, it is the *only* (railway) bridge-head for the most formidable obstacle in Europe.*

Now, if we are to credit the elaborate, officially inspired Russian messages of which the Western Press has been full since last Friday, the Russian higher command contemplate the abandonment of this Vistula line, and leaving it to the command of the enemy.

In mere strategies the capture of Warsaw town means nothing whatever. It is but the occupation of so many square miles upon the hither bank of the Central Vistula. But a grip upon the bridges of Warsaw is, from a strategical point of view, exceedingly important, and it has, perhaps, an industrial importance, which I will deal with later.

The decision, if it be adhered to, to abandon the Vistula line, means, then, that the enemy will command to his use an obstacle which he can hold with less troops than he now has on the Polish front, and is thus free to use elsewhere very considerable numbers of men : *supposing he chooses to use it*—supposing, that is, he is content now to halt on that Vistula line—a matter by no means certain yet, as we shall presently see.

Such is the great fundamental point determining the character of all that is happening upon the Eastern front. Let us add, before turning to the effect of this great event, certain considera-

tions upon the nature of the Russian retreat, which is still in progress.

These latter points are three in number :

First, the nature of the retirement which the Russian commanders are in process of achieving. Secondly, the fate of the two fortresses above and below Warsaw—Novo Georgievsk and Ivangorod, which that retirement, if it be persisted in, will leave unsupported, and, thirdly, the perils to which such a retirement may be subject.

First, as to the nature of the retirement : The Russian plan would seem to be a flattening back of the salient which still runs from the neighbourhood of Ossowiecz, covering Warsaw, and thence bending sharply back to the south and east. The cause of this determination is the presumed inability to retain the extreme western parts of the salient, including the bridges of Warsaw.

It will be remembered that there were two quite distinct strategical conceptions on which might be founded the power to retain Warsaw, in spite of the pronounced salient which that retention imposed upon the Russian line and the corresponding waste of men and munitions in the continued maintenance of it.

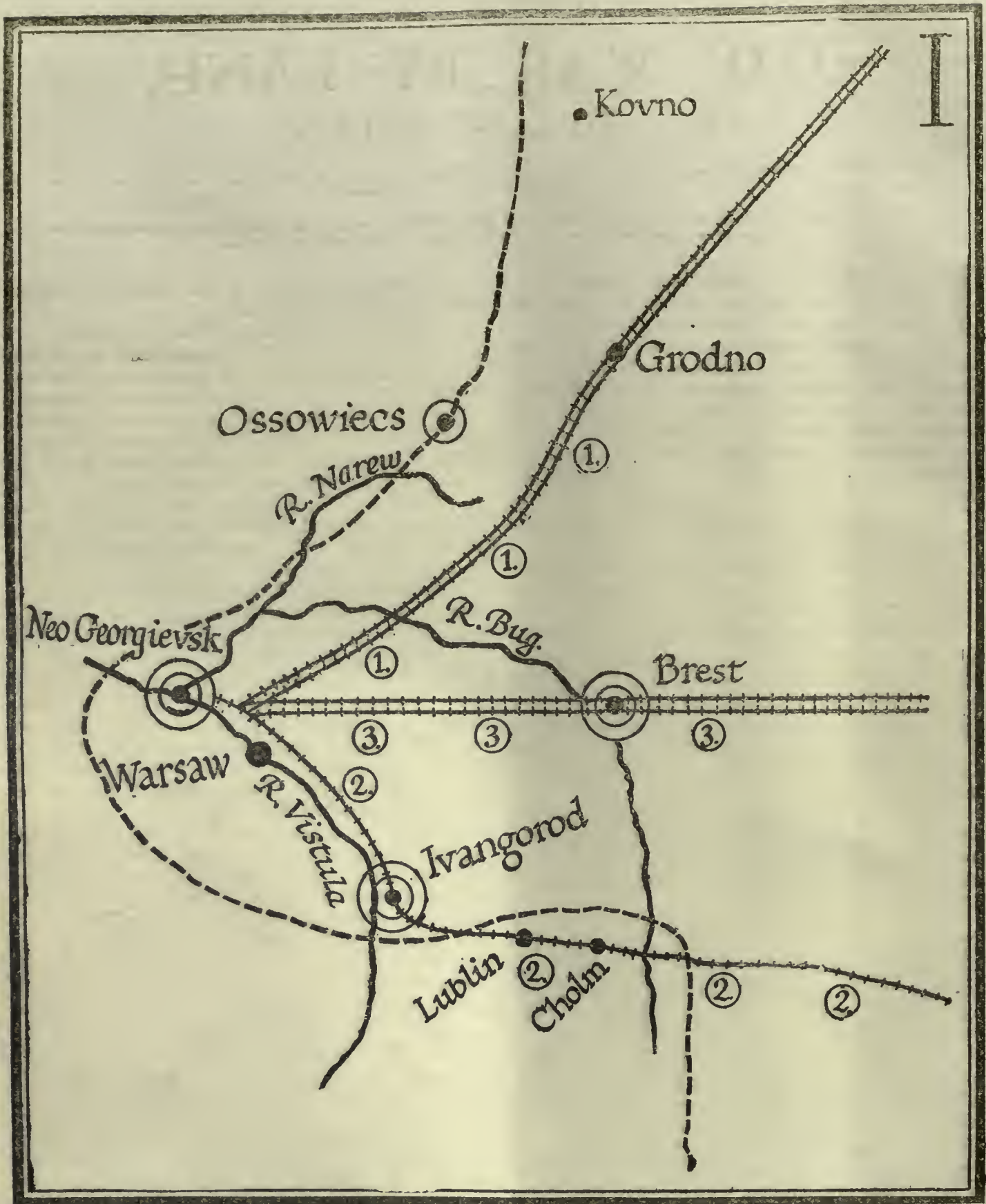
These two conceptions were, first the obvious one of keeping the railway supply leading up to Warsaw intact—particularly the main northern double line to Petrograd (1) (1) (1), and the southern single line (2) (2) (2), through Ivangorod, Lublin, and Cholm. So long as these two avenues of supply were uninterrupted Warsaw could be held. If either of these avenues of supply were in the enemy's hands, the situation of Warsaw would become difficult, so far as its support and munitioning from the rear was concerned. If both were lost, there would remain no more than the central Brest—Moscow line (3) (3) (3), double, it is true, and the extreme Warsaw point would become impossible. This, which may be called "the Radbury theory," is that long insisted on in these columns and admittedly sound.

The other strategical argument for a retention of Warsaw is a second-best and admittedly doubtful. It is that which we discussed last week, the famous "Polish triangle," on which so much military writing and discussion has turned for half a generation—the supposed power of resistance of the whole area bounded by the lines connecting the three fortresses of Brest, Ivangorod, and Novo Georgievsk.

There were those who maintained that even if both railways were lost or threatened, the Russians might fall back upon the supposed power of these three fortresses to keep the area within them intact : an area which might even be regarded as a quadrilateral by the inclusion of Ossowiecz.

As to the first of these theories : It will be

* There is, indeed, one other railway bridge, that of the Ivangorod single line (at the bottom left-hand corner of the square 16 G in the LAND AND WATER Map of the War), but it is wholly insufficient to the supply of a great army.



remembered that the northern railway was protected by the line of the Narew, which runs parallel to it, and had been saved by this protecting screen six months ago. The southern railway was only covered by the Russian trenches running just before it. But the line of the Narew was a full fortnight ago no longer intact. A full fortnight ago the first crossing of the enemy to the further bank of the river had been accomplished; while as to the southern line the enemy had reached at the nearest point to within two miles. It was clear, therefore, that what we may call the railway basis of strategy for the retention of Warsaw was in grave peril.

As to the second basis, that depending upon the three fortresses, it looked for a moment as

though that close and very risky gamble might be attempted.

But it was pointed out, not only in these columns, but by all competent observers of the situation, that thus to depend upon the "Polish triangle" involved two factors which one could with difficulty believe to be present. First, the elaborate construction of outer works of a temporary nature—which, by the way, would involve the presence of a largely reinforced heavy artillery—and, secondly, the accumulation within each fortress of very large bodies of fully-equipped men and immense stores of heavy munitions. Short of these two requirements, the attempt to hold any one of the three fortresses would fail in a few days, while their very retention would be

useless unless they were provided with the very large garrisons mentioned, for only very large forces within the defended rings could menace the flanks of such enormous armies as are those of the enemy's advance.

Now, as the Russians had suffered their great retreat, it was most improbable that they should have retained a sufficient accumulation for the valid and prolonged defence of these great fortified rings. But if it had been ultimately decided to stake everything upon the "Polish triangle," failure would have involved not retirement, but disaster. The triangle (or quadrilateral, if we include Ossowiecz) would have been of the nature of a beleaguered fortress, which, if it fell, involved the fall of the troops contained therein. But these troops were, in this case, no less than all the central masses of the Russian army—more than a million men. The evident peril of the railways, therefore, appears to have been regarded by the Russian higher command as a sufficient reason suggesting the abandonment of Warsaw and its whole salient, and so handing over the line of the Vistula to the Austro-Germans.

Now, if this intention be proceeded with, we come to the second point: What would be the fate of the two great fortresses above and below Warsaw upon the river, Novo Georgievsk and Ivangorod?

The removal of all guns and stores from such thoroughly organised and extensive and long standing works is an immensely laborious and necessarily lengthy task. The stores alone demand ample rolling stock and a continual stream of traffic for their removal, to which must be added the evacuation of the garrison. The guns could hardly be wholly saved. If the Russian command decides on a retirement and succeeds in leaving to the enemy nothing but the geographical space occupied by the two fortresses, losing no guns in the process, it will be the most astonishing achievement in the history of the war. The moving of a single big gun is a vast business when it is a gun of position and designed for fixed emplacement. The removal of hundreds in the face of enemy pressure and while the railways are so occupied with the maintenance of a millioned army as well, would seem impossible. It may be said that our Ally could render the pieces useless by destroying them. Of course they could. But if there is one thing that Russia can ill afford to destroy at this moment it is her heavy artillery. It would seem as though the chief part of the price which must be paid in case of a full retirement would be the considerable loss of material in these two fortresses.

There is indeed another alternative. The investment of either or both may be risked, even though it should be calculated that their resistance cannot be much prolonged. The Russian higher command may judge that the embarrassment caused to the enemy by the holding out of the two strongholds even for a few weeks—with summer drawing to a close and the enemy numbers daily wasting—would be a sufficient equivalent for the loss in men and material that would follow their fall. But it is difficult to see how such a calculation could be sound. In a very few days we shall know what the fate of the fortresses is to be. If the retirement is not proceeded with they stand. If they are abandoned, we shall have the enemy claim to his captures of material and the

Russian tacit admission or contradiction of those claims. If it is determined—in spite of the army falling a hundred miles behind them—to hold them, we shall have news of their investment.

We sum up and say, then, that the anomalous position of the two fortresses is the least satisfactory feature in the retirement at the present moment, or at any rate the one which it is most difficult to fit into the scheme of the Russian retreat.

As to the third point, the perils menacing the proposed or suggested Russian retirement, it is by far the chief subject of discussion at this moment, and it is clear why this should be the case.

The enemy does not merely want the Vistula line. That is an advantage; it is not a decision. But he does want—he imperatively needs—the disarming (the surrounding or dispersion) of a really considerable portion of the Russian armies. *That* would be victory. *That* would be the achievement of his object and the reaching of his goal in that great campaign of Poland upon which he has staked all and which has already cost him so prodigious a price out of his rapidly-failing resources.

Let us examine as best we can the very meagre elements upon which a judgment can be formed. In the Sketch map No. II. there will be seen in its simplest elements in the form of a mere

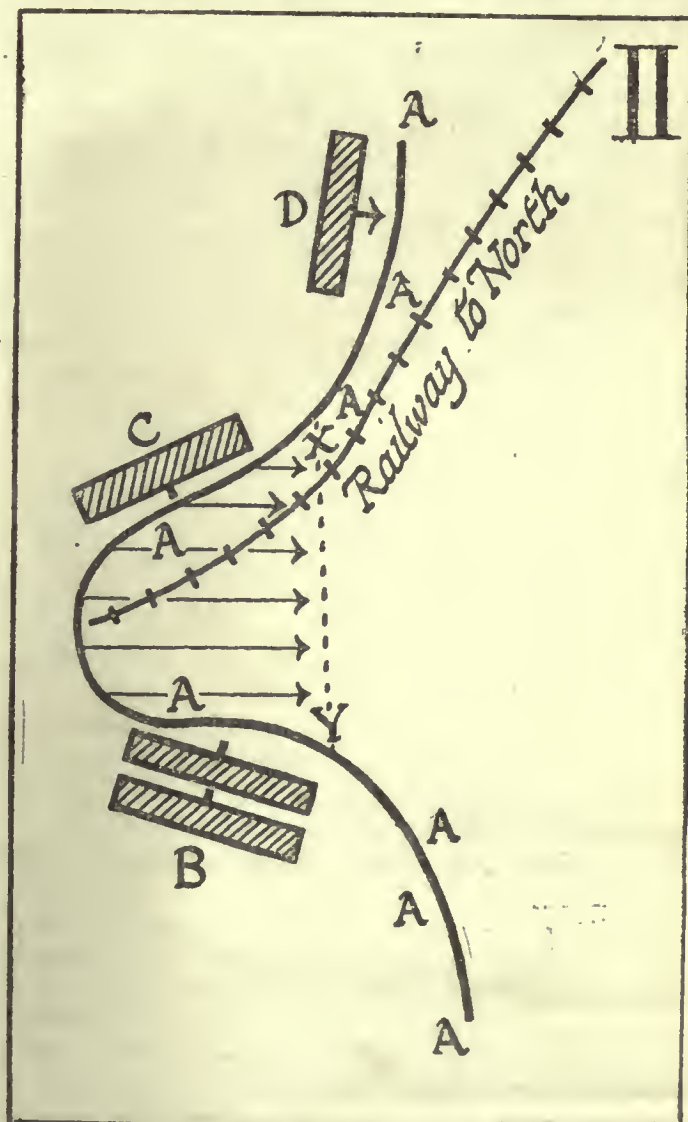


diagram the fortunes of the salient which the Russians may now flatten down to a straight line, and the opportunities the enemy may have of interfering with that movement.

The Russian armies are within a front shaped like the line A A A from the Baltic to the Upper Bug. This line projects in the awkward fashion apparent to the left of X Y. Their retirement,

if they prosecute it, consists in getting all the men along the bulge to the left of X Y back towards X Y along the arrows, but while they are doing this—that is, while the bulk of their troops are on the march—those troops cannot also be fighting. They must be protected by a screen of men who still hold on in the rear of the arrows, and only fall back as the marching columns get further and further away to the right.

Meanwhile, the supply of food, munitions, and all the rest, on which this retiring body within the bulge depends, is coming to it in great part by the northern (Warsaw—Petrograd) railway, which I have marked upon Diagram II. in the conventional fashion as a line crossed by short bars.

Now, to imperil such a retirement along the arrows there are two bodies acting directly, and one indirectly. The first body acting directly is the big army of close on a million to the south, under the Archduke and Von Mackensen, which is pressing in against the bottom of the bulge, and which I have marked on Diagram II. with the letter B. The second body which is trying to act directly and crush in the flanks of the retirement is the body under Von Hindenburg, about half as large as the southern body, marked on the Diagram C. This army is trying to crush in the top of the bulge.

Meanwhile a third army, under Von Bülow, of about the same size, is acting independently up in the north at D, with the possible object (though it is not certain, as will be seen in a moment) of getting at the railway and thus not only embarrassing the retreat, but interfering with the supplies of all the Russian army. Both within the bulge and behind it, there is, of course, a continuous line of German troops opposite the Russian positions everywhere, but these are the three operations upon which we must concentrate our attention.

Having thus expressed the matter in the form of a diagram, it may be well to go into it in a little more detail with a sketch map.

The situation of the Russian front upon Saturday last may be represented by the line of dots upon this Sketch III. At W, is Warsaw, upon the Vistula, which river is touched at a point somewhat below Ivangorod (I), but not crossed, for the enemy who passed the stream some days ago here have been thrown back.

It will be seen that the front now describes a very pronounced salient from the neighbourhood of Ossowiec (O) to the place where the River Bug crosses the southern railway, 2—2—2, at A. The intention of the Russian high command, if this retirement be successfully proceeded with, is to get that salient straightened out. The enemy is already in various places across the Narew, and has upon the front of that river, perhaps, 300,000 men, with presumably, the reserves behind. He is making for, and hopes to reach before the retirement is far accomplished, the northern railway line, 1—1—1, upon which that retirement in part depends. The southern railway line, 2—2—2, is already in the hands of the enemy, the Russians having retired from Lublin (L) and Cholm (Ch), and the Austrian and German cavalry having entered those points at the end of last week.

The other railways within the salient—which are amply sufficient for the retirement—are not shown on Sketch III., but it is clear that the actual cutting of the southern railway and the

approaching menace to the northern one put the extreme western bodies of the troops moving eastward in some, though not yet in grave, peril. The operation which is thought, in certain quarters, more menacing is that of the third body, under the conduct of Von Bülow in Courland.

This German force, very amply provided with cavalry—which is, perhaps, significant of its intentions—is acting between Kovno (K) and the region of Riga, upon a front of about 150 miles. It was long in doubt whether this northern operation had the political and economic object of seizing and occupying Riga, the military object of creating a diversion and drawing north the troops required to protect the Warsaw salient (or a retirement therefrom), or the more important and direct strategic object of striking upon one of the great lines of communication at the moment when that retirement should begin. It is the latter of these three hypotheses which we are now examining.

Upon Saturday last a certain body of the enemy crossed the River Aa in front of Riga, at about the point Z, on Sketch III. This local success would be full of meaning if Riga were the full object, and if the enemy army here operating had a political mission; so would the occupation of Mittau at M, which took place the next day.

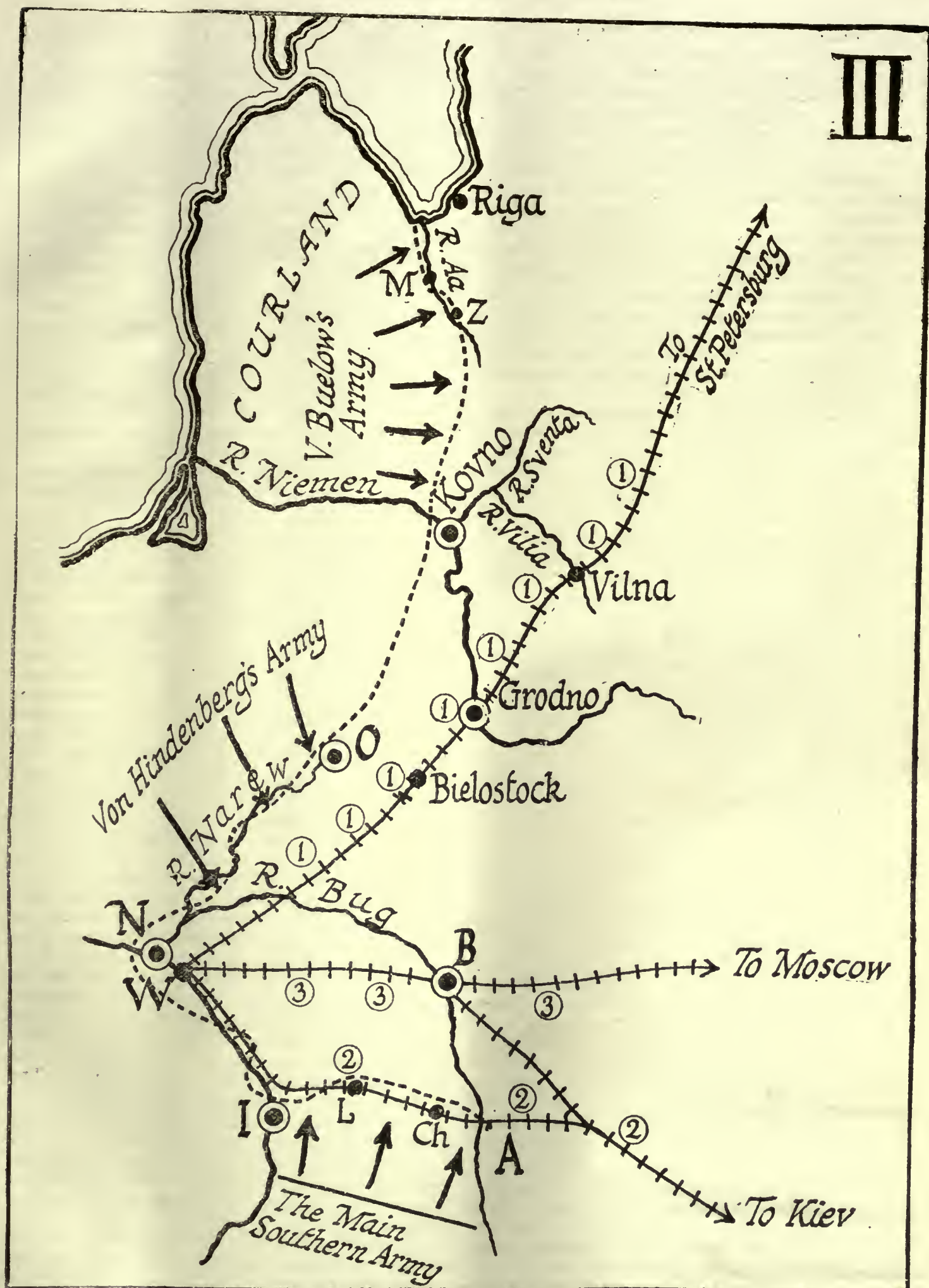
But under the hypothesis that this great force, with its very large proportion of cavalry, is rather intended to get astraddle of the Russian northern communications—that is, the Petrograd railway—while the retirement is in progress, the success on the Aa means nothing, and the real obstacle before Von Bülow is the River Sventa. This stream will be seen upon Sketch III. falling into the Vilia just above Kovno, the fortified point where the Vilia itself falls into the Niemen. It forms, with the lower reaches of the Vilia and with the fortress of Kovno, a screen for the main railway through Vilna, similar to the screen afforded to the railway lower down by Novo Georgievsk (N), the lower reaches of the River Bug, and the line of the River Niemen. But with this difference, that the screen formed by the Sventa to Vilna, Kovno, and the Niemen is further removed from the railway than is the line of the Narew. The belt to be traversed by Von Bülow, should the line of the Sventa be forced by his army, is nearer forty than thirty-five miles on the average, and his main body would not reach Vilna and the railway—even if it could break down all opposition and march directly—in less than three days after passing the river. The cavalry could, of course, operate with far more rapidity, and hamper, though not destroy, this avenue of Russian supply and movement.

The belt to be traversed by Von Hindenburg (who already has bridge-heads across his river—the Narew) is at the narrowest but one day's march.

Now, I suggest that the menace to the Russian armies does not mainly proceed, at present, from the northern army in Courland, but rather from the two armies further down to the north and south of the salient.

If this Courland army be really aiming at the railway, if it be not held up in the process, if it ultimately forces the Sventa, isolates or occupies Kovno, and proceeds towards Vilna, it will indeed render impossible the retirement of the Russians. But the actual process of flattening the salient is not a process so lengthy as to be very seriously,

III



menaced by the slow progress of Von Bülow in the north. That progress, should it continue uninterrupted, would indeed forbid a plain straightening out of the whole series of Russian positions. But that is a very different thing from the cutting off of troops in retreat and the infliction of a decisive disaster upon Russian arms. Such a misfortune would be more likely to come in the exposed central portions of the positions held at this

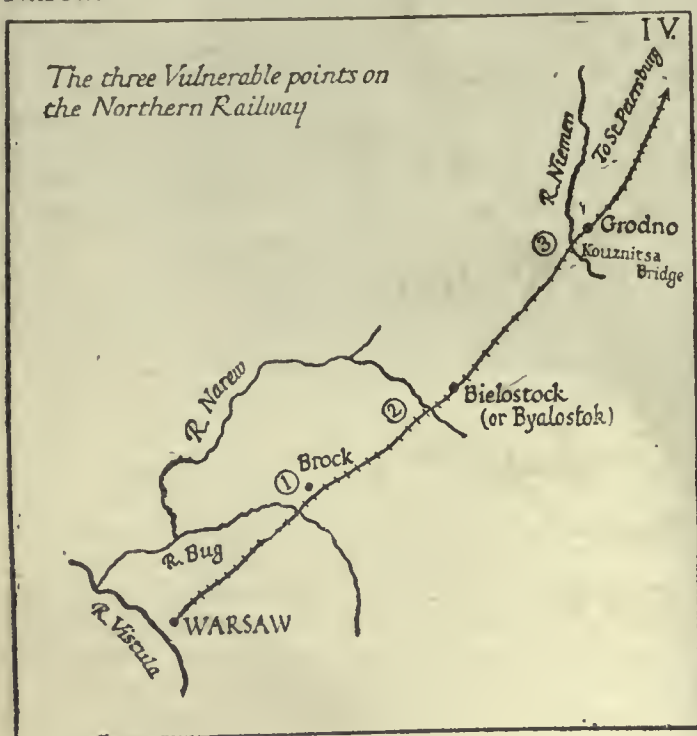
moment by our Ally and to be due to the pressure of Hindenburg or Mackensen, or both.

There is another reason for believing the Narew front in particular to be the most dangerous.

Supposing the northern railway—Warsaw—Petrograd—to be permanently held—that is, supposing the enemy to get right across it and remain across it anywhere—then its use as an

avenue of supply would absolutely fail, and the Russian front would, to that extent, be starved. But it is not, perhaps, appreciated by all critics in this country that, quite apart from a permanent interruption of this sort, the enemy is aiming at certain vulnerable points, a successful attack upon which would destroy the usefulness of the line for some time to come, and *these points are all west and south of Grodno—that is, in front of Von Hindenburg's army, not the northern army in Courland.*

These highly vulnerable points are not numerous because the railway, like nearly all Russian railways, runs for the most part over flat land and has but few junctions or points of complexity. But these vulnerable points are very much worth noting, if we are to understand fully the effort the Germans are making from the Narew.



In the first place there is—(1) on Sketch IV.—the great bridge over the Bug just south of Brock Station. This bridge is the more important because, on the southern side of the river, it and its continuation as a low viaduct span wide marshy fields, the work of repair over which, once the wet season begins, will be formidable. The bridge over the Narew, which is the next point (2), is of less consequence. But the bridge over the Niemen at Kouznitsa (3), just before Grodno—or, rather, the very high viaduct which carries the railway over the broad stream and valley there—is another matter. It is at once vulnerable and almost irreplaceable.

Immediately beyond this viaduct the line reaches and serves Grodno.* Beyond this town of Grodno vulnerable points upon the line are rare and upon the whole insignificant, the first stretch for a long way north of Grodno running through a well-defined, shallow valley about 100 feet in depth, the wall of which is eminently capable of defence. Nothing but a permanent occupation of the line north of Grodno would have any effect upon its value as an avenue of munitions from the factories of the capital to the front.

* The reader who is following these notes upon the map issued by LAND AND WATER some months ago will notice the crossing of the Bug by the railway in the top left-hand corner of square 16 G, and Grodno and the crossing of the Niemen immediately south of it are in the top right-hand corner of square 16 F.

It is apparent, therefore, from this cause, as from the others we have mentioned, that the real danger to this line of communications at least is not from the operations in Courland, but from those further south upon the Narew and upper Niemen front, and it is further apparent that only a comparatively rapid success there could embarrass the Russian forces still within the great salient.

But when we consider the fashion in which the Russian commanders have hitherto carried out their great retreat since the first of May last, and in particular the final phase of this retreat during the last few days, we shall conclude, I think, that the chances of trouble are not so great as certain critics in this country would have us believe.

The German effort upon the Narew, though it has succeeded in crossing that stream at several points, has now been in progress for close on a fortnight, and has not made in that time anywhere six miles of going. In most places it has not advanced at all. Nor has it been able to link up the various forces which have effected a crossing at three or four points.

The enemy in front of Warsaw has failed, in efforts extending over the whole period of three months, to carry the Russian chord of defence across the bend of the Vistula, save for the recent Austrian crossing of the stream just north of Ivangorod. When the Bzura line was abandoned two weeks ago, and the Blonie line taken up in its place, the movement was perfectly deliberate and was not undertaken under the pressure of the forces before it. The southern railway, from Ivangorod through Lublin and Cholm, has been left to the enemy in the same fashion. His cavalry have entered the two evacuated towns, Lublin and Cholm. They are following up a retreat. They are not pursuing a flight. In other words, the retirement, which, if it is intended to complete it in full, will demand a fortnight, has already been in progress for nearly a week without suffering any apparent confusion or feeling the menace of the enemy anywhere upon its avenues of retreat. The successive steps of the operation have been conducted at moments chosen by the Russian higher command, and not imposed by the enemy, precisely as was the case in the evacuation of Przemyśl, and later, in the evacuation of Lemberg, and, indeed, throughout these unfortunate three months, with the exception of the dangerous moments in the first days of May, upon the Dunajec and Biala.

We are justified, then, in concluding with the following summary:

1. The higher command of our Allies decided, now a week ago, it might prove necessary to abandon the salient of which Warsaw, with its bridges, is the most prominent point.

2. This decision, if persisted in, would be equivalent to abandoning the line of the Vistula to the enemy.

3. In the conduct of this operation, which would demand, as a whole, about, or rather less than, a fortnight, the fate of the two Western fortresses of the "triangle," Novo Georgievsk and Ivangorod, remains uncertain. But, if it be decided to abandon them, it is difficult to see how this decision can be carried out without paying a very considerable price in material.

4. This retirement is being conducted in pre-

cisely the same fashion, with the same order and the same free deliberation as has marked the corresponding retirements after each check administered to the enemy during the great retreat. On a larger scale, but upon exactly the same model, the positions round Warsaw (Ossowiec—Novo-Georgievsk—Warsaw—Ivangorod) are being exchanged for positions in the first days of August after a full month's holding up of the enemy, precisely as the Grodek positions in front of Lemberg were evacuated after a fortnight's holding of him, at the end of June; the salient of Przemyśl, after nearly three weeks holding of him upon the San in the last days of May.

5. Such peril as menaces the retirement is chiefly present to the north and to the south of the salient itself by the advance of Mackensen and the Archduke through Lublin and Chólm, and of Hindenburg across the Niemen; but each of these advances is slow, and each has hitherto been held step by step as the Russian retreat required.

6. There is in progress on the extreme north of the line an operation under Von Bülow which may ultimately force back yet further the line to which our Ally proposes to retire, but which would seem to have little opportunity for threatening a retirement in progress within the Warsaw salient. If this northern enemy force has a strategic, rather than a political, object, and is really aiming at turning the Russian Army, its success can hardly now involve—seeing the conditions of time and space—any peril to the great mass of troops falling back from the Warsaw salient. It may even have no more than an economic object; for the possession of Riga, like that of Łódź, Warsaw, Lille, Belgium, is not only of political but of direct military value to the enemy, in so far as it gives him stores of supply and, above all, machinery and plant. For this reason also is he anxious to reach and hold Bielo-stock (or Białystok) with its 65,000 inhabitants and its well developed industries.

With this we may leave the analysis of the main operation and consider what the situation will be and what the enemy's opportunities, when or if, our Ally shall successfully conclude the straightening out of his line.

Considerations of space forbid me to do more than begin this second part of my task. I must leave the most important conclusion—the question of numbers—to the next issue.

ALTERNATIVES BEFORE THE ENEMY.

It is clear that the enemy's success at the conclusion of the three months' campaign upon the Eastern front has restored to him the initiative in the largest sense of that term. That is, the great main lines of the next development are for him to choose, and it is we who are wondering what he will do next, and not he who is wondering what we will do next.

Let us examine the conditions in which he finds himself and the opportunities offered to him. The opportunities are obvious. He may continue his Eastern movement; he may strike south-east against Serbia; he may send troops to the Italian front; or he may come west.

The conditions under which the enemy lies, and which limit to a certain few the opportunities of his next action, are threefold in character

They consist in (1) the length of line upon which he will consent to remain stationary, (2) the character of that line for defence, and (3) the strength which will remain available to him for the prosecution of his mobile attack.

All these three matters are indeterminate—that is, we can arrive at no exact conclusion with regard to them, but only to a rough and doubtful estimate; the first two because his choice is not yet declared, the third and last because the calculation of his numbers (which is by far the most important element in the business) must in this case more than ever be a matter of inference in the absence of admitted official record. Yet some rough estimates we must make if we are to attempt any judgment, however general, upon the future possible activities of our opponents.

As to the first point, then. Wherever he may decide to expend what remains of his military energy (and the choice of front is now in his hands) there will be, in his intention at least a mobile front and there will be a stationary front.

Suppose, for instance, he decides to strike down south-eastward towards Serbia. Then it is clear that he will have to hold all the present Eastern front from Roumania to the Baltic against the gradual, though tardy, equipment and munitioning of his Russian foe.

Or suppose that he decides on continuing his Eastern advance, and particularly a turning of the Russian line by a northern movement along the Baltic coast, it is equally clear that south of some fixed point upon the whole front he will be holding his enemy while the main blows are being delivered in the north. Just as he held the central Polish front while he was delivering his blow in Galicia, so he will, in the nature of things, have to remain more or less stationary along some portion of his Eastern line (or the whole of it) while he concentrates for special action in a special area. If he comes West or South he must equally hold some continued and definite Eastern line.

Had he time upon his side—as we have, and will continue to have if no Press campaign is allowed to shake the alliance, and no professional politician betrays it—the enemy would obviously—unless he thought it worth while to pursue the decision that has escaped him hitherto in Poland—confine himself to the line of the Vistula. It is far the strongest, and requires for its defence a smaller number of men than the immense stretch between Riga and the Dniester Valley.

But we know that, in the first place, he has not time on his side, and, in the second place, that he is depending more and more upon political effect, and trusting more and more to semi-treasonable Press agitation and the secret influence of finance among his opponents. It is, therefore, very possible that he will follow up the Russian retirement to the full, and that he will decide to hold his opponent along the direct north and south line. He is even under a necessity of doing this if he determines to continue his Eastern attack, and to press on northward through the Baltic provinces. He cannot hold the Vistula line without calling back the army in Courland.

With the nature of the Vistula line frequent descriptions in these pages have familiarised my readers.

It may be worth while to say, in parenthesis, that a great deal too much is made of the analogy

of 1812. The Russian retreat in that campaign drew Napoleon's army into half-deserted territory, where the supply of a multitude of men could only be kept up by slow wagons and at an immense expense of labour. The German general who pointed out the other day that when, as in modern times, the troops on the Narew can eat on Sunday bread baked the day before upon the Oder, the analogy of 1812 fails. The one great point in common between a modern Russian campaign and that of one hundred years ago is the illimitable space into which the Russian Army can retire. The argument drawn from the length of communications increasing as the enemy advances has nothing like its old strength, at any rate upon such a scale as we are now considering.

To return, then, to the question of the two lines between which the enemy can elect, we may sum up and say that while the line of the Vistula would be that recommending itself to a prudent strategy with plenty of time before it, it is the more advanced line that will probably attract the

enemy. And we may add that he is almost compelled to this advanced line, because he has definitely committed himself to exercising pressure at least, if not more, with Von Bülow's army in the north. It is obvious that he cannot continue to occupy territory, let alone to advance in Courland and the Baltic Provinces, without committing himself to a line well eastward of the Vistula.

But whatever line the enemy chooses to hold the Russians upon while he concentrates for active movement elsewhere, that active movement will obviously be clearly dependent upon the factor of numbers, and to this perpetual element in our judgment, the dullest and least romantic of all the factors in war, and infinitely most important, I must return.

Lastly, what *numbers* has he now free for his new effort? What has he lost as the price of his success? With what margin can he stake one last throw? It is this chief problem which I propose to examine next week.

H. BELLOC.

THE WAR BY WATER.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

FOR several weeks now there has been a regular succession of reports as to the Russians destroying the sailing boats that are trying to get to Constantinople with coals, and of British submarines attacking the transports trying to get to Gallipoli. Last week the Russians claim to have sunk forty colliers and to have damaged the hauling and loading machinery at the mines as well. This time the story is authentic. But the tales of submarines sinking transports have been coming, week after week, from Athens and similar places. They bear a family resemblance to previous stories. This, of course, would be no ground for complaint if the tales were true. Indeed, the more submarines that can reproduce the doings of *E11* the better. But one rather fears these stories arise because they are wanted and not because they are authentic. On Tuesday morning our doubts were set at rest. The sinking of a transport, the attack on the Constantinople wharves, the bombarding of the military, have all really happened. It is good news indeed.

The Italians have not been long in seizing the destroyer base that I suggested they would take. It is the island of Legosta, which is about as far from Pelagosa as Pelagosa is from Gargano Head. It is on the edge of the Dalmatian Archipelago, and should serve the purpose of making the south-eastern end of the archipelago somewhat less safe for raiders on the Bari section of the eastern railway. The section of this line between Ancona and Rimini has this week been attacked at Senigallia and Pesaro, and these raiders probably came from Pola. The Italians are badly handicapped in having no real naval base in the Adriatic.

"IDLENESS" OF THE GRAND FLEET.

A phrase in my article of a fortnight ago has been made the subject of reproachful criticism—criticism most kind, good-humoured, and indeed flattering, but reproachful all the same. Speaking of the seeming inaction of fleets, which must always follow when one side is overpoweringly stronger than the other, I said that, after Trafalgar, there were ten years without a fleet action, and that history was repeating itself to-day. And I went on: "The Grand Fleet has been, in the fighting sense, idle since the beginning of the war, with the exception of Admiral Beatty's lightning dash to Heligoland and his unsuccessful chase of Admiral Hipper across the Dogger Bank." My critic points out that this can be read to mean (1) that the Grand Fleet is idle, (2) that its only attempt to fight big ships was unsuccessful and (3) that Admiral Beatty was responsible. Could I possibly have meant this? I am asked.

I certainly do not accept this interpretation of my words, and it would not, I think, be difficult to show, both from the context and from what I have previously written on these subjects, that it was quite impossible I should have meant any such thing. But I cannot deny that it is a *possible* meaning, though I can deny that it is mine. And if it were necessary, I should express my denial with some indignation—for little as any of us here know either of the doings of the Grand Fleet or the merits of the Dogger Bank affair, that little is in absolute conflict with the significance put upon my words.

Many years ago there was a skit, I think in

the old *St. James's Gazette*, on the possibilities of the *suggestio falsi* by headlines. A., the owner of a paper, has brought an action against B., who wins; but A. gets level with his enemy in reporting his evidence. B., in cross-examination, has stated that it was his habit to destroy his receipted bills at the end of six years. The headline announced "The Defendant pleads guilty to the destruction of documents." When B. admits that on first acquaintance he had been convinced of A.'s honesty and bona fides, but that A.'s subsequent conduct had led to a change in his opinion, this headline appeared: "Defendant admits previous conviction." When I am told that I belittled the Grand Fleet's activity, and saddled Admiral Beatty with a failure, I seem to myself to be a fellow-sufferer with B.

THE GRAND FLEET'S TASK.

But to clear the matter up, may I expand the sentence I have quoted? Command of the sea, as all the world knows, depends not on the possession of more or less active submarines, but on the possession of what, in its totality, has been proved in battle, or has been recognised by the enemy, to be a superior sea force. And as—notwithstanding all prophecies to the contrary—a fleet of battle-ships is still the greatest embodiment of sea force conceivable, our command of the sea depends entirely upon the Grand Fleet, its Commander-in-Chief, its Admirals, its captains, its officers, and its men. It is not only in itself a supreme force; it is its existence, ever ready and unimpaired, that gives liberty of action to all the lesser squadrons and flotillas to carry out subsidiary operations. It is these, in turn, that put into effect the command that the Battle Fleet has either won or seized, and holds unchallenged. Our cruisers could not otherwise have driven German commerce and German cruisers from the seas, could not now search neutral trading ships, and stop such goods going to German ports as we may resolve to keep away from them. Our destroyers could not patrol, nor our merchantmen carry on their trade, unless the Grand Fleet were maintained, intact, and ready to accept any challenge our enemies can offer. But it cannot fight the air—nor make the enemy come out. From 1803 to 1805 a series of British fleets stood, unengaged, off Brest, Ferrol, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Toulon. Nelson, when Villeneuve, after weary months of waiting, escaped, chased him from one end of the Mediterranean to the other, and then beat across to the West Indies and back again. And he only got his reward in fighting after two years of ceaseless vigilance. And the vigilance, remember, was not of Nelson's alone, but of every ship of the line, and every fleet with which we were blockading the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of the enemy. Just as all these gallant seamen were idle in a fighting sense, just so much, and no more, have the ships of the Grand Fleet been idle in the last twelve months.

And in one very important particular indeed they have been far less idle, for they have had an enemy to pursue them unknown in any past war. They have, with this menace constantly on them, had to maintain themselves in coal and supplies without the benefit of a properly fitted harbour near at hand. And the danger from the

hidden torpedo-firing enemy is infinitely more real than the danger that adverse wind and weather held over sailing ships a century ago. In the ordinary course, it is the rarest thing for any warship to be continuously at sea for more than a fortnight. The strain of being long at sea is far greater than any landsman, who has not habitually been in men-of-war, both in harbour and afloat, can possibly realise. The dangers and discomforts from the sea are, no doubt, less than they were. Steam and the size of the ships have made it impossible for a capital vessel to be beaten down by the waves alone, except in most unusual conditions. But the necessity to proceed always at speed and to navigate at night without lights have added almost as many and as great anxieties as have been removed. If this is true when the difficulties are only those necessarily incidental to the elements in which ships have their being, and the intricacies of modern mechanisms, what are we to say when, to all the difficulties, dangers, and discomforts of the ocean, is added the constant threat of the submarine?

It is in these conditions that the Grand Fleet has maintained itself, in a northern climate, through a winter of exceptionally inclement weather, and through a summer at an altitude where the long continuance of daylight gives hardly a single hour in which a ship is reasonably safe from submarine attack.

We have practically no information as to the movements of the Grand Fleet and very little knowledge of how it passes its days. But officers occasionally come ashore, and those of us who have friends or relatives in the Fleet see letters from the men afloat. After perusing many hundreds of such it is possible to form a view—no doubt very incomplete, but probably, as far as it goes, a very true one—of the state of things in that Fleet now. First, we must realise that they have been through a year of incessant steaming, incessant activity, of incessant vigilance, yet never in the history of navies have so many squadrons of so many ships been brought to and kept in such perfect fighting trim. The labours and anxieties are borne by all with equal cheerfulness, and, what is not a little remarkable, by almost all without there being visible evidence that there is a strain at all. The breakdowns in health have been actually less than in normal times. The theory that no fleet's nerves could endure the continual threat of submarines and mines has been proved to be absolutely false. And this result has not been brought about by evading the difficulties of the situation by flight. It has been brought about by facing the difficulties and surmounting them. There is, of course, not a single man, from Commander-in-Chief downwards, who would not prefer to end the task outright and have a fleet action with all its risks. But there is equally no single man who does not realise that the daily task, which has continued for a year and must continue to the end, is for every minute of the time just as obviously the path of duty as right conduct when the fighting begins.

Those who know the Navy from within (even in the slightest degree) will find nothing surprising in this being the state of things. But they will only *not* be surprised if their knowledge has led them to an appreciation of the astonishing standard of duty and self-sacrifice which the seaman always must maintain. It is one thing for a

man to screw himself up to a high pitch and act the hero for a season. It is a totally different thing to enter upon a calling that means a life of constant self-denial, of constant facing of danger and discomfort, of constant witness to comrades and messmates lost by the ordinary perils of the profession. The spiritual level to which armies are lifted by war is the necessary condition of the life of navies in peace. And if, in the Grand Fleet to-day, daily hardships, toils, and dangers are so cheerfully borne as to seem entirely without effect, it is largely due to the fact that the officers of the Royal Navy have stipulated amongst themselves and created amongst those under them a standard of conduct and of character that makes heroic endurance both natural and easy. So much for the *idleness* of the Grand Fleet!

DOGGER BANK AFFAIR.

Now for the Dogger Bank affair. It is clear from the fragments of Sir David Beatty's dispatches which have been vouchsafed to us that it was his opinion that "through damage to the *Lion's* feed tank by an unfortunate chance shot we were undoubtedly deprived of a greater victory." The "greater victory," of course, was sinking one, two, or three of the enemy's battle-cruisers—in short, chasing Admiral Hipper successfully. The sinking of the *Blücher* was not a great achievement for five battle-cruisers. It is almost the Vice-Admiral's statement, then, that, compared with what might have been done, success was not achieved. But this is not to say the Vice-Admiral failed. Indeed, it is perfectly obvious that, so far as there was a failure, the Vice-Admiral had nothing whatever to do with it. It was about eleven o'clock when the *Lion* was stopped by the accident to her feed tank, just before enemy submarines made their appearance on the starboard bow, and the squadron turned to avoid them, almost simultaneously with the *Lion* being put out of action. The enemy, it is to be remembered, were retreating at about twenty-four knots, and our ships were pursuing at a very considerably higher speed. If the action was to continue, it would have to continue without *Lion's* assistance or the Admiral's continuance in command. It was evidently the Admiral's intention that the action should continue. Some minutes before he had sent a specific order to *Indomitable* to finish off *Blücher*, which by this time was in great difficulties, and as *Lion* turned out of line, he ordered the rest of the squadron to attack the enemy. This was his last action as Commander-in-Chief, before both the enemy and his own ships passed out of sight.

In regard to this action generally, while it is clear that the result did not come up to what the Admiral believed it might have been, we have not sufficient information to enable us to form a clear judgment of our own. If the whole squadron stopped when *Lion* stopped, it is possible that so much time was lost that it was physically impossible to bring the Germans within range again before they reached the shelter of Heligoland. If *Princess Royal*, *Tiger*, and *New Zealand* lost ten minutes by stopping when *Lion* stopped, the Germans would have added 8,000 yards to the range before the pursuit could begin again. These 8,000 yards could not have been got rid of in less than an hour and a half. Supposing the *Lion* to have been injured seventy miles from Heligoland,

the new chase would mean that the British ships would be only thirty miles from Heligoland when they got the enemy at the eleven o'clock range again. It may, therefore, have been physically impossible to resume the action without running into mines, and things may have gone wrong only by the fleet interpreting the stopping of the *Lion* as an order to them to stop also. The Admiral's order to *Tiger*, *New Zealand*, and *Princess Royal* to attack the retreating enemy would thus have been one that could not have been carried out. Be this as it may, I interpret the Admiral's statement that the injury to *Lion* deprived them of a greater victory to mean, not that the *Lion's* guns would have turned the scale, but that the Admiral's being knocked out by the accident explained why the pursuit was unsuccessful.

GERMAN SUBMARINE CLAIMS.

Mr. Balfour has disposed of Count Reventlow very neatly. There is nothing on his main theses left to say. But there is something pathetic in the Count's insistence that the submarine war is having "a growing influence" on our economic conditions. And it is worth noting that it has long been apparent that the Germans would never get within measurable distance of realising their programme. This, it will be remembered, was to make a real blockade out of the submarine campaign. *Every* ship was to be stopped. When it was first announced, I ventured to say no German sailor would vouch for any such thing being possible. There was good British authority for a view that trade was timid, and that a determined onslaught on merchant ships would frighten the rest off the sea. It is a view that experience has fortunately shown to be baseless, and it is not a little creditable to merchant seamen, and, for that matter, to the average civilian passenger, that there is no falling-off in the number of ships putting to sea, no disinclination of non-combatants to travel, no reproach to the skipper if, in suitable circumstances, he elects to ram or run rather than to surrender. The campaign only had its "frightfulness" to rely on. If trade did not stop out of fear, there was no other way.

Count Reventlow's letter follows on some very curious statistics published last week in Berlin for German and neutral consumption. It had recently been said in England that ninety-eight British merchant vessels have been sunk in the course of the blockade, and that ninety-five neutrals—so far as the Government knew—had been destroyed by German warships and mines in the course of the war. The Berlin statement evidently assumes Mr. Macnamara's figures for the neutrals to mean the number of neutrals sunk by submarines in the blockade, and it proceeds to set out the authentic figures. According to this, 229 British vessels have been sunk, 30 Allied, and 33 neutrals. I have been rather puzzled to reconcile the first of these totals with the figures obtainable here. It is easy to double the number of British victims if we include trawlers with the merchant ships. To be accurate, it will make the number of our losses 195 instead of 98. A great many other British ships have been attacked and, indeed, torpedoed, and have afterwards escaped. But they would not bring the figure to 229.

The inclusion of the trawlers is done for obvious reasons. It makes the total very much more impressive. The German Admiralty must have seen from the first month that the campaign was a failure, and has pursued it, not in the hope of bringing about any serious economic condition here, but solely to keep up the spirits of the German civilian population, and possibly to impress neutrals with the theory that Great Britain is steadily weakening. Now that we see why the greater figure is wanted, we are nearer having an explanation why so many trawlers and fishing-smacks have been sunk. Fishing craft, by long prescription, have always been excluded from liability to search, capture, condemnation, and destruction. In no previous war have the Germans had a Navy, so that the rules of sea warfare have been drawn up by civilised peoples. Still, this particular brutality threw so peculiarly odious a stigma on the German Navy that many of us have wondered why it was incurred. For the first six weeks, after all, no trawler was attacked. The thing began in the first days of April and culminated in the first week in June. It is a pretty cheap way of saying that the campaign has been twice as successful as in fact it has been. But even if all the trawlers had been merchantmen, we should still have been a long way off that "growing economic effect" on which the Count pretends so confidently to rely. If British merchant shipping is taken to aggregate about 21,000,000 tons, our losses since February 18 by submarines can barely be more than one and a quarter per cent. of the total. Had it been two and a half, however, it still would not have been formidable. If the attacks have not frightened merchantmen from the sea, nor travellers from venturing on the ocean, still less has it frightened underwriters from insuring owners and merchants from risk. The rates quoted at Lloyd's to-day are certainly not higher—in some particulars they are lower—than they were before the campaign began. Freights, no doubt, have risen greatly; but the rise is not due to the increased cost of insurance. It is due to the fact that war has caused the Admiralty some months ago, as Mr. Churchill explained, to requisition the services of more than one-fifth of our mercantile marine. And for that matter, the demand of the Navy on the resources of our ship-building yards explains the quite unimportant reduction in the amount of merchant shipping now under construction, compared with what it is in normal times. But even at this reduced figure it is considerably more than five times the tonnage of what German submarines have cost us.

So far, then, as the submarine campaign is concerned, we can still see no object in maintaining it, unless it be that the state of public opinion in Germany makes it necessary to keep up the bluff that something very serious is happening to Great Britain.

The German figures are, strange to say, quite accurate in the number of Allied ships sunk. But in saying that only thirty-three neutrals have gone under they are manifestly wrong. It is easy to contradict the statement that ninety-five have been sunk by submarines, but then that statement was never made. The actual figure of neutrals so sunk up to July 25 was apparently forty-nine, and fourteen have been sunk since.

Cannot one assume from this particular form

of mendacity that German opinion requires English losses to be exaggerated and the German callous toll of her non-combatant neighbours' ships to be minimised? Altogether these figures are curiously significant in their exaggeration, their misrepresentation, their under-statement, and their very limited accuracy.

A. H. POLLEN.

A YEAR OF WAR.

THE many readers of LAND AND WATER throughout the past year have established a claim which we have done our best to satisfy. They expect to find in these pages week by week a reasoned and clear analysis of the great operations on land and sea in which the nations of the world are engaged; and they expect to learn the views of recognised experts on all the momentous questions that are directly or indirectly concerned with the War. Our aim has been to avoid controversy and political bias, to present an accurate and intelligent account of the progress of events.

After a Year of War it is natural that our readers should wish to consider the results in retrospect and to obtain an impartial view of the War as a whole. In dealing with a subject of this magnitude it is not possible to confine such an analysis to the ordinary limits of this journal. The next issue of LAND AND WATER (August 14) will therefore be a Special Double Number, containing, in addition to its usual features, a "REVIEW OF THE FIRST YEAR OF WAR," by HILAIRE BELLOC and A. H. POLLEN. It is enough to say that those who know the work of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Pollen will be anxious to see their estimate of the Allies' achievements.

To this number John Buchan contributes an invaluable article on Subsidiary Operations and the Dardanelles; Dr. Dillon writes on The Sphinx in the Balkans—i.e., the Problem of Neutral States; L. March Phillipps explains Germany's Break with the Past; Harold Cox criticises the policy of Ca' Canny; W. L. George depicts a fight between a Zeppelin and an Aeroplane; Desmond MacCarthy and J. D. Symon contribute brilliant essays; and there is a vivid study entitled "Wounded on the Battlefield," by a young Officer who describes his own experience.

Mr. Belloc and Mr. Pollen will analyse the week's operations on land and sea in addition to their special review of the War.

On the whole LAND AND WATER of August 14 should mark an epoch in the literature of the War.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S WAR LECTURES.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc will lecture at the Public Hall, Dorking, at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, August 18; and at the Town Hall, Hove, at 8 o'clock on Monday, August 23.

NOTICE.—The Editor of LAND AND WATER is willing to consider suitable contributions, provided they are typewritten. Prose articles should run to, say, 1,500 words. All MS. must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. Every endeavour will be made to return rejected contributions, but the Editor cannot accept any responsibility.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST AFRICA.

By C. Creighton Mandell.

[In LAND AND WATER of July 31 Mr. Creighton Mandell described the campaign in East Africa up to the re-embarkation after the failure at Tanga. He also described the fall at Jasin, just when it had been decided to withdraw the troops which had been left to defend this outlying post. He now carries on the story to the present.]

SOME two hundred miles from Jasin, higher up the Uganda Railway, in the Voi and Simba districts of British East Africa, the country south of the difficult bushbelt, which has already been mentioned, opens out into undulating grass lands. These grass lands run up towards Mount Kilimanjaro, and are broken here and there by little conical hills, which cluster closer together near the foot of the eastern slopes. Beyond these open plains, occupied in times of peace by the flocks and herds of the pastoral Masai, lies the thickly-populated country of the agricultural Chaga people, whose land is just inside the German border. This country commences on the eastern slopes of Kilimanjaro, just beneath that rocky, isolated crag of Mawenzi, in the deep, scoriated ravines of which irregular silver streaks of snow lie unmelted the whole year through, the tropical sun only affecting them sufficiently to feed the cold, clear streams which rush swiftly down their rocky courses to the warmer lands below. Just outside the cultivated area British patrols scout along watching for movements of the enemy. From some of the higher ridges in the Masai country a splendid view can be obtained across the acres of bananas, dotted here and there with clusters of native huts or the conspicuous, shiny roof of a German house or store, to where, far away to the east, are situated on a high ridge the white stone buildings of Rombo.

A Converted Mission Station.

Rombo was at one time a mission station, but since the war began it has been used as one of the main German military depots, and it is generally occupied by a fairly strong force. It is from here that patrols are sent out by the enemy to keep a watch on our troops, and it is from here, probably, that the expeditions which have been sent out to cut the Uganda Railway have started. With these patrols we have had several engagements, and we have generally succeeded in driving them back. Whenever possible, however, the Germans avoid contact with our men in the open country, and work down to the thicker bush country in the Voi area, where chances of picking off stragglers or sniping a convoy are more frequent. At this kind of work they have been fairly successful, especially when dealing with Indian troops, who are unaccustomed to bush fighting and therefore far more apt to get "rattled" than African troops, such as the K.A.R. or the East African Volunteers, who, as I said above, have carried out work of this character in a manner which has never been equalled by any other troops, and which, owing to their knowledge and understanding of the country, never can be equalled.

On the Victoria Nyanza.

On the Victoria Nyanza and around its shores sporadic fighting has been taking place since the beginning of the war, both before and since the arrival of the Expeditionary Force. At one time the enemy were in possession of an armed tug, which used to hold up any native dhows trading between the East African and Uganda ports and take them into the port of Shirati, especially if carrying a cargo of food-stuffs. By this means he was able to replenish from time to time his steadily decreasing stock of European necessities and in some measure alleviate the strain imposed on his powers of endurance by the blockade of his coast. This source of supply, however, was eventually removed from his grasp by the arming of our lake steamer *Sybil* and the tug *Winifred*, the sinking of the German boat and the bombardment of Shirati, while any fresh efforts in this direction in which he felt inclined to engage must have been checked effectually by the recent capture of the important lake base at Bukoba.

This stoppage of supplies from the lake, combined with the strict blockade of the coast, is also explanatory of the constant attempts made by strong enemy parties during the months of April and May to cut the Uganda Railway and capture a supply train. None of these attempts resulted in any gain to the enemy, and it is unlikely that many more attempts of a like nature will be made, since the heavy rains, which alone made the crossing of the waterless stretch of

country between the border and the railway line feasible for the Germans, are now drawing to an end. While, then, it is not possible to entertain the idea of conquering such a country by reducing the inhabitants to a state of siege, there can be little doubt that the enemy's resistance will be weakened materially by a daily increasing shortage of articles of European consumption, the lack of which is felt far more keenly in the tropics than in more temperate climates. And, in addition to marking the failure of the enemy's attempts to cut the railway, the end of the rainy season in East Africa marks the passing of the last obstacle to the initiation of a strong offensive.

The Coming Offensive.

On what lines the coming offensive against German East Africa will be carried into effect I do not pretend to know. That it will not be long, however, before that movement begins to make itself apparent I am convinced. I regard it as initiated, indeed, by the recent Belgian success on Lake Kivu, where a strong position was taken by surprise, and the later success of our own troops on Lake Victoria. In Nyassaland, the offensive, which was checked by the necessity to restrain the natives who had been incited to rebellion by the Germans, has again been resumed; while the part which Rhodesia will play in this campaign may yet prove of supreme importance. Now that the Union troops have been set free by the surrender of German South-West Africa it is possible that some of those who have volunteered for service in Flanders may be asked to serve against G.E.A., a campaign for which they would be admirably fitted. The Cape-Congo Railway would be available as far as Broken Hill, from which point the transport of troops and supplies to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika should present no insuperable difficulty.

It will be seen, then, that German East Africa is safely hemmed in and that simultaneous attacks may be developed from almost every quarter. That the campaign will be carried to a successful conclusion without considerable difficulty and, perhaps, heavy loss we are forbidden to expect by the nature of the country to be traversed, which will assist the enemy to avoid exposing himself to any decisive blow while placing every conceivable pitfall in the path of an advancing column. A pleasing factor in the situation, however, from this point of view, is the recent strengthening of the European forces in the Protectorate by a body of Rhodesians and a contingent of Legion of Frontiersmen, which includes in its ranks many men with an intimate knowledge of the country; and, in warfare of this character, such knowledge is more valuable than any weapon.

Nothing is certain in war. The Germans in East Africa have a position of immense natural strength to defend, but, if determination and endurance exercise any decisive influence, then the forces in East Africa will prove victorious and the same fate which has overtaken Germany's other colonies will overtake German East Africa.

We regret to record the death, after a brief illness, of Mr. F. T. Swanborough, who for over twenty years had been associated with the Avon India Rubber Company, and was at the time of his death joint managing-director. Mr. Swanborough was buried at Melksham in Wiltshire, where are the Company's Works.

Messrs. Forster, Groom, and Co., of Charing Cross, S.W., are responsible for the publication of "Instruction in the Machine Gun," a very useful manual compiled by an officer of the Hythe School of Musketry, with special reference to the Vickers type of machine gun. From the same firm we have received copies of "Handbook on Battery Drill" and "Artillery Lines of Fire," both written in practical fashion by practical men. Each of these manuals is well worthy of consideration by officers of the new armies, for they supplement the official training manuals and elucidate difficult points in common-sense fashion.

Special interest attaches to "Guns and Projectiles," a half-crown volume which provides information on naval gunnery matters in easily accessible form, from the fact that its author, Lieutenant-Commander R. H. C. Verner, of H.M.S. *Infexible*, was killed in action in the Dardanelles in March last. Published by Messrs. Gieve's, of Portsmouth, the book will be found useful to naval men and extremely interesting by the lay public. "Five Minutes to One Bell," published by the same firm, is a breezy little volume of hints to junior watch-keepers, "with some remarks on the duties of a destroyer lieutenant," and is evidently the work of one who has been through the mill, and has come to believe that "Discipline, and again Discipline" is the life of the Navy. It is dedicated to "those watch-keeping officers to whom may be applied without offence the saying that 'their juniority amounts to a disease,' and who may, therefore, be expected not to be above taking a few hints from a fellow-sufferer of somewhat greater experience." It combines much wisdom with an enjoyable proportion of sailorly wit.

A MODIFIED HOLIDAY.

By J. D. Symon.

THIS year the problem of the holiday takes a new complexion. Hitherto it has always been a matter for heart-searchings, but these were concerned chiefly with choice of retreat by land or water, and with the inevitable question of ways and means. The point of ethics has now entered into the argument. National moralists urge the necessity of saving every penny. We say "Ay, Ay," heartily, and look about for corners to pare yet finer. The holiday presents itself as a most obvious opportunity for economy from the personal point of view. But against this rise several counter-propositions, not to be ignored. What of those who live by the holiday-maker? Is their brief harvest to be taken from them utterly; their cakes and ale to be sacrificed that we may feel virtuous? The point grows extremely fine; in fact, it subdivides itself into innumerable fine points and threatens to become a very hedgehog in our hands. Let us imagine the hedgehog a little further.

Finer still is the point of honour. For those in the field there can be no holiday or thought of holiday until the great task is accomplished. How, then, are those who cannot take the field, much as they would wish to do so, to justify to themselves the usual August relaxation? It seems out of place, a thing that must taste a little bitter in the mouth when one thinks of the fighting man. Here every man must be a law unto himself. If his conscience will not let him take the customary excursion he had better deny himself without further hesitation, for his holiday will not do him any good. But, on the other hand, before he rushes at self-denial, he might do well to ask himself a question or two. He has work to do, very unheroic work, perhaps, on the face of it, but needful to the nation. His holiday has been an investment in the Bank of Life, a means to the fit performance of duty. Will the entire omission of the holiday mean a present glow of self-satisfaction, but an ultimate overdraft on the vital account and a consequent incapacity for the little civilian share of warfare? Dilemma on dilemma!

Question of the Children.

Again, there is the question of the children, now more than ever valuable to the State. But this is the most easily resolved of all. Plainly the children must have their holiday, and it is to them that seaside landladies must look for a little comfort in these dark days. As a rule, your landlady regards the children as a necessary evil, a dire peril to her furniture and crockery and incidentally most trying temporary inmates, for the species is prone to import strange marine monsters and common objects of the seashore into well-ordered (if rather inartistic) rooms. But to-day the child is a cause of thankfulness, for it will be due to him primarily that the bill will come down from the window, in the right Bardellesque manner, and other bills will begin to mount up, not perhaps so high as in former lavish and peaceful years, but still sufficiently high to hold the wolf from the door, and to keep Paterfamilias's auditorial skill from utter rust. Things certainly will not be quite as they were. At the best the holiday must be somewhat shadowed for the grown-ups. We would not have it otherwise.

In every respect, however, there will be a difference. The modified holiday will be the rule alike for those who go and those who stay. But the new order holds its inevitable compensations. That was clear to us in the very first days of the present turmoil. The eve of trouble fell on the Feast of St. Lubbock last year, and next day ready scribes commented on the curious aspect of the crowds. Careless gaiety had given place to restraint. The term Bank Holiday now stood for something new and strange. But the throngs, if they took their pleasure quietly, did not take it altogether sadly, and they did well

not to mope at home, but to seize the strength of open spaces and justifiable recreation to make them better able to endure what was to come. We are not volatile or versatile, but we are an adaptable people. On the succeeding festivals, Paschal and Pentecostal, this was even more apparent. The numerical exodus beyond the London area shrank to the inconsiderable, but the people did not miss their holiday. The parks wore a new and most interesting aspect, and Londoners who had formerly fled incontinent from City and suburb on the Money Changers' Gala-day now found that London itself is the finest of playgrounds. For a complete change you need not go beyond the London borders. Every Saturday afternoon, if you cared, you could visit some district you never saw before and are not likely to see again. And you could keep this up for years.

Explorations by 'Bus.

Here, for the unattached, might be an opportunity for an unusual kind of holiday. It is the easiest in the world, and continually available, as long as motor-buses continue to run from the Centre into the Unknown. Few recreations can compete with this for romance. The joy of exploration, in Columbus's sense, has been closed to a world that has reached by proxy even the North Pole, but this romance of the untried 'bus journey keeps the spirit of adventure alive. By the way, do 'buses still run to the North Pole, or has that pleasant wonder of London routes joined the things that were? Be that as it may, enough romance remains to outlast the span of any holiday, however generous. Seekers after a modified holiday who choose this form will not be disappointed.

There is fresh air in abundance, particularly bracing on the Northern Heights, and during the all too short passage of the bridges you can almost taste the tang of the sea. If the sea it must be, there is still, unless we are misinformed, a chance of a sail to Greenwich, or are these cruises only for the wounded? Supposing no boats are to be chartered, the Docks remain. Who, not having his usual business there, has ever thought a tour of those wonders of the world worth the amusement of his leisure? We die before we know this London of ours. We are content to hear about a thousand marvels we will not go to see. From each of these we would return with a sense of change of recreation equal to that of foreign travel, and with the added piquancy of the knowledge that this unknown country lies close at hand. Much is to be had for the taking, much that we have hitherto neglected. Here, then, is one compensation of the modified holiday.

Pilgrimages on Foot.

Some may choose the public conveyance in its various forms for their exploration of the County of London and its immediate neighbourhood. But others will prefer to make their modified holiday pilgrimage on foot, and to keep the road for a day or two or even a week, instead of returning every evening to their town headquarters. For them, too, there is much in store that will be new, and as they go further afield they will gain in more purely rural experience. The village inn now more than ever in these days repays the observer. A mind sated with the heavenly wisdom of newspapers will turn for refreshment to the earthly comment of Hodge and Giles in their village parliament. Here are things to be heard that also open up a new and unsuspected world. The rustic commentators may not be Solomons; their information may be no information at all, but in that it is not far behind many things that are written, including these presents. In such a pilgrimage there will be at least escape from convention, and if the modified holiday teach us nothing else than that, it will have brought with it a supreme compensation for minor sacrifices.

TALES OF THE UNTAMED.

MARGOT, THE CAPTIVE MAGPIE (concluded.)

Adapted from the French by Douglas Eng ish.

BENEATH the window-sill where Margot perched a rough-hewn block stood square on three supports, and gripped in close-grained wooden jaws the iron tongue of an anvil.

She dropped on this to gain the ground more easily.

The yard was quiet.

She made a minute survey of it, probing each hole she lighted on, turning each suspect stick, each suspect stone. She pried in every corner of the barn, climbed up upon the footboard of the waggon, and there sat contemplative.

It was good vantage-ground from which to gauge the extent and figure of her new domain, the pleasures which she might enjoy, the dangers which she might encounter.

The cock's loud challenge frightened her at first and drove her to the shelter of the wood-pile. But soon, since she was not pursued, she ventured out, and saw the cock himself, and wondered that so small a bird could voice a screech so complex.

She looked at him suspiciously. She called to mind the lurch-bird in the thicket; the stuffed owl in the fir tree.

She minced and flirted round him. But Chanticleer, with chest erect, with flaming wattles swinging as he strode, surveyed her superciliously. She was not of his harem.

She assured herself that he was real, and for some time she feared him. His gait, his bluster puzzled her; she kept clear of his path.

Later, when she had learnt his ways and understood his life, he roused in her the same contempt as others of his kind.

She lived now half indoors, half out. She sauntered as she fancied; watched everything that passed the yard; peered down the alley; grubbed in corners; tilted stones.

The sparrows somehow angered her. Perhaps she envied their free flight, perhaps their hold approach to Man annoyed her by its foolishness. She sometimes swung a beak at them, but never caught one fairly. They quickly learnt that she was not a hen.

She risked no fights with Chanticleer nor with his wives. They were of size to hold their own. Moreover they were prisoners of Man. She had no cause to envy them—as yet. But cause soon came.

The days were quickly lengthening. A warmer sunshine filled the sky; a subtler perfume floated in the air; a livelier verdure garlanded the trees.

It was the pairing-time.

Margot the Spinster lived among the mated—and jealousy consumed her, an overwhelming, torturing jealousy, which envied hens their scratchings in the dung-heap, their sun baths, their exchange of confidence, their every act and gesture.

She spent her rage on Partlet first. Partlet was pampered favourite, the Queen of the Seraglio.

Margot drove at her, beak in rest. She hustled her, she clawed at her, she chased her round and round the yard, and ruffled every feather of her body. But for sheer breathlessness she would have killed her.

And Partlet yielded tamely, ran like a partridge, ducked her head, and cowered beneath the drubbing.

Then, one by one, the hens learnt Margot's strength; the drive behind the vigorous beak; the muscles of her neck and legs.

She added cunning to her enmity, leapt from behind, pecked without sign or warning.

She bullied them, she savaged them, she drove them into corners. And there they cowered and let themselves be pecked, with crumpled plumes, with heads ducked low, with stifled coughs of fear and pain and weakness.

Long slavery had unnerved them—had left them easy prey to foe so instant, so audacious.

All had gone well and lasted long, but for one morning's blunder. The Partlets were all busied at their feed, the broadcast corn, strewn by the Woman's hand; and Margot chose this fatal time to haze them.

Their numbers lent them confidence. They left their food and flung themselves at Margot. They massed in columns, wheeled in lines, and, with necks stretched, attacked her. A pretty tumult this. Margot retreated, but the horde pursued. They drove her headlong by sheer weight

of numbers. They stabbed at her, they mauled her as she ran, they plucked her feathers, scratched her.

The kitchen door stood open, and Margot sought the shelter of the house. The horde came after, cackling, mad with anger. They surged into the kitchen. But for Man's help she had been pecked to pieces.

From that day Margot left the hens alone.

She wandered in and out as the mood took her. On rainy days she livened things indoors, and so proved of some worth. The patrons of the inn would call for her.

All that was thrown to her she pounced upon, ate what she fancied, hid the rest.

There was no stick, no stone about the yard which did not hide a scrap of bread or sugar or potato. And some of them hid halfpennies, surprises which the children learnt to look for. The fowls searched out the food-scrap. Margot was never hungry. She never looked for them again; nor were the coppers bright enough to charm her.

But plated spoons and forks, steel scissors, brooches, trinkets, still gripped her with a curious fascination.

Instinctively she realised that hiding these was criminal. She chose her times and chances, and so by cunning gratified her lust of secret hoarding.

She stole a dozen spoons and forks, and hid them in the barn, deep underground, behind the faggot-pile. Here was a treasure-hole of her own finding, packed end to end.

Her pilfering all but caused a tragedy.

Rain had stopped work betimes that day and filled the inn with loafers. Margot, as usual, hopped about the kitchen, bent on amusement, or, if needs be, mischief. A dozen farm-hands sprawled about the benches, some surly drunk, all quarrelsome. For full five hours they had killed time with beer.

The reckoning came at length.

The drunkest of them pulled a leathern purse out and fumbled at the strings of it.

He sought for his week's wages, a gleaming mint-bright sovereign. He tendered it unsteadily. It slipped between his fingers, chinked on the floor, and rolled away.

He pushed his chair back jerkily; he stooped and brushed his hands across the boards; his fuddled eyes saw nothing.

The others drew their hobnailed boots beneath them, and Margot, picking a clear course, slipped out into the night.

The drunkard started swearing. His comrades stooped and joined him in the search.

Mine hostess and mine host approached, and with keen eyes, the only sober ones, scanned every chink and cranny in the floor. They could see nothing. Matches were struck and candles lit. Still nothing. The drunkard swore the louder, blubbered, blustered. Some dirty tyke had picked it up. He challenged the whole crowd of them. A set of swine, of dirty tykes, who robbed an honest man of his week's money!

The landlord tried to clear the room.

He turned on him at once. Yes, clear the room and sneak his quid. Be damned to him—he'd see him further first. He'd see the whole lot further.

Then came the blow, launched out in space, but landing square on nose opposed to it. The table toppled sideways; glasses and bottles shattered on the floor. The woman seized the lamp in time, and, backing to a corner, held it high—to light a Berserk conflict. Four couples rolled and wrestled on the floor, and clawed and mauled each other.

At length the neighbours parted them.

The landlord had shrewd doubts about the man; suspected that the brawl had been arranged. For weeks there was a feud within the village.

And Margot kept her secret. Her hole now held a very precious treasure.

With shortening evenings, Margot stayed indoors. Her fear of Man had altogether vanished. She boldly forced herself upon his notice.

The loafers made a pet of her—to her undoing. For one of them conceived a plan which took the instant fancy of his mates. Margot was pretty sociable—why not learn Margot to drink beer!

It was no easy task at first. The smell of beer disgusted her, the amber tint was suspect.

But patience joined itself to guile, and, step by step, she was seduced.

Biscuit she loved was steeped in sugared water—to teach her drinking from a glass or tankard. She learnt this lesson quickly. Beer was then slowly added to the syrup, and, as she grew accustomed to the beer, the sugar was withdrawn.

She soon despised her pannikin, and left it with a scum of dust to foul it.

The beer at first enlivened her.

She clacked all day, jumped chair to chair, pecked boldly at Man's hand. She tittuped up and down before the cat. The cat stared superciliously. She tweaked the dog's tail with such viciousness, tweaked it so repeatedly, that even he lost patience and snapped back.

This counter seemed to fluster her.

She straddled with her legs apart, upraised short wings and spoke her mind. A scolding fish-wife, planted arms akimbo, had been soft-voiced beside her. A stream of clucking ribaldry, which spent itself in endless repetitions, poured for three solid minutes from her throat.

Then, as though drunk with her own eloquence, she crept behind the coal-scuttle and slept.

Each day she drank more beer; each day she grew more captious. The dog now growled at her approach; she learnt the feel of swinging boot; of cat's claw sweeping sideways.

Water became distasteful; she pecked the spiteful hand which offered it—or overturned the glass.

She snapped all that was offered her, to eat, or hide.

She snapped the burning end of a cigar.

It frizzled the sharp edges of her beak. The smell of singeing horn rose noisome, pungent. She screamed with pain, and dashed about the room—to whoops of mocking laughter.

Two days she sat with beak agape—and neither ate nor drank.

The pain, the fast restored her natural balance. She sought her pannikin once more.

But soon she lapsed. She craved for beer, and beer was freely offered her. She ceased to play. The poison had laid hold on her.

Crooning one sing-song plaint from morn to eve, like some old beldame, drivelling in her dotage; crammed, morn to eve, with glutting, noisome offal; forgetful of the savage dignity with which at first she had repelled her gaoles; Margot, her every natural impulse curbed and stifled, had ceased to care.

Gone were the leafy corridors of green; gone the slow-billowing sea of forest-verdure; gone the broad-bosomed kindly oaks, on which her youth had wantedon.

The snare, the gun, the birdlime, the decoy—all had been aimed at her in vain; and this—this was the end.

Her plumes were draggled, her eyes closed, her head sunk in her breast.

The lamplight, streaming past her eyes, was mirrored in her brain. She dreamt she was attacked by cats and hens, armed all with white-hot branding-irons. She stirred her feet alternately, she kept her wounded beak tight-closed, and presently heard, in her dream, the syllables of her name.

Margot! Margot!

She opened eyes and closed them for the glare.

Again the call rang in her dream.

Margot! Margot!

She did not budge. The nightmare shaped itself afresh. The cats, the hens pressed round her. Closer they came, and closer still. Her feet were birdlimed to the ground, her wings were nailed. The irons were reaching out to her, were touching her, were branding her.

Margot! Margot!

A pair of hands had flung her on the table, close to the lamp.

Its fierce heat scorched her feathers, its glare confused and blinded her. She swung about and found herself hemmed in by cruel, mocking faces.

"'Ave a drink, Margot!"

The glass was thrust towards her, one of a dozen littering the table.

Margot kept beak and eyes tight-closed.

"She don't like beer—give 'er a drop o' gin!"

"Drink it, yer muckslut, drink it!"

The beak remained tight-closed.

"Bli'me, but you *shall* drink it!"

A pair of hands forced wide her beak, a third hand emptied down her throat three spoonfuls of neat spirit. Margot stood up. Her every feather pointed from her body. She swelled gigantic. Her eyeballs started from her head. Her wings whirled like a drone-fly's.

So she poised, monstrous, menacing.

She stared into the lamp-flame, fixed rigid, bloodshot eyes on it, and, before hand could check her madness, charged it.

Some freak of her disordered brain traced to its glare the torturing fires which burnt into her entrails.

The lamp rolled sideways, crashed upon the floor. A sheet of flame flashed upwards to the roof, and in that flame was Margot.

The oil burnt itself out.

Stretched on the ground lay what had been a bird—a shapeless, blackened, sticky mass, with splintered bones protruding.

A Man's hand picked it up, a Man's tongue voiced his fellows' careless verdict.

"Well, if that weren't a bit of orlright—s'elp me, not 'arf."

PROGRESS AND REACTION.

By L. March Phillipps.

NO word is oftener on the lips of our generation than the word progress. The meaning we attach to it may be indefinite, but, at least, vaguely we imply by it a society not stationary, but moving onward, making its to-day's goal its to-morrow's starting point: in short, growing. Our faith in this process is instinctive. We all more or less, I believe, hold with profound assurance the belief that man is slowly but surely leaving behind him the ages of darkness, ignorance, and superstition, and emerging into higher realms of prosperity, knowledge, and light. So deep does this conviction go into modern life that it is difficult for us to imagine life without it. For us who conceive of national existence as a perpetual climbing upward it would seem that life on the flat, as it were, a life uninspired by any desire to better itself, but moving in a perpetual groove, would scarcely be worth calling life at all. It seems, in short, that this hope, this inspiration, must be natural to man, and must always have affected his thoughts and mental outlook.

But a moment's reflection shows that this is not so. For obviously the belief in change, in progress, never could have arisen out of a stationary order of things. If

we ourselves believe in progress it is because progress, from the Dark Ages to the present, has, in our experience as a nation, actually occurred. The progress is discernible in our history which has passed into our minds. But had it not entered our history it is hard to see how it would have entered our thoughts. There exist on the banks of the Nile, the same to-day as for many a thousand years, pumps driven by oxen, who move in a ring, round and round, treading and retreading the same perpetual circle, while the large wheel revolves and the water gushes into the trough. Since the days of the first Pharaoh, Egyptian life has been like that, has known no more progress than that, has been a constant repetition of a formula, each generation in turn doing, thinking, and believing exactly what a thousand previous generations had done and thought and believed. This is life on the flat. Why should the idea of progress, as proper to man and inherent in his nature, arise out of such a life as this? Obviously it could not; there is nothing for it to arise out of.

And if we were to continue our survey we should find that, among the great empires of the world generally, stagnation had been the rule, progress the exception. There have been more empires on the Egyptian model

than on the British; indeed, it is not until we approach and enter upon the history of the growth of the European nations, as we know them to-day, that this idea of progress, which already seems so essential to life, is clearly discernible at all. This we should discover; but we should discover something else also. Looking for progress and for the circumstances under which it arises we should quickly be aware that it never enters history alone. It comes always accompanied by another presence which like a shadow moves by its side and refuses to be separated from it. It appears that, among the communities in which progress is a law of life, liberty also is a law of life. The two are inseparable.

There have been purely despotic empires in which neither liberty nor progress ever showed their face. There have been oligarchies in which progress has been confined to a governing class, while immobility has settled on the masses from whom liberty was excluded. Again there have been nations, and here we embark on the current of Western civilisation, which have made of liberty a still cherished, though often thwarted, ideal of life; and among these last it is that progress has become indigenous and has made her home, impregnating the consciousness of the community to such an extent that it tends to be accepted as almost the law of life itself.

Progress and Liberty.

This spirit, this inward hope in progress and in liberty, to-day animates the greater part of Europe. Its triumphant revival has been the chief motive in European history during the past century. It has been France's aspiration for a hundred years; it is identical in spirit with the national movement in Italy; it is cherished in the soul of Russia; it has renewed the life of Greece; it sanctifies the martyrdom of Belgium; and it secretly sways those Balkan States whose sufferings from tyranny have been so acute and recent. We ourselves, in virtue of our unique achievement as the creators of a free Empire, are, more than any, the visible embodiment of this European hope.

Against us stand the forces of reaction, Prussia, Austria, Turkey, whose present alliance has been formed by insensible degrees, and slowly cemented by the instinctive opposition of each to the growth of liberty. Prussia, Austria, Turkey, or, in terms of men, Bismarck, Metternich, Abdul Hamid—these have been for many a year marked down as the destined enemy against which the progressive movement would one day have to fight. Slowly during the past half-century, slowly and unconsciously the combatants have been moving to their places in the ranks. Each check or each advantage on either side—the continuous collapse of Turkey, the steady progressive development in the South and East of Europe, the threatened disintegration of Austria-Hungary—has brought the quarrel nearer to a head. Every advance, every expansion of the forces of freedom, has been felt as a threat by Germany and, with the decline of the power of her Allies, has thrown upon her an ever-increasing share in their common endeavour, and the corresponding necessity of an ever-increasing preparation for the inevitable struggle.

We talk of the rivalry of nations, but it was the rivalry of no nation which drove Germany on to arm, and arm, and arm; which made the subject of war an obsession with her, and the goal alike of all her action and all her thought. No, it was her consciousness of a more impalpable danger, a danger which was springing up on all sides, which was impregnating the very air of Europe; it was the profound hostility which existed between her and the arising spirit of liberty which necessitated her warlike preparations. Between that spirit which was spreading and catching throughout Europe, as light flushes the hill-tops, between this and the Prussian spirit of domination and rule by force the quarrel was mortal. The thought of Prussia if it is to prevail must kill European thought; Europe's thought if it is to live must kill Prussia's. I say Prussia's, for this thought itself is Prussia's, not Germany's. No episode in history is more sad and tragic than the

passing of the German spirit under the iron control of Prussia. The reader remembers the story; he remembers how all the German States thrilled in the middle of last century to the idea of a united Germany founded on liberty; how the apparently successful Revolution of 1848 seemed to confirm their hopes; how the forces of reaction set in and the flame of popular enthusiasm died down; and how the Prussian might and the iron will of Bismarck proceeded to yoke the new German Empire to the reactionary principles represented by Prussia.

The Real Motive.

It is against the forces of reaction thus strengthened and solidified that the forces of progress are pitted to-day. The consolidation of those forces has drawn England inevitably into the struggle. To emphasise the fact of our insular position, and to base on that position an insular diplomacy used to be the perhaps not unnatural inclination of some of our politicians. Such a policy might last while the questions at issue on the Continent were superficial. It could no longer justify itself when the question was the existence or non-existence of the principle on which our own Empire was based. Impatient of ideas as we often are in this country, we are apt to ignore the deeper motives of our conduct and substitute for them some practical plea or outward circumstance lying upon the surface. Thus do we allege Germany's breach of faith and violation of Belgium's neutrality. But the real motive lay deeper far. What has been the record of England over Europe during the past century? Have not her sympathies—not her aid necessarily, for to that International impediments might exist—been ever on the side of nations struggling to be free? So that she has come to be thought by such nations as a moral ally and is recognised by persecuted patriots as a refuge and second home. And why so? Because like tends to like. Because in strengthening and upholding the cause of freedom we were strengthening our own cause and our own position. Just in the same way have not the sympathies and influence of Germany and Austria been steadily employed to strengthen and foster every obsolete form of tyranny from which liberty was shaking itself clear? The two orders of ideas have for long been in secret antagonism, and the struggle now raging is but the most overt and tremendous of their acts or thoughts of enmity.

Our Own Ideals.

It is not Belgium, it is not France even that we are fighting for; it is for our own ideal, for that which we as Englishmen stand for in the world. Our whole history, all that we have ever been, our ancient struggles for independence, and all the events of a thousand years which have purified in us the love of liberty, are at stake. If this fight goes against us we might as well never have lived, for in that case nothing we have done will have borne fruit, nor will the idea for which England stands take effect upon the world and live after us. We shall have missed our destiny. The eggs we were given to hatch we shall have addled. In the moment of its dawning triumph our thought of liberty as an Imperial bond will be stamped out of existence. It is because we are fighting to-day for everything of value contained in the word British that our recruits flock in from the whole Empire. One may feel to the utmost with Belgium and France, yet feel, too, that a cause like ours, so solemn, so rooted in history, so almost religious, is associated with thoughts more permanent than any alliances.

The more clearly we grasp the magnitude of the stake the sterner, as it seems to me, and more implacable will our resolution and temper become. We are upholding, let us remember it, that inward animating hope in the destiny of mankind which is based on liberty and results in progress; while opposed to us, united by their common hate and distrust of all we trust in, are banded those dark forces which have withstood the advance of mankind in all ages.

DAWN WIND OF A NEW DAY.

By The Editor.

THE old strong sense seems to have largely evaporated from the Anglo-Saxon word "ordeal." To the majority it means little more than a painful test or experience. That it once signified a judgment to be decreed by Heaven is overlooked. In those former times it was held that a man's courage in confronting pain or facing death was the fruit of honesty of heart and sincerity of soul. The opening Act of Shakespeare's "Richard II." contains the classic description of how men faced death in the ordeal of battle:

As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

So spoke Norfolk. And John of Gaunt's last words to his son, Harry of Hereford, when he was about to enter the lists, must have often found an echo in English hearts during the past twelve months: "Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live." It was through the inspiration that lightens so vividly many of the pages of his book that Mr. F. S. Oliver chose for its title "Ordeal by Battle." Britain is proving her cause at the sword's point "on pain to be found false and recreant." The reader must comprehend all that the title connotes in its original sense in order to do full justice to this volume, which is not only a great book in itself, but is a begetter of books, for it will inspire many pens.

It is not our intention to review Mr. Oliver's latest work: it has already been done cursorily in *Land and Water*. Our present object is to lay hold on certain statements of fact and expressions of faith and to bring them prominently forward, believing, as we do, that they may prove to be corner-stones in the new fabric of government and social order which we are sanguine enough to believe shall yet arise under a fair sky when the carnage is stayed and the dust and smoke of battle have cleared away. "When men are thrown into the crucible of a war such as this the true ore will tend to run together, the dross to cake upon the surface. No matter to what parties they may have originally owed allegiance, the men who are in earnest and who see realities cannot help but come together." The process is already in operation before our eyes, if we have only the eyes to see it. "Will the generation which is fighting this war—such as them as may survive—be content to go back to the old barren wrangle when it is done?" Never. And we hold it to be the duty of us who sit at home to clear the ground against their return; to root up the noxious weeds of party faction and class prejudices, to burn in the fire of scorn worn-out conventions and weak habits of thought and conduct. We must bare the site of the rubble that has accumulated during the easy years of peace, not forgetting that this rubble may conceal noble stone and metal fit for a temple of the living God.

"It would be wise to take to heart the lesson, plainly written across the record of the last nine months, that the present confusion of our political system is responsible as much as anything for the depreciated currency of public character. The need is obvious for a Parliament and a Government chosen by the Empire, responsible to the Empire, and charged with the security of the Empire, and with no other task." The need has been beheld for years by those who have served the Empire beyond the narrow seas, but to speak or to write about it was only to provoke the laughter of fools, the crackling of thorns under a pot. The Party System was vigorous when Macaulay uttered his warning that India would be lost on the floor of the House of Commons. In its decadence we have come near to losing not India only but the whole heritage of Empire on that very spot. "The typical Party leader has been neither a man in the heroic sense nor has he had any belief that could be called firm or clear. For the most

part he has been merely a Whig or Tory tradesman dealing in opportunism." We cannot go back to this condition of affairs. The blood of our loved ones, the blood of our kinsmen, cries aloud against it. They who have not allowed themselves "to be deceived by the make-believe wares of the Party System," and who have kept clear of "that elaborate machinery by means of which the Sovereign People is cajoled into the belief that its Will prevails," have seen all too clearly the approach of the peril, and though they realise in sorrow how needlessly heavy the bloodshed has been, yet are they grateful, for they know to-day by how near a thing the Empire has escaped disruption through being steered by the Party System on to the rocks of dissension in that hour of supreme crisis a year ago. How close it came to the commission of the unpardonable sin we shudder to think. Never, never again must that be possible.

Kipling, in the "History of England" which he compiled with Mr. Fletcher, has a poem called "The Dawn Wind." This natural phenomenon deeply impressed itself on the poet's imagination at the very outset of his career. It is perhaps more familiar to dwellers in tropical lands:

At two o'clock in the morning, if you open your window and listen,
You will hear the feet of the Wind that is going to call the sun.
And the trees in the shadow rustle and the trees in the moonlight glisten.
And though it is deep, dark night, you feel that the night is done.

So when the world is asleep and there seems no hope of her waking
Out of some long, bad dream that makes her mutter and moan,
Suddenly, all men arise to the noise of fetters breaking,
And everyone smiles at his neighbour, and tells him his soul is his own.

Is it the mere delusion of a man who, lying on a fevered bed in the hot darkness of Indian nights, has himself often listened eagerly for the first flutter of the Dawn Wind, that beholds in these sentences of Mr. Oliver the sure sign that a new day is at hand? "The characteristics of the period (immediately preceding the war)," he writes, "may be summed up in one short sentence; the vast majority of the British people were bent and determined—as they had never been bent and determined before—upon leaving their country better than they had found it." And he goes on to speak of the restlessness that has accompanied this resolution, which is just like "the restless Wind fidgeting far down the road." Here we must quit the analogy. The new day will not dawn if we are content to sit still and watch for it. There must be "the noise of fetters breaking," and it is we who must do the breaking.

It has come to be a habit to throw the blame for all the errors of government on the lawyer mind, which has preponderated in the national councils in recent years. Writes Mr. Oliver: "Lawyers see too much of life in one way, too little in another, to make them safe guides in practical matters. Their experience of human affairs is made up of an infinite number of scraps out of other people's lives. They learn and do hardly anything except through intermediaries. . . . The lawyer's errors for the most part are visited on others. His own success or non-success is largely a matter of words and pose." "There is nothing either good or bad, but *talking* makes it so." On this assumption the State has been governed. It is as though we had been treading the deceptive greensward of a swamp and had suddenly broken through and been immersed up to the armpits in the holding mire. But, in criticising the faults of lawyers, let us beware of falling ourselves into the same pit. We cannot state too clearly or explicitly that the people, each and all, with rare exceptions are to blame for what has happened, and that if there is to be a new Reformation it can only be brought about by every person reforming himself or herself and by discharging in a more sincere and livelier manner individual duty to God and neighbour.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A LITERARY REVIEW.

"Roumania and the Great War." By R. W. Seton-Watson, D.Litt. (Constable.) 2s. net.

"What is Roumania doing? Will she join in? Why is she delaying?" These are the questions which are constantly asked about the biggest and strongest of the Balkan States. At first it was assumed that she would come in last autumn. Then it was assumed that she would begin when Italy declared war. But she is still a neutral, and still undecided.

To understand the exact situation the reader cannot do better than study Dr. Seton-Watson's little book. The author is one of the most reliable of our younger historians, who for the last seven or eight years has devoted his time to the first-hand study of the Hungarians, the southern Slavs, and the Roumanians. He knows the people. He is on friendly terms with statesmen of all parties. His books on Hungary and the southern Slavs have established him as a unique authority on these questions.

He gives a lucid sketch of the processes by which modern Roumania, with her seven million Roumanians, disentangled herself from the surrounding Empires and became a prosperous and progressive kingdom. He describes the strong race feeling of the three and a half millions of Roumanians who live in Hungary under the oppressive rule of the Magyars, and the quarter of a million who inhabit the Bukovina; and there are also more than a million and a quarter in Russian Bessarabia.

Against an alliance with the Entente Powers was the fact that Russia, France, and Great Britain had done nothing to win Roumania's friendship. Germany and Austria, on the other hand, had cultivated her, and the late King had actually bound himself to Austria-Hungary by a secret military convention for defensive purposes. Moreover, Roumania was not yet ready. She had no great store of modern explosive ammunition, and could not face with equanimity a long winter war in the mountains. But that was not all.

(1) She feared Bulgaria. And Bulgaria could not make an alliance unless Serbia and Greece were willing to make concessions.

(2) It was supposed, though erroneously, that Great Britain did not favour the absorption by Roumania of her irredenta in Hungary.

(3) She awaits some guarantee that her commerce and warships will have the same rights of egress from the Black Sea as Russia will undoubtedly acquire when Constantinople falls.

Mr. Noel Buxton, one of the first English authorities in Bulgaria, has vehemently urged the importance of an effective diplomacy. By that means alone can the whole Balkans be brought into the Entente Alliance. Dr. Seton-Watson's book points to the same conclusion.

"Russia and the Great War." By Gregor Alexinsky, Ex-Deputy to the Duma. Translated by Bernard Miall. (Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

Gregor Alexinsky, the brilliant Russian, who addresses this book especially to an English audience, is here to be seen torn between two conflicting ideals. He is one of those who have devoted themselves in the past to the vital struggle against Russian autocracy, and knows how deeply his country has been involved in the toils of corrupt officialism. It has been his business in the past to oppose the Russian Government and desire its overthrow. But now, like every other true Russian, he supports its war policy completely. He praises the Government because it did not fail to support Serbia. He denounces those who have urged a withdrawal from the full vigour of war before Germany has been crushed. He combats the propaganda of the "dread of victory" and the "desire for a Russian defeat." He will have nothing to do with those who think that the masses of the Russian people can be benefited by the discomfiture of the Russian generals.

Nevertheless, he does not abate one jot or tittle of his antagonism to the old order, and insists that it is still in the ascendant in the Government and domestic policy of his

country. There are still, he says, "two Russias." "One is the popular Russia, democratic Russia, the Russia of vast, labouring, suffering human masses. The other is the Russia of the 'directing elements,' the nobles and the upper bureaucracy." Neither desired this war, the first because it is by instinct pacific, the second because it was not prepared, and had nothing to gain by war. But he warns Englishmen—and we must take the statement only for what it is worth, remembering how deeply he has had reason to be prejudiced against official Russia—he warns us that the ruling classes of Russia still "contain in their midst many enemies of the French and English democracies and friends of the Prussian reaction."

We must, of course, bear in mind that Alexinsky has been an absentee from his country, and, however closely he may be in touch with his countrymen, he may not be fully aware of the changes that are at work within Russia. But in the interests of the great majority of Russians who are fighting with us and for us we must bear in mind the facts which he adduces: that in spite of the wave of national enthusiasm which swept over the Empire in support of the Government, there was no political amnesty; that the exile Bourtssev, who returned confidently to work for his country, was deported for life to Siberia; and that five deputies of the Duma, charged on the flimsiest grounds, suffered the same fate; and that Jewish refugees from the war-zone are still beyond the pale of the law. "Tsarism," he says, "has not changed during the war, and the attitude of the English democracy ought not to change."

To that, we are inclined to think, the English democracy will reply that Tsarism is at present our ally, and that just as the masses of the Russian people, whose interests we care for, have rallied to the Russian Government, we cannot do less, and we note in the meantime that that Russian Government has abolished the State traffic in drink, has promised autonomy to Poland, and has authorised the Zemstvos, the local self-governing bodies, to organise national work. This is a great step forward. The author is aware of all this. He is divided between conflicting impulses. He observes that the Russian troops are persuaded that this is a "war of liberation." In spite of all his strictures upon the political directors of Russia, he reminds himself, in this profound and informing work, that "the young Russian armies are defending the cause of European democracy and the world's progress." How to reconcile, he asks, "our own misfortune" with the "'lucky chance' so necessary to our Allies"? He finds a good and simple reply in the words of a Russian mother to her son in the fighting-line:

"We shall not live for ever in this world. What is the life of a human being? A drop of water in the life of glorious Russia. We shall not live for ever, but Russia must have a long and prosperous life. I know we shall be forgotten and our happy descendants will not remember those who sleep in the graves of soldiers; but what matter!"

Under the title of "A Sure Income for Life," a little book has just been issued by the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada which deals in a most interesting manner with the many kinds of annuities made practical by the enterprise of this company. There is also a chapter on "Income" Insurance—a plan for leaving a widow a certain income instead of the responsibilities of capital. A copy will be sent post free to anyone who writes for it to the Manager, Sun Life of Canada, 33, Canada House, Norfolk Street.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

AUGUST.

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The Neutral Merchant and the 'Freedom of the Sea.' By Sir FRANCIS PIGOTT (late Chief Justice of Hong Kong).
Criticism and the National Government. By D. C. LATHURRY.
German Missionaries in India. By A. YUSUF ALI.
L'Avonir de la Belgique Latine. By RAYMOND COLLEVE DE WERDT.
On Active Service: Leaves from a Field Note-Book. By Professor J. H. MOROAN (late Home Office Commissioner with the British Expeditionary Force).
'The Cinderella of the Service.' By E. G. FAIRHOLME.
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The Anatomy of Pessimism. By Sir JAMES YOYALL, M.P.
Teutons and the New Testament. By H. B. SIMPSON, C.B.
The Sickbed of Cuchulain (concluded). By the Right Hon. LORD KILLANIN.
Ireland and the War. By the Rev. Canon HANNAY (George A. Birmingham).
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A Russian View of Reprisals. By ALEXANDRE WOLKOFF-MOUBOMTZOFF.
Russia's Strength and her Certainty of Ultimate Victory. By Captain A. C. ALFORD, R.A.
The Sands of Fate—Berlin, July 24 to 31, 1914: a Historical Phantasy. By Sir THOMAS BARCLAY.

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Thinking, however, is a luxury which few of us care to indulge in for long, and amongst the women, whose lives have been touched intimately and closely by this war, retrospection can only be indulged in at a very high price. Neither is it one whit of good preaching the future to those who have lost the main of what the future held. For them it is the present only that counts, and the present only that must be dealt with as best as possible from day to day. For this reason the different war activities that have sprung up are a blessing in disguise to many too numerous to count. Even the most mechanical work occupies the mind to a quite considerable extent. The ideal of good work at present is that it helps not only the person intended to benefit but the person working.

Looking Back

There is laughter—some of which is perfectly justifiable—at the multiplicity of war charities to-day, and the way in which some are so mismanaged as to embrace already covered ground. It is very certain, however, that those who laugh have never felt a gnawing need for some definite occupation, a need which welcomes any work, important, unimportant, interesting, or the reverse. That is a need which does not, mercifully enough, fall to everybody's lot to feel.

There is, therefore, some kind of a plea for every type of war charity, no matter what may be its workings, when its credentials are genuine and good. And since most women this last year have put their hand to the plough in one way or another, there is a great pile of concerted effort to the credit of our race. That much at any rate we have gained. It remains to be seen whether we have gained more. Have we gained courage, endurance, fortitude, sheer simple pluck? Are we stripping life of falsities, are we face to face with the cold, clear truth of things? If we are, to many this year has brought its blessings after all, strange though this seems.

Retrospection, at the moment, is not overprofitable. When the war is finished and done with, and banished to the realm of unutterable horrors, it may be. At present there is no finality by which we can bound it. It will be time to sit down and think the thing over when the thing is done with; at present the process would be crudely and distressingly premature.

All the benefit the backward eye gives us is to enable us to avoid in the future the pitfalls into which we have fallen in the past. That is, those of us who have the courage to admit that in some ways we have blundered in the past, and through this very reason the country is still at war

instead of enjoying a victorious peace. Then the next twelve months due for retrospection may be worth retrospect indeed.

The Year's Work

The deeds of the men of this country and her dependencies speak for themselves. They are magnificent, and command our warmest gratitude and praise. The deeds of the women take of necessity a secondary place, but in their way they are just as fine, just as heroic, by very reason of this lack of sensationalism. Taking them as a whole, Englishwomen have been tried and not been found wanting. They have thrown themselves heart and soul into the fortunes of the country. They have lived through difficult days with inimitable courage, they have played second fiddle in a splendidly modest way. War is a man's game, and women have been the first to recognise it. What they are doing—when they are permitted—is to enable men to win the game. That was really the meaning of the great Women's Procession in London nearly three weeks ago. That is the true meaning of women's rights just now. It has never in all its history had a finer, for it is amongst the sternest menaces ever given to Germany by this country.

It was a wonderful procession, dignified and interesting from every point of view. It was the year's epitome as far as women are concerned. The year has passed; it has found women more convinced than ever that our cause is a just and righteous one, to be fought for with every ounce of energy and drop of blood. The best way, we have decided, is to help the man in blue or khaki by all the means in our power. It is necessary to make the Firing Line our focus point instead of our tranquil England undestroyed and to the casual eye undisturbed by an enemy menace. We have got to use our imagination, we have got to picture what an invasion would mean, what the loss of our cause would mean. We have got to see our Allies' point of view as well as our own. Then if at any time, through any cause, we find our concentration or spirit lacking, we shall be keyed up once again to the vast purpose in view.

Carry On

Now is the time to take a fresh breath, and start with renewed zeal on whatsoever our hands may have found to do. It does not matter what it is, if it is helping even in the minutest degree towards the winning of this war it is its own justification. It is not particularly exciting to fulfil the same tasks day after day. They speedily become monotonous, sometimes even tiresome to perform. All the more credit, therefore, to those who stolidly "carry on."

And, apart from those who are engaged in one definite form of work or another, we must not forget those who, in face of terrible difficulty and anxiety, are carrying out their usual routine of life just the same as ever. There are scores and scores of women to-day who are bravely performing one of the most nerve-racking tasks of all, that of following their usual habits and leading their customary existence when every inclination leans towards breaking down. This is one of the most vital ways of carrying on; it counts just as much towards the ultimate goal. It means self-effacement, bravery, control, all the things which will sum up the total of final victory. It means the true spirit of the best part of England, the part which every man and woman amongst us with a soul to own claim as their right and privilege, and do their little best to cement and intensify.

The County Gentleman
AND
LAND & WATER

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[PUBLISHED AS
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BOOKS OF THE WEEK**A LITERARY REVIEW**

"Belgium's Agony." By Emile Verhaeren. Translation and Introduction by M. T. H. Sadler. (Constable.) 3s. net.

It is a happy thing for Belgium to-day that in her misfortune and her glory she should have one man of letters who pre-eminent in Europe, is at the same time supremely fitted to declare to the world the meaning of the Belgian sacrifice, and to reveal in his own writings the ideal elements of his nation. Such a man is Verhaeren. As a poet he is specially fitted to express the Belgium of to-day because, before these days of trial, he above all men sang of the destinies of his nation; he expressed in adequate verse the melancholy beauty of the relics of her past splendour—the monasticism, the churches, the old towns and villages—he reproduced the atmosphere of her still flourishing farms and pastures; and equally he expressed the energy of the new generation forging ahead in the town, in the factory, in the mine, finding new openings for endeavour in finance, in politics, and especially in art.

In the prose essays of these volumes he speaks with all the authority of one who is thus pre-eminently Belgian. His indignation against Germany is no ordinary indignation. He recalls the past of the people, celebrated in his poems, "hard-working, tenacious, and modest," and repeats in glowing language the story of outrage—the treachery of the attacks, the houses burned, the citizens murdered, the women and children violated, the land desolated by a people seized with a kind of "horrible lyricism." He sees on the one hand his own nation possessed of "a more complete armoury of weapons, national, intellectual and moral, than any other nation of her size," a nation which had "won the respect and admiration of the great sovereign nations of the world." And on the other hand he sees the consequences of ruin. Germany by this deed "has created against herself in the hearts of Belgians a hatred so passionate and so universal that it will go down from generation to generation to a depth that no man can foretell."

No more terrible indictment against Germany has yet been made. It is an appeal direct from the emotions, from the passion, from the understanding of one who knows what beauty has been destroyed, what energy has been checked, where brutality has intervened. He knows exactly what all this wreckage means. The cottages scattered about the country "are to me like little islands of starvation and distress, looming faintly through the mist." In this volume we are impressed by the wisdom of a student, the eagerness of a patriot, and the eloquence of a poet.

"The Works of Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio." Novels. 5 vols. (Heinemann.) 3s. 6d. net. each.

Just as the thoughts of so many readers have turned to the great Russian writers whom the publishers have made accessible to Englishmen, so it is natural that they should turn also to D'Annunzio, the greatest of contemporary Italian novelists. D'Annunzio has been strangely prominent in Italy amid the wave of patriotism which has swept over the country. No English man of letters has recently held the attention of his countrymen as this singular wizard in words has moved the Italians. We may take it as an indication of the difference between the Italians and the English that even in time of war this man, who has shed lustre on his country only through the beauty of words and images and perceptions, should be held honourable. In his characteristic writings there has been no trace of the democrat. "The masses always remain slaves," he once wrote; "they have a natural impulse to stretch out their wrists to the fetters."

And yet he is essentially Italian, and only able to be appreciated by us in proportion as the old Renaissance influences linger or have been revived in recent years. Such an atmosphere as his, Latin and foreign to us, was utterly unknown in English literature until Walter Pater and his imitators endeavoured in vain to acclimatise it here. And even so it is different, for through all the sensuous Epicurean philosophy of Pater we feel the strong moral undercurrent which is opposed to the all-accepting impressionism of D'Annunzio, the keen desire to be intoxicated with the exquisite delights of beauty from whatever sensuous object they are derived. D'Annunzio is pagan by temperament as well as by intellect. He is what he is, not merely because he is trained, but because he is Italian.

And very different, therefore, from the pagans of antiquity. He is a rhapsodist. He is a devotee of the art and the passion

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

(Continued from page 335.)

of love. Behind him lie the centuries of Italian art, and with this fulness of knowledge goes much weariness, the sadness of exhausted sensibility. He becomes a symbolist, a mystic of the world of sense, a man of pleasure who weaves pleasure into a beautiful pattern of delicate emotions. The only supreme passion for him is the passion for beauty, for art. The Platonic Socrates, he says in "The Virgins of the Rocks," "taught me to seek and discover in my own nature genuine virtues and genuine defects, that I might arrange both in accordance with a premeditated design, striving with patient care to give a seemly appearance to the latter, and to raise the former upwards towards the supreme perfection. . . . At last he communicated to me also his faith in the *dæmon*, which was none other than the mysteriously significant power of Style."

He devoted himself first to poetry, and, as has been often observed, he is a poet by instinct. The poet, confronted by life, and induced by the intellectual trend of his time to accept the physical interpretation of life, became Epicurean in his art and superficially cynical in his philosophy, but not fundamentally cynical.

In "The Child of Pleasure" and "The Victim," the passion of love may seem trivial, the incidents slight, but it is his business to invest the least triviality which he treats with his own intensive interest. It is by his genius for style that he does the trick, that the trivial becomes important. But style is not verbiage. If the trivial becomes important, that is because he has *seen* it in his own way; it has acquired a tone, a flavour, a quality; it has become worth while; it has been related to the whole of life. One may say that it is by style alone that the three melancholy and lovely maidens in "The Virgins of the Rocks" become so mysteriously interesting, that their home, under the spell of some strange madness, haunted by this thwarted passion and loveliness, becomes dreamlike and balefully enchanting; but this is only to say that thus he has imagined and seen the "Virgins of the Rocks," and that by language he has communicated his vision.

The novels published in this series are "The Child of Pleasure," "The Victim," "The Triumph of Death," "The Virgins of the Rocks," and "The Flame of Life." The translations for the most part have been well done. The volumes are pleasant to look at and to handle.

"Men, Women, and War." By Will Irwin.
(Constable.) 3s. 6d. net.

To read Mr. Will Irwin's book is to make us feel enthusiastic about ourselves. He is an American, and he observes us, inquires about us, as once we used to inquire about other nations, without reflecting that our nation, too, was not without its interest. For the first time for many generations we English, or British, are beginning to be interested in our own national qualities; we no longer take ourselves for granted; we are concerned that the Americans, for example, should think well of us. Mr. Irwin finds fault with us, but he explains away all our faults with an amazing generosity, and concentrates on his task of asserting the fitness of our men for battle, the splendour of their achievements at Mons and Ypres. At the latter place he maintains that the British "won the climacteric action in that long battle which must determine the future course of this war." Putting aside the bias which naturally inclines us in Mr. Irwin's favour, we may still say that this is one of the most vigorous impressionistic accounts of civilians and combatants in the western area, that any neutral has yet given us.

"Rank and Riches." By Archibald Marshall.
(Stanley Paul.) 6s.

The selling of a great house and estate by a Marquis who had dissipated a fortune; the arrival of a parvenu millionaire and his family, and their reception by the county; the affairs of this county as they appear to the millionaire, the millionaire's son, the estate agent, the Squire, the Marquis, and all their womenfolk—such are the main subjects in Mr. Marshall's novel. Mr. Marshall has a definite method which he has employed in all his books since "Exton Manor." He describes a house, and tells you all that it is possible to tell about a house. He then describes a public auction at this house, and gives you all that it is possible to tell about an auction. He introduces a Squire, and the Squire is minutely described, and so on. Then follow conversations, long conversations about trivial matters, and everyone speaks according to his or her character. At length, after a vast accumulation

(Continued on page 337.)



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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

(Concluded from page 356.)

of minutiae, the author completes the first half of his book. It should then be finished. But it is not. The process continues for another 200 odd closely packed pages.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Marshall's book is merely tedious. His method is tedious. His shining talent is undiscoverable. But he has the virtue of taking people who are absolutely real, and of reporting them correctly. And in this case he has done what he has not always done, he has chosen an interesting allocation of persons. This vulgar financial potentate, with his vulgar wife and his discerning son, people belonging properly to London suburbs, described accurately and as they really are, are set down among county gentlemen of the old landowning class, also described to the life—this modern association of "rank and riches" presents a real situation, has a real interest. Much of the book has the effect of agreeable satire.

"Hyssop: A Novel." By M. T. H. Sadler.
(Constable.) 6s.

The novel of undergraduate life has moved far from the classical example of "Verdant Green." In the hands of young writers like Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. John Palmer, and Mr. Michael Sadler it has become more realistic and more psychological; it treats the first phase of the problem of the modern man in modern society. In Mr. Sadler's novel of Oxford we must not look for accounts of bump-suppers, "brekker" parties, lively escapades, etc., as of things interesting in themselves; if these things occur we shall understand that they are recorded as symptoms, indicating various stages in a young man's development. The author has written this novel to illustrate a view of the "sex problem"; and he has put the scene in Oxford partly because he knows Oxford better than most other centres of life, partly because the undergraduate is at a time of life when the sex problem becomes exceedingly urgent.

It is a book of quite unusual promise. There is the stir of a crowd of young men moving in and out of College rooms, young men each neatly described in a paragraph of clever characterisation. There are conversations and conversations—the tea-time flippancies, the midnight tearing to pieces of eternal inchoate ideas. Here are all the fashions and fads of Oxford, infinitely various and ever the same; the levity and the earnestness; the sentimentalism, though not quite enough of the reserve, of young (English) men. Through all this runs the undercurrent of the sex question, the chief exponent of which is a youth called Laddie. Laddie maintains—and the author endeavours to prove his point—that the real hypocrites of to-day are not the old-fashioned Puritans, but the "men of the world," the "good fellows" or "dogs" who impose the lightest of codes on men and an adamant oode on "nice women."

Mr. Sadler's faults are those of inexperience and technique. He has introduced such a crowd of persons that we do not get to know any of them, with the possible exception of Laddie and a very cleverly drawn parson, his father. The drift of the plot is so vague that there is not a sufficient demand on the attention. The catastrophe of the flower-girl is melodramatic and unreal. But these are very largely faults of inexperience. Very young men, as a sage of antiquity has told us, are apt to be carried away by abstractions. Mr. Sadler's book is vivacious and full of ideas.

"The Great Unrest." By F. E. Mills Young.
(Lane.) 6s.

"The struggle was the outcome of the unrest of the age: he recognised that . . . the great unrest in the blood. He felt it stirring in his own—the love of violence, of violent emotions—a sort of instinctive revolt against the established order of things." Thus writes Miss Mills Young of her hero and of the last years before the War. She has chosen for her hero a young man of restless and impressionable temperament. She tells the story of his life during his early adolescence in England. She takes him out to South Africa, to Johannesburg, where he writes for a Socialist paper, and goes through the exciting incidents of the great strike of 1914. But the author is more concerned to show his feverish development on the personal and more intimate side. He has unsatisfactory love affairs, and is involved in a quarrel with an infuriated husband. Finally he returns to England, marries the desirable lady, and enlists in Kitchener's Army.

Miss Young has considerable skill in telling a story in a simple and straightforward style. The character of the hero is portrayed with energy and imagination, and there is no little subtlety in the rendering of two at least of the women.

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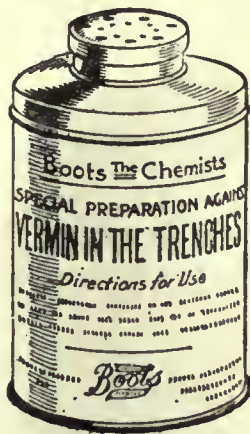
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HIS MAJESTY THE KING, recognising the urgency and value of the work undertaken by the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., has sent a cheque for £100 to be devoted to the special development in the Munition Areas.

This timely and gracious gift comes just at a moment when new and pressing calls for Y.M.C.A. camps are reaching the Council, and it is being used for the immediate erection of two sets of Y.M.C.A. Sleeping Rooms for Munition workers in an important area.

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A new and, to a large extent, unforeseen problem has presented itself in some of the Munition Areas. A very large number of women and girls have volunteered for Munition Work. To meet the needs of these, and to guard against possible social dangers, the Y.W.C.A. have joined forces with the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. to provide WOMEN'S CAMPS in many centres. The work calls for the tactful and sympathetic service of the trained workers which the Y.W.C.A. are able to supply. Gifts of Buildings or any smaller sums may be specially set aside for this purpose.

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Think what it will mean to have your own Building serving thousands of Munition Workers in the heart of one of these vast centres! With what pride you will recall the service it will have rendered to the men fighting at the Front, and through them to our beloved country in the hour of her supreme peril.

But the days are quickly passing, and to be of the fullest use it must be given at once. Already work has been commenced in over 20 areas. But there are hundreds of others without provision of any kind. Will you make one of these centres your own?

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I have pleasure in enclosing

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THE ROMANCE OF THESE DAYS

By J. D. Symon

THE only rule for times of stress, as Horace told us long ago, is to preserve a calm and equal mind, and this rule a sane public opinion has been endeavouring to follow, not wholly without success. Alarums and excursions notwithstanding, the public mind has never lost its balance, and any symptoms that would seem to point another way, such as the *Lusitania* riots, are merely the result of local hysteria, and do not affect the general mind of the community. But while Great Britain maintains her wonderful and not apathetic calm, it is obvious that her mental state is far from ordinary and is utterly unlike what it was this time last year. As yet we cannot hope to analyse with any accuracy or with any satisfactory result this mental attitude, but after a year of war it may be possible to catch at least some glimpses of what we have become psychologically. We may be permitted to believe—not, we hope, without just grounds—that we are still British, by which it is to be understood that we have Horace's capacity for remaining calm although the heavens should fall.

Twelve Months' Ordeal

Without foolish optimism, but in pure justice, it may be claimed that the nation has endured very well its twelve months' ordeal. It will continue so to endure, with the same national refusal to be hustled or flurried, or blown about by every wind of doctrine. But this calm, although characteristically British, is by no means brutish, for side by side with the steadfast purpose that will not waver until the end—be that as distant as it may—there is withal a tingling of the nerves, a sense of exhilaration; the nation is like an athlete who faces his task and finishes his course with joy.

The athletic mood is everywhere present, and is all the keener that it is so often restrained. Men and women have braced themselves without conscious effort to face the final issues of life and death, and to live in the constant shadow of irreparable loss, but even in *arduus* there are compensations. Warfare waged upon a new plan has lightened in part the burden of separation. In ancient wars, when once the soldier had gone forth to the field, there was either no return or return only with the day of peace. But in these curious times of ours many who have gone out to battle are permitted to make a brief and unexpected return. They stay their cheerful hour or two, and then go out once more to uncertainty. The parting has to be faced again, and although some may say they almost wish their soldier had not come, they would not have it otherwise, for even the most fleeting visit from the campaigner brings into life a new glamour, a new significance; it is something apart and, for all its little touch of festivity, something infinitely sacred. It is in such incidents as this that we trace the underlying, unconfessed romance of these days.

The Heroic Impulse

Romantic these days are—how romantic we who live in them shall never know. It is our grandchildren who will thrill to the heroic impulse of the time; they alone at length, with the historian's aid, will see this combat steadily and see it whole.

Something, perhaps, we have lost of the conventional view of war through a necessary obscuration of war's accepted pageantry. Much of that was modified during the South African struggle, but even there, at home at least, we held to something of the spectacular. But in this greatest of all conflicts the tumult and the shouting have been reserved for the field itself. There has been no public going forth of armed men, borne on huge waves of popular emotion, no excitement of long sieges or dramatic reliefs, no breaking of cities into sudden illumination over decisive victory, no panic or even numbness of disaster. The word disaster has been avoided. Misfortunes, colossal and overwhelming at any other time, have here by sane public intuition been

measured in their true relation to the general scheme of continents at war. There could be no better proof of the national sanity and intelligence than this intuitive seizing upon the essential fact that, to speak Americanese, we are up against the biggest thing in history.

Any check which could in just proportion to the present scheme of operations be termed a disaster would hardly escape finality and would come near deciding the contest one way or another. At the present moment such a catastrophe transcends imagination. The retreat from Moscow would be a bagatelle by comparison. Therefore, even when hardest hit, we have not spoken of disasters, nor have we behaved as those whom disaster has overtaken. Yet should such a thing befall us, neither the spirit nor the resource of Britain would be crushed; she might reel and halt for a time, but she would rise to conquer as she rose in the dark days when she stood alone in Europe against Napoleon.

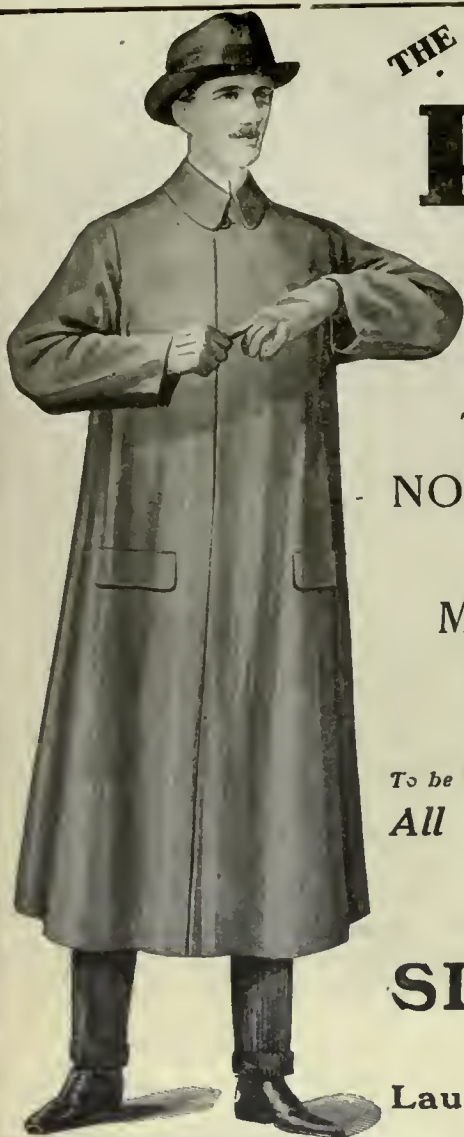
The national consciousness has given an extended application to the ancient proverb of the omelette and the eggs. It has recognised that the loss must be proportional to the forces engaged, and in its calmness under this sore stress lies, perhaps, the fullest assurance that it has counted the cost and will persevere unshaken to the end. This epic in which we live is to be unrolled to its rightful close, nor will it be cheated of its poetic justice.

Although we cannot fully realise what it means to be actual spectators of this world drama, we have as a people understood that great things are toward and have with one impulse, conscious or not, faced the crisis in the proper spirit. That the nation has not rushed after this nostrum or that is another proof of its recognition that an undertaking so vast in space and numbers must consequently proceed upon the vastest temporal scale. Time, in a very special sense (not that of the commercial formula), is of the essence of the contract.

Mingling of Joy and Sorrow

So much, then, for the march and movement of the struggle in the abstract. There we have a large romance indeed, but individual life is finding a romance no less real. What of that new and strange product of our times, that almost terrible mingling of joy and sorrow which we call so lightly the War Wedding? This adventure has brought back to ordinary life something of that eager zest with which man clung to love and beauty amid the distractions and cruelties of the Renaissance. These war brides and bridegrooms realise, in a more poignant sense than Omar dreamed, that "the bird of time is ever on the wing," but he who goes and she who stays are alike content with their romantic hazard. It may be to some extent a gamble with fate, but the dice have not been thrown lightly, and the affair is for both, in the phrase of Petrarch, "a remedy of good and evil fortune."

But to quit these pseudo-philosophisings, which would certainly bore the high contracting parties, there is an amiable and very human interest in the mere piquancy of the war marriage itself. The wedding of the girl whose soldier or sailor comes to her from the front of war would on that account alone possess irresistible qualities, but in many cases there have been moving incidents to give the event a glamour before which that of fiction seems a tame and manufactured thing. Neither beyond belief nor beyond fact is the bridegroom who survived the wreck of two vessels, and who, a few days after his second escape, being by that time immune to all sense of risk, snatched a brief leave to rush home and take the greatest risk of all. These things are the warp and woof of the romance that lies about us in these subversive times, a romance only partially realised but still keenly present to the subconscious sense of the nation. It is, perhaps, one of our chief supports under a burden that might otherwise prove overwhelming.



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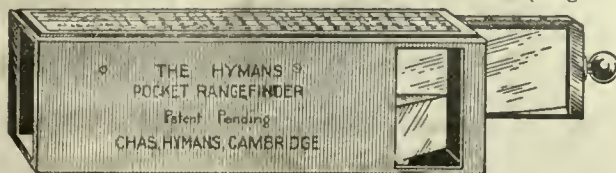
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THE WAR BY LAND.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE conditions under which this special number of LAND AND WATER are printed compel me to write my notes for this week as early as Friday the 6th. I therefore have no material upon which to base my comments later than that date. The regular date of Tuesday, up to the evening of which I have hitherto been able to use the telegrams, will be resumed with the next issue.

THE POSITION IN POLAND.

It is now perfectly clear from the news of the last three days that the enemy cannot repose upon the Vistula line for some little time to come, nor abandon his still undecided Eastern offensive. He must go on.

The real point of interest, therefore, to those who concern themselves with the strategy alone of this campaign, is not the occupation of Warsaw (important as the political consequences of this may be), but the *relative exhaustion* of the two parties to the still undecided struggle in Poland.

There are subsidiary points of interest which cannot indeed be neglected and upon which I shall touch at the conclusion of my notes. The threat—exaggerated, I think, by most critics—to the northernmost of the great Russian railways from the action of Von Büelow in Courland: the admirable and unexpected success which our Ally appears to have achieved in the complete evacuation of the threatened points upon the Vistula (the difficulty of this last operation will be appreciated by all competent opinion, and full success in such a task cannot be rated too highly, either as a test of the condition of an army or as a proof that it holds its enemy at will): the very slow and costly progress north of Cholm and south of the Narev—all these points have their importance and must be dealt with. But our judgment of none of them compares in importance with our arriving at some just though rough estimate of the losses and consequent exhaustion upon the two sides.

Remember what this campaign upon the Eastern front meant and means to the enemy.

When towards the end of April he had accumulated his great mass of shell and brought out his great numbers of winter-trained reserve, when he knew that the approaching summer would almost see the end of his power to maintain full numbers, and the succeeding autumn or winter the decline of those numbers, the enemy deliberately staked his future upon crushing Russia. He left upon the West the bare minimum of numbers necessary to hold that now trebly-fortified line, and he concentrated the whole of his available energy, Austrian and German, to the attainment of victory in Poland.

Now, what is victory?

It does not consist in advancing; it does not consist in the occupation of territory, nor in the recovery of towns. It consists in the disarming of your armed foe.

Whether you achieve this by making him lose steadily a much larger percentage of men, weapons, and missiles than you yourself lose in the process—until at last he shall be completely exhausted long before you are—or whether you achieve it by making a very large proportion of his men, or all of them, surrender on finding themselves surrounded; or whether you achieve it by scattering his forces and breaking up their cohesion so that they turn from an organised mass into mere dust, the end, and the definition of that end, are always the same. Victory is to be measured by the disarming of your enemy in a larger proportion than you are yourself disarmed in the process.

Judged by that test, how near to success has the enemy come after his three and a half months of prodigious warfare in the East?

German criticism, as a whole, particularly the ablest and most sober, now envisages the chances of victory in Poland in terms of attrition. It seems not only too late in the season to arrive at a decision, but also it is appreciated that what the overwhelming shock of May failed to do the tortoise movements of August certainly cannot accomplish. The Russian armies were not separated during the course of the Galician retreat. The attempt to turn them by the north (above Jaroslav) in the middle of May utterly failed. It will hardly succeed now that the very fullest warning has been given to the Russians, and the longest experience by them of the gradually decreasing enemy offensive has been obtained.

But it is maintained or hoped in Berlin that the mere losses in men and weapons which Russia has sustained during this great retreat leaves her in a position from which she cannot recover to the point of taking the offensive again.

There is such a thing as destroying your enemy merely by this process of gradually weakening him in men and material, particularly if the replacing of that material within any useful time be forbidden him. The arrival at such a result is what the enemy thinks possible. It is on this account that he has got himself so far involved that he is compelled to continue his action in the East, and can now hardly fall back to the defensive there or feel himself free to act at once elsewhere.

He has undertaken a task into which he has thrust himself so far that he must complete it or fail.

Slight as are the points of evidence upon which to base a judgment, we shall not under-

stand the Eastern position unless we at least attempt a calculation. Vague general impression of exhaustion on one side or the other, or both, is useless to our purpose. Let us, therefore, rough and general as the result may be, attempt a calculation.

The first thing we note is that the Russian losses have been mainly losses in men, rifles, and machine-guns. There have been no captures of ammunition at all, and very few guns taken. Of heavy guns hardly any.

How many wounded Russians the enemy have picked up as these were left behind in the retreat we do not know. The proportion of unwounded prisoners has been, of course, very small. But whatever the number of prisoners was, approximately the same number of rifles have also been lost to our Ally. What is perhaps more serious is the very heavy loss in machine-guns. When a trench is taken or abandoned, or pounded to pieces under bombardment, the machine-guns defending it are usually captured by the advancing enemy, or he finds them destroyed. In either case, a piece of machinery difficult for the Russians to replace within a short period disappears.

As with the wounded prisoners and their rifles, so with the machine-guns, we have not even rough estimates to guide us. The German figures, often accurate and a useful guide, are unfortunately worthless in this case, because the great General Staff has, ever since the beginning of the present Eastern campaign, undertaken as a deliberate policy the publication of false returns. They are free to pursue this device if they believe that, through the intimidation of enemies or the heartening of their own population, it will help them to attain their military objects. But it makes any reliance upon their field figures for the moment hopeless. For instance, the other day in the Argonne they issued figures of the French prisoners which were actually in excess of the total losses on the whole French front in killed, wounded, and missing combined. They did much the same thing in the early part of June with regard to the Galician campaign—issuing figures of Russian prisoners which were equal, or even slightly superior, to the total of all Russian losses in the Eastern theatre of war over the period named.

Another perhaps less doubtful but still extremely unsatisfactory way of guessing is to compare the number of prisoners in the enemy's camps as stated by the War Office at Berlin before the Eastern campaign began, and to compare it with the figures last given a few days ago. We must deduct from the difference some small number to represent the few prisoners obtained on the Western fighting and upon the Italian front.

Even this method is, I repeat, unsatisfactory. For the total figures of prisoners in the camps is, to our knowledge, swelled by the inclusion of civilian prisoners among the military. One case in point among hundreds is the case of the railway men of all ages taken prisoner at Amiens. Another, the case of the northern French towns and villages in which all the males between seventeen and fifty too young or too old for service, or rejected for some physical reason, were sent off as prisoners. The thing was a regular rule throughout the early days of the invasion.

However, if we take the figures of prisoners given us before the Polish campaign, and compare

them with those given a few days ago, we have a rough guide. The difference is 300,000. Take two-thirds of that to allow for the inclusion of civilians, for admitted exaggeration, for deductions due to captures upon the Southern and Western fronts, and you have a loss of 200,000 men, mostly wounded, falling to the enemy during the retreat.

That is the first item. The loss of rifles will be far heavier. Most wounded and unwounded prisoners mean the loss of a corresponding number of rifles, and for each rifle so lost at least another one is lost during so long a period of retreat from neglect, or mischance, or confusion. If we say that the Russian armies in the East during the last three months have lost half a million rifles, we are perhaps within the mark. It is, of course, pure guesswork, but we can hardly believe they have lost less.

What are we to allow for the losses in killed and wounded, other than wounded prisoners?

I suggest it is again pure guesswork—something under the million.

It has proved a rough working rule in this war in all the services that, apart from the large surrenders which marked the defeats of the Allies in the earlier part of the campaign, the killed and the prisoners more or less balanced each other whenever a belt of country was passed over by the advance of one party and retreat of the other. If a sufficient lapse of time be considered this rule is found to work—very roughly, of course—over the small belt across which fighting has fluctuated in the West, and usually over the larger ones in the East. On the average it is found that the number of enemy remaining in the hands of the advancing party, wounded and unwounded, is roughly equal to the number killed. Upon this computation we should count at least 200,000 Russian dead during the retirement. But it may be suggested that the real number would be somewhat higher, for in step after step of the retirement there has been heavy and prolonged bombardment, to which the Russians could ill reply, and the accurate destruction of trenches. If, however, one put as a maximum a quarter of a million one would probably be beyond the mark.

We further know now that though the proportion of killed to the total losses is as low as one in eight, or even one in ten in what may be called "open fighting" (such as were the first weeks of the campaign, the first operations in the Dardanelles, etc.), yet in the defence of trenches and their capture, and in the very close fighting which follows an attempted advance after their capture, the proportion of killed to wounded and missing is much higher—more like one in four.

We shall, then, suggest for our total casualties, apart from prisoners on the Russian side, during the great retreat, something in the neighbourhood of one million. It may be appreciably more; it can hardly be less. Particularly when we consider the prolonged and violent close fighting which marked various lines where the enemy was checked and held by rearguards.

Here, then, we have losses temporary and permanent (and temporary losses count for some time forward—probably for all the remaining duration of this enemy offensive in the East) amounting to more than a million men and perhaps half a million rifles, a great but unknown number of machine-guns, very few field guns, no stores of ammunition, and hardly any heavy artillery at all

—the latter point will be further considered when we speak of the evacuation of the points on the Vistula.

What is the corresponding loss on the enemy's side?

The basis of our calculation here is that the enemy originally put into line for his great effort in Poland about four million men.

He may have put more; he will hardly have put less; the numbers being fairly equally divided between Austrian and German troops.

The first question we have to try and answer is: What proportion of these four million have been put out of action temporarily and permanently? We must remember that "temporary" losses must be fully counted. The proportion of wounded that have returned since the beginning of the advance, or that will return before the summer closes and the result of the whole effort can be estimated, is insignificant. Though for the campaign as a whole, and over the period of another year, that number would be large.

We must further remember that an army thus advancing loses heavily from other causes than casualties in action. Even in mere peace manœuvres, upon such a scale and so prolonged, it would suffer an appreciable loss.

Lastly, we must remember in attempting to make a rough estimate that not all parts of the line have been equally heavily engaged.

The centre in front of Warsaw itself has been more or less quiescent, the army advancing from Courland has only now begun to meet with a strong resistance. The armies concentrated upon the frontiers of East Prussia to advance upon the Narev were until July only losing at the rate imposed by such immobile trench warfare as was being conducted along that front for the first two months.

On the other hand, the acting and driving portion of the force, that in Galicia, the "marching wing of the attempted envelopment," amounting with its southern extension to half, or perhaps more than half of the total, was occupied in very hard fighting indeed during the whole three months.

There are those who conceive of this fighting in Galicia and on up to the Lublin-Cholm railway as being no more than a series of heavy bombardments by the enemy, crushing the Russian trenches with an overwhelming superior fire, and following up each action by an easy and victorious advance. Those who form this picture of the campaign in the south of the Eastern front belittle the enemy's losses, for that picture is fantastic. On one occasion only was the fighting of such a nature as they imagine, and that was in the heavy original work upon the Rivers Dunajec and Biala in the last two days of April and the first day of May—the enemy success that began the Russian retreat. It is probable that in those days the Russian losses were very much heavier than the enemy's, and that immense concentration of men and guns—five to one, perhaps, of the former, and seven or ten to one of the latter—did inflict far more serious losses than it suffered. Though we know that during the first two days' fighting when the successful attempt to cross the rivers was in progress, heavy punishment was inflicted upon the offensive.

But in all the rest of the retreat the conditions of the fighting were very different. The enemy were held upon the San and round the

salient of Przemyśl for eighteen days—from May 13 to June 1. During the whole of that period they were perpetually attacking in force and as perpetually finding themselves checked. In spite of serious deficiency in heavy ammunition and even in infantry equipment from which our Ally suffered, the enemy found himself unable to break the Russian front, and the measure of his losses is established by the fact that every day of this fortnight and more he was trying to break that front, and was in close contact with it. North and south of the salient of Przemyśl alone forces which, in combination, were not much less than a million men, were perpetually upon the offensive and as perpetually failing.

Later there came very heavy work of just the same nature upon the Upper Dniester. It was a week before the enemy obtained a crossing, and so far from being able to follow up that blow he was thrown back again at the point of crossing (Zurawnow) with a loss of eleven thousand in prisoners alone upon one day; while a similar active resistance was being kept up all down the river to the south—though it is true that here the forces engaged were smaller.

In the third chapter of the retreat (the retirement behind Lemberg and the evacuation of that town, the swerving of the main enemy forces northward and the advance towards the Lublin-Cholm railway) you had not only the deadly encounters between the advancing enemy forces and the Russian rearguards, but the highly expensive actions in front of Zamosk and Krasnik in the first week in July. The first of these was a deadlock, the second a local repulse for the Archduke. All through the rest of the month you had the close fighting between the six hundred thousand of the enemy who were in action between the Vistula and the Bug and the Russian line opposed to them in front of the railway, and fighting hardly less fierce going on all the time along the upper Bug and so on to the Dniester.

Of this Galician drive as a whole the Russian estimate of their enemy's losses, permanent and temporary, was not less than ten thousand a day. Scale that down liberally for the necessary difficulties in judging the losses of an advancing enemy and for the inevitable tendency to exaggerate such losses; call it only seven thousand a day, and you still have during the whole great operation from beginning to end—from its inception before the close of April to its present phase in the first week of August—more than three-quarters of a million men out of the field.

Upon the Narev front there has been one month's very heavy and particularly close fighting with forces about half as numerous. That fighting, though representing not more than a third of a million men in action on the enemy's side and proceeding in full intensity for not more than four weeks, has been exceedingly expensive. It had not behind it the overwhelming enemy artillery that was present in the south.

You have only to follow the movements on the map to see that the offensive on the Narev and the Russian defensive opposed to it resembles two wrestlers at close grips. The enemy advance proceeds with the utmost stolidness—averaging during the last three weeks not a quarter of a mile a day. The defensive holds it absolutely, over the greater part of the line and only suffers the passage to the river at three points, between

which the enemy have not yet succeeded in linking up their efforts. It is not conceivable that these three hundred odd thousand men grouped under Von Hindenburg's command have through every form of loss suffered less than one hundred thousand casualties in all their operations from the beginning, of which more than half must have been inflicted during the last three weeks.

Consider that during the whole period, fighting (less intense, but continuous) has been going on throughout the whole front from the north of Courland right down the Niemen line and again in front of the one hundred mile sector that covers Warsaw, and you will not find in the whole three months' campaign an enemy loss of less than one million between the Carpathians and the sea.

I know that these figures sound high in the ears of those who have not considered in any detail that all-important factor of numbers. But they are not too high. To say of a force continually advancing against such a resistance, perpetually checked and as perpetually delivering assault after assault and nine times out of ten failing to advance locally as a result of such an offensive movement, but compelled to renew it again next day and the next—to say that forces thus occupied are losing one and a half per cent. a week is quite certainly to put the matter too low. But in 15 weeks (April 28—August 10) that is a loss of just on a quarter. We may affirm without fear of contradiction that the forces thrown by the enemy into this great attempt which has led him to so much gain of territory, but as yet to no decision, have suffered wastage in this quarter of a year of more than a quarter of their original total. To put it at a third might be too high, but a quarter is certainly within the mark.

Most of these losses in men have been made good by drafts from the reserve of men which the enemy as a whole still possesses, but that does not affect our calculus of exhaustion, for the enemy's remaining powers depend upon his total of man-power both at the front and in reserve, and the campaign in Poland is but a part of the whole war.

If we may thus estimate his losses in men and find them but slightly inferior to the losses of his opponent, what have been his losses in material?

The answer here is, unfortunately, very simple. With the exception of a few field pieces lost by him in the Russian counter-attack his material is intact.

It is even true that his expenditure of shell, enormous as it has been, is in no way exhaustive. His original rate of production as compared with the Russian was at least six-fold. Not all this could be used upon the Eastern front, of course. Italian intervention has here been of the utmost value, for there is a great and increasing expenditure of heavy shell at every point of combat upon that new 300-mile front, and particularly in the open 12 miles south of Goerz. There is also the normal expenditure of the Western front, which, though reduced to a minimum, is continual over a line of four and a half hundred miles. But we may take it that even with this drain upon his resources and even with the gradual increase of Russian supply the enemy is delivering quite four shells to the Russian one in Poland, and that his production enables him to accumulate for heavy bom-

bardments at intervals of from a fortnight to three weeks.

We may sum up, then, and say that the campaign in Poland will necessarily take the shape of a continued enemy offensive: that the chief anxiety the enemy now suffers in connection with that offensive is the continuous drain of men which has led him very near to the exhaustion of his reserve of man-power—we know, for instance, that he is calling already the very oldest classes of his reserves even in Germany; he has long done so in Austria: that the Russian exhaustion in minor weapons, particularly machine-guns, is severe, and can be but slowly recovered from.

We may confidently assert that on the one hand the drain upon the enemy's man-power makes a continued campaign into the winter here very doubtful for him, and that he will strain every nerve to get a decision before the winter comes. We may assert as confidently that, failing such a decision, the Russian opposition can be continued indefinitely. So far from its beginning to fail, it has shown in the last six weeks a regularly increasing tenacity. The Germanic advance north of the Lublin-Cholm railway and south of the Narev proceeds at a pace not one-fifth of that which was possible less than two months ago.

Lastly, we note that when ample munitionment shall at last be accumulated by our Ally from both domestic and foreign sources, the vital weapon, the heavy gun, is present in his armies in undiminished numbers.

This last point leads me to the consideration of the Russians unexpected and remarkable success in the evacuation of the points upon the Vistula.

EVACUATION OF IVANGOROD AND WARSAW.

It is a pity that the one point which must most forcibly have struck professional opinion in connection with the abandonment of the Vistula has so little chance of impressing public opinion as a whole.

There was pointed out in these columns last week the extreme peril which the Russians ran of leaving behind them or losing, even if they were destroyed, the heavy guns of the two fortresses (Ivangorod and Neo Georgievsk).

We must not be deceived by the description of the forts of Ivangorod as old-fashioned. The permanent works were not in question at all. The point was that in the temporary exterior batteries to which, as in the case of every fortress in Europe by this time, the heavy pieces had been removed, and which made of Ivangorod the strong place it was, all the great guns were successfully, and almost leisurely got away.

Exactly the same thing happened at Warsaw, where the armament was on a much smaller scale, but where the stores were enormous. Not only has Warsaw been cleared of every cartridge and every piece, but, a most important point, all opportunities for using the industrial resources of the town have been denied the enemy. All the metal and all the machinery is accounted for. It is a really marvellous feat, and it speaks volumes for the deliberate and free character of the Russian retirement.

There still remains Neo Georgievsk. Cer-

tainly many heavy pieces were still in place there less than a month ago. There is but one single line of railway by which these and all the stores can have been removed. We do not yet know whether it is the intention of our Ally to leave the place to stand a siege, or to withdraw everything from it, as has been done from Ivangorod. The immediate future will show us which of these two alternatives has been

adopted. But if the latter is the Grand Duke's choice, and if it proves in the event that he has been able to leave nothing in this strong place and has saved, as at Ivangorod, every gun and every shell, the feat will be one of the most remarkable in all the history of the war, and should leave us a complete confidence in Russian organisation and in the power of our Ally ultimately to exhaust the enemy's offensive. HILAIRE BELLOC,

THE WAR BY WATER.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE THREAT TO RIGA.

THE advance of the Germans in Courland has already taken them to within striking distance of Riga. The fact that the Baltic is closed to Russian ocean trade greatly lessens the value of Riga, as a sea port, to our Allies. It never has been, and is not, a naval base. But if the Germans can succeed in establishing a command over the Baltic, Riga would be of supreme importance to them. As the crow flies, it is about 260 miles from Petrograd, and it would, therefore, be a priceless base for the left wing of a German invading army. Is Germany aiming at Petrograd? Will she count on sea transport to quicken the service of her invading force? Will Germany attempt to take Riga with this object in view? Will the Russians, foreseeing this use, allow Riga to fall into German hands? The degree of effort which the Germans devote to this, and the degree of sacrifice which the Russians may be willing to suffer to prevent it, will probably be measured by the respective beliefs each has in the feasibility of Germany establishing sea communications with Königsberg, Danzig, Thorn, and Memel.

Just about a month ago we received the news of a German attempt to land at Windau—about 100 miles to the north-west of Riga, and about half-way between Libau and the northern point of the Courland promontory. That attempt resulted in the coast defence ships that were covering the trawlers with troops on board being driven off by the shore artillery. A day or two after this, the *Rurik*, the three *Bayans*, and the *Oleg*, which had been cruising in the southern portion of the Baltic, returned to the waters between Courland and Gothland, and there engaged the *Augsberg*, which, with some destroyers, was escorting the *Albatross*, a mine-layer. The action developed into a chase; the *Albatross* was driven ashore, and the chase brought the Russians into contact with the cruiser *Roon*, which was silenced and set on fire. On the same day the *Pommern* was sunk by a torpedo fired from Commander Max Horton's submarine. Indeed, it could only be a matter of chance that the coast defence ships and the shallow-draught vessels used as transports did not fall in with

the *Rurik* and her consorts. It seemed unlikely the Germans would try again to send troops over sea into the regions where the Russians were so active. But last week we received the news from Petrograd that a British submarine, perhaps the same, had just sunk a large German transport full of troops. The report does not say where. The news, I confess, astonished me. To push loaded transports into danger before something like command of the Baltic was established, seems anything but prudent, especially if they are sent to an undefended harbour.

Windau, unfortunately, has long since fallen into German hands. But it has none of the facilities that Riga possesses. It could never be an important sea base; nor would it be worth risking much to use its very limited facilities. The question assumes very different proportions, however, if Riga becomes German.

CAN GERMANY COMMAND THE BALTIC?

What is involved in Germany getting the command of the Baltic Sea? It only can be done by defeating the Russian squadron or driving it into Reval or behind Kronstadt. The latter procedure would probably not be as simple as it sounds. If, as one gathers from Admiral Grigorovitch's recent statement, the four new Dreadnoughts are in commission, it will need a very considerable squadron of German ships to hold them in their ports. If this war has shown anything, it has shown that the Russians are not afraid of engaging, even when the odds seem to be hopelessly against them. The same spirit of absolute self-sacrifice will characterise the the Navy just as markedly as the Army:—But in the case of the Navy many considerations will come in that will not apply to troops. Of the latter, Russia has an unlimited reserve. Of Dreadnoughts she has only four. If the German advance can be very greatly accelerated by the use of sea transport—which seems to be the case—and if the next move in German strategy shows that a movement towards the north is contemplated in great force, it may be worth while to sacrifice everything—even the entire Russian Fleet—to delay this advance. The strategic

problem before the Russian Admiralty is an anxious and difficult one. It will be solved by cool heads and fearless hearts.

But the German dilemma is anything but simple. The Russian battleship fleet is not only exceedingly strong materially; it is commanded and manned by officers and crews of very exceptional ability and skill. Germany can, if she chooses, bring an overwhelming force against it. But if the Russians felt compelled to engage, they would be certain to employ daring and surprising tactics, and certainly could not be defeated, except at a cost that Germany would, one is inclined to think, be very loth to pay. And even if the price were paid, it is not at all a sure thing that the transports could ply safely between the German ports and Riga. The British and Russian submarines in the Baltic have shown continuous resource and enterprise. Their activities would not be in the least damped, even if misfortune *did* overtake the Battle Squadron. The attacks on the transports would be continued as vigorously as ever. To protect them Germany would have to move the greater part of her destroyer force from the North Sea.

What would this depletion from the North Sea and the prospect of a very heavy blow to the principal units of the High Sea Fleet—it would be no use sending inferior units—mean to Germany? The winning of the command of the Baltic on these terms might be a Pyrrhic victory. While the submarines lasted, it would not be a *complete* command, and however little Germany may contemplate seeking a fleet action with Sir John Jellicoe, she cannot, in the present stage of the war, regard any wholesale weakening of her sea power with indifference. If she committed herself to the enterprise of defeating Russia at sea, she might have to balance the Baltic being free to her transports against the constant apprehension of an attempt by the Allies on her North. Such an attempt is far from being an impossible contingency.

The establishment of a service of transport and supply ships from Königsberg to Riga in face of active submarines involves a totally different set of problems from those that arise in similar circumstances in the Channel. From Königsberg to Riga is about 300 sea miles, and Königsberg is the nearest German port. From Southampton to Havre is hardly more than a third of this distance, and from Dover to Calais, only a fifteenth. Experience has shown that the activities of submarines can be made altogether impossible in very narrow waters, but they could not be made impossible in the Baltic, where, in addition to the fact that the area is enormously greater than that between England and France, the western coast line is not in the possession of an ally, but of a neutral.

WHAT IS COMMAND OF THE SEA?

In a recent lecture I stated that Germany had conceded the command of the sea to us. This statement has got me into trouble. The *Broad Arrow* will have it that there is a material distinction between "control" and "command." The writer says: "We *control* the trade routes essential to our commerce and military operations. But until the enemy's fleet are destroyed we cannot be said to have the 'command of the

sea.' Mr. Pollen practically admits this himself when he describes the Dardanelles as unsafe for ships, and the Baltic is equally so." The Dardanelles and Baltic are not to the point; the main trade and military routes are controlled. In the palmiest days of actual victory we never commanded waters under the fire of forts.

I do not know if there is any agreed definition of "command of the sea." But if it does not mean control of the routes essential to our commerce and military operations, it surely means nothing. Suppose, for instance, this war were to last for another two years. Suppose for the whole of that period our shipping continued to carry on as it has in the last twelve months. Suppose that our communications with our armies in France, the Dardanelles, the Persian Gulf, East Africa, and any other point at which we choose to begin military operations, were never interrupted. Suppose peace, then, to be made without a fleet action having taken place. Would it be incorrect to say that throughout these three years of war Great Britain had possessed and exercised command of the sea? Surely it is sheer pedantry to doubt it. To me this phrase means only this: having the effective power to use the sea *undeterred by the fear* that its use will be interfered with by the enemy. Surely you command a sea route when you can send transports across it without the necessity of such a convoy as is necessary to protect them against capital ships?

DOCTRINE OF THE "FLEET IN BEING."

There is a danger of such an inference in conditions usually described by naval writers by the phrase used by Torrington, when, after driven by Nottingham to engage the French off Beachy Head, he wrote his defence. Being in greatly inferior force, his object was to avoid a fleet action and to carry his ships to the mouth of the Thames, where the Gunfleet shoal would protect him, there to await the reinforcements which Killigrew and Cloudesley Shovel would bring him. It was his confident belief that so long as his fleet was *ready* to strike, and growing in numbers, the French would not hazard acting as if he would not strike. "Most men," he wrote, "were in fear that the French would invade, but I was always of another opinion. For I always said that whilst we had a *fleet in being* they would never dare to make the attempt." What have naval writers meant in adopting this saying of Torrington's? Surely not the bare fact that a fleet was in existence. They could only have meant what Torrington meant—viz., a fleet *preparing* for a specific purpose, and ready to *execute* that purpose if the enemy gave the opportunity. That the longer his fleet waited before it engaged the stronger it would become, was not Torrington's main point. The main point is that he was a real menace if the French put themselves to such a disadvantage as to lose the benefit of superior numbers. Had they attempted to protect a landing force, the situation that Torrington was waiting for would have arisen.

The real meaning, therefore, of the "fleet in being" is that it is a fleet that *can, and intends*, in certain contingencies, to attack. Is there any evidence whatever that the German Fleet is, vis-à-vis to ours, such "a fleet in being"?

If its units are intact, it may number twenty-three battleships and battle-cruisers of the all-big gun type. A year ago we possessed twenty-eight ships of this type, each individually more powerful than the German. Since then we have purchased two Turkish and one Chilean ships. During the year we have been completing, as Mr. Churchill told us in November, twelve more. As the *Benbow*, *Emperor of India*, *Warspite*, *Valiant*, and *Barham* were all, according to the pre-war programme, due for completion before February this year, and as we know that *Erin*, *Agincourt*, *Queen Elizabeth*, and *Tiger* have already joined the Fleet, it seems safe to assume that our numbers cannot be less than thirty-seven to the German twenty-three. The German Fleet, then, is not increasing *relatively*. It is falling more hopelessly behind. If Germany would not engage when the odds were twenty-three to twenty-eight—and she had as many opportunities as there were days between August 4 and the first increase to our strength—is it likely that she will seek an engagement when the odds are at twenty-three to thirty-seven? And if the German Fleet is not, in what I believe to be the true meaning of the phrase, “a fleet in being,” can it be wildly wrong and ignorant to speak of our possessing the “command of the sea,” and of its having been “conceded to us”?

I should not have laboured this point but for two things. The position in the Baltic makes it quite important to keep the distinction between a “fleet in being” and an *immobilised* fleet in view. Vis-à-vis to the German fleet, the Russian seems most certainly to be “a fleet in being.” It must either be destroyed or Germany will not be able to use the Baltic as if she had control of it.

COBBLER AND LAST.

My second reason for this prolixity is that my critic goes on as follows: “The Navy has done so much that it is a *pity* naval writers *who are not sailors* should assume that the task in front of the Grand Fleet is as *good as done*. This is surely jumping at conclusions, and explaining things that haven’t happened. There is no disguising the fact that I am not a sailor; I wish to heaven I were. I am quite conscious of my disadvantage, and well aware that laicism exposes me to the accusation of presumption. I humbly try to avoid that vice. But, in the present instance at least, I really do not think I have offended. If to assume that the Grand Fleet’s task is as good as done, is a pitiful business, at least I can console myself with the reflection that it is not *my* business. I never assumed or said anything so foolish.

The Grand Fleet’s task is no more done to-day than it was done on Thursday, August 12, 1914. The task of the Grand Fleet is to immobilise the German Fleet. And it will *not* be *done* until the sword is sheathed, until the wrongs of Belgium, France, and Russia are righted, and it has been put out of Germany’s power, either by fleet, submarine, or army, to violate the rights of others. The task laid by the King on Sir John Jellicoe in August last remains that gallant and distinguished man’s continuing task—with all it involves for him and the incomparable and cheerful thousands whom he commands—until the end.

A. H. POLLEN.

SIR MORTIMER DURAND ON BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—Your number of July 24 has an article by L. March Phillipps on the Ideals of the War, which contains the following statement:

If India, like the Colonies, is fighting on our side to-day, it is because our rule has undergone the same change as our Colonial rule. India, in the East India Company days, was treated as an English perquisite, delivered into our hands to be exploited and ransacked for our own advantage. There followed the Mutiny. The Indian Mutiny was in the East what the American revolt was in the West—a furious protest against tyranny. And it had the same effect.

As your paper is very widely read, will you allow me to enter a protest against this attempt to justify the Mutiny at the expense of our forefathers, who cannot defend themselves? When the East India Company entered upon its rise to Imperial dominion, India, parcelled out among numerous chiefs, largely soldiers of fortune, had for generations been one vast warfield, over which armies aggregating perhaps two millions of men, many of them foreign free-lances, marched and fought and ravaged. The sufferings of the people under such conditions need not be described. The Company rescued India from this state of chronic warfare and devastation, and gave to the Indian masses not only protection and peace, but the most beneficent rule they had ever known. FitzJames Stephen, an English Judge, writing of the early days of the Company, has said that the whole Indian enterprise was “not a tyrannical and detestable” one, but “the greatest of English, one might almost say of human, enterprises.”

There are no facts in history more clearly demonstrable than the facts that the Company rose to Imperial dominion with the goodwill and active help of vast numbers of Indians; and that, when the Bengal Army broke into revolt, as too powerful armies have done before, the Company’s dominion was upheld, as it had been established, by the goodwill and active help of vast numbers of Indians. The districts which the revolt threw into anarchy, mainly districts in which the Bengal Army was recruited, did not comprise a tenth part of India; not one of the great ruling chiefs joined the rebels; the smaller armies of Bombay and Madras remained faithful; and many thousands of Indians from the Bengal Presidency itself, enlisting of their own free will under the British Flag, fought with the British troops against the mutineers. Of the force which stormed Delhi not one half, hardly more than a third, were white men. And so it was elsewhere. Then, as now, India was on our side, and the Mutiny was crushed. Since then the Crown has developed the work of the Company, ruling, as the Company ruled, for the good of the people.

I submit that, in justice to Englishmen and Indians alike, such statements as the one quoted above—statements which can do much harm in India—ought not to be lightly made.

H. M. DURAND.

POEMS OF AND FROM THE “TIMES.”

The anthology of War Poems which the *Times* issued as a Supplement on Monday is a remarkable publication. In not a line can one detect the faintest echo of doubt as to the ultimate issue. But there is never a thought traceable here that it is to be accomplished easily or lightly.

The poems of Rudyard Kipling and Thomas Hardy seem to stand above the rest, for the very reason that these writers are true seers. “Faith and fire” can alone conquer, “iron sacrifice” only win through. And they told us this before the roar of German guns reverberated down the summer skies.

And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

So sang that very gallant soldier Julian Grenfell before he joined the glorious company of England’s sons who up the steep crimsoned by their life blood have borne, and still bear, the honour and good fame of the Motherland to the everlasting gates of Heaven.

This broad sheet of War Poems, of the same size as the weekly Literary Supplement of our contemporary, is illustrated on every page by Mr. Joseph Simpson. Though his drawings are in black-and-white, they might almost be termed illuminations, so aptly do they emphasise the true inwardness of the verse. The *Times* is to be congratulated on this Supplement. It not only worthily reflects the literary enterprise of Printing House Square, but it brings together conveniently poems, which one is glad to have always at the elbow.

POLICY OF CA' CANNY.

By Harold Cox.

WITHIN the last week or so officially prepared notices have been posted in munitions factories throughout the kingdom urging workmen to increase the production of war material to the utmost of their power.

The notice says :

The national need is paramount, and urgently calls for a maximum output from every workman engaged on munition work. Any workman who deliberately refrains from putting forth his best efforts is subordinating his country's needs to his own personal interests.

The intention of this appeal is excellent. Whether the phraseology is quite well chosen is another matter. It is by no means universally true to say that workmen who deliberately restrict their output are acting in their own personal interests. In the case of many workmen this is altogether contrary to the fact. A skilled workman, capable of working rapidly, is distinctly injuring himself by falling in with the trade union policy of ca' canny. If he did his best he would be able to earn much more money and enjoy a more comfortable existence. He refrains from putting forth his full efforts partly because of the compulsion which trade unions are able to exercise over all their members and partly from a generous feeling that he ought not to leave his weaker comrades behind.

This is an aspect of the ca' canny policy which is too often forgotten by outside critics. It springs from a feeling which in other connections everybody would praise as the basis of esprit de corps or of a larger patriotism. But this feeling would not suffice to maintain the ca' canny system against the very strong immediate material interests of the better workmen if it were not backed up by the collective authority of the trade union. When we go on to ask why trade unions should adopt a policy which limits the earning powers of most of its members we are brought face to face with the eternal conflict between employer and employed.

Influence of Competition.

Employers, with rare exceptions, try to get their work done as cheaply as possible, being largely compelled thereto by the competition of one another. Workmen, on the other side, are always trying to get the best price they can for the work they do. In the course of this conflict the employer is aided by the fact that there are many workmen who do not aim at greatly altering their habitual standard of life. Consequently, when such workmen find themselves earning rather more than they were previously accustomed to they are content, and if the employer represents to them that, owing to the quickness with which they are working, they can earn their full previous wage at a lower piece rate than before, they do not greatly resent the injustice of having the piece rate lowered. The result is that by working quickly a good workman may lower the rate, not only to the point which is sufficient to satisfy his standard of living, but below the point which is sufficient to satisfy the standard of living of men who work more slowly than himself. Therefore, in order to protect the slower workers trade unions have found it necessary to establish an unwritten code of rules which keeps down the output in almost every workshop in the kingdom.

When Mr. Lloyd George undertook to deal with the question of the supply of munitions he directed his attention to this big industrial problem and appealed to the trade unions to suspend their regulations during the period of the war. It was generally hoped that this appeal had proved successful. But the speech which he delivered recently in the House of Commons showed that the hope had not been justified.

Speaking with a directness and a courage which many other politicians might with advantage imitate, the Minister of Munitions roundly condemned trade unionists for continuing to restrict their output in face of the present national emergency. He stated that, according to calculations presented to him, the "men could

easily turn out at least 25 per cent. more shot and shell and guns and munitions if they would shake themselves free during the war from the domination of practices which have controlled their action in peace time." He went on to say that the suspension of these practices would be equivalent to adding nearly hundreds of thousands of men to the workers in munitions factories. An attempt was made in the House of Commons to dispute this statement, but there can be little doubt that in the main it is true.

A Remarkable Illustration.

Barely a week ago a Colonial business man called upon the present writer to report his own experience in a munitions factory which is working for the Government, and presumably under some kind of Government control. This gentleman, on patriotic grounds, took work in the factory as a labourer, on labourer's wages. He was constantly told, both by his comrades and by the foreman, to work less strenuously. There was no concealment of the fact that the men were deliberately wasting their time. Some of the men even told him that two-thirds of their time was wasted. His own estimate is not so high. He puts the waste of men's time throughout this huge factory employing a thousand men, as somewhere between 33 and 50 per cent. This case may be an exceptionally bad one, for the whole factory seems to be managed in an absolutely scandalous manner; but very similar stories reach me from other factories which I have every reason to believe to be well-managed.

With the best intentions in the world, Mr. Lloyd George has probably made a mistake in admitting that the policy of restricting output is legitimate even in peace time. That it is excusable no one who looks at the question fairly can for a moment doubt. Workmen may well be excused for taking even less defensible measures to guard themselves against the possibility of having their own zeal to work up turned against them. The real point is that they, in their own interest as well as in the nation's interest, should try to find, if it be possible, some better safeguard than the one they now employ. For the policy of ca' canny, whether in peace or in war, is not only injurious to those particular workmen who could earn higher wages for themselves if they were allowed to do their best, but it is also injurious to the whole nation, for it limits the output of national wealth.

Argumentum ad Absurdum.

There are most unfortunately not a few people who are incapable of grasping this fairly obvious point. They argue that the more work one man does the less there is for others to do, and that consequently the quicker workman, by working to the best of his power, throws other workmen out of employment. Even in peace time this argument is unfounded, for it ignores the fact that it is only by creating wealth that we create the means to pay for work. The more wealth we create the more work we can pay for. If the popular proposition were true, it would follow that the best way to make employment for other people is to do no work at all oneself, and we should finally reach the absurdity that the way to make work for everybody is for nobody to work.

Clearly the nation as a whole will be richer, and certainly happier, if every individual is free to work to the best of his ability. The trouble is that the concession of that freedom under our present industrial system does lead to a cutting of wage-rates by unscrupulous employers, and consequently to the depression, instead of the elevation, of the wage-earning classes. The question, then, which has to be faced is whether it is not possible to discover some improved form of industrial organisation which will give to the workman complete confidence that, by increasing his own output of wealth, he will neither be hampering his future prospects nor injuring his slower comrades.

SUBSIDIARY OPERATIONS.

By John Buchan.

TWO terms which are common in military literature have lately taken to appearing in conversation—"subsidiary" and "divergent" operations. These are what lawyers call "terms of art," and do not bear whatever significance the user chooses to give them. A subsidiary operation is something which directly subserves the main purpose of a campaign; a divergent operation is one which has no connection with the main campaign, except that it is directed against the same enemy. A subsidiary operation is, so to speak, a flying buttress to a building; a divergent operation is a rival structure half a mile off. Hence we usually use "subsidiary" with a tone of approval, and "divergent" with an accent of blame.

This is right, provided that the divergent operation is planned and carried out by the authorities directing the main campaign. In that case it implies a dissipation of strength and an infirmity of purpose. But it should be noted that in certain cases a divergent operation is inevitable and justifiable. A colony may find it necessary for its own interests, while the Mother Country is at war, to strike at a local settlement of the enemy. It is perfectly true that the great issue will be decided in very different fields, and that in the event of the enemy being beaten all his overseas possessions will be at the mercy of the victor. But local feeling must be taken into account, and it is natural that a locality should wish to strike at the nearest hostile territory. It is desirable, too, inasmuch as it gives that locality a chance of immediate participation in the great struggle, and so strengthens the common purpose of the Empire. Instances may be found in the present war. The conquest of Germany's Pacific Islands by Australia and New Zealand was a divergent operation, inasmuch as it did not affect the main issue in Europe, and the fate of these territories would in any case have been determined by the result of the European struggle. The same is true of General Botha's brilliant conquest of German South-West Africa. But these local campaigns did much for Imperial prestige, and they were of incalculable value in uniting Australasia and South Africa in a common Imperial purpose. Again, an ally, who for some reason or other is unable to participate in the main theatre, may well direct its efforts against some outlying enemy possession. Such was Japan's capture of Tsing-tau. Had these operations been undertaken by the General Staffs of the Allies in Europe and by forces which would otherwise have gone to the main theatre, they would have been properly condemned as divergent. As it was they remain divergent, but they are rightly approved.

Again, the term "divergent" is not properly to be applied to a division of strength within one campaigning area. It is allowable to try first at one point on a battle front and then at another. Napoleon at Waterloo attacked at different points, but successively, and in each case with all his might. The Germans in the East made a great frontal attack upon Warsaw, then another

from the north-east, then within the last month from the south-east, and now, again, as we write, from the north-east. But each time they used in the effort all the striking force they could spare. On the other hand, last October in West Flanders they showed a curious division of mind. In the struggle for the Channel ports they attacked simultaneously at Arras, at La Bassée, on the Yser, and at Ypres, when, if they had succeeded at either of the first two places, everything else would have fallen into their hands. The result was that they succeeded nowhere. That is "divergency" of the most heinous kind. But to prevent confusion it is better to keep the term, not for side-shows within the main campaign, but for separate and subsidiary operations in different *terrains*.

TESTS OF A SUSIDIARY OPERATION.

There are three questions which we may ask ourselves about an operation in order to discover if it is truly subsidiary, and therefore legitimate. The first is: Is it profitable? Will its success directly aid the chances of victory in the main theatre? I assume that the operation in question is conducted by the central authorities of a belligerent Power, and that, therefore, if it is divergent it is blameworthy.

Tried by this test, many of the operations in British history must rank as awful warnings. In the wars of the Revolution Pitt's passion for acquiring sugar islands led to expeditions which had no bearing on the main European conflict, and cost us many thousands of our best soldiers. In 1793, for example, we coasted about the globe like some traveller in search of rare orchids. In Europe we could not make up our mind which was the best place to strike, so we sent an expedition under the Duke of York to the Netherlands; we hung on to Toulon, and we dispatched an army to La Vendée. A year later we divided our energies between Guiana, South Africa, and a futile landing in Quiberon Bay, thereby playing wholeheartedly the game of the French Government. In 1807 we adventured at the Cape, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, and Mexico. The point for criticism is not the failure of these escapades, but the fact that they were undertaken at all. Napoleon, undistracted by our overseas exploits, advanced by way of Jena and Friedland to a settlement with Russia. The younger Pitt was a very great man, but he was a bad War Minister. He had not the *flair* of his father for detecting the weak points in the enemy's harness and striking hard.

ITS FEASIBILITY.

The second question is less easy to answer: Has the expedition a reasonable chance of success? It is harder to decide upon this than upon the question of relevancy, and the danger is that a movement may be undertaken because of its great and obvious fruitfulness when the odds are heavily against its succeeding. The Walcheren

expedition is a case in point. It was something more than defensible on grounds of general strategy, and, as we know, it occasioned Napoleon grave uneasiness. But, quite apart from its mismanagement, it never had or could have had more than an outside chance of success. Amateur strategists are always ready with such schemes, and if one wants bold and generous enterprises, one will get them from any club smoking-room. A descent upon the Baltic coast of Germany, an expedition to Jutland, a flank attack upon the Frisian shores, these would no doubt be highly profitable adventures if they were practicable. But if battle is joined in one great theatre, subsidiary operations which promise much, but whose issue is highly doubtful, are to be avoided, even if there are sufficient troops and guns to give them a sporting chance. The reason is that, if the risk is too great, the subsidiary operation may develop at an alarming pace and become a rival to the main operation. This will lead inevitably to confusion and distraction and a hopeless division of effort.

The third question is perhaps the most important: will the operation be self-supporting? Can it be conducted without weakening the strength in the main theatre? A subsidiary operation may be important in its results, and it may succeed; but its success may be too dearly bought. If it succeeds at the expense of the failure or the weakening of the effort in the main theatre, then it is a blunder. If, for example, Germany had sent large reinforcements last January to Enver in the Caucasus from her front in Western Galicia, and thereby enabled Enver to defeat the Russians and drive them back to Tiflis, that very real success would have been too dearly paid for if the main Russian armies had broken down the weakened defences of Cracow and ensconced themselves on the Oder. It would have been too dearly paid for if something much less than this had happened: if the Caucasian adventure had so disorganised the German armies on the Vistula that von Mackensen's great offensive of May was thereby postponed.

DARDANELLES EXPEDITION.

It is worth while to apply these considerations to the Dardanelles expedition. There has been much misgiving about the enterprise from the start and a great deal of unintelligent criticism and gossip. Anything like a reasoned judgment of military operations is still impossible, but even now one or two points are fairly clear.

It is a mistake to regard the Eastern and Western fronts as two separate theatres of war. The whole Allied lines in Europe are one battle front against a single enemy. The gap caused by a neutral country like Switzerland is properly to be regarded as a piece of dead ground in the firing line. We have seen how sensitive any part of our front is to movements on another part. The Grand Duke Nicholas in the beginning of the year advanced into East Prussia principally to ease the pressure in the West. The French attacked recently in the Artois to detain troops which might have reinforced von Mackensen. The war will be won by the destruction of the German strength in the field, and it is immaterial whether this happens on the Oise or the Rhine or the Vistula or the Dniester. Any movement on any part of

the front which contributes to this great end is strategically right.

Now, Russia has obviously the most difficult part to play. She has been holding a line of a thousand miles, and, since this is for the moment a gunner's war, her great numbers avail her nothing. Whatever helps her in her titanic struggle is a direct contribution to the Allied victory. We may assume that the main purpose of the Dardanelles expedition was to clear a passage for supplies to Russia; to influence hesitating neutrals, who, if they once joined in, would create a vital diversion on the enemy's right flank, and; by the defeat of Turkey, to release certain Russian troops for service in Poland and Galicia. "There never was a great subsidiary operation of war," Mr. Churchill has told us, "in which a more complete harmony of strategic, political, and economic advantages has combined, or which stood in truer relation to the main decision which is in the central theatre." I do not think that this can be denied. If the Dardanelles expedition succeeds it will be abundantly fruitful, and its influence will be felt at that point which for the present is the most critical point of the whole European theatre.

SHIPS AND FORTS.

What of the second question: Had the expedition a reasonable chance? Most people will probably agree that it had not; as at first conceived. The attempt to force a passage by ships alone undoubtedly flew in the face of the accepted teaching of history. We had to guide us the local experience of Duckworth in 1807 and Hornby in 1878, which went to prove that in order to secure the passage of the Dardanelles it was necessary to win and hold the Gallipoli peninsula. Again, to pass the Straits involved a battle of ships against forts, and the best opinion seemed to be that forts would win in such a contest. That was the view of Nelson in 1794 and of Moltke—in connection with this very question of the Dardanelles—in 1836.

The bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 was, as it happened, successful; but those who had studied the details had come to the conclusion that it was in reality a very remarkable proof of the superiority of forts against fire from the water. The Egyptian guns were badly mounted and very badly served, but not more than three were put out of action by direct hits. If the forts had not surrendered, twenty-eight of their guns could have been brought into action next day, when our fleet was practically destitute of ammunition. The difficulty of ships attacking forts was accepted in the Spanish-American war and in the Russo-Japanese war, and it was as near being an axiom as any military doctrine in the books. Lord Sydenham, a very high authority, considered that the advantages of the fort had increased under modern conditions.

Why, then, did we enter upon so heterodox an enterprise? The answer seems to be that there was still an unknown X in the problem—the effect of the latest long-range naval guns and of aerial reconnaissance. It remained to be seen whether these would not alter the situation—whether the forts at the entrance could not be destroyed by long-range fire from the outer sea, and the forts at the Narrows by indirect fire from the Gulf of Saros. On the whole the probabilities leaned against success. Mobile howitzers and concealed land batteries make it very difficult to tell when

guns are silenced, and the battleship is a terribly good target. But it is impossible to argue that there was not a chance of success, and it is difficult to maintain that when a great end is sought the one chance in ten should not be gambled on. In the history of war countless enterprises have succeeded in defiance of the text books. The landing at Gallipoli on April 25 was on paper an impossibility. Are we to rule out altogether those undertakings which, in Voltaire's phrase, "are called divine when they succeed and are regarded as chimeras when they fail"? Even in a subsidiary operation it is permitted to take chances, so long as they are genuine chances. In the old days war used to be three parts an art and one part a science. To-day it is three-fourths science, but you cannot get rid of the element of art. A bold scheme *may* succeed, and a commander may embark on it in defiance of a great weight of argument, relying upon a certain instinct for the mood and the moment which has brought many wild adventures to victory. The attack by the ships failed. Had it succeeded, it would have been loudly and justly acclaimed. Its failure, even the loss of three battleships, did not embarrass the conduct of the war elsewhere. There was nothing in it which ran contrary to the definition of a genuine subsidiary operation.

But the third question leads us into controversy. An Expeditionary Force was landed to face an enemy fully warned and prepared, strongly posted in very difficult ground, superior

in numbers, in guns, and in ammunition. Once the landing had taken place there could be no turning back. It was necessary to go on at whatever cost, and it was necessary to have reinforcements. These reinforcements, say the critics, could only come from troops destined for the main theatre, and their defection must therefore weaken our effort in that theatre.

It is not my intention to argue this question in these pages, for any such argument at the present stage would be in the highest degree futile and improper. I would rather urge the dropping of argument and criticism altogether, and for these reasons. In the first place, if we regard both the Eastern and Western fronts as one battle line, and the Eastern as for the moment the more critical one, it is obvious that the Dardanelles expedition, directed towards the assistance of that front, may altogether cease to be a subsidiary operation and be properly regarded as part of our effort in the central theatre. In the second place, not more than half a dozen people in Europe to-day have the knowledge which enables them to say that the Dardanelles reinforcements are crippling our strategy in the West. It may be so. On the other hand, it may not be so. It is a matter for the most expert military judgment, and it would be more decent if gossip and criticism ceased, and the evolution of the whole business were left for the present to the High Commands.

THE SPHINX IN THE BALKANS.

By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

AMONG the problems which exercise the ingenuity of the Allied Powers to-day three are of the highest moment—the successful prosecution of the war, the prevention of its recurrence, and the way to deal with the neutrals—and in particular with those who, occupying positions of decisive strategic importance, rely on the immutable goodwill of the Allies. And in most respects these three problems are so clearly interwoven with each other that a single solution will fit them all.

When the Allies were forced into this struggle for national existence and civilisation they had no adequate notion of the forces that confronted them, of the sacrifices they would be compelled to offer up, or of the time necessary to reach the goal. Their hopes were therefore high and their estimates of cost correspondingly low. Events have since opened their eyes, and to-day their credo may be summed up by a frank avowal of the enormous difficulties of their task and a hope that some time and somehow it will be performed satisfactorily. But that is not enough. They can and should take the matter into their own hands, boldly fix the time and devise the means, even though heroic measures may be needed to exorcise the unprecedented danger. And it would be folly to gauge the fitness of the means for that purpose by time-honoured standards. For with seismic force we have been hurled from our comfortable stronghold of use and wont and must adjust ourselves to the new conditions which are not of our own choosing.

If it be true that Germany has, as Mr. Kipling aptly puts it, "reduced civilisation and all that civilisation means to the simple question of kill or be killed," it is equally true that the doctrine of national or individual neutrality between right and wrong is criminal.

We have no right to exact friendship from other nations. But in our interests and those of our cause we should set before them motives to help themselves by

helping us more potent than any they have yet had to consider. And not to have done this before is a tactical mistake. What we have hitherto said to them is virtually this: "If we come out of this war victorious, you stand to gain enormously in every conceivable respect, for we uphold the principle of nationality, which involves the realisation of your dreams of national greatness." Thereupon they practically reply: "As in virtue of your principles you assign to us unconditionally the territories we crave, we need not make any sacrifices to take them. If you are victorious we will wrest them from your crushed enemies without an effort. In case you are defeated, we shall receive part of them from your conquerors as a reward for not having helped you. In either event we shall fall on our feet. And meanwhile our people will go on profiting by the stream of German gold which is flowing through all neutral lands. For we pursue a policy of interests, not of principle." Now, it is for the Allies to fashion a handle that will fit this lever of interests and to make it worth the while of those neutral States, whose co-operation is really indispensable, to tender their services. The principle of nationality is respectable, but in the present emergency it should be declared capable of such modifications as the needs of civilised Europe may determine. If it stand between us and our goal it would be folly to insist on applying it. If Bulgaria be honest and ready to assist us in return for Macedonia, and if owing to her commanding strategic position her help be indispensable, as many experts declare, then it is in the interests of civilisation that the price should be paid with as little delay as possible. For, after all, if Serbia were to refuse to cede her Macedonian acquisition, and the Allies failed in consequence to score a decisive victory, Serbia would lose not only Macedonia, but Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Croatia as well. And it would be madness

to risk the whole for fear of sacrificing a small fraction. But if, on the contrary, Bulgaria is Germany's friend and ally, why do the Entente Powers, and Russia in especial, allow her to speculate on their forgiving disposition and to trade on their ruin? A door, one would think, must either open or shut; but Entente diplomacy is seemingly unaware of the necessity. Russia has it in her power to supply the neutrality-mongers of Sofia with irresistible motives for action, but it would wring her heart to chastise the darling little Slav State which she herself created or to put too much pressure on the Serbs, and yet if either resolve were taken, Constantinople could be captured within three weeks, and the war would enter upon its last phase.

Future Guarantees.

And after? Can Europe rely upon a durable peace, however ingeniously statesmen may word the Treaty that establishes it? Surely not, unless sanctions more potent than scraps of paper serve as guarantees. Eighty million Germans, however completely defeated, will not sit still and forget their ideals for long. They will be united in thought, sentiment, and strivings. The knowledge that they waged war against the world's greatest Empires and were more than once within sight of their goal will nerve them to further efforts, for which the present loose organisation of Europe and their own cynical unscrupulousness will offer them ample scope. What bar can be set to these vaulting ambitions?

I venture to submit that what is essential is a compact organisation of all the civilising forces of Europe into a single community of interests and pursuits. And the assignment to the members of that community, and to them alone, of all the benefits—economic and financial, commercial and political—which it is in the power of the organisation to bestow. And this arrangement, to be effective, should be not merely for the duration of the war, but at least for a quarter of a century after peace has been signed. In this way the Allies have it in their power to enclose in advance the new structure which they, if victorious, will raise on the ruins of the European State-system which the Teuton rebellion has rendered henceforward impossible. For the fact cannot be blinked—though the nation seemingly has not yet fully realised it—that one effect of the present volcanic upheaval is the rapid disintegration of the whole social and political system of the old Continent. Whatever the outcome of this war, Europe can never again be what it was. Partial symptoms of the disruption already strike the eye. But there have as yet been no efforts at systematic reconstruction.

Mutual Aid.

Readiness to accord mutual aid and to confine it to the belligerent States is a common idea in the heads of most statesmen to-day, and it is already being applied partially. Great Britain and France have assisted their friends pecuniarily and otherwise to the extent demanded by the pressing needs of the moment. But the procedure has not been systematised nor extended. It is fitful and fragmentary, a mere expedient doomed to disappear together with the fleeting necessity that called it into being. Hence the speculation in neutrality which prevails among all neutrals to-day and the danger that awaits us after peace is concluded.

All this might be changed by mobilising and employing the vast resources of the Allies, and of Britain and France in particular, establishing a League which, while imposing on its members the duty of helping the Allies to speedy victory and guaranteeing the peace of reconstructed Europe later on, would bestow on them certain important economic rights and privileges of a nature to put a stop once for all to that stealthy economic interpenetration to which Germany owed her commanding position in Europe.

In the first place, then, whatever we in Britain may think of Free Trade and Tariff Reform, I have no hesitation in affirming that if we bring this sanguinary campaign to a successful finish, the Teuton must be deprived

of the benefits of the most-favoured nation clause. France was forced to accord them these advantages by the Treaty of Frankfurt, and Russia yielded the point during the Japanese War. And in consequence both countries have been economically sucked dry by Germany ever since. If Britain were voluntarily to bestow this privilege on the monsters who are seeking to annihilate her, she would deserve the lot they have in store for her. It was with the wealth they harvested from our markets that they equipped themselves for this struggle. Shall we throw open the same resources to them again? If not, we must introduce the double tariff system, imposing nominal duties on our friends and heavy duties on the others. I go further and contend that the restrictions already placed on the export of English coal should be extended and made permanent. Some of the lesser States depend largely on our coal, and when the war broke out I knew of two Powers that would have espoused our cause at once if we had made the exportation of that combustible conditional on their military assistance.

New Navigation Acts.

In like manner new Navigation Acts restricting the coasting trade to friendly, not neutral, States would exert irresistible pressure on certain countries which are impervious to motives of a more exalted order. In normal times there are vessels of a total of about five million tons engaged in that trade, and if we count long voyages we find that the total tonnage of foreign shipping thus employed amounted to thirty-one millions as against forty-four millions British. The dues payable by vessels flying the flags of neutral countries could be raised considerably above those payable by the members of the League. Germany conferred this privilege on Italy for the export of her fruits, and did it for political objects. And it is for political objects that we should adopt the same expedient. Trade licences, patents, permits to foreign commercial travellers in the British Empire should be similarly dealt with. In the matter of postal and telegraph rates the same line of demarcation should be drawn.

These expedients reinforced by special measures to stimulate the reciprocal flow of export and import between ourselves and our Allies would form the keystone of the new economic structure. And whether we like or dislike the scheme, the underlying principle must and will be realised if the Empire is to live. I hold further that, if we desire to end this war promptly, we should begin at once and apply it to neutrals who are not concerned in what befalls civilisation and to our friends who are spilling their blood and treasure to save it. That these innovations might slightly raise prices would, were it true, form no conclusive objection, for the existence of the Empire is of greater moment than cheap abundant food. But the contention is not proven. For the resulting Tariff League, excluding the neutrals, would embrace about 270 million people in Europe, nearly all Africa, Canada, Australia, half of Asia, and if we take in China, about 1,200 out of the 1,600 millions who inhabit the globe.* This would enable us to maintain Free Trade with three-fourths of the world.

Another fruitful idea turns upon banking facilities among the members of the League. The golden links that bind so many countries to the Fatherland were forged by Teuton banks of the type of the Banca Commerciale in Italy. German banking might aptly be likened to two huge cobwebs spreading over the world with the weaving spiders in Berlin. Of these, one is the Disconto Gesellschaft and the other the Deutsche Bank; or they might be compared to two sharp swords, of which the handles are in Berlin and the blades everywhere. In Russia, Italy, Roumania, Bulgaria, and other countries these institutions aided local trade and

* Cf. "Nuova Antologia," Anno. 50 Fascicolo 1042. It is impossible in this brief sketch to consider our position towards the United States. Towards the people of that Republic we stand on a more than friendly footing, and the creation of the League would tend to foster our present amicable relations.

industry, while Germanising it, and lowered the rates of interest. The Allies might imitate what was good in this method and eliminate the bad. Britain and France through their banks of issue and joint stock banks might do a large lucrative business even in the poorer friendly States while benefiting local trade there. In Bulgaria and Sardinia the rate of discount was as high as 12 per cent. before the war. London and Paris might lower it considerably and make a good profit.

Again, no neutral State, if it takes up arms in our cause and its own, will escape a loss of 20 per cent. on its paper money at the close of hostilities. During the campaign we have a countervailing arrangement. Why not make it permanent for, say, twenty years? Lastly, it might be found highly advantageous to go a step further and promise to aid certain of the neutrals—if they speedily join our ranks—to systematise their national debts and reduce the rate of interest on them. The lines on which this could be attempted would be similar—*mutatis mutandis*—to those on which the Egyptian debt was unified. A special institution for the purpose—an International Debt Office—might be created for the purpose of gauging the guarantees. This idea may strike withstanders of all things new as unprecedented and therefore unacceptable. But when France and Britain lent Greece sums amounting to about

thirty-three millions sterling at 4 per cent. they adopted the principle without utilising it politically. All that I ask for is that the principle should be adopted by the Governments, systematised, and extended.

System is the Alpha and Omega of success. The moral and martial energy which the present appalling danger has touched to life and thrown into various helpful shapes has yet to assume more complex forms than any which can be devised in instructive impulse quickened by the pressure of transitory needs. Fitfulness and incompleteness are the ruin of the most fruitful ideas. We have heard it affirmed over and over again that this is a war that will be decided by the exhaustion of our enemies. But have we striven systematically to reduce their resources? If we had, we would have forestalled the Germans and bought up this year's harvest of cereals in Roumania, which is already sold to our enemies, and which, if statisticians among my friends are right, will just enable them to tide over the months between May, 1916, and the ensuing harvest, *during which they would otherwise have been without corn.*

In the ideas put forward in this article there is nothing really new. New would be their adoption by the Allied Governments and their speedy reduction to a workable system. And an International Commission would soon find the ways and means of effecting this.

WINGS: A GLIMPSE OF WAR.

By W. L. George.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT VERWOOD stared. His blue eyes, filled with the tense wonder of the sailor's gaze, seemed to seek in the warm grey sky something that could not be there. Six thousand feet below lay a toy land. He had forgotten it for a moment and sat as if hypnotised by the broad, whizzing shadow, like a swirl of air upon a hot road, that the propeller made in front. The screw's contented beat seemed the usual accompaniment of his life. He thought: "Hang it! I promised Mabel to get photographed in full kit. T-t . . . I forgot." And then smiled, thinking it was a pity. For who knew?—in another ten seconds he might be past photographing. For a moment he was melancholic, wondered if it were worth it; he blasphemed his gods. "Spy work, after all," he reflected. And abruptly, as he heard the rudder-bar rasp, he remembered his mission. Raising his field-glasses, he stared down.

There lay the toy land of Belgium—square brown fields that looked black beside the meadows; roads, white as on a plan, in places little specks that must be cattle; spires like Noah's arks, and, far away, two threads of silver on which careered a minute train. Flight-Lieutenant Verwood thought of the Christmas fair on Ludgate Hill and penny steam engines. That was all. Belgium in the grey morning looked unmilitary. He strained his eyes at the field-glasses: there was nothing, no animation, not the glitter of a bayonet, not a scatter of tents. Immeasurably grey and empty lay the plain, as the immeasurable pale sky above. He was alone. Not yet old enough as an airman to be dulled, he exulted. The air stung his cheek, the pilot was forgot; he was alone as a gull between sky and sea.

The propeller beat on as a heart. He saw rushing towards him a cloud-bank, grey and fleecy as the rump of a swan, and above, where touched it the sun, rosy and golden. He shrank. Already a moisture was in the air. He hated clouds. They were more blinding than the night. Still, they had to go through.

And almost at once they were in the cloud, in a new world, clinging, humid, which had blotted out the old. They hung alive and winged, as soaring skylarks, shrouded above, shrouded below, their wake obscured, their way uncertain, in the thick whitish body of the cloud that was cold and moist, half solid, half yielding,

as a woman's veil, or more tenuous, of the substance of ghosts. Flight-Lieutenant Verwood stared, wiping his goggles with a wet glove. It seemed interminable, this sojourn in a Laputan fairyland. His hair was soaked and rivulets of water began to creep down his breast. Then, little by little, the fleece grew thinner, from feather turned to down, and he could see a space of air that in contrast seemed translucent as a pearl. The end? Or a rift?

Verwood sat with hands clenched. He had seen. For less than a second, as he spanned the rift, he had seen in the light air, a little above, the incredible, the almost impossible, a vast object greyer than the cloud. He had seen it all, its slender nose, its broad belly, a whirring couple of propellers, and long cars that hung, and now it was gone, for the rift was narrow, and again he flew within the cloud. "Did I dream it?" he thought. But no; for above the familiar sound of his own motor he heard the overpowering roar of other engines, as the snore of a giant. Flight-Lieutenant Verwood found himself trembling all over. Where was it? Whence came this immense voice? He heard it upon the right and upon the left, everywhere, and yet invisible in the thickening snowy cloud. He heard the pilot shout: "Zeppelin!"

Energy returned to Verwood's body and he was filled with an intoxication: "Good God! What a chance!" He heard the elevator-flaps rise, gripped the rail as the tail fell and, nose upwards, the biplane bored into the upper air. He glanced at the barometer: 7,000 feet. And wondered: "Did they see us?" As they rose the cloud grew thinner. A golden tint came into it, the sun was not far. Suddenly, as if drawn from a deep sea, the biplane emerged. Just above lay the great airship, unhurried on its way to the South. In that moment Verwood thought only of speed. Could they rise quickly enough and then as a falcon swoop?

There was an agitation upon the airship. As if minded to fight, its speed slackened; with the roar of its motors blended a familiar sound, the long rasp of a machine-gun. Two or three bullets passed like whispers between the planes. The pilot hesitated, pulled down the right aileron. Verwood could feel his enemies adjusting the machine-gun. Well done! As the second volley came the pilot pulled down the left aileron, returning un-

seathed to the horizontal. And still they rose. Verwood's heart grew large and heavy, for he could discern in the Zeppelin a new movement. It fled no more and now was rising. He had only one thought: "Can we rise enough?" But this concerned the pilot. Slowly the Zeppelin tried to turn, but a wind blew in the upper air and found its broad side. It rose, and round it in broad spirals rose its little enemy. The scene was all peace, and Verwood's body had almost an automatic quality as the pilot alternately pulled down the right and then the left aileron. He raged, so marooned with only a carbine and bombs. A machine-gun! For that he could have prayed. No use; higher and still higher, there lay success. He blinked, his eyes were strained as they watched the barometer, 8,000 feet, then by curling stages, 9,000. Still too slow; the thing above, firing desultorily, half-turned as if contemptuous and determined to keep upon its course. Verwood saw the swaying to starboard of the vertical rudders. He swore. And a bunch of bullets made just under his feet a horrid crackling. He heard the linen rip, and something go and grow loose, and dangle and clack in the wind. Dumbly he turned to look at the pilot, biting his mouth; then wrote upon the block, "A longeron gone, I expect?"

The pilot nodded and his mouth formed the word "strut."

Verwood understood. A strut or more had gone; the fuselage might give. His strained eyes filled with tears as he watched the little black needle of the barometer creep up, touch, overtake the 10,000 mark.

They were climbing swiftly now in the light air. An exhilaration was on Verwood as he breathed more swiftly under the low pressure. And there was a hesitation in the enemy's course as if he knew he could not climb much higher. Something fell, mistier than the cloud below. They were throwing water-ballast, and at this sign of despair an exultation like blood rage filled the brain of the Flight-Lieutenant. The pilot wrote:

"Can't get much higher. There's another strut giving somewhere."

Verwood wanted to entreat him, cursing the noise the motor made. If he only could talk! So, as if to taunt his brother-officer, he wrote:

"Oelrich got up to 25,000 at Leipzig."

Then for a moment all was excitement. The Zeppelin, ceasing to rise, slowly yawed to port, as if despairing, determined to charge, perhaps to wreck itself if it could not escape. The response was automatic. Forward went the control-lever, clanking into place. Verwood felt rather than heard the elevator-flaps sink, and fell, hurting his breast, against the rail as, nose first, the biplane dived.

They passed just under. The airship blotted out the sky. It looked all detail as Verwood emptied his carbine toward the petrol tanks. This was earth, not air, so heavy and hot all round, with men massed in the two cars, shouting. He saw a face in the mist that was red and sweating, with anxious eyes. He heard himself shouting he did not know what; he was urgent and thought only of one word: "Up!"

They were rising. As if the nerves of his body ran into the machine he could hear the struts groan, the fuselage going, the clatter of the broken longeron. He could feel every wire straining as if at his own stomach. And now as they rose the air that streamed in through the hole in the linen was causing the biplane to heel over to the left. He thought:

"A little more . . . she'll sideslip and . . . down, down. . . ." He shouted: "Look out!"

The control-lever came down to the right, raising the left aileron—and there was a long shiver of hesitation while a strained wire suddenly relaxed, singing its little note. It seemed to last for many minutes, until at last, very slowly, the biplane responded, righting itself and hesitating a little upon the air like a tight-rope dancer that has no assurance. Then again it rose on its broad spiral way, and Verwood was filled with a delight soft and voluptuous as a caress.

They were above. As a grey island the airship lay in the pale sky, rising still but slowly, as if uncertain, its cars invisible, suddenly desert, devoid of life save for the four whirring zones of its propellers. It lay so quiet upon the air, the L 84 painted upon its stern hardly a name. The biplane's spiral way broke into a line, and Verwood's fingers upon the releasing catch of the first bomb burnt with heat as a moment before they had been numb with cold. The biplane was swooping, with intolerable slowness it seemed, upon the broad thing below. A mad impatience possessed Flight-Lieutenant Verwood, an impulse to throw his pilot out of his seat and himself drive his machine, to hurl it straight at the grey flank, tearing it and burying himself in it, with it falling towards the invisible earth. But he was cool amid his savagery. Closer and closer they came. He saw the shine of the sun upon the grey flank. He touched the catch, and suffered a pang of physical pain as for a second a bomb gleamed past, missing the quarry. He felt abased. He could not then have looked at the pilot behind. But the pilot understood; he swerved to the right so suddenly that the rushing air tore yet further into the gaping linen of the fuselage. They were just above. As if the airship knew, it began to sink and Verwood had a vision of it growing less and then less, receding into safety. But, anticipating his dream, he released the second bomb. . . .

He had heard the victorious voice of the bomb as it struck the central ballonets, a strange new sound among the roar of the propellers, like an interruption in a speech. He lay against the rail, clasping it with both hands, for everything about him was in revolution, and yet of that he could not think: he could only gaze below where rose a tall pillar of flaming hydrogen. He shivered as if his taut nerves had snapped. He saw smoke, hints of flame. Then for a moment the whole of the world in which he lived was seized by some mighty hand and overturned. From the stricken thing that fell rose the air, solid as a bar of glass. He could feel it strike the tail of the biplane. Like a body without mind he fell, small and bruised, in his seat, as the nose jerked up and the propeller, as if distraught, uttered a plaintive shriek. All his body seemed to dissolve, his entrails to slide towards his spine, and there cling. He was conscious of something behind him that fought for life, of the pilot with both hands pressing the control-lever forward. He thought: "Down." Then, as he saw only their own motor: "Too much." He saw a cloud, small and round like a thick tobacco puff. The air still streamed about him, sought to snatch him from his seat to knead him as with fingers. The pilot pulled the lever back, and Verwood, falling towards him, felt the back of his seat bruise his side. He was in tumult. This thing below which he had seen flaming—it was his; he had hit it, he had slain it. It was victory. And yet all about him the rushing air from the stricken thing that fell—it was killing him, too. He could feel all the fabric wriggling behind him. It might buckle. Verwood saw himself, a black lump, whirling down with spread limbs, like a shot pheasant. He laughed hysterically. He thought of Hendon and that day when the tail skid had caught in something and they had nearly turned over while landing.

The biplane canted to the right, then to the left. With ears automatic Verwood heard the control-bar groan as the pilot pulled it to the left, then to the right. He felt sick, was thrown from side to side. Then, magically, the movement grew less as if somehow by the hand of fate the biplane were righted after all. Yes, it was . . . it was! It swayed less. The propeller again beat regularly. Verwood once more wiped his goggles. The biplane was planing down, but far below dropped something that did not now seem so large, something like a great caterpillar, no longer rigid, but crumpling and twisting into a crescent; something that fell more swiftly than a swallow dives, that fell in a lazy pall of black smoke, shrouding in its midst an angry red eye of streaming flame.

WOUNDED ON A BATTLEFIELD.

By An Officer.

MY thigh hurt me in such a way that I could not move until morning had lingered into afternoon. Nor, indeed, dare I do so. For the mill with its group of adjacent buildings was only one hundred and fifty yards away, and the enemy swarmed in the mill, which also commanded the whole of the field behind our little line of shelter. Luck—or was it Providence?—had placed that long shallow depression just there where we lay. And Providence alone knows how we came alive across six hundred yards of naked country in face of a stream of bullets that never ceased. Until, leaping a ditch of stagnant water, the bullet tore through muscles and tendons and—I stopped.

And there I lay on my face listening to the sounds of the battle. They were so numerous that I cannot enumerate them all. It was the shrapnel which caused the greatest dread. How narrowly it whizzed overhead to burst about thirty yards behind with a deafening bang and a flash of fire followed by the “sing-sing” of many bullets which buried themselves in the ground. Surely none could escape! The whole sky was dotted with the black smoke of high explosives and the yellow puffs of lyddite, each with its flash of flame. The air stank of powder and the fumes of sulphur.

More terrible—not to be forgotten—were the salvoes of the German batteries close in front, which fired almost together every three minutes. “Boom-boom-boom-boom”—they threatened to burst the brain, they caused a racking headache, these terrible tornadoes of sound. The machine-gun and the rifle-fire were as nothing after these. The “rat-tat-tat,” the “clack-clack,” the “ping-ping” sent their messages well overhead to the trenches behind, and the still-advancing troops. Much other noise came to puzzle the ears, to weary the brain; the faint shouting of men, the “clink-clink” of the entrenching tools as the soldiers dug themselves in, the great hollow explosions which resounded afar off amid the ruins of Aubers and Neuve Chapelle.

And the groans, the moans, the crying of those who lay around. I will not gloss over these details of a battlefield. It is not a sport—there is no laughter, no humour, no sentiment, no relief. Let us look things squarely in the face—we at home—for once. The shrapnel had done its worst.

I started to crawl back. The dressing-station was at least a mile away, but I had a message to deliver, and things seemed quieter. I crawled over the ground ever so slowly, for those riflemen in the mill were doubtless watching. The ploughed field seemed interminable—you could not see the breastwork on the other side, and the only landmarks were the dead and wounded men who lay at intervals along the direction of advance. Now the supports had ceased to come up. Yet suddenly, as happens in modern fighting, the combatants took inspiration, the battle burst forth afresh. One above another common shells and shrapnel exploded above and beside me, earth fell about my ears, bullets tingled past them. Flash after flash, as of lightning, dazzled my eyes. I was barely half-way across. Creeping into a deep shell-hole I flattened my face. Close behind the German howitzer double-battery boomed shatteringly. Close ahead the firing of our own guns was so swift, so furious, as to be one continuous roar. Also the rifle-fire freshened along the whole front—it were as though some great dry wood-pile had been newly kindled. The air sang songs with the passage of the shells, the earth trembled under the detonation of such huge guns as had never been used before—shriek and roar, boom and bang and crackle.

For half an hour I lay there, thinking the end of all things had come.

But like some gust of human passion the holocaust spent itself at last. And I crawled on among the shell-

pits and the relics of the soldiery, the rifles, the caps, and the helmets, the emptyings of pockets, the equipment and the haversacks, the wasted rounds of ammunition, the revolvers, and the scraps of food. Past many an upturned waxen face and shreds of men where shells had done their work—and blood. A head showed itself above the rim of a shell-hole. “Stop, sir,” it said; “give me your pack. I’ll keep it for you. You’ll never carry it all the way.” I did not like the face or the voice. I had heard strange tales. There were messages and a marked map in my pack. I crawled on.

And found Grant presently, lying on his back. Poor Grant—he, so weathered and tough, so used to fighting, so sure with the rifle, solid and stolid, so able as sniper or scout! A bullet through the chest had left him in agony. And close at hand the unknown doctor, who, without summons had doubled across the shell-swept field to tend our wounded, only himself to be shot through the body as he knelt beside them.

At last the friendly wall of sandbags is in sight, behind which our supports are sheltering. A deep and broad ditch or, rather, small stream of filthy water runs in front of this. Only at one place is it crossed by a single plank, all slippery, all slithery. Astride it, almost at right angles, blocking the way, lies the body of an English soldier. I make more than one attempt to cross. I slide to this side and that, for the plank is very narrow. My situation is precarious and painful, with the stinking muddy water beneath and the board bending under my weight. And there is the obstacle at the end. But at this moment some brawny lad extends a hand from behind the breastwork and drags me within its shelter by main force. I find three officers of another regiment bunched up together under the parapet. After a rest to recover breath, I pull myself along the line of sandbags, through the mud, which in places is inches deep. Wounded men lie at intervals propped against the breastwork, some unconscious, some nursing heads or limbs, while a couple of doctors and stretcher-bearers are busily engaged attending to them as quickly as may be.

I leave the breastwork behind, having been directed towards the dressing-station, and with frequent pauses for breath cross another field.

I find myself in an orchard.

It is very quiet here, save for the occasional shells which whistle overhead. Actually I can hear birds—finches, no doubt, and linnets—twittering in the apple-trees, which are planted very close together, after the French fashion, so that a kind of twilight reigns beneath. Yet the lengthening rays of the afternoon sun have found their way in here; they fall in rich golden pools of light upon the green grass.

I rest here. I am all alone. Down the middle of the orchard runs a long straight trench, unscathed, untouched. Around it in serried ranks lies a full battalion of infantry—asleep.

So close to the firing line! Mystified, yet doubting, I creep round the trench towards the road.

A pool of golden sunshine falls direct upon one of the sleeping figures which lies rather apart, the face upturned, one arm extended—a typically Teuton face. The uniform is grey, the facings red, the belt and pouches black like the boots. The expression and attitude of the young man are peaceful and calm if a little unnatural. Not a quiver, not a sound.

I glance at the other figures as I creep by. They, too, are very peaceful, very quiet, very happy. Nearly all are Englishmen and, looking at them, I realise that I am in the presence of a great fraternity of soldiers. Nothing shall disturb their rest again, neither shells nor bullets, nor the call of duty.

In the sunny meadow beyond, a clergyman and two helpers have begun their work of burying the dead.

VINDICATION OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By S. P. B. Mais.

FOR many years there have not been wanting critics in plenty who have found matter for animadversion against the Public School spirit. They pointed to what they called the sausage-machine system and declared that this average product of Eton, Winchester, and so on was a thoroughly bad average. Boys left these schools imbued with the idea that the highest term of encomium that could be employed about their fellow-creatures was "good sportsman"; success in games was the be-all and the end-all here; all intellectual attainments were at a discount; the cultivation of the straight eye and physique was what mattered; the cultivation of the brain, the broadening of the mind were of no account in a world where a "Blue" was more eagerly sought after than a "First in Greats."

There was a substratum of truth in this, as there is in most criticism, but I should very much like to have had the privilege of showing the most bigoted anti-Public School critic what a year of war has wrought at Winchester. We reassembled last September in a state bordering almost on nervous panic. So many boys, so many of the younger members of the staff had left us that it seemed inconceivable that we could carry on for long at all, much less "as usual." The wonder of it even now leaves us at a loss to explain it, but the fact remains; the reins of government fell on shoulders which we thought incapable of bearing any burden of responsibility; captains of games, captains of Houses, captains of schools have changed not terminally but weekly in some cases, and always there have been found boys, incredibly young, who have stepped into the breach vacated by another newly-commissioned subaltern, and the machine has run as smoothly and adequately as ever.

The Only Object.

Every Public Schoolboy lives for one thing and for one only—to gain a commission and to get out to the Front as expeditiously as possible; but, in the meantime, he is perfectly clear in his mind as to his present duty; he is willing to work much more keenly than heretofore at his classics, mathematics, or English, for not only have they become things of great moment and interest in themselves, but, nearly in every case, has the stereotyped subject of the school curriculum in some insidious manner come to have a direct bearing on his training. Is he a mathematician or a scientist? There is unending scope for ability in this direction in the Gunners, the Flying Corps, as bomb or machine-gun officer. Is he gifted with an aptitude for classics, English, or history? He will read of ancient wars and distant heroes with a renewed interest, especially when told with that force and point which makes the appeal of all the work of genius so instant and so strangely modern. I know of one young subaltern in the Sherwood Foresters who has written to me from "somewhere in France, in the thick of it," weekly since November, who has depicted the scenes of horror through which he has lived simply by quoting passages from "Paradise Lost." The result has been so vividly reproduced in my mind that I feel that I, too, have been living in the same trenches with my friend.

Though there is but little chance of the Scholarship-hunter ever going up to Balliol or Trinity, though the London Matriculation candidate will in all probability never benefit materially from taking his examination, yet all these specialists work with a vigour that speaks extraordinarily well for their powers of imagination. It is a fallacy to suppose, as I have seen it somewhere asserted, that the Army side is the only part of the school that now works with any seriousness of purpose. Naturally, Woolwich and Sandhurst candidates have received a special impetus on account of the war, but at

Winchesborough, at any rate, there is no sign of any falling away in intellectual effort; rather is there a quite noticeable renaissance which is calculated to make glad the heart of all keen ushers.

And do not let it be imagined because most of our "club" matches at "Rugger" and cricket have perforce had to be abandoned that there is any diminution of keenness in games. Though the school XV. and XI. are small and young, there is no lack of dash or ability; the marvel is that these youngsters have come on so quickly. Blasé Old Boys in khaki come down to see their old houses attempt to keep up pristine honours and laugh scornfully at young "Buggins" as he goes out to bat; the same child returns an hour or so later for an almost perfect 67, and the laughter has changed to a cheer.

"By George! the kid has got guts. Whoever would have thought of his coming out like this in a year? Why, I remember him last summer term as a fag, with no more cricket in him than a sponge."

Same Old Discipline.

It is the same all through the school. Captaincies and colours are not cheap, even though they adorn young heads: discipline is just as well kept by the sixteen-year-old as by the moustached giant of nineteen this time last year.

Most of the staff are, as I said, fighting; but the entire common-room have come into the O.T.C. to take their place; when the full complement of officers was reached they overflowed into the ranks. It is no uncommon sight to see a young corporal or other N.C.O. hounding his perspiring form-master up a ravine or over a ploughed field, or cursing him for his slowness in falling or rising when his section is attempting to rush a trench under the all-seeing eye of the O.C.

There is a new spirit of competition prevalent in all platoons, which is easily noticeable at all times. On the march the school "Carmen" and "Who Were You With Last Night?" are varied by obscene references to less fortunate companions who have been reprimanded by an umpire in field operations. Listen to them now as they swing down the Bristol Road:

They c-a-a-n't lift their k-ne-es up in Number Three Platoon;
They c-a-a-n't lift their k-ne-es up in Number Three Platoon.

Five hundred full-throated boys bawling at the tops of their voices all in unison with the exception of the unfortunate "Number three," who are savagely raking up old mistakes of the platoons nearest to them and letting fly with any noise that may help to drown the chorus of the others.

Eagerness for Efficiency.

Each platoon strives to secure as many efficiency badges for Morse and semaphore, for scouting and shooting as is possible. A list of promotions on the school board is awaited with more interest than the awarding of school colours, and field-days and night attacks are the most eagerly anticipated of any of the great events of the term. The disappointment when we heard that the great general who always inspects us annually had deputed an inferior officer in his place was so acute that, had he been aware of it, I believe he would have come at any cost. He had, of course, adequate reasons, but we felt his absence almost as a slight, for though we do not wish to overestimate our own importance, we know full well how much the future of England depends on her Public Schools. There has never been a lack of officers since the war began, and there never will be, however long the war continues, so long as the schools remain open and there are boys to go.

I can conceive nothing finer than the spirit of the Public Schools to-day. Boys are not only willing but glad to give up all their most cherished ambitions and

hopes of Oxford, of Cambridge, of business, of future professions, and all the rest of it, for their country. They leave us smiling, almost children, without care or fear; they come back to us a few months after, if they come back at all, a few V.C.'s and D.C.M.'s, bearing their honours lightly as if never won, ascribing them always to "flukes"; armless, legless, eyeless, as if badly mauled by some savage beast, yet always cheerful. Only the look in their eyes betrays that they have looked Death and Horror in the face not once, but many times. Their talk is always banter and good-natured "ragging." Their smiles always refer to some loved sport. One such wrote the day before he died—both his legs had to be amputated as the result of a shell: "I always funk'd those low ones in the slips: I never could get down to 'em."

They talk of regiments and divisions "out there" just as they used, a year or so ago, to discuss colleges other than their own at the University.

"By Jove! you should see the Leicesters; the Germans won't go near 'em for love or money: they are the lads."

"The 29th Division? Yes—I should say so. I know stacks of fellas in that crowd; they're just the very best ever. I never saw such a crew; absolutely without fear; go anywhere; do anything—they have made a name for themselves."

"Oh, the Blankshires! Yes—they have made a mess of it. The biggest skunks on the face of the earth: they haven't a single officer who's washed since Noah's time, and as for their men . . . it's time they went back to scavenging. We've no use for 'em out there. . . . And so on."

They are made of just the same stuff as ever, these Public School boys, but in the past there has not been much to bring them out. "Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues." They may in the piping times of peace need some justification, but not now, not now.

So long as we have men to lead us of such calibre, men who last year may have been bank clerks, at a theological college, in business, fruit-farming in B.C., school-masters, polo players, landed proprietors, rich or poor, sporting or intellectual, however diverse in their vocations or pursuits, yet bound together under the magic title of Old Boys of Such and Such a School, there is no need of pessimism so far as England is concerned.

Why, even now, at this very moment, you will find that all the Public School boys who are physically ineligible or are not old enough to join their dearest friends in Flanders or the Dardanelles are working here at home for the whole of August and September. You will find them on farms as harvesters, in goods yards as porters, with the Territorials, living with the men as Sergeant-Instructors (the War Office was wiser than it knew when it permitted them to undertake these responsible jobs), in Y.M.C.A. tents as entertainers, as Enumerators of the Register, ready as ever to do anything or to be sent anywhere if by so doing they can render some service to their country. This they are doing with a smile on their lips and a cheerful readiness which is all the more laudable, for under the surface there is the gnawing anger at the unfairness of it all—that not theirs is the honour and glory, the chance to fight and die, the chance to be with all those friends who matter; but that they have to stay at home with those "half-men, drear and dirty," who have refused to answer the call of honour; aye, and worse, are liable to be classed among them by short-sighted, interfering fools who think to do their country service by insulting every young man they meet not in khaki.

The Public School spirit is not least of all to be seen in these who have to forgo their most cherished ambitions and abide here at home, cheered on only by the motto "They also serve" and by their own hearts' inmost conviction.

GERMANY'S BREAK WITH THE PAST.

By I. March Phillipps.

PEOPLE who love architecture are well aware of the capacity it has for incarnating, as it were, the thoughts and emotions of its builders; so that, long after a generation has passed away and its clay mingled with its native soil, its spirit seems still to survive in those more permanent bodies of stone into which it has been breathed. It is in this sense that Mr. Lethaby speaks of a Gothic cathedral as a great fragment of the Middle Ages sticking up through the strata of after centuries. Naturally the buildings which belong to the great creative epochs, or, as we say, to the great styles of architecture, possess most of this living interest, for it is these which were originally inspired by a positive and united conviction. More meaning having been poured into them, they can communicate more. Hence it is that mediæval buildings are able so effectively to impart mediæval ideas that to submit oneself to their influence is almost equivalent to being transported back into that period in our history.

It is this power of architecture to express ideas, and to repel or attract according as its ideas are acceptable or the reverse, which seems to me to impart a peculiar significance to Germany's dealings with mediæval buildings in Belgium and France. After making all allowances it is difficult to resist the impression that the work of destruction carried out at Rheims, Louvain, Arras, and many other places was performed with a zest amounting to a quite willing and even eager alacrity.

You would say the Germans took pleasure in the job; certainly you would look in vain for any traces of reluctance, or of a desire to spare; or for the smallest indication, in letters or diaries of German officers or in official or newspaper comments, that the objects destroyed appealed to any sentiment of reverence shared

by the German race in common with other people. Whatever the thoughts may be which are preserved in these edifices, the Germans would seem very emphatically to repudiate them. At least, that is the impression conveyed by the spontaneous wantonness of the destruction they have wrought.

And, indeed, their hostility in their outward action is no more than the hostility they are expressing in another way in their own modern style of building. For Germany, too, in these days has a style. The ascendancy of the Prussian order of idea has been so marked, and has so completely dominated the national will, that its mere external and official authority has succeeded in generating a kind of architecture imbued with all the characteristics of the Prussian ideal. This new German style is interesting as showing, not only that Germany has broken with the past, but the reason she has for so doing; the reason being that she has adopted a philosophy of life entirely different, and even antagonistic, to the mediæval point of view. This it is that is significant, and this it is—this desire on the part of Germany to substitute a new order of ideas for the ideas for which mediæval art still stands in Europe—which will justify a moment's attention.

For many years the study of architecture has been carried on with us under somewhat discouraging conditions; owing to the fact that it has fallen into the hands of a number of professional dealers, who are much more concerned with maintaining their monopoly of a lucrative business than employing it, as an art, to express the ideas of their own age. Under the circumstances, it is very natural that all interest in the subject should nearly be killed out. Nevertheless, in spite of this, there are certain styles of architecture the innate significance of which is

so great as to defy all the efforts of the profession to explain it away. The Gothic style is one of these. It suffers, of course, from serious drawbacks. It is essentially a spontaneous or semi-barbaric style; that is to say, it altogether lacks the intellectual quality of Greek or Renaissance art. The rudeness of the mediæval age itself is upon it. None the less, in its spiritual and emotional aspects it achieves results which scarcely any other style has even attempted to achieve.

Upward-Reaching Lines.

These are largely due to an effect which is perfectly familiar to everyone, since it belongs to every Gothic interior; I mean the effect of a concourse of upward-rushing lines springing from the pavement to meet at last in the apex of the roof, and in their upward flight carrying the eye and mind of the spectator with them. It has not been enough remarked by critics of architecture that Gothic interiors are the only interiors which illustrate the power of *continuity* of line, being composed, not of distinct and finite features, but of a system of lines, or ribs, which start from the floor as a bundle, or sheaf, of slender, rod-like columns, and are thrust through, rather than stopped by, the encircling capitals, from which point they ascend, some to form the mouldings of the aisle arches, while others, mounting the clerestory walls as vaulting shafts, diverge at last into the ribs of the vaults. This upward flight of vertical lines, and especially the continuity of their ascent, imparts so aspiring a character to the architecture that to Professor Freeman it seemed to be inspired with a visible ascending motion, as if the spiritual intention embodied in the "soaring" lines of the interior had communicated itself to the masonry and structural composition of the building.

With this effect of Gothic the reader is familiar, but there is another, every whit as potent, which, in this country, is less often encountered. The enthusiasm with which our Puritan ancestors availed themselves of the perishable nature of glass to destroy the stained windows of ancient churches and cathedrals has resulted in the practical destruction of all that is best of that kind of art in England. Vestiges remains, but vestiges are of small account, since they fail to communicate the real aim of the mediæval craftsman, which was to create an interior entirely suffused and penetrated with beams of unparalleled colour. Such an interior was the facsimile of an inward mood. It uttered that profound emotion which always, in East and West, has reverted to monastic asceticism to deepen and confirm its reliance on the spiritual faculty.

Priceless Stained Glass.

Of such interiors—interiors which exhibit the full effect of stained glass at its best—we have none remaining in England. In France they are much more fortunate, most of their great cathedrals containing large quantities of priceless early glass. In this respect Rheims was not perfect—at least, as Chartres is perfect—since its aisle windows had been during the eighteenth century, filled with cold white glass in such a way that the church was partly invaded with natural daylight which shone, not through, but upon, the stained windows, blackening, instead of illuminating, their colour. Nevertheless, enough of the original glass remained, especially in the clerestories, in the pairs of lancets, and in the great roses, to convey much of the emotional sensation which it was the purpose of the builders to express. In no feature of the Gothic style has the mediæval soul so fully expressed itself as in these dim yet gorgeous suffusions of interior colour. The golden and azure beams which traverse the obscurity and rest upon prostrate forms of stone, much as the dreams and aspirations of those ages of faith hovered, perhaps, round the originals in their walk through life, seem to be endowed with the lustre and depth of jewels or of those rich enamels of which the secret was brought into France by Venetian traders from the East, and

which, indeed, were imitated in the first glass stained by the craftsmen of Limoges.

We must join the influence of colour of this character to the intention conveyed by the lines of Gothic architecture if we would correctly estimate its influence. The dominant characteristic of this style, which was also the dominant characteristic of the age, was a profound spiritual consciousness, a susceptibility of the soul leading rather to emotional than to intellectual expression. It is easy, in such an interior as Rheims was till lately, standing in the twilight of its transepts, with the jewelled light of the great north rose filling the spaces between the ascending shafts, to feel over again the same emotion which inspired the original builders. For, indeed, the men of that age built in their own image, and their feelings have not to be imagined, but are here visibly embodied in colour and stone. So long as the spectator preserves within himself a remnant of the spiritual faculty, and remains open, therefore, to impressions of that nature, so long will he naturally respond to this artistic appeal. Not till the soul is dead in him, not till all capacity for spiritual emotion has dried up in his nature, will he be able to gaze on these surroundings with an indifferent or hostile eye.

Germany and Mediæval Art.

It is difficult in such a crisis as this to estimate correctly, and without bias, the currents of ideas that have been set flowing. But judging, not by art alone, but by the written and spoken words and thoughts of the leaders of German opinion, it seems as if Germany, as a nation, had reached this positive degree of hostility to the mediæval point of view. It seems as if there were no longer anything in common between her and that age. No point of *likeness* remains, and because of that she is capable of no feeling of *liking* for anything in which the character of that age is expressed. For all liking is the sense of likeness, just as disliking is the sense of unlikeness. There have been periods in history when this unlikeness to Gothic spirituality seemed complete—such, for instance, as the predominantly intellectual eighteenth century (during which colour, that language of the soul, was so generally banished); but from these moments Europe has emerged. In spite of intellectual obsessions, in spite of the Renaissance and the claims of exact knowledge, Europe has succeeded in maintaining that spiritual susceptibility which was the chief legacy of the mediæval epoch.

Europe, on the whole, has done this, but not every nation of Europe has done it. It seems as if Prussia certainly (and Germany, in so far as she has passed under the control of Prussia) has learnt to rely so exclusively on purely mundane and material considerations that the spiritual faculty within her has become atrophied from disuse. It is to this atrophy of the spiritual faculty, to this exclusive devotion to material estimates, that modern German architecture (taken in conjunction, of course, with modern German philosophy, science, poetry, and literature generally) so unmistakably testifies. Modern German—or I had rather say modern Prussian—architecture is a really adequate and true embodiment of Prussian thought and the Prussian philosophy. It is the style of a nation cut off absolutely from the spiritual point of view, and which has replaced that point of view by a strict devotion to unmitigated materialism. It is, one might almost conjecture, such a style as would be evolved by a nation whose soul was dead.

For the classic style in Germany, the reader must observe, widely differs from that style elsewhere. We are all more or less imitators of the classic style in these days, but our imitations all have a certain character of their own. English experiments in that line reveal little more than the innate antagonism between English and classic thought, while French experiments, on the other hand, usually reveal the intellectual nimbleness and dexterity of the French mind. But the German experiments are different to these. They are not experiments at all. They exhibit in their ponderous uniformity of

character, in their tendency on all occasions to mere weight, and coarseness, and size, a real appreciation of, and real agreement with, the original motives of later Roman construction. The baths, the palaces, the amphitheatres of Imperial Rome are inspired by this very spirit. It is not so much a case, with Berlin architecture, of external reproduction, of copying this feature or that. It is more a case of identity of thinking and feeling culminating in identity of expression. Prussian architecture, the Prussian classic style, is almost spontaneous. It is much more than a mere architect's architecture, as it is with us, which no one but the authors ever notice, and which expresses nothing that anyone else understands or cares about. It really does express something that is in the national mind, and which appeals to the national imagination.

Prussian and Roman Ideas.

It does so because of the real similarity between Prussian and Roman ideas. Two traits distinguish the Roman mind. First, its instinctive leaning to practical and materialistic conceptions, to the exclusion of all that is spiritual; and, secondly (which follows from the first), its equally instinctive reliance upon a system of mechanical control and organisation to the exclusion of any mere human impulses or aspirations. The whole Roman Empire, its success and growth, its limitations and more especially its final collapse, are manifestations of this bias of the Roman mind, but, as always happens, in Roman art it is that this bias is most vividly apparent. The inhuman quality in Roman architecture has nothing in common with that aloofness of the Greek style, which, though detached, yet in its nobility of thought sympathises with and beckons to the highest aspirations of classic thought. The aloofness of the Roman style is the aloofness of the autocrat and tyrant who oppresses, not raises. In the relics of Roman buildings wheresoever they exist, whether by northern rivers or by the borders of southern deserts, the same character prevails. They are strong, they are mighty, they are majestic and ostentatious and arrogant, yet they are mere formulas reiterated with the same deadly precision and instinct with the same spirit of an iron, mechanical control.

If the reader remembers Watts's picture of "Mammon," that gross, enthroned figure with massive but coarse and brutal features, trampling under its heavy tread the forms of a youth and a girl, he need look no further for a visible representation of the spirit of Prussian architecture.

Exclusion of Spiritual Aspirations.

And this is why, as it seems to me, the Prussian genius finds in the Roman style something not only for architects to play with, but something in which it can see its own lineaments, something which it is really like, and therefore has a genuine liking for. The Roman style is able to feed on Prussian life. It rediscovers, indeed, just what it fed on in the old days—the same materialistic bias of mind, the same reliance on strength and weight and an elaborate organisation, to the exclusion of all the inward spiritual aspirations of mankind. One is tempted to believe that, if Prussian taste had never had Roman models to draw upon, it would have invented something similar to meet its own wants. In short, Prussia's inclination, so evident in the terrible Berlin architecture, not only towards Roman models, but in favour especially of the elements of coarseness and brutality in those models, has all the appearance of being a genuine national inclination. Hence it has resulted in a kind of architecture having the consistency and coherence of a style; an architecture guided, in its selection of features and in the use of them, by a definite object. As for that object, I can only explain it as a desire to concentrate upon and enhance and weave into the motives and tests of a style those very attributes of coarseness and brutality in which Roman architecture is so rich. Prussia is proud of her modern style

because she feels that it expresses her own soul, and, indeed, whoever opens a book by a German about Germany, and examines the thought contained in the book; and then turns to this new architecture, will perceive that in this Prussia is right. The architecture does express her own soul. The coarseness of its intellectual quality and its satisfied materialism, no less than its entire elimination of every spiritual suggestion, are corroborated by the general character of the thought of the nation.

Art and Life.

Were this a matter which concerns Prussia alone we should look on and indulge in a little harmless art criticism, and the matter would end there. But the fact that we are dealing to-day, not with a theory of art only, but with a theory of life, lends to the situation a terrible practical reality. The spirit that lurks in the ponderous façades of Berlin and in the Gargantuan statues of the Hohenzollern dynasty is the spirit that is in arms against us. When the German papers declared that Belgium should be recompensed for her loss of ancient buildings by a choice assortment of German masterpieces, they were hinting at a process of substitution which Germany hopes to apply not in the domain of art only, but in the domain of thought also. For this is the essence of German "culture." When she says to Belgium: "Be happy; the spires and soaring vaults and inward burning colour which I have destroyed I will replace by some grandiose mechanical composition turned out by the Prussian machine," she is in effect explaining to the world the nature of the mission with which she has been entrusted, which is to eliminate spiritual aspiration and spiritual endeavour in favour of the Prussian gospel of physical might.

Doctrine of Physical Might.

For this reason it is that what I have called the break of Germany with the past is a matter which so vitally concerns us all. For if she can have her way with us she will force us to the same breach. Of this famous culture of hers, this gospel which she has to preach, the very essence is that what entered into our lives during the mediæval age—spiritual susceptibility and the idea of inward spiritual vision—shall be replaced by her own theory of a purely rational philosophy. That is her thought; her contribution to the enlightenment of the world. On that thought the new German Empire is to be founded, and that thought, by the strong argument of physical might, the German Empire is to promulgate to the world.

Therefore, I say, when we fight Prussia we are fighting not for visible Gothic shrines only and to save what we love and venerate in stone and marble from the hand of the spoiler. But we are fighting on behalf of the very same emotions which once incarnated themselves in these visible forms and to preserve the same spiritual hope within our own hearts.

Lady Smith-Dorrien much regrets that she is unable to acknowledge before next month the receipt of hospital bags arriving at 21, Eaton-terrace after the 1st inst., as her receiving depôt closed on that date until September 15, as previously announced. She has now despatched 300,000 bags to the Casualty Clearing Stations in France and in the Mediterranean.

NOTICE.—The Editor of LAND AND WATER is willing to consider suitable contributions, provided they are typewritten. Prose articles should run to, say, 1,500 words. All MS. must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. Every endeavour will be made to return rejected contributions, but the Editor cannot accept any responsibility.

IMAGINATION AND WAR.

By Desmond MacCarthy.

MEN take war so differently both over here and at the front; and, what is more, the same man feels one day one way and another way the next. He may be absolutely callous, then full of sympathy; gritting his teeth with bloodthirsty vindictiveness, and again ready to risk his own life to pull a wounded enemy into shelter; hating the Germans, then feeling the poor devils are in the same box, in an odd way, perhaps, more akin for the moment than many a stay-at-home; bored, bored to the pitch of feeling nothing matters, and again more gratefully aware of how good it is to be alive, just to see and to move one's limbs about, to talk, to be nearer others, than he could have believed it possible to be; swearing at the damned hooligan tomfoolery of it all, and then feeling as though he had never been properly awake and alive till now; awfully aware that his life—that means *everything* in a sense—is at the mercy of chance, and that the odds are against him; then feeling like an Atlas from whose shoulders a whole world has suddenly slipped—the whole world, with its joys, sorrows, botherations, loves, friendships, responsibilities, ambitions, hopes, pleasures, and nonsense—gone at last. Ouf, the relief!

There is no end to these contrasts. What a difference between that mood in which a man under bombardment realises what is going on, keeps his whole will bent on steadying his own nerves, while he steadies others with a glance or a touch which says, "Yes, my friend, we must see it out," and that mood of death's head humour which is illustrated in so many of our papers, the mood in which a man may pick up an arm and say, "Hallo! he's dropped something."

Red Laughter.

Yet the same man may experience both. Our journalists delight in giving examples of that red laughter. The *Daily Chronicle*, the other day, published a number of examples of that laughter, and the anecdotist hinted that there were others which the stay-at-homes would be too squeamish to enjoy. Well, the stay-at-homes *ought* to be squeamish; it is the least they can be. Nobody, as the compiler suggests, grudges those in the trenches any relief, and such irony is a way of keeping the intolerable at arm's length. But the stay-at-homes have no right to it, no need for it, and I do grudge them their manly chuckle over what is not really funny and the glow they derive from such reading—"What a brave race I belong to!" On first coming back from France two things I remember jarred on me: The sight here and there on some housetop of the rich of a netting to catch bombs (so these people would not even share a one to a million risk, while their fellow-countrymen were risking so much!); and then a gigantic poster, called "The Absent-Minded Beggar," which has now happily disappeared from the Strand. On it a soldier was represented gloating over a copy of *John Bull* while his wounds were being bandaged and shells were bursting and men were sticking each other round him. The vulgarity of exploiting that kind of humour for commercial purposes is almost as depressing as the news of a defeat.

Everybody at home nowadays tries to imagine what war is like when he is not helplessly trying to get his mind off it altogether. Descriptions are a help, but it is the feelings of those engaged that make up the real experience, as in everything else that can happen to men. The reality lies there. To understand better one has, then, to look into oneself, for most of us are as like each other as peas at bottom. Take as a rough general description of it, then, that war is a long boredom, punctuated with moments of excitement and terror,

and imagine yourself reacting to that. First of all, consider the boredom. Surely it is the words "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," with its trailing, tired tune, which have made the fortune of that song. How astonished the composer must be to find he has written a campaigning song! Could anything be less martial? But it suits—or, rather, it suited till it got too stale—a common mood, and all the better because it did not set out to express it directly, when it would have probably been depressing. But the boredom is lit from time to time by emotions which men do not ordinarily feel acutely. The nearness of death and danger, in prospect or recollection, gives zest to mere existence; and there is the mysterious feeling of fellowship which men rarely feel for others under ordinary circumstances.

Happiness and Boredom.

These are moods: they come and go; but if they are pretty constant—and they may be—a man will be happy. If they are infrequent, boredom will have its usual effect and make him edgy, miserable, and lonely, and drive him more and more into himself. So one cannot tell which experience a man will pitch upon as the essence of war. One can only be certain that nine out of ten accounts of it will strike him as written by a fool, so far must they seem from what was most real in it to him! To some whose job has been of one kind war must be a sardonic comedy. Battling with muddles, it is the pettiness of human nature at the most vital crises which they have come up against, and the prosaicness of life trying to go on as usual under absurd conditions, and the contrast of the result with people's romantic idea of war may strike them most. Such queer bits of humdrum civilisation survive. To others the times when Hell was let loose and God seemed to have gone mad will be remembered as the reality, while to others these may seem in retrospect like a dream, and what remains is a feeling, "We stood it; we stood it"; or, again, the revelation of what men will bear together may bring a kind of joy in human nature stronger than anything else and never felt before. But certainly it is not for those who have not stood the test to suppose this to be the essence of the matter. It seems to me a sort of impertinence for anyone who has not fought to be anything but pacifist in feeling, however determined he may be in his opinions as a citizen.

Delight in War.

It cannot be said that past wars have inspired men with any reluctance to have another. They love reading about them afterwards; though while any particular war was on it has always appealed to them as being a war against war. Contemporaries have always lived on the thought, "When this is over we shall have Peace, Peace on a stable foundation at last." But the next generation have enjoyed that very war in imagination so much that they have had little reluctance about going in for another. Apart from political results, the stability of the world's peace, when this war is over, will depend upon the impression it leaves behind on the imagination, and that this will be a different one from those made by earlier wars is probable. The cost in life, pain, and prosperity is so much greater than ever before, and nations, not armies, are fighting. But, apart from this, there is another circumstance which makes the contemporary attitude towards war different and must influence the legend of it later on. This war is so much more constantly and realistically present to us through the papers than wars were to our fathers and mothers. Those at the front do not disappear into a distance in which the imagination has freedom; every hour we are reminded of facts. Wars in the past have tended to make the imagination romantic. This one is more likely to make men realists.

Special Supplement to Land & Water

THE FIRST YEAR OF WAR

BY

HILAIRE BELLOC
& A. H. POLLEN

THE YEAR'S WAR.

AUGUST 1, 1914—AUGUST 1, 1915.

I.

IN approaching the summary of this first year of the great war upon the anniversary of its declaration, I will beg the reader to bear in mind the limitations under which such a task labours, and I would briefly state these before proceeding to the matter of history.

First, commentary of this kind written during the actual course of a campaign, the end of which is not in sight, necessarily loses something of historical truth in its "atmosphere." While facts may be accurately enough recorded, the proportion between them cannot be clearly seen, both because the range of vision is as yet so short, and because the upshot of any great event colours its whole character for history. Until the conclusion is reached that event possesses no permanent and secure character.

On this account some matters will necessarily be unduly emphasised which should rather be in the background; others, which will turn out ultimately of the first moment, will be unduly neglected. These are errors inevitable in the contemporary description of any action.

Next, the reader must remark that of all wars this is the most difficult to follow, even in its largest lines, because in no other has the practice of military secrecy—always advisable—been more perfectly realised. The ample information which was usually given at the moment of action—or, at any rate, within a few weeks of it—to the contemporary observer of past European wars, is quite denied to the observer of this one; he can but record as historical facts things admitted upon every side and demonstrable from the map or from the known numerical limits imposed by Nature or admitted in official records before the war broke out.

Which leads me to my third point—that in the matter of numbers (the all-important criterion of every military affair) no information whatever of an exact and official kind is obtainable. All is guess-work, and one's judgment and power of record are correspondingly varying and uncertain. He would, indeed, be a fool who pretended

to follow week by week the progress of such a war as this under such conditions of secrecy, and never change his estimate of numbers in men and material. Nor do I put it forward for one moment that the conclusions I may arrive at have any value beyond that attaching to the process of calculation which I lay before the reader. Nevertheless, it is well to remember that even in this grave and fundamental element of uncertainty there is a certain and absolutely fixed element, which is that of the *minimum* and *maximum*.

For instance: Twenty calculations, each of the most sober and careful type, backed by the most rigid argument, may arrive at twenty distinct estimates of the numbers armed and equipped during the first year of war by the German Empire alone. I say we are quite uncertain which of these twenty may be nearest the truth. But we can be absolutely certain that no such estimate is worth consideration which puts those numbers as high as nine millions. We can be equally certain that no estimate is worthy of consideration which puts them below seven. Or, again, what number of men per mile are the least required with the aid of prolonged entrenchment and of modern military machines to hold a certain front in open country is susceptible of endless debate. One hundred varying factors, from the quality of troops to the mere nature of soil, come into such guess-work. Twenty good authorities may come to twenty different figures. But here again we remain quite confident, under the conditions of this war and with the machines it uses, that *five* thousand men, fully equipped and gunned, per mile will certainly hold such a line; that anything much under *three* thousand will not.

Which maximum and minimum do not mean that a much larger number may not fail to hold a line if they are ill-munitioned compared with the enemy, or that a much smaller number may not hold it if the attack upon it is blundering and weak, ill-conceived and under-gunned. But these limits are those within which vary our estimate, for the possible numbers of a force strongly,



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entrenched, adequately equipped in every way, and opposed to their equals in arms.

With this caution as to the necessary drawbacks under which a contemporary summary is written, I proceed to my task, in which I shall attempt to give only the military process and not to digress into considerations of political or moral motive, save in so far as these have re-acted upon military problems.

II.

Upon July 31, 1914, the Government of the German Empire presented, virtually simultaneously, two notes to the Russian and the French Governments respectively. These notes were each in the form of an ultimatum—that is, they signified that unless the demands contained in them were fully satisfied the German Government would make war upon the Russians and the French. That such an effect—or the complete humiliation of these two nations and the corresponding victory of the Germans without warfare—was intended, is not historically open to question. But, if proof be needed, it is sufficient to point out that the note delivered to Russia was in precisely the same form as that which had proved so successful five years before, and that the wording of either note was minatory in the last degree. To which those curious in seeking further confirmation of the obvious may add:—That a complete silence and a complete absence of provocation were observed by the enemy in the month of preparation which followed the assassination by certain of his Slav subjects of the Heir-Apparent to the Austrian throne: That the Austrian Government was still making efforts for peace at the moment when the Government of Berlin acted thus: That a British demand of the French and of the German Governments respectively, whether each would respect a Treaty whereby each had guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, was rejected by the German Government alone: That the Russian urgent request for arbitration was similarly so rejected; and, finally, that before the expiration of the delay accorded by the ultimatum to France, the French Ambassador in Berlin was informed that German patrols had already crossed the frontier.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day—Saturday, August 1—the German Government declared war upon Russia, and after that moment the formal entry into hostilities of France and Austria-Hungary, and their exact moments have but an academic interest. It was at five o'clock on Saturday, August 1, 1914, that the Great War was forced by Prussia upon the Continent.

The Government of Great Britain, upon whose neutrality in this Continental conflict the German Government had counted, made a test of the respect that might be paid to the solemnly-guaranteed neutrality of Belgium. But not until Tuesday, August 4, was the final message sent by the British Government to the British Ambassador at Berlin requesting him, in the form of an ultimatum, to obtain a reply from the German Government before midnight.

The British Ambassador at Berlin received this message from home at seven o'clock in the evening of that Tuesday. The German Government handed him his passports before the expiration of the time limit set. Already the Belgian frontier had been crossed by German troops, and

it is worthy of remark that this initial movement was undertaken, with curious superstition, upon the precise anniversary of the crossing of the French frontier forty-four years before. It has even been maintained (though exact proof will not be obtainable for a long time to come) that this superstition extended to the first movement being made to coincide with the very hour in which Prussia had passed the Lorraine boundary on the way to its great victories of a generation ago.

We have now to ask ourselves why the enemy had thus prepared the violation of Belgian territory, on what plan he proposed to act, and what conception he had of the immediate future.

III.

If the total *potential* military power—that is the total power *ultimately* obtainable—of the five great nations already engaged—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, France, and Britain—were alone considered, we should make a very false estimate of the enemy's plan and of its chances of success.

The potential military resources of any nation, though limited as a maximum by the number of adult males capable of taking the field at any moment, vary indefinitely in the number of trained men *actually* present at the moment and in the rate at which even these can be put into the field and maintained there.

When we speak of the ultimate or potential military power of any State we further necessarily consider the factor of *time*. A State may enter war with a military power not a tenth of that which it will develop before, say, two years of such warfare have elapsed; or it may be so organised that the whole of its potential power is developed within a much shorter time, and that no further resources are open to it save those provided by the gradual growth into manhood of the youth below the age of military service at the inception of the campaign.

The total potential military power which might, under the most favourable circumstances, be ultimately developed by those whom we will in the rest of this call "The Allies," looks superior to the corresponding power of the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires (whom we will similarly call "the enemy"); for though the combined manhood of Great Britain and of France was far less numerous than that of the enemy (in the proportion of about 8 to 12), yet the enormous resources in men of Russia alone was more than equivalent to all the enemy's ultimate man-power.

The industrial resources of the Allies, their power of producing arms and munitions and equipment, were, indeed, inferior as a whole to those of the enemy, and would necessarily long remain inferior on account of the imperfect and backward industrial organisation of Russia. Of the various States engaged Great Britain alone could here compare with the enemy's opportunities, and even this only after many months and the transformation of her national industries which had hitherto envisaged no great war by land.

But general conceptions of this sort were justly disregarded by the enemy's higher command, because it was appreciated by the Austro-German Governments, as it was by the French (the only other nation involved which was fully organised for such a war), that the issue would probably be determined in a brief delay,

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It was the number of soldiers, guns, and munitions *actually present against France in the first shock of the campaign*—somewhere in the first four months—that ought, by all reasonable calculation, to determine the result. In this concrete piece of calculation, concerned—as potential power is not—with real issues, the enemy could prove an advantage so overwhelming that, with all the facts before him, an impartial observer would not have hesitated to prophesy as certain that complete and swift victory of the Germanic body and its dependents over the Allies which the Government of Berlin took for granted, and which its commanders had a full and reasonable right to expect.

The advantage the enemy possessed was composed of the following factors:

1. In mere numbers the enemy could put into the field during the first few weeks of the war men equipped, officered, and trained, with their due complement of guns and munitions, in the ratio of about *eight to five* as against the Allies. This startling preponderance the enemy owed to the fact that, of his three great opponents, only one had regarded, as he had, the business of a national war. France alone was fully conscript and had possessed for a generation the organisation and material plant required for the putting into the field within a few months her maximum total force. But France was in population *not nearly a third* of the enemy; while even of men of military age her proportion was less than a third.

Russia possessed a certain number of troops, organised, officered, equipped, gunned, and the rest, of equal or superior value, unit for unit, to anything the enemy could put forward. But those numbers were limited by the difficulty of discovering a trained officer class, by the economic situation of the Russian Empire, and by its narrow industrial opportunities. It was probable or certain that during the first months of a great campaign Russia would not put into the field even as many men as would the French Republic. Further, her insufficient communications would make it impossible to maintain more than a certain fixed number at the front. For the support in food alone, as in munitions and in every other necessity, of a great modern army counted by millions of men, requires imperatively a good railway system and ample rolling stock.

As time proceeded (tardily, no doubt, but ultimately) the great reserve of man-power available to Russia would tell. But it would be very many months before forces even approaching her potential power would have appeared, and in the interval an enduring inferiority in men and material promised defeat.

Great Britain, the third of the Allies, though able to exercise increasing economic pressure upon the enemy by her naval superiority, had not envisaged the use in a Continental war of more than the most than four corps—say, 160,000 men. That is, Great Britain proposed to send sixteen men where France would put forward of the same age and training 250 to 300; Russia, perhaps, at first but 200; the enemy at first 600, soon 800.

As was the case with Russia, so with Great Britain, though in a different fashion, *potential* and *ultimate* military power on a vastly greater scale was obtainable. But in the interval there was no reason for the enemy to doubt that his

existing enormous superiority would have told and would have decided the event.

2. Prussia and those whom Prussia controlled—a population of 123 millions, with a total man-power in the field of at least twelve millions in the first year—was forcing the war at her own moment after preparation exactly calculated for that moment.

The advantage given by this position cannot be exaggerated.

Had the French and English acted in this fashion some years ago, they would have attacked an enemy without such an air service as theirs, without submarines, without a quick-firing field gun, because Prussia was behindhand with all new things. Prussia, forcing the war at her own moment, fought after providing herself with all these.

It is inevitable that general civilian opinion should criticise the “unpreparedness” of the Allies, because general opinion does not calculate closely or consider all the factors of any public problem. But the critic who will consider soberly, and in full the circumstances of such a war, must at once appreciate the handicap from which those who did *not* desire it and did *not* plan it must suffer as against those who both desired it and planned it for a particular moment. No great nation which regards even a war against one rival as but a doubtful possibility which *may* arise at some *indefinite date* in a future rather remote than immediate, can possibly compete with another State (commanding a whole group of States) which has secretly fixed the date for action and has, therefore, made all ready for that action. The former State can only in reason spend a certain proportion of its wealth, and, what is more important, can only within a certain degree reasonably distribute its civilian activities for the preparation of war. The latter will have provided equipment for every conceivable reserve, an accumulation of munitions, and will even have established a plan for securing an economic advantage at that outbreak of hostilities, of the date of which it alone has the secret.

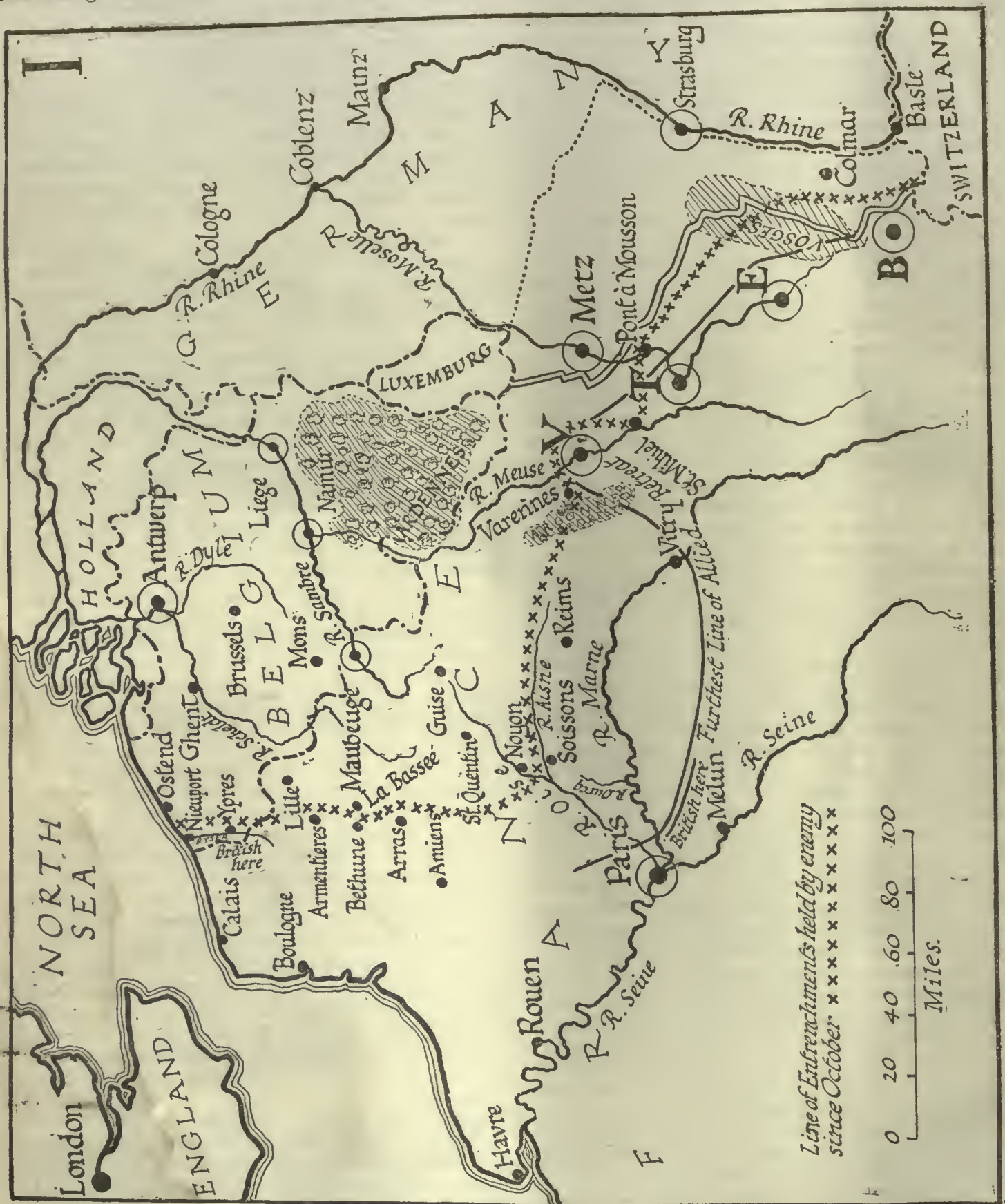
For example: Apart from the three years' preparation of material required, Prussia and her dependents had prepared the financial market some months in advance of that date, just after the harvest of 1914, upon which Prussia intended to destroy her rivals. The selling of foreign stock, the creation of a financial situation that should leave Great Britain in particular without power to recover German debts, and Germany, suffering from no corresponding credit upon the British side, were acts undertaken months before the war and acts which can bear only one interpretation.

3. The third advantage which Prussia and her Allies possessed may be exaggerated, and has been exaggerated considerably, but should, nevertheless, be noticed in its due proportion. The theories with regard to modern war which Germany held as against those held by her rivals were to prove upon the whole superior. The guesses which various Services had made as to the new uses admitted upon new arms, and the new results following upon new methods of communication and observation varied in correctness. Some of the French guesses were right, some of the German guesses were wrong; but the balance of judgment in *this* department lay with the Germans.

They were right in backing the modern siege train against permanent works. They were right in perceiving the enormous opportunities of petrol communication. They were mainly right in their decision to use great masses of heavy artillery in the field; they were certainly right in providing themselves with such an enormous superiority in machine guns. They were wrong in their theory,

numerical superiority, during the first months of the campaign.

So much being said by way of introduction to our summary, let us proceed to the story of the campaign and show first why Prussia was tempted to violate the neutrality of Belgium (a crime from which she will not recover) and, next, what were the immediate consequences of that action.



of field artillery, and here allowed the French a considerable advantage. They were disastrously wrong in their choice of dense tactical formations. Yet they had in their judgment of what modern warfare would be a clear advantage with which their intelligence and foresight must be credited, and which gravely added to their enormous

IV.

The old frontier between France and the various Germanic States as it ran before the war of 1870 was that marked by dots on the general map accompanying these pages.

The new frontier established by the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871 ran as does the double line upon

the same sketch. To the south of this new frontier lay the neutral territory of Switzerland. To the north the small neutral territory of Luxemburg and the larger neutral territory of Belgium, between Luxemburg and the North Sea.

The new German Empire after 1871 had frontiers marching with those of the new French Republic only upon this double line from the frontiers of Switzerland to the frontiers of Luxemburg. The whole distance from Switzerland to Luxemburg is, as the crow flies, no more than some 150 miles. As it was inconceivable thirty years ago to the French (and, indeed, to all civilisation) that any European State would violate neutral territory wantonly upon a declaration of war (Prussia herself had been most scrupulous in this matter even in the war of 1870-71) the French expended all their available energy in fortifying the only line upon which invasion threatened.

At the points of Verdun (V), Toul (T), Epinal (E), and Belfort (B) they had constructed great ringed fortresses capable of containing a large garrison each, and the whole line was linked together by a great number of permanent works.

Had the German Army attacked this frontier they would have laboured under the disadvantage of having a very short line upon which to deploy; they could not possibly have spread out along it for the first shock, so that all should tell, the two millions of men (and rather more) which they had set aside for the first decisive operation against France. Further, the fortified lines corresponding to that frontier would at the least have checked this first effort, and so have imperilled that immediate decision in the West which was the corner-stone of their strategy.

The Prussians determined, therefore, to violate the neutrality both of Luxemburg and of Belgium and so to turn the fortified line—V. T. E. B.—by the north, passing through the undefended area stretching between V (Verdun) and the North Sea. To be more accurate, they proposed with one portion of their forces to deploy opposite the fortified line and with the remainder and larger portion to swing round it by the north.

Although Prussia had increasingly, as the years passed, proclaimed her contempt for international morality of Christendom, and had by the construction of particular works, notably in connection with her railways, given ground for the belief that she might thus break all treaties in her next war, yet the French Government had not found in these suspicions a sufficient ground for the immense expenditure that would have been required to add to their existing fortification of the German frontier a corresponding fortification of the Belgian. There was nothing between Verdun and the North Sea modern, properly munitioned, or equipped. The nearest thing to a fortress was the incomplete experiment of Maubeuge. Lille could not be defended. And, in general, there had been no sufficient preparation for an attack upon this side.

What did stand in the way of a great German move here were the two Belgian ring fortresses of Liège and Namur. Liège, standing in the narrow gap between the Dutch frontier and the high, rough country of the Ardennes and controlling railway communication through that gap might, garrisoned by a fully-equipped and sufficiently numerous force, heavily munitioned

and fully prepared for modern war, have checked the invasion. But the Belgian fortresses, though originally constructed upon the strongest model, were not thus provided. They had for their defence neither a sufficient store of munitions nor anything like an adequate provision in trained men. Prussia, in attacking Belgium, knew that she was attacking a State not only small but not organised for war. She calculated justly that the resistance even of these two great fortresses, even of Liège and Namur, would be negligible in the military sense; and she prepared to pour the "marching wing" of her great force through the Belgian Plain.*

Upon Tuesday, August 4, 1914, the covering troops of the German invasion, behind which mobilisation was rapidly proceeding, attacked the Belgian outposts to the east of Liège. By the morning of Friday, August 7, the town and the southern forts of the ring were in the hands of this German advance body, though the Belgian commander, General Leman, was still holding out in one (perhaps more) of the permanent works to the north. It was another week before all the permanent works of Liège, and, therefore, the railway communications which they commanded, were in the hands of the enemy. The resistance of this fortress with the imperfect means at its disposal may be said to have thrown back the enemy's plans by about seven days. He had, presumably, calculated upon a complete mastery of the communications from his own territory, into the Belgian Plain by the 8th of the month. He obtained it exactly a week later—on the 15th.

The greater part of the next week, up to August 20, was occupied by the steady flooding of the Belgian Plain with the now rapidly mobilising forces of the enemy. A cavalry screen went on before the main advance, was checked slightly by such Belgian troops as could be mustered along the line of the Dyle, and ceased its operations upon the arrival of the main German body.

Upon August 20 Brussels was occupied, and the Belgian forces in the field had retired behind the works of Antwerp.

Upon that same day, August 20, Namur was attacked by the German siege train from the east and the north, and fell at once—with what consequences we shall understand when we consider the position of the Allied forces which were drawn up for the reception of the German assault.

The French Army, in such strength as it had been mustered by this date of August 20 (which may be regarded as the term of the first mobilisation upon either side of the frontier), was, generally speaking, grouped in three main bodies.

One was concerned with the fortified frontier of Alsace-Lorraine. From it there had been detached forces which had occupied the passes of the Vosges, had crossed into Alsace and Lorraine, and were advancing both eastward and northward.

The second, which was in touch with this first, and formed but a continuation of its line, lay like an "L," in a rectangular formation, one limb upon the Middle Meuse, up to the neighbourhood of Namur, the other along the Sambre, and further west in front of Mons. This last

* When of a whole force in line, one portion stands to contain the enemy and the other pivots round to encircle him, the latter is called "the marching wing" of the attempted envelopment.

portion along the Sambre was continued by a British contingent, in strength not quite two army corps, and it was this body which lay in front of Mons.

It was upon this right angle of troops, numbering, French and English together, not quite eight army corps, that the chief blow of the enemy was to fall.

The third French body, if it may be given so simple a title, consisted in a force gathered or gathering behind the frontier line, and present at numerous points northern and central—many in or near Paris and Versailles, many on the points of concentration between the capital and the frontier, some in Picardy, Normandy, and the Artois. These, in the lump, may be regarded as the reserve or "mass of manœuvre" which French strategy proposed to use when the development of the frontier battle should show upon what sector they could be most usefully concentrated and directed. For it was the first principle of this school of strategy (knowing that it would have to meet superior forces at the outset of a war with Germany) to take the shock with but a portion of its available resources and to attempt a decision only when the development of the campaign—regarded as one great action—had discovered a point upon which the main forces kept in reserve could be launched with their maximum effect.

Although the French knew that they would have to meet superior forces, yet their higher command did not probably envisage any considerable retreat, still less a very rapid and perilous one.

The plan seems to have been a vigorous offensive across the Franco-German frontier into Alsace-Lorraine, while the forces to the north held the German advance through Belgium; which advance, be it remembered, was but tardily provided against.

It seems to have been conceived even by the middle of August that this German attack through Belgium against the Sambre and Meuse would not be delivered with more than nine or ten German corps. The resistance of Namur was depended upon to hold these, for some useful days at any rate, and meanwhile, should the operations in Lorraine prove successful, the "mass of manœuvre" kept in reserve could be launched eastward until an increasing pressure upon the German left should clear the line of the Rhine, and, pushing northward, should catch and congest the German forces between the middle course of that river and the Meuse.

This calculation suffered from two errors. First, an error as to the amount of men which Germany would contrive to place during the very first days into Lorraine; and, secondly, a miscalculation as to the number of men Germany could move in the first days through the Belgian Plain and along the Valley of the Meuse. The French forces operating in Lorraine found themselves opposed to immensely superior numbers of men and guns upon August 19, 20, and 21; they were thrust back beyond the frontier, and their right wing was compelled to retire from Alsace. This disaster (for it was no less) in the first set action of the war is known as the Battle of Metz. Within forty-eight hours of the French check here upon the Alsace-Lorraine frontier the main blow fell upon the second force to the north along the Meuse and the Sambre.

I have said that this force of somewhat less than eight army corps, including the British contingent upon its extreme left, relied in the coming operations upon two things. First, that the main German attack along the Meuse and through the Belgian Plain would hardly number more than nine—or at the most ten—corps. Secondly, that the projecting angle of the formation should be defended by the resistance of Namur.

Now the enemy, with admirable organisation and in those few days, had brought up against this front not nine or ten, but no less than seventeen army corps. He, therefore, outnumbered the $7\frac{3}{4}$ corps of his opponents on this front by roughly two to one. And, upon the top of this, Namur wholly failed to resist. By the morning of the Sunday, August 23, the junction of the Sambre and the Meuse and the bridges across these rivers, all of which are contained within the circle of the Namur forts, were in the hands of the enemy—by Sunday afternoon the two branches of the French force—the 4th Army, along the Middle Meuse, the 5th along the Sambre—were in full retreat and suffering the pressure of forces about double their own.

The British contingent upon the extreme left heard of the fall of Namur at five o'clock on the afternoon of that day. Within a few hours their retirement, unfortunately belated, also began. It must be remarked that the position of this small British force upon the extreme of the line was one of peculiar peril. It was not only their task to fall back like their French colleagues upon the right, but also to guard against envelopment; for they had nothing to the west of them and formed the exposed end of the whole formation.

For three full days the situation of this advanced Allied force, which had originally stood in the angle of the Sambre and Meuse, was full of danger.

It was retiring with the utmost rapidity and suffering the violent pressure of an overwhelming enemy superiority in numbers of men and guns.

The loss in prisoners, wounded and unwounded, and in guns was exceedingly heavy. The British contingent (not quite a fourth of the whole), of whose fortunes we know more in detail than we do of the French armies to its right, extricated itself with difficulty, but with success, and reached a line passing through St. Quentin by Thursday, August 27.

Two moments of peculiar anxiety to the higher command were present during these four days. The first was that when, upon the first day of the retreat, Monday, the 24th, the fortress of Maubeuge, offering itself as a refuge upon the British right, might have tempted the British Field-Marshal to take advantage of its works and to have shut his army up within them. It was the intention of the enemy to compel this conclusion, and he undoubtedly believed that the threat to the exposed flank of the British force would lead to that conclusion. It was avoided. Maubeuge was left to its fate, and, as the event proved, most wisely. For it was destined to fall after a resistance of less than a fortnight, and with it would have disappeared, had they fallen behind the protection of its permanent works, all the British forces in the field.

As it was, these forces maintained their retreat against the heaviest pressure, fighting in

particular, upon the 25th, at Le Cateau, a detaining rearguard action which at once checked the pursuit and, by the evening of the day, had frustrated the German attempt at envelopment. This particularly brilliant action, fought against an offensive, perhaps fourfold the defensive, and certainly in that proportion of superiority in guns, was decisive in the sense that it saved the army, which forty-eight hours later, though still retiring beyond St. Quentin, was no longer compelled to such precipitancy of movement and was now secure from being turned.

As the British Army fell back the French, from their reserves, formed a new force (known as the Sixth Army), which came up and covered the British flank. The original French forces upon the right, in spite of a heavy check administered to the pursuit at Guise, were ordered to continue their retirement towards the Valley of the Marne, and by September 2—4 the German advance had reached its limits (save for certain movements on its right, which will be considered in a moment), and the initial phase of the campaign in the West had closed.

At this moment, the anniversary of Sedan, a date also upon which the enemy had, apparently, presumed to bring the French forces as a whole to action and to achieve a decision, the general position was as follows:

Along the frontier, none of the four great fortresses save Verdun had been reached by the enemy. A French army covered them from Belfort northward for 150 miles. But Verdun was already attacked upon three sides, and the southernmost of its outer forts was within a few hours of destruction.

From Verdun, thus with difficulty resisting and forming, at the moment, a pivot round which the French line bent, that line sagged in a great semicircle across the Barrois country, just south of the Argonne Forest, south of Vitry, and the great bend of the Marne, up to the country just north of Melun, whence, to the neighbourhood of Paris, it was continued by the British Army as far as the Marne, and beyond this river by the newly-formed Sixth French Army.

It is obvious from the shape of such a line that the decisive action, which had now been forced upon the French, could no longer take the form of envelopment round by the west; that the enemy would rather attempt to pierce the line at one or more points between Verdun and Paris. The line so pierced, its left, or western, portion would be isolated and could be dealt with at leisure and in detail. Its main portion further to the right turned after the breaking of the line, would be pressed back against its frontier limb eastward and suffer ultimate envelopment and destruction. The enemy effort, therefore (from this decisive date, September 2 to 4, which marks the end of his great advance), had for its task the breaking of the Allied line between Verdun and Paris.

In the way in which he set about this task, his blunders in the accomplishment of it, the corresponding opportunities seized by the French and the consequent retirement imposed upon the Germans, has turned, probably, the history of the whole war; certainly that of this, its first year. It is known to history as "The Battle of the Marne."

V.

The first manifestation of the enemy's design appeared upon September 5, upon which day a movement upon the extreme right or western end of the German line was remarked by the aeroplanes of the Allies, and had been in progress perhaps two days.

It was discovered that this extreme right, known to the Germans as the First Army (under the command of Von Kluck), was turning at right angles to its former direction of advance, no longer facing south-west towards Paris, but south-east, and was for the greater part on the march and in column. Its object was, combined with the Second German Army upon its immediate left to bring at a point about 30 or 40 miles from the Paris end of the line an overwhelming weight of men that should there break the line. The blow would have fallen presumably towards the end of September 6, and would have fully developed on September 7, while all along the great sagging curve as far as Verdun, the Third, Fourth, and Fifth German Armies were to exercise their full pressure upon the French troops opposed to them.

This movement upon the part of Von Kluck and the westernmost army of the German line obviously involved what is called "a march across the enemy's front." This is always a very dangerous manœuvre, because while one's men are on the march they are not ready for fighting, and if one's enemy spreads out parallel to one's march, himself ready for fighting, and attacks one's marching columns before they have time to deploy, those marching columns would be destroyed.

A vast amount of discussion has turned upon Von Kluck's motives or excuses for this exceedingly rash action. Whatever they were he thought the risk could be run, and suffered the consequences of his miscalculation. The French Commander-in-Chief, after conferring with the British Field-Marshal, attacked Von Kluck as he was passing by in column during the whole course of September 6, and the German plan fell to pieces. Von Kluck was, of course, himself bound to a precipitate retreat, which he conducted with admirable skill and with comparatively small loss, but which entailed the corresponding retreat of every German army in succession eastward right away to the Argonne and the pivot point of Verdun. Von Kluck's retirement was protected on its exposed or extreme western side by a rear guard, which he had left along the right bank of the little River Oureq. This rearguard withstood the attack of the Sixth French Army opposed to it, and of the increasing numbers drawn from the "mass of manœuvre," or reserve, in the neighbourhood of Paris, and the resistance was sufficiently prolonged to enable the First German Army to retire to the line of the Aisne. Along the course of that river and on across the Plain of Champagne, through the middle of the Argonne, and so to the neighbourhood of Verdun, the German line stretched when, by the 13th of September, it stood to check the pursuit. The enemy had prepared defensive positions along this line. They were well chosen, and already sufficient to afford opportunities for defence. Those positions, following first the heights north of the Lower Aisne, afterwards a low roll of land across the district of Champagne, run from just south of Noyon and

just north of Soissons, north of Rheims, through the middle part of the Argonne Forest, and so to a point upon the Meuse about ten miles north of Verdun. From that defensive line the enemy was not dislodged through the whole of the remaining period to the moment of writing these lines.

With this date, the middle of September, we conclude the first chapter of the great war, which history will also probably or certainly regard as the capital period in the whole story. Brief as was the period over which it extended (twenty-three days) from the first main attack upon the Sambre to the check of the Allied pursuit upon the lines of the Aisne, the upshot of the whole operations was a position from which Prussia could never attain the political object with which she had made war. The succeeding period up to the moment of writing is nearly twelve times as long in mere time. It has cost incalculably more in human lives and in economic values. It has seen actions on an even larger scale; the fall and recovery of famous cities in the East; the entry into the war of yet another great Power, Italy; the inception of the Dardanelles expedition, and all that enormous eastern campaign which is still undecided and still in progress. Yet it remains true to say that all that has passed between September 14, 1914, and August 1, 1915, is no more than equal in historic value and military meaning to the bare three weeks which saw the failure of the German invasion in the West.

In order to appreciate what immediately followed this German stand upon the lines of the Aisne, we must grasp very clearly the paradoxical situation that, in this Western field, a very much superior force had been pursued and was now pinned by an inferior one. Roughly speaking, something between nine and ten men had, in the battle of the Marne, pushed back between sixteen and seventeen opponents, and on the lines of the Aisne pinned these opponents to the defensive. So successful had been the counter-attack of this minority upon that majority which had blundered, that the minority even attempted the task of getting round the extreme western end of the German defensive line, out-flanking it, and so threatening it with envelopment and compelling its further retreat. But with numbers so gravely inferior, a task which properly belongs only to considerably superior numbers, was impossible of achievement. The British contingent lay along the Lower Aisne, while the French forces to their left were attempting this turning movement round the town of Noyon. The enemy's superiority in number permitted him to meet every attempt at outflanking by the presence of German troops sent to oppose each such movement. As one French attempt after the other was thus foiled, as each failed to get round the end of the increasing German line, the opposing forces necessarily stretched further and further north until at last the sea was reached, and all efforts of either to outflank the other were forbidden by this obstacle.

One may roughly put the date October 9, which is also that of the entry of the German troops into Antwerp, for the conclusion of this process which has aptly been compared to the freezing or solidifying of a body hitherto mobile. From about that date, after the first third of the month of October, the Allies and the Ger-

mans in the West face each other across narrow belts of territory, separating opposing trenches sometimes no further from each other than some hundred yards; never at a distance of more than half a mile. There was still to be some fluctuation in the extreme north of these lines, and occasional slight retirements or advances have affected certain sections of them from time to time. But, taken as a whole, throughout the winter of 1914, to the spring and throughout the greater part of the summer of 1915, the two enemies have remained closely locked, and their common line of contact has run along the following contours:—

From a point between Ostend and Nieuport, but nearer the latter town, the line makes for Ypres, passes in a slight bend or salient to the east of that town, southward to the east of Armentières, leaving Lille in the enemy's hands; still southward between Bethune and La Bassée to Arras, which point is held by the Allies, and so on to the Oise, which it strikes at a point rather nearer Noyon than Compiègne. Thence the line turns eastward, following that course along the Aisne River and across Champagne just north of Rheims to the Argonne, which has already been described. In the Argonne it just includes Varennes, which it leaves in the hands of the enemy. Passing, as we have seen, ten miles or so to the north of Verdun, the opposing lines bend inward to the Meuse at St. Mihiel, thence go eastward, leave Pont à Mousson in French hands, nearly follow the frontier of Lorraine, and, crossing the crest of the Vosges a little north of Colmar and thence to the Swiss frontier, include a narrow belt of the eastern slope of those mountains.

VI.

The enemy, thus pinned by inferior numbers to his own, the late wet autumn and winter approaching, his original object no longer to be achieved, opened the second chapter of the war by the obvious policy which circumstances imposed upon him, which was to use his superior numbers of men and vast superiority in heavy guns for breaking through the line that contained him. He proposed to effect this at the extreme northern end of that line, and that for several reasons.

It was here that he had the best communications behind him. It was here that he had the most diverse force opposed to him, for the British army had been brought round from the Aisne to the sector in front of Ypres, and was there linked up with French and Belgian troops. Further, the enemy, if successful in here breaking the Allied line, would at once become possessed of the ports of the Straits of Dover, Calais, and Boulogne, from which he could most seriously menace British commerce, and even perhaps threaten invasion.

In his plan for breaking through, however, he showed the same incapacity for direct and simple action which had appeared in his blunder before Paris six weeks earlier.

He attacked not with full weight upon one portion of the line, but successively upon several portions. He underestimated the formidable obstacle provided by the marshy district of the River Yser, which, flooded at the end of October, became more formidable still. That one of his efforts which has most impressed this country, and

which was also perhaps the most determined and the weightiest, may be called the battle for Ypres. It began upon October 20, and was not finally concluded until the middle of November, passing through a very critical moment in the last three days of October, when the resisting line but barely held, and through another spectacular but perhaps less perilous moment upon November 11, when a considerable fraction of the Prussian Guards corps was launched directly westward towards Ypres and thrown back by the British troops.

Space forbids us to consider at greater length this famous achievement of the British Army, which, with its Allies in that sector, never numbered as much as one-third of the numbers of men brought against it, certainly not anything like one-quarter of the heavy artillery under the bombardment of which it suffered.

By the middle of November, then, the enemy's higher command had finally discovered the impossibility of breaking through in the West. His main effort for the winter and on into the ensuing spring he determined to direct towards the East, and it is time to consider what fortunes he had already had in that theatre of the war when, with the end of November, he proceeded to make it his chief scene of operations.

VII.

The opening of the War in its Eastern theatre discovered a heavy miscalculation upon the part of the enemy. About a million Austrians had been detached to stop an advance upon the part of the Russians in the South of Poland while the decisive victory was being gained at once by the Germans in the West. On the frontiers of East Prussia, to watch any movement the Russians might make in Northern Poland, was one army corps or two of Germans, and no more.

The enemy had calculated that the Russian mobilisation would be so slow that these forces would be sufficient to deal with any Russian effort until the French armies were destroyed.

The Russian mobilisation had, as a fact, proceeded smoothly and more rapidly than the enemy thought possible. Our Ally, therefore, appeared in far greater strength in Southern Poland than was expected, pushed back the Austrian army which had been advancing there, defeated it in front of Lemberg, captured numerous prisoners—more than a tenth of the whole force—and proceeded to advance through Galicia.

This series of successful Russian actions in front of Lemberg and beyond were contemporary with the furthest extent of the German advance in France, Von Kluck's blunder in front of Paris, and the Battle of the Marne.

Meanwhile, in East Prussia, forces which would have seemed enormous in the wars of the past, but which were small indeed on the scale of the present great war, had met with results disastrous to the Russians. These had invaded the province of East Prussia in greater force than the German General Staff had thought possible; their miscalculation as to Russian mobilisation doing them here an ill service for the moment, as it had done for the Austrians in the South.

About 200,000 men of our Ally advanced rapidly through the province. They were careful to spare property and to observe the conventions of civilised war; for the abominations of

which Prussia was already guilty in Belgium and France were not yet generally known throughout Europe.

To meet this unexpected invasion a force about equal to it in numbers was rapidly gathered under the retired Prussian General Hindenburg, who had expert knowledge of the region invaded. This region is known as that of the Masurian Lakes. It is a tangle of meres and marshes, with narrow passages between. The main part of the Russian Army was caught in this tangle near the country town of Tannenberg. Nearly half of it was put out of action; the whole was severely defeated, and the invasion consequently repelled.

This victory of Tannenberg, taking place in the last days of August, produced an impression upon the popular mind in Germany which has not yet faded, for it was not only a complete success, but also one waged upon German soil and having for its result the liberation of the national territory.

Neither the striking enemy success of Tannenberg in the north of the Eastern theatre of war nor the defeat of much larger bodies of the enemy in the southern part of that theatre in Galicia as yet disturbed the persistent plan of the Prussian General Staff to succeed, if it were possible, in the West before developing any considerable effort towards the East. As we have seen, most of October and nearly all November were occupied by violent and repeated attacks against the Franco-British line, delivered with vastly superior forces on the enemy's side and intended to break through and secure the ports of the Channel.

Though it was evident that something must be done to relieve the pressure upon the defeated Austrians in Galicia, the forces gathered for that purpose were not equal to the task. Hindenburg, pressing forward from East Prussia towards the Niemen, between Kovno and Grodno, had been beaten back in the last week of September. From the first week of October up to the 16th of that month (just as the great German offensive was beginning in Flanders in the West, after the fall of Antwerp), Von Hindenburg was trying again, with larger masses, to create a diversion in favour of the Austrians by a direct advance upon Warsaw.

He reached, and even passed, the line of the Vistula, and was fighting, upon October 16, quite close to Warsaw itself. Three days later a Russian attack from the North upon its communications, issuing from the fortress of Novo Georgeivsk and its neighbourhood, compelled his retirement. His most advanced bodies upon the Vistula River suffered a severe defeat, and the end of October was occupied with the rapid retirement of the German forces to their own frontier, pursued by the Russian armies.

This first invasion of Russian Poland, brief and a failure as it was, discovered two important consequences, the one political, the other strategic.

The first was the alienation of the Polish people, whose allegiance might have been thought in the balance between the various alien Powers fighting upon Polish soil. The abominable and useless cruelties which the Prussian armies committed threw Polish feeling back upon Russia. For the first time in the Eastern theatre of war the general imagination was seized with what hitherto the French only had appreciated from

the past—the grossly unsoldierly character of Prussian war.

The second matter was the destruction of railway and road communication effected by the Germans in their retirement. This had so important an effect upon the succeeding campaign that some critics have imagined, a little wildly, that the whole of this first German invasion of Poland was no more than a raid conducted with the object of ruining the communications of the country in order to check the enemy's offensive when later he should attempt an advance against German territory.

While the German retirement out of Russian Poland was thus proceeding, and the Russian pursuit was following that retirement up as best it could over ruined roads and railways, the main Russian body was still advancing in Galicia (though more slowly than before) and pressing the Austrians back before it towards Cracow.

This was the situation in the Eastern theatre of war at that moment—November 11 to 15—when, as we have seen, the great German effort to break through in the West had definitely failed.

That failure, coupled with the increasing menace from the growing Russian forces, the approach of the Russians to Cracow—behind which fortress the main strategic ways part for Berlin and for Vienna, and behind which also lies the all-important German province of Silesia—determined the German General Staff to yet another and third strategic conception.

They had failed disastrously in their original plan—the achievement of a decisive victory in France. They had failed in their second, which was the attempt to break the Allied line while they still had a great superiority in numbers and to reach the ports of the Channel and so menace England. They now prepared to hold their Western line with only such forces as were required to maintain it and to turn their chief energies towards the obtaining of a decision in the East.

If the campaign be regarded as a whole, we must decide that this third phase of it is still proceeding and has not yet reached an issue.

In other words, the first year of the war may properly be regarded as divided into three great chapters, each of nearly equal importance to the ultimate result, though the three vary greatly in the time which they occupy.

Chapter I. is the complete German failure before Paris. It covers less than three weeks.

Chapter II. is the rally of the invaders, their stand upon the lines of the Aisne, and of Picardy and Flanders, and their enormously expensive and quite unsuccessful efforts to break the Allied line and seize Calais and Boulogne. It occupies nine weeks, and lasts until the middle of November.

Chapter III. is entirely composed of a German defensive upon the West, content with merely holding the lines already established, and a prodigious German and Austrian effort combined upon the East to obtain a decision against Russia. It has already covered the space of no less than thirty-eight weeks, and has not yet come to an end.

It is, of all the three phases through which the war has so far passed, by far the most important to comprehend, because upon its issue the general result of the campaign will probably turn, because it is least grasped by general civilian opinion in the West, and because a misunder-

standing of it is more likely to lead to political trouble and to public confusion and doubt than a misunderstanding of the two chapters concluded with the Battle of the Marne, and the Battle of Ypres respectively.

To this third chapter I now turn, and with it I shall conclude this summary.

VIII.

The great characteristic of the German plan from the middle of last November to the present day has been the determination to obtain a *decision* against the Russians—that is, to put the Russians out of the field; to disarm them by one great action or by a series of actions. Failing such a decision, the enemy might conceivably, though doubtfully and at great expense, disarm them by a slow process of wearing down until the enemy should be quite certain that there was no fear of attack from this quarter in the future, and that the whole of his remaining power could be turned to obtaining a similar decision in the West, after which he could obtain peace.

This peace would not be the peace he had expected a year ago. His victory would not be the victory which he had planned and taken for granted when he suddenly forced war upon the French and Russians. There was no hope left of destroying permanently the military power of his rivals and of establishing himself as the master of Europe. But he could, if this last programme were satisfactorily worked out, compel his foes to acknowledge that the prospect of thoroughly defeating them was too remote to be worth entertaining, and he could call a draw somewhat in his favour, inasmuch as he would have in his hands to bargain with the assets of conquered and occupied territory, while his own soil was inviolate.

To defeat Russia the most thorough and the least expensive way—the way, therefore, which the enemy attempted—was to separate the chain of the Russian Army into at least two or more portions. After this had been done it would be possible to destroy the lesser portion, at any rate, in detail, and the remainder would be in a position of grace and permanent inferiority, and might even be destroyed in its turn.

This result, by far the most desirable in the enemy's eyes, he set out to accomplish in the latter part of November, 1914, and his first effort was directed straight at the centre and at Warsaw.

The plan was as follows: While the Russians were slowly exercising their increasing pressure westward, through Galicia, and approaching Cracow, the enemy proposed to leave in front of that fortress a force only sufficient to act on the defensive, while he would swing with the mass of his men round northwards, come in parallel to the left bank of the Vistula from the point where that river flows into German territory, and supply himself by the northernmost of the three railways which converge upon Warsaw from the west (it runs roughly parallel to and south of the Vistula River below that capital).

The plan was wisely conceived because the mass of the Russian armies were in the south, in Galicia, and there were no railways running directly northward thence by which the inferior Russian forces in the northern part of Russian Poland could be reinforced.



PLAN OF THE EASTERN CAMPAIGN.

Hindenburg, who was still in command of the main German Army, struck, therefore, with forces immensely superior in number to those which he first had to meet, and the Russian bodies in the north of Poland, which had previously pushed their advanced cavalry up to the German frontier itself, fell back rapidly before him. Troops and munitions were moved up in aid of these threatened Russian bodies in the north as fast as could be accomplished by road, and round-about by the imperfect and largely-destroyed railway system. The Germans continued to have a very heavy numerical superiority locally at the point of their attack, and on November 23 they succeeded in breaking the Russian line, when that line was covering Warsaw at a distance not greater than four or five days' march.

The moment was exceedingly critical, and a disaster seemed inevitable.

Nothing lay between the Germans (under Mackensen) who had broken through and the Polish capital; while the northern Russian armies, thus divided into two portions, seemed doomed to defeat in detail.

But in this last week of November there followed a most extraordinary development of the situation, a parallel to which it would be hard to find, at any rate upon such a scale, in all the history of the war.

Though complete victory was apparently within their grasp, and the Germans had accomplished their main object in dividing the Russian forces, the arrival of Russian reinforcements turned what had been a wide breach of some sixteen miles through the Russian positions into something more resembling a purse or pocket, within which the hitherto successful enemy found themselves enclosed. It even looked for a moment as though the arrival of yet more reinforcements from the North would close the mouth of this pocket and would compel the surrender of perhaps half the German host. But these Northern Russian reinforcements could not arrive in time, and the nearly surrounded Germans fought their way out, though not without losses amounting to something like half their number.

The Russian armies in this region, now more nearly equal to the temporarily exhausted enemy, but still inferior in number to his total, took up positions along the Bzura and Rawka Rivers, covering Warsaw at a distance of about thirty miles, and awaited the next onslaught of the increasing numbers which the enemy could still direct towards the centre of Poland.

All this work in the North had at least this much of the effect that the enemy desired, that it prevented further progress by the main Russian armies in the South. They had even to retire somewhat from in front of Cracow to straighten their line and make it correspond with its extension through Poland to the North, and after the middle of December the Russians stood from the Carpathians to the frontiers of East Prussia upon a line determined by the Dunajec and Biala Rivers at the southern end and continued directly northward from the Upper to the Lower Vistula, across the great eastward bend of that river, thus covering Warsaw, and thence turning round Neo Georgievsk, and reaching the Prussian frontiers a little to the east of north of that fortress. Thence to the Baltic the line roughly followed the frontier.

In the Carpathian region itself the Russians were halted to the east of the mountains and were detained from advancing by the resistance of the fortress of Przemyśl, which they had invested.

The next six weeks were occupied with the attempt of the German armies under Hindenburg in the centre of Poland to hammer their way, through to Warsaw by a direct frontal attack.

The manœuvre was of that perfectly simple type to which experience in the West had already accustomed the observers of this war.

The enemy massed heavy guns for bombardment along the fifty-mile semi-circle of the Bzura and the Rawka, concentrating now upon one point, now upon another. After each such bombardment he launched his infantry in dense masses against the trenches of the sector that had just been shelled. There were, perhaps, in the six weeks of his main effort (the latter half of December and the whole of January) perhaps ten such major efforts to break through to Warsaw and any number of lesser supporting attacks. They were everyone of them foiled.

With the end of January the enemy conceived another stratagem, but before explaining it we must digress for a moment upon the nature of the enemy's recruitment, which, in contrast to that of the Allies, has largely affected the nature of the war.

IX.

The German Empire can train at any one time approximately 800,000 men. Austria-Hungary (which may, once war is launched, be regarded as a power eighty per cent. that of the German Empire) is in a position to train at any one time, a similar maximum of over 600,000, but less than six and a half hundred thousand. The enemy, as a whole can, therefore, provide batches of, at a maximum, 1,400,000 odd men. As each batch is trained another can take its place. It must not be imagined that the process is the simple and mechanical one of calling up a maximum number, training them for a given time, sending them all out from the depôts, and replacing them by another batch of raw recruits to be trained for a similar period, sent out in bulk, replaced by a third batch—and so forth. On the contrary, it is an elastic process, some units receiving longer training than others, and the whole machine being fed gradually from one end and discharging the finished product from the other.

Nevertheless, this arrangement has the effect of producing great waves in the curve of recruitment, which passes through periods of maximum intensity at fairly regular intervals.

Roughly speaking, the average period which, during winter and spring at least, the enemy thought sufficient for training was about three months. Many of his units were trained for far less, when there was urgent need of filling gaps, many were probably kept back. But great masses of new material appeared at the end of the first three months (*November*) for the great assault upon the Western line; and another great mass appeared for the manœuvre of *February*, which we are about to follow; while a third, more important than either of the earlier two, came into the field at the end of April, and produced its prodigious effect in the great Polish advance of the enemy, which is not yet completed, and which we are at the moment of writing still observing.

These three batches of 800,000 men in

Germany, and of over 600,000 odd in Austria-Hungary, do not exhaust all possible sources of recruitment, though they exhaust all the really good material available. The German Empire had trained rather more than half its manhood; rather less than half remained to be dealt with by process of training during the war. But Austria-Hungary had trained far less than half its manhood, and her reserve was proportionately greater. There were also a certain proportion of the boys below twenty-one—and even as low as the age of seventeen—who could ultimately be impressed; men beyond the age of ordinary military efficiency could be called for services not immediately upon the front; and a certain small proportion of those hitherto rejected for medical reasons could, in the last extremity, be summoned. But it is doubtful, however, whether all these sources of supply would give the enemy more than from a million and a half to a million and three-quarter men beyond the batches which he had prepared for the first year of war, and the already trained men with whom he had begun his campaign.

The method and power of recruitment upon the Allied side formed a complete contrast. The French, with their much smaller numbers, had trained every available man. Before the first year of war was over their maximum power was fully developed. They wisely reserved (and continue to reserve) a very large proportion of this maximum power, calling out the very youngest classes, especially only towards the end of the period, for they know that time is upon their side. But, at any rate, the French recruitment was, in proportion, so far as the total of actual trained manpower was concerned (not the men actually at the front) more rapid than the enemy's.

But the two other great Allies, whose reserve of man-power would necessarily be a deciding factor, were differently situated. Great Britain, by an amazing voluntary effort, without conscription, raised an immense reserve, but that reserve necessarily suffered from tardiness in equipment. The mere provision of rifles for a very large force of infantry is a matter, in normal times, of years, and even under the necessities of such a war as this, it is a matter of very many months.

Great Britain had never contemplated, and had never been asked by her Allies to contemplate, Continental warfare of the first magnitude. She had not only to produce this new great mass of equipment *after* war had broken out, she had also to train an almost entirely new body of officers; she had to provide the horses, the guns, the munition which her increased numbers demanded.

If one should strike a curve showing the number of men fully organised at various dates by this country, with all their officers trained, all their equipment provided, that curve would not show successive and regularly appearing batches of recruitment as would the enemy's. It would show no "waves"; it would be discovered running almost flat for the first few months, and then rising steeper and steeper as the summer approached. But even after a full year of war it would not nearly have reached its maximum.

Russia, for different reasons, was in a somewhat similar case. Her opportunities of recruitment were better; she could train at any one time a larger number of men, for she depended upon conscription. But the officering of these was a difficult problem, and equipment, especially

during the strict blockade to which Nature and the enemy submitted her during the winter months, was formidable indeed. The Russian curve also, therefore, if we should strike it, would show a similar slow rise which, after the first year of war, has not yet nearly reached its maximum.

In general the effect of the contrast between the enemy's method of recruitment and those of the Allies was this: That upon the enemy's side numbers could perpetually be kept up until a maximum was reached before the end of the first year of war, though after that period a decline would set in; while upon the Allied side the growth of numbers would only become weighty towards the end and even after the end of that period. In other words, the enemy maintained his enormous numerical superiority for all the first months of the war, and was still at evens with his opponents in the summer of 1915. It is not until a period later than that of the present writing that the full numerical advantage of the Allies can tell.

So much being said, let us return to the enemy's plans in Poland.

X.

Hindenburg having failed to carry Warsaw by direct assault, the second great batch of recruitment was at his disposal for the stratagem he next proposed. The Russians had, while Hindenburg was thus striking in front of Warsaw, forced their way into East Prussia again over a belt of twenty or thirty miles wide. They had in this second invasion taken full and justified reprisals, and nothing is more satisfactory than the reading of the German complaints, recently published, upon the nature of those reprisals. Wherever the invader passed civilians were held as hostages, and their property was systematically seized after the examples set by the Prussians in Belgium and France. The abominable crimes which Prussian military tradition regards as advisable or permissible in war were not committed. But the enemy was made to feel during this second invasion of East Prussia something of what his perverted morality had deserved.

It was essential, therefore, to the German Government that this invasion should be checked, and the accomplishment of this task was combined with an attempt to capture Warsaw and command the line of the Vistula in a new fashion.

About half a million men were gathered in East Prussia, launched at the Russian forces there, which numbered about two-fifths of their opponents, and began, with the first week in February, the clearing of the province. By the 12th of the month the last Russian soldier was beyond the frontiers, and the large German force thus established to the north of Warsaw and east of it moved down southward to take the capital of Poland in reverse.

The railway communications with Warsaw are protected by the line of the Rivers Narev and Niemen, with fortified posts stretched along those rivers. Upon that line the Germans advanced in the third week of February. One comparatively small body succeeded in crossing the Niemen; the army as a whole was checked before it reached the Narev, and at the battle of Praznych, upon February 26, the German offensive was broken and came to an end.

It was evident that the prosecution of the enemy's plan in Poland could not now be successful until the third, last, and much the largest, of his batches of recruitment should be available with the end of the Spring.

The enemy prepared for another move in the Eastern campaign when the end of April should arrive, and the conditions of that new move he calculated as follows:

XI.

The Russians had overrun Galicia; they had reached the crest of the Carpathians, and were about to threaten the Hungarian Plain. They were protected in this action, as with a screen, by a body of about 120,000 lying along the Rivers Dunajec and Biala. Their effort was held up by the resistance of Przemyśl, which fortress, by its investment, accounted for a quarter or a third of their men. But when, upon March 22, Przemyśl fell, the pressure upon the Carpathian front, which the Russians exercised, became very formidable, and the new enemy move was partly suggested by the necessity of saving Hungary from invasion, an event which would have seriously affected the political solidity of Germany's ally.

The Prussian commanders calculated with justice, as the event turned out, that the accumulation of shell which they had been able to make during the winter was out of all proportion to that which the Russians could have manufactured at home—seeing their imperfect industrial development—or could have imported from abroad during the very short time which had elapsed since the ports of the Arctic and of the Far East had been free from ice.

They believed it possible so to overwhelm a sector of the Russian line by bombardment that this sector would break, and that the end they had constantly sought for so many months and had as constantly failed to reach, the separation of the Russian armies into two or more portions out of communication with one another, could be attained. As he now had available at the end of April his last great mass of recruitment, and could back his immense superiority in artillery with a corresponding superiority in men, the issue upon which he gambled had heavy chances in his favour. As we shall see, he came within an ace of achieving his object, and though he failed—or has so far failed, after an immensely costly effort extending over more than three months—he none the less obtained results second only in importance to those which he desired, and which would have given him a true decision upon the Eastern front.

The sector upon which he decided to act was that "screen" of Russian troops which held the line of the Dunajec and Biala and permitted, behind the security which they afforded, the continued, if slow, progress of the main Russian armies over the passes of the Carpathians.

It was upon Wednesday, April 28, that the blow was delivered.

The Russians had had ample warning of its nature and of the place where it would fall. But though they were so grievously lacking in heavy shell they believed that their months of fortification along the Biala and Dunajec line was impregnable to any effort the enemy might make. They were wrong. The last two days of April

were filled with concentrated bombardment of the heaviest type, pounding various sections of the Russian line along the river, a bombardment in which the Austrian heavy artillery, which is, and always has been, an arm superior to that of the Germans, particularly distinguished itself.

The chief points upon which the fire was concentrated were in front of the town of Gorlice and upon the Lower Dunajec, just after its junction with the Biala. Upon May 1 the Russian resistance broke, and there was a moment in which it seemed as though the successful enemy would pour through and grasp the main fruit of his efforts, the breaking of the chain of the Russian armies. This, happily, he failed to do. The Siberian troops just saved the situation. But the whole of what had once been the "screen" protecting the Russian occupation of Galicia, and the Russian grasp upon the passes of the Carpathians, was from that day in full retreat, nor did the retirement halt until it had reached, twelve days later, the line of the River San.

It is evident from the geography of this theatre of war that this retreat involved the abandonment of the Carpathians by our Ally and that the immediate project of the Russian invasion of Hungary was at an end.

None the less it is remarkable to observe how thoroughly the Russians rallied upon the line of the San.

From May 13 onward every step in the Russian retirement is undertaken with deliberation, at a moment chosen by the Russian commanders and not by the enemy, proceeds without confusion, and maintains a united front. Though suffering a grievous lack in munitionment, especially in heavy shell, delivering perhaps not a fourth of what the enemy could deliver against them, the Russian armies remain intact and preserve themselves in being for further action when their supplies shall have reached a sufficient level.

The enemy was held upon the line of the San and in front of Przemyśl until June 1.

When he entered the latter town it was to find that every gun and every ounce of stores, every locomotive truck, machine, and supply of metal had been deliberately and almost at leisure evacuated from what had once been a fortress. It was three weeks before the same orderly process had been accomplished at Lemberg, and by June 22 it was clearly apparent to the enemy's higher command that it could no longer achieve its end or destroy the unity of the Russian organisation.

Upon that date, or thereabouts, the enemy therefore turned to the second best which the position offered him. He had failed to obtain his decision, but he had turned the Vistula line; he had converted the position of Warsaw into a dangerous salient which could be threatened from the north and from the south, and he now proceeded to exercise such pressure both from the northern and from the southern side of this salient as to compel the evacuation of Warsaw.

He had at this moment about four million men between the Baltic and the Roumanian frontier. With about an eighth of this force he pressed upon the Upper Dniester and the Upper Bug; with about a quarter he pushed northward toward Lublin and Cholm in order to cut the southern railway which supplied Warsaw. Of the remaining half, one part exercised its pressure along the line standing in front of Warsaw, and

formed a chord across the arc of the Vistula; the other under Hindenburg moved southward against the Narev, while a remaining 400,000 men was sent north into Courland, with a huge proportion of cavalry in order both to threaten Riga, the industrial and political importance of which town are of high importance, but more to cause an anxiety to the Russian command for its northern communications. For of the three great railways leading out the Warsaw salient, and permitting an orderly retirement therefrom, the northernmost ran but three or four days' march from the theatre in which this Courland force was operating, and continues to operate.

The Germans crossed the Narev in the middle of July. They reached, with their Austrian colleagues, after repeated checks and very heavy losses, the neighbourhood of the southern railway, near Lublin and Cholm at the same time.

It was upon July 18 that the decision was taken to evacuate Warsaw.

Again, with deliberation and with excellent organisation, without confusion, and with complete success, the town to be abandoned was stripped of every gun and every cartridge, every machine, and every ounce of useful metal and stores, an achievement which, in the case of a town of a million inhabitants, deserves the highest admiration. The enemy entered the city seventeen days later, hardly opposed. He found himself in possession of the Vistula line—a great asset, for that line can in the future be used defensively against a new Russian offensive, all useful railway communication concentrating, as it does, upon Warsaw. But he had pursued his adventure too far to stand thus upon the Vistula. A million men were already east and north of Warsaw, much more than another million east and south of it; to order their retirement now that the thing was pushed so far forward would be to order a most perilous movement. He might still hope, though with grievously diminished chances, to break the Russian armies before him, or, by threatening their communications from the north across the Narev, and from Courland, to throw them into confusion. At any rate, he could not ungrapple.

We leave this great Polish campaign, therefore, still in full progress, and with its issue undecided. Had the enemy desired from the beginning no more than the command of the Vistula line, had he upon obtaining this object consented to stand upon the defensive and to release his forces now at or just past their maximum for an attack upon the West, his object would have been entirely achieved. But it is doubtful whether he can now confine himself to such a programme. And while it is impossible to prophesy the future of any human action, and particularly impossible to prophesy the development of war, we may yet say that after three and a half months of so victorious an Eastern advance no end is in sight for the enemy's higher command. He must continue his task, with what fortunes we have yet to see. And the vast Polish front will still demand the mass of his energies.

XII.

In a complete survey of the whole war this Eastern campaign is so much the more important business of the summer that one might almost be forgiven for neglecting every other front—for it

is upon the issue of the Eastern fighting that the immediate future will depend—though doubtless if a decision is clearly unobtainable there, the enemy will, at no remote date, use the last of his energies in the South or West.

But the naturally more vivid interest possessed for Western observers by the line in France and Flanders, the entry of Italy into the war, and the experiment in the Dardanelles (though all are connected with and dependent upon Poland for the moment), must be given their due place.

Upon the Western front during all these months, the repeated attacks upon the German line, the counter-attacks of the enemy against that of the Allies, have not been conducted upon a scale which could with any probability have resulted in the breach of either position.

Upon the Allied side, each of these considerable effects has been directed to the wearing down of the enemy numbers, to reaching points that would command his lateral communications, and to the perpetual occupation of as large numbers as possible in the enemy's difficult task of defence. In each of these blows (the largest of which has not been delivered over a front of more than eight miles, most of them in less than four) it was always conceivable, of course, that this defence might crumble and that the enemy's line should unexpectedly be pierced. But neither the French work in Champagne, on the Beau Séjour sector, in the winter, nor the conquest of the spur of Les Eparges, nor even the very vigorous action with some five corps north of Arras, nor the British blows delivered at Neuve Chappelle, and, many weeks later, in front of La Bassée, nor the slow, but unsuccessful, work upon the Eastern slopes of the Southern Vosges, have constituted or were intended to constitute a grand offensive. Had the pressure upon the enemy in the Carpathians successfully continued, that offensive would have been undertaken. The Russian retreat through Galicia compelled its postponement—and with that postponement the continued accumulation of munitions and the increasing equipment of men. A check to such an offensive with the enemy well held in the East would have been reparable. Such a check, when the pressure upon him in the East was removed, would have been a disaster. The Polish campaign, with its enormous consumption of men, clearly indicated for the Western command the necessity of holding its hand.

The point has curiously puzzled general opinion in this country. An analogy seems to have been drawn from struggles of infinitely less importance. Were the thing a game, one might argue that the distress of one partner was an opportunity for the other. But in this great war the true analogy is not a match, but an operation upon which one's life depends. The enemy had chosen to risk about a million men in the attainment of a certain object. While he was near to attaining it he could not be forbidden, and meanwhile his loss continued. Should he fail, then would come the moment for the *coup de grâce*.

The West has accumulated ammunition and reserved its men. It has done well. There are many men behind. In the East the enemy may shoot his bolt. All points to his having missed the mark—and his reserves are very near their end.

I trust that my readers will excuse the narrow limits within which I have but just alluded to the enormous effort of more than half a year in France and Flanders. I am confident that the perfectly impartial student, the observer in a remote posterity, will see those months as a sort of marking of time on the West during the winter, spring, and summer; while the great Polish operation, with its failure upon the enemy's side up to the moment of writing, its probable failure in the immediate future, was determining the war. I am confident that to such an observer the war, as a whole, would in May, June, and July, and the first half of August, 1915, be written in terms of the Polish campaign.

While the Allies in the West were thus delivering their local assaults upon a defensive line of the entrenched enemy, these assaults never directed to a complete breach, though each possibly and with good fortune capable of discovering an entry, the enemy's counter-attacks proved by how narrow a margin (though at this moment at the maximum of his strength) he was holding on. Three things prove this in his little developed counter-offensive. First, his falling back upon occasional tricks (his use of poison was the most remarkable example). Next, the continued falsification of his returns. Lastly, the character of the assaults.

The Western Allies made him lose during the seven and a half months not less than three-quarters of a million men. The Allies discovered that the quality opposed to them continually deteriorated. Should he decide to make his last effort in the West, far better material will appear and the strain will be heavy, but we may conclude without hesitation that the process of the winter, spring, and summer of 1915 in the West had there now worn him threadbare. If a proof were needed, remark that the true commanders have been sent Eastward. There has been left in the West the foolish heir to the last of the Hohenzollerns.

Ten days before the end of the month of May Italy entered the field. Her determination had been long fixed; her object was probably and justly enough local. It was her business to recover from the dynasty which had long oppressed Italian soil, which still controlled the avenues for invasion, and which still governed against their will some fragments of the Italian people, those territories to which a free and self-governing nation had an indefeasible claim.

She had a further object, which was to prevent a German victory lest the Adriatic should cease to be an Italian sea. In this connection she had one last anxiety, divergent from the general aims of the Allies, her doubt lest the Slavonic races might not press too hardly upon her ancient ports, stretched along the eastern coast of that sea, and might not provoke some new and dangerous rivalry. But of these three points the first had far the most weight.

The war upon this front, from Monfalcone to before Trent, resolved itself, like much the greater part of the operations in all the campaign, into a war of trench and of position. Its issue or even progress is at the moment of writing quite undecided. But from the most general point of view—that of the whole campaign—its value may be easily estimated. The Italian inter-

vention perpetually draws a greater and a greater number of men from the enemy's dangerously exhausted reserve down to a new front. It has already certainly accounted within three months for more than a third, but less than half a million of men, who have been drawn thither and have suffered increasing losses, and who will, by their further trials, suck up units steadfastly and inexorably from the shallow reservoir that still remains.

Lastly, there must be mentioned the experiment of the Dardanelles.

The story may be briefly told.

A glance at the map is sufficient to show that the mastery of the Dardanelles would give to the victorious Power, if it were possessed of a fleet, Constantinople and free entry to the Black Sea. With these prizes would go a broad and open avenue for the immediate provisionment of our heavily-handicapped Russian Ally; the certain decision of the Balkan States as a whole against the enemy; and, far from unimportant, the gradual restoration of Russian exchange by the permission of Russian export through the European and warm water ports of the Black Sea.

The reward of effort was incalculable, but the difficulties in the way of success were quite under-rated. An effort made in the month of February to force the Straits without the co-operation of an army and a siege-train necessarily failed. When, far later in the season and after the full warning the enemy had received, a landing was effected, that landing was successful (against the expectation of the Continent), through the heroic conduct of the British forces engaged, and in particular of the 29th Regular Division. That exploit was of a character not to be surpassed—not, I believe, to be equalled—even in the tradition and history of the Service which there earned so splendid a renown.

But the landing once effected, it was abundantly clear, as indeed every condition of ground and every experience of the war should already have proved, that the two positions to be carried before the narrows of the Dardanelles could be seized—the position of Achi Baba and the position of the Pasha Dagh—could be mastered only by the provision of a very ample siege-train.

At the moment in which these lines are written, even the first of these positions is still intact, and opposing trenches face one another (as they do and will in all modern warfare with its enormously increased defensive power) until or if an overwhelming superiority of heavy shell can be discharged from the victorious side.

One of three conditions alone, it would seem, can determine the issue here. The provision of an ample siege-train with adequate munitions to deal with a front of over four miles—say, 250 pieces of 4in. and upwards, and of these the greater part of high trajectory. The intervention of some further force from the Allies to turn the positions defended by the enemy. Or, lastly, the failure of the enemy's munitions.

This last is possible and even expected. He is obtaining little or none from outside. But, on the other hand, his Prussian masters have already taught him something; a factory is established; heavy shell is at this moment produced. In what numbers I do not know.

H. BELLOC.

THE YEAR'S NAVAL WAR.

By A. H. POLLEN.

IN this brief review of the War at Sea I shall not attempt a complete story. Excellent narratives are already in existence. Commander Robinson's in "Brassey's" survey is admirably complete. There is much valuable matter in the "Fleet Annual." Before these pages are in the reader's hands there will no doubt be others from which he can choose. Nor shall I attempt to describe any event or action minutely. The information at our disposal is still far too fragmentary. Very few dispatches have been published, and none but have, apparently, been blue pencilled out of existence. That we should be entirely ignorant of certain events, and largely ignorant of them all, is no doubt a public advantage—so long as the enemy shares that ignorance. And if thereby the field of controversy is limited, that surely is not a thing to lament. But it obviously makes the writing of history impossible. I shall limit myself, therefore, to reviewing the main lines of naval action, and to suggesting the broad lessons which it teaches.

In the past year Whitehall has been called upon to decide an almost infinite number of issues, in circumstances that were almost infinitely novel. The surprising thing is, not that many and even grave mistakes were made, but that its policy during the war has been in the main so right. It has already become a commonplace that never in previous history had the objects of sea power been attained so rapidly or so completely.

CONCENTRATION AND CIVILISATION.

Two things, it seems to me, combined to make the task of the Admiralty extraordinarily difficult. The electric cable and wireless telegraphy had brought every ship at sea—however remote—within an hour or two of Whitehall. It followed, then, that a mass of information poured hourly into the Admiralty, and it was the only centre into which *all* the information went. Being, then, the sole repository of intelligence, a strategical responsibility was thrown upon it such as had never fallen on its predecessors. It may have become quite impossible to distinguish between *advice* to men on the spot and *orders* to them. Interference may well have become the rule.

The real question was, who was to exercise the authority which this modern system of communication centred in Whitehall? A hundred years of peace had given an almost completely civilian complexion to the Admiralty machine. The Board was so constituted by law as no longer to ensure that the Navy was administered by a committee in which naval officers predominated. The supreme authority was vested in a Cabinet Minister. He had, indeed, naval advisers, but was under no obligation to follow their advice. There was nothing to prevent him conceiving a policy of his own, carrying it out on his own lines, and forcing his nominal colleagues to the choice of acquiescence or resignation. If this was the

general position, let it also be remembered that neither the civilian nor the professional side of the Admiralty had any experience of war whatever.

BRITAIN'S RISK IN WAR.

When a nation is entirely dependent for its existence on a daily service of supply ships, it is obvious that it must either possess such power at sea as to forbid any other nation closing that highway, or its existence must be at the mercy of its enemies. The loss of the free use of the sea may be a grievous loss to any country. To be cut off from sea supplies may in the end be a determining factor in the defeat of a country that is apparently self-contained. It may be the determining factor in the defeat of Germany. But it is far from clear that Germany's sea trade—vast as it was—was a *necessity* of national existence. She imported, after all, less than 15 per cent. of her food supplies. Of the things necessary for war that she did not produce her stores were ample, and in seizing Belgium and ten departments of France she increased that store largely. Germany's sea trade was a condition of her industrial expansion, for without it her factories could not have attained their amazing growth in the last quarter of a century. It did not follow that the deprivation of that sea trade would be fatal.

But Great Britain, when she goes to war, alone of all great powers, risks being brought to her knees, and that almost instantly. Were her Grand Fleet defeated and the British sea-power broken, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the national surrender would barely even be a question of weeks. If any country could hold the sea against us it would be quite unnecessary to invade these shores. Famine, either actual or certain, would compel submission before an invading force could be organised or landed. This simple and quite elementary truth is not always realised. It explains why, beyond any country in the world, Great Britain must be chary of entering upon war with any combination of countries that can dispute her sea command.

FAITH IN AN UNTRIED MACHINE.

But it should bring another truth home to us also. The ultimatum sent to Germany twelve months ago, in the full knowledge that it meant war, immediate, ruthless, and decisive, was a supreme act of faith in the British Fleet. And it was an act of faith all the more remarkable because the Fleet was a completely untried machine. And it would be directed from London, and would be commanded at sea, by men who had had no experience to guide them. It was a hundred and eleven years since England had gone to war knowing that its sea power was the only thing that stood between this country and ruin. In the interval, the instruments of naval force had been revolutionised again and again.

The most recent experience had been with ships which it is the custom to-day to dismiss as possessing no military value whatever. Three

changes, each in their way completely revolutionary, had come about since the battle of Tsushima. The development of fire control had given the guns, which at that period could not be made to hit beyond a range of 6,000 yards, far greater efficiency at twice that range. And these guns had been surpassed by others of larger calibre and flatter trajectories, which had raised the possible hitting range to something like half as much again. Ten years ago no capital ship could command a greater speed than 19 knots. *Lion*, *Tiger*, and *Princess Royal*, carrying batteries of eight 13.5 guns each—a striking force four times as powerful as any capital ship carried in 1895—went into action at the Dogger Bank at 28 knots. Speed had increased by at least 50 per cent. Finally, the torpedo had taken on an entirely new aspect. The weapon itself had been greatly increased in size, so as to become at least six times as destructive as the torpedo of ten years ago. And the development of the hot-air engine and mechanical improvements had created a still more astounding advance in speed, range, and accuracy. These developments really constituted it a new weapon. But combined with the development of the submarine, the torpedo almost revolutionised naval warfare. In ten years, and principally on the initiative of Great Britain, the submarine had been developed into a sea-going craft with a surface speed exceeding that of battleships of ten years ago and carrying fuel in such quantities as to give it a radius of action as great as any ship possessed then. The paradox became true that a navy could have all its surface ships driven off the sea and yet be free to use its submarines almost as if no stronger enemy force existed.

GERMAN MISCALCULATIONS.

If we are to form any useful judgment as to the course which the sea campaign actually took, we must have a clear appreciation of the general conditions at the commencement of the war.

There are many evidences that the great war that was to make Germany impregnable in Europe and ultimately the dominant world power, was the act, almost exclusively, of the military side of the great General Staff. At the moment chosen for the creation and precipitation of the crisis the British Fleet, instead of being scattered, as it is apt to be in the summer time, was concentrated in the Channel. The largest and most complete mobilisation that has ever taken place was just completed. That this mobilisation was due at the date on which it occurred, that our Fleet instead of being dispersed would be concentrated and ready for war at this moment, had been known to every one in Europe for many months. To move it to its war stations was a simple operation. It was in station before the ultimatum was sent. The immediate paralysis of the German Fleet followed. It would have been patent folly to have attempted a fleet action. From August 4, 1914, Great Britain has exercised, until the present date, a control of the sea which has been unquestioned because it was unquestionable. The three occasions on which squadrons of ships have been engaged have none of them been brought about by any desire of the German Navy to question this command, and the results of these actions have not even remotely affected it. The circumstances in which war broke out made this command inevit-

able, and that these circumstances existed because Germany did not expect us to fight.

This is indeed quite clear from the two interviews between the German Chancellor and the British Ambassador in Berlin on July 29 and August 4. It was an integral part of Germany's conception of the political situation that Great Britain would be glad of any excuse, even the flimsiest, to remain neutral. The offer to respect the integrity of French territory, while taking the French Colonial possessions, though it appeared dishonourable and even ridiculous to us, was made by the German Chancellor in the most perfect assurance that it would be accepted. The rage and disappointment which, when the offer was rejected, he exhibited at the final interview, are conclusive on this. *Our ultimatum of August 3 was, then, a complete surprise.*

So much must, it seems to me, be admitted by everyone who reads the correspondence, and it follows that in so far as British intervention has affected the course of the war, to that extent it has given Germany a war quite different from what she expected.

That the influence of Great Britain's intervention on its ultimate course must be very great, cannot, of course, be questioned. Will it be decisive? It is possible that the war may end without a military decision being reached. But the numbers of the enemy are diminishing. The fact that we have had to create an Army since war was declared, ensures that our larger numbers will be coming in just when the enemy's reserves are exhausted. They may turn the scale. If, owing to conditions of trench war, superior numbers cannot win a military decision, then the war will end by national exhaustion, and as the material resources of Great Britain are greater than those of Austria and Germany combined, and as sea power protects those resources from diminution—and, indeed, enables us to add to them—then it will be the belligerency of Great Britain that will decide the fate of Germany.

IF GERMANY HAD FORESEEN.

For this situation Germany had not prepared. She had calculated on a war in which Great Britain would be neutral. This fact suggests two speculations. It would be a tempting exercise to contrast the war which Germany has got with the war which she expected. It is of more immediate moment to ask ourselves what Germany would have done if, determining to make war on Europe, she had realised that Great Britain would, if she could, intervene, and intervene decisively. What steps could she have taken to ensure our intervention being powerless to spoil her Continental plans?

It might have been practical to bring the Austrian Dreadnoughts, on some excuse or other, to Wilhelmshaven. She certainly would have armed, not as she did less than a dozen, but more than half a hundred of her liners. She could have prepared an expeditionary force of 100,000 men. When the liners were armed and afield, the troops would have been hurried on the transports, and the High Seas Fleet would have put to sea. Simultaneously, and at a given signal, Germany would have fallen, with all her naval forces, with every destroyer, every submarine, and every Dreadnought that she possessed, or could borrow from the Adriatic, upon all, or upon a portion, of

our Grand Fleet. The expeditionary force would have landed on the coast of Kent or Essex, the raiders would have begun the wholesale destruction of our merchantmen on every ocean. These three things Germany would have done, not during a period of diplomatic tension, but while disguising as completely as she could every hostile intention. A simultaneous attack upon our Fleet, our coast, and our ocean trade, attacks made as a complete surprise and with a ruthless disregard of losses, would have had very terrible results. But they would almost certainly not have been fatal. Our sea power would have re-asserted itself. Our trade, though crippled, would, under the ægis of that sea power, have been re-established. The invading force would ultimately have been destroyed to a man. But Great Britain would have received a shock. Her power would have suffered a serious diminution. We could obviously not have taken any *immediate* part in a Continental war. Germany would have been free to have pursued her policy with regard to France and Russia for many months without our effective interference.

Would her power have been *materially* diminished by these attacks upon us? Let us suppose every ship of the German Fleet to have been captured and destroyed. Let us assume every cruiser and liner ravaging the trade routes to have been run down, sunk, or captured within a few months. Let us suppose the raiding force beaten into surrender. Would the loss of this fleet, the loss of these converted merchantmen, the loss of these men, have weakened Germany for the purposes of Continental war? She would have been without such command of the Baltic as she can exercise now. But, except for such command, and such doubtful protection as the German Fleet gives to the German coasts, I can see no benefit that Germany gains from the High Sea Fleet which she has intact to-day. It has done nothing of military value during the war, and can do nothing before the end.

THE COURSE OF THE WAR.

Given the initial condition that the sea war opened with the German Fleet locked up in its harbours, the campaign took more or less the course that might have been expected. Except for the activities of her submarines, the German Navy showed no initiative of any kind until Yarmouth and Scarborough were raided by the battle-cruisers. And, except for the attempts to catch the raiders, there was no organised British naval movement to attack the Germans except the affair of the Heligoland Bight at the end of August. In the Dogger Bank chase the raiders lost the *Bleucher* and came near losing the whole squadron. The Heligoland affair was the only attack that the British Navy was enabled to make. These events will be discussed under "Naval Actions."

For the rest, such incidents as occurred arose either from chance encounters when the German destroyers ventured out too far afield or to the results of submarine activity on one side or the other. The successes of the German submarines were confined to attacks on the cruisers either patrolling the North Sea, or engaged in searching the neutral trading ships. The successes of the British submarines were limited to two, for the excellent reason that no German ships ventured

out of harbour, except escorted by destroyers in such numbers as to make submarine attack impossible.

THE SUBMARINE SCARE.

Of the many interesting aspects of the submarine campaign, by far the most important for the purpose of understanding the lessons of this war was the effect its successes had upon the public mind. As we have seen already, it was a new and untried instrument of war. It was an old claim of torpedo enthusiasts that underwater attack would supersede gun attack. The secrecy of the weapon and the finality of its successful employment introduced an element into the argument which defied analysis and logic. The French Navy at one time was led into forsaking capital ships for torpedo boats and destroyers. The failure of the torpedo in the Russo-Japanese War exposed the folly of these claims without converting the enthusiasts. When about six years ago the range of the torpedo was enormously magnified, it had to be admitted by everyone that its influence on fleet actions must be very considerable—principally because it would add a new and most difficult problem to fire control.

But when the submarine became a sea-going ship, an entirely new factor appeared in naval war: The torpedo enthusiasts were justified by events. In 1911 an ex-Director of Naval Ordnance read a brilliant paper to the Institution of Naval Architects, and left upon his hearers the impression that the command of the sea might not much longer rest with the largest and most powerful ships. Mr. Churchill, speaking not long before the war, said the time might come when sea power would not be measured by Dreadnoughts alone, and, indeed, *might not* be measured by Dreadnoughts *at all*. The public mind had thus been then to some extent prepared for doubting whether the capital ship was indeed the citadel of our supremacy. But a more serious warning was to come. Not two months before the war began a startling and uncompromising declaration appeared in the Press over the signature of Sir Percy Scott. We were told in so many words that the submarine had made it impossible for *any* surface ship to put to sea or lie safely in harbour, that the day of the battleship was therefore over, and if merchant ships dared to appear on the ocean they could be torpedoed at sight. To the warnings of a former Director of Naval Ordnance was thus added the lament of one whom the public accepted as the author of all gunnery advance. Admiral Scott's opinions were heavily discounted by many able writers and speakers. But he confessed himself unconverted by his critics. It cannot be denied that the new gospel of sea power had a profound effect.

First, it gave the impression throughout the world that while we had been pressing the development of the submarine, we did not appear to have organised and developed means for frustrating its attacks. Within the Navy itself the neglect to face this problem had long been a subject of wonder. It was so very obvious that if ever we went to war it would be the enemy's ships that would be driven to their harbours and ours that would have to hold the sea. To us, therefore, the submarine was the device for only occasional use—on the rare occasions, that is, when the enemy

might attempt to raid our communications or be driven to the desperate resolution of a sortie in force. But to the enemy, faced by the unpleasant fact that British ships were stopping his traffic and holding the seas against him, the submarine would be a device of almost daily necessity. It was, in short, primarily the weapon of the weaker, and not the weapon of the stronger power. And it was much more the business of the stronger power to find means to defeat it.

It next created a very widespread belief that there was something mysterious and incalculable about this instrument of war. The letters to which the controversy gave rise showed how vague and undefined the general understanding of the problem was, and how little fitted the majority of people were to reason coherently on a subject which possessed such awful potentialities. When, in the course of September and October, a few British ships succumbed to the submarine, the public alarm was really very great, although its expression was wisely suppressed. It cannot, I think, be doubted that these successes, following so swiftly on the Scott prophecies, shook general faith, if not in the Navy, at least in the Naval administration. The controversy may, then, have contributed to the succession of changes which have taken place in the supreme command at Whitehall.

Finally, it would seem more than probable that the prophecies and the alarm they created in England did much to inspire the German Admiralty and the German people with very exaggerated ideas, first, as to the vulnerability of England to submarine attack, and, next, as to the effect which its "frightfulness" would have upon the nation. The prophecy that when merchantmen were torpedoed, trade, being timid, would be frightened from the sea, was doubtless remembered. Experience, however, was to give the lie both to the prophecy and German expectations.

By the time that the submarine blockade began, the public had got to realise that, compared with the expectations formed of it, the submarine was even a greater failure than the torpedo had been in previous wars, while, when the day of trial came, the merchant service showed a sustained contempt for the cowardly brutality of our enemies which astonished us almost as much as it did them.

SUBMARINE WAR: FIRST PHASE.

The war had hardly been in progress a week before we heard that the British cruiser squadron had been attacked by submarines, and it was a singular piece of good fortune that made it possible to add, not only that the attack had failed, but that it had failed through the submarine itself being sunk. H.M.S. *Birmingham* had the honour of ramming the first under-water craft destroyed in war. It was not till September 5 that there was a submarine success, and it was not till some days later that the public knew that the *Pathfinder*, which had been sunk off the East Coast, had fallen, not to a mine as it was supposed, but to a torpedo. In little more than a fortnight there came a more reverberating blow—*Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue* had gone at one fell swoop, with a loss of sixty officers and fourteen hundred men. On October 16 the same submarine sank the *Hawke* in the North Sea, and on the 31st the *Hermes* was torpedoed in the

Straits of Dover. There could be no doubt at all that the sinking of these ships was seriously alarming to those whose minds still echoed with the disturbing vaticinations of the previous June. It was no use saying that each and all of them, except the *Pathfinder*, were old-fashioned, obsolete vessels of negligible military value. Here were six ships, all of them within a few miles of the English coast, struck down with a terrible loss of life, without notice and without warning. The thing looked easy. Was there any reason why it should not occur indefinitely? All this alarm was baseless. Of the six ships that had been sunk, one only, the *Hermes*, could be said to have been caught legitimately. That the *Cressys* were patrolling in the circumstances that laid them open to attack was obviously a blunder of disposition. The ships were too slow and cumbersome, and carried crews far too large to be risked on such work as this. To employ them in a squadron, unguarded by fast craft, was to make the risk incalculably greater. That the other ships stood by when *Aboukir* was hit, and so ensured their own fate, was a splendid instance of courage and generosity—magnificent, perhaps—but it was not war. The *Hawke*, it was supposed, was engaged to stop and search neutral traffic. Perhaps it needed the loss of a ship to show that this procedure must be carried on further afield, and not within such short range of the submarine depots. *Formidable* was lost in circumstances that were quite novel. But it was an unnecessary loss.

The *Formidable* was the last victim that the Royal Navy gave to the German submarines. No one of the victims had been constituents of the Grand Fleet. But the safety of the Grand Fleet was far from being the only evidence that ships were not defenceless. If the Scott prophecy had scared the public, it certainly had not scared the Navy. Before the war was ten days old, the British Channel was alive with transports carrying General French's Army to France. Every preconceived notion about sea power had gone by the board. The enemy had a fleet "in being" less than a day's steam from this line of traffic. His submarines might be anywhere. When, in February, the submarines began to attack trading ships thirty-two vessels were sunk between the Straits of Dover and Start Point in the end of February, March, and the first weeks in April. But throughout all these months, and, indeed, from the second week in August, the Channel had been full of transports and supply ships. Not a single one fell to the submarines. It was obvious, if the requisite craft were available, any given route or any given ship could be made practically safe against submarine attack. The submarine succeeded against the merchantmen simply because it was impossible to convoy them all.

SUBMARINE WAR: SECOND PHASE.

But the campaign had not been under way for more than six weeks when all attacks in the Channel ceased. Of the fifty-eight ships attacked between February 18 and April 11 sixty per cent. had been sunk in the Channel, and two or three in the Irish Channel. Both these areas have now long been immune. Not only is it possible, therefore, had been sunk in the Channel and two or three to forbid certain limited areas to submarines altogether. These two things prove that had the

problem of dealing with the submarine been undertaken properly in times of peace, it is not impossible that we might have gone through the war without a submarine casualty at all.

Of the submarine campaign against trade, it is unnecessary to say much. The purpose of the "Blockade" was to stop all ships from reaching or leaving British ports. It has, in point of fact, stopped less than one and a half per cent. Its economic result is inappreciable. It has not affected the *morale* of the nation in any manner favourable to the enemy. It has been a potent cause in making the neutral countries of the civilised world realise what German world-ascendancy would be if Germany should win. It is claimed that it has had this valuable military result, that it has given the German submarine captains an extraordinary practical experience in the handling of their boats. This certainly is possible, but against this it seems certain that a very considerable number of submarines have perished in the campaign, and the balance of advantage can hardly be with the enemy.

Before leaving the subject of submarines, it would be improper not to allude to their quite legitimate and very successful employment, both in the Baltic and at the Dardanelles. It was an open secret for many months that a British submarine, under Commander Max Horton, was to be at the disposal of the Russian Navy. It has met with many successes, sunk a battleship and destroyer. The skill and courage exhibited both here and in the Dardanelles by the British submarine captains is conclusive evidence of what can be done with this craft. They have pierced through the Dardanelles to the Sea of Marmara on many occasions, and have very seriously interrupted the communications between the Turkish forces in Gallipoli and the mainland. The adventures encountered on these expeditions are almost a fairy tale for wonder. It would surely do no harm for the diary of *E11* to be published. When the German submarines reached the *Ægean*, their effect on our bombarding operations was immediate. *Triumph* and *Majestic* were sunk—and new methods had to be adopted.

NAVAL ACTIONS.

The only actions, of which we have sufficient information to make them worth discussing, are the Heligoland affair, the battle off Coronel, the *Sydney—Emden* engagement, Sir Doveton Sturdee's defeat of Von Spee, and the Dogger Bank chase. Plans of first, fourth, and fifth of these are given, because these are the most instructive. I shall not attempt a description of each engagement, but shall assume that the reader has the dispatches accessible to him. The plans should then assist him in understanding what occurred. They are based on the dispatches and the best information available.

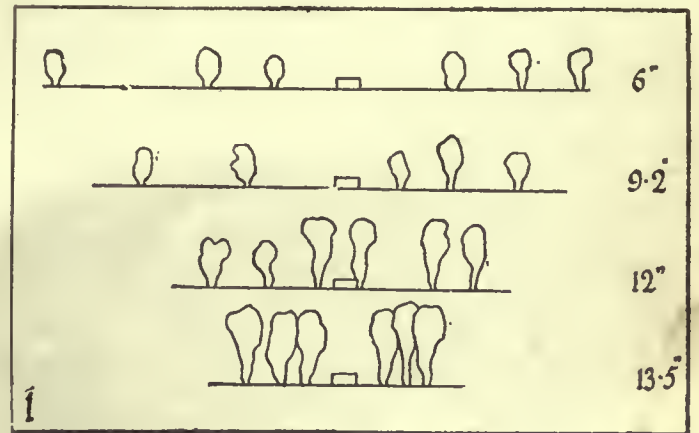
Before passing to the actions, it is important to have a clear idea of two things which these actions illustrate. The first is the nature of the advantage which heavy guns have over lighter pieces. In each of these actions the side which had the largest number of heavier guns, or generally heavier guns, was successful. A heavy shell obviously has far greater effect than a light shell when it hits. Its advantages in this respect do not need demonstration. It is as well, how-

ever, to make it quite clear why it is more probable that a heavy shell will hit.

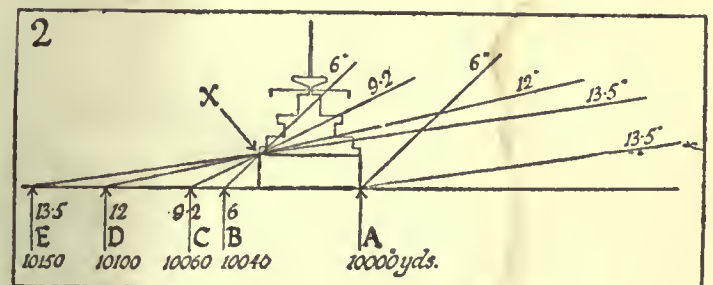
And next, these actions illustrate the great advance in fire control which has been made in the last ten years, and they also show, and I think convincingly, the limitations of the systems in use. As my comments on these actions will be particularly directed towards showing the tactical developments that have followed on the advance of gunnery and towards what further tactical developments must follow from a greater advance, it is essential that the nature of the fire-control problem should be understood. The next sections, therefore, deal with these two points.

ADVANTAGES OF HEAVIER GUNS.

The principle of heavy guns being superior at long range is exemplified by the Sketches 1 and 2. Sketch 1 represents the manner in which a salvo of guns may be expected to spread if all the sights are set to the same range. All guns lose in range accuracy as the range increases, but light guns more than heavy. If six 6-inch guns are fired at a target at 12,000 yards the shell will be apt to be spread out as shown in the top line. Six 9.2's



will fall in a closer pattern, as shown in the second line, six 12-inch in a still smaller space, and the 13.5 in one still smaller. Regarded simply as instruments for obtaining a pattern at a given range, heavy guns are therefore far more effective than light ones.



But this is far from being the heavy guns' only advantage, as will be seen from Sketch 2. The heavier the projectile is, the longer it retains its velocity. The angle at which a shot falls from any height depends solely upon its forward velocity while it is falling. Sketch 2 shows the outline of a ship broadside on to the enemy's fire, the shell being fired from the right-hand of the sketch. A is the point where the ship's side meets the water. If the gun were shooting *perfectly* accurately and was set to 10,000 yards, all the shots would hit at this point. And clearly any shot set at a range greater than this, but one which did not carry the shot over the target, would hit the ship somewhere between the points A and

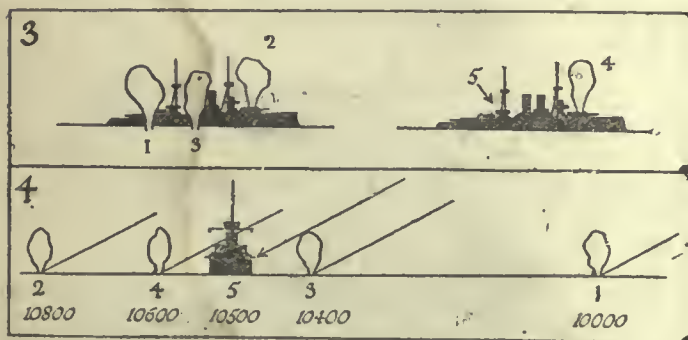
X. Now, if a 6-inch shot grazes the point X and falls into the water, it falls at the point B beyond the ship. But the angle at which it is falling is so steep that the difference in range between the point A and the point B is only 40 yards. To hit, then, with a 6-inch gun the range must be known within 40 yards. This interval is called the "Danger Space."

The 9.2 will fall at a more gradual angle, and the shot grazing on X will fall at C, which is 20 yards beyond B; and a 12-inch shell, falling still more gradually, will fall at D, which is 100 yards from A; and similarly the 13.5 at E, which is 150 yards beyond it. Hence, at any given range, far more accurate knowledge of range is necessary for hitting with a 6-inch gun than with a 9.2, with a 9.2 than with a 12-inch, and with a 12-inch than with a 13.5.

But we have seen from Sketch 1 that, in proportion as the range gets long, so does the range accuracy of the gun decrease, and that this loss of accuracy is greater in small guns than in bigger. To hit with it at all a more perfect fire control is necessary, and for any given number of rounds a much smaller proportion of hits will be made. The advantage of the big gun over the small, merely as a hitting weapon, is twofold. It does not require such accuracy in setting the sight, and more shots fired within these limits will hit.

FIRE CONTROL.

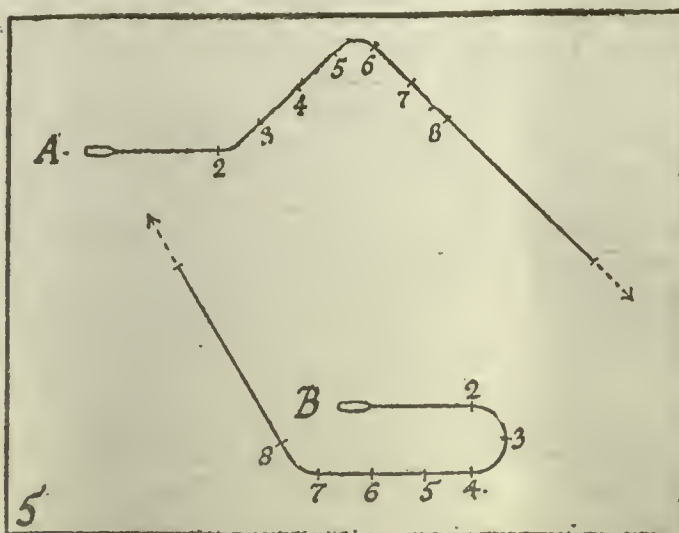
If ships only engaged when they were stationary the range would not change, and it could be found by observation without range-finders. And even with range-finders it can never be found at great distances without observation. But ships do not stand still, and when they move the distance between them alters from second to second. If these movements can be (1) ascertained, (2) integrated, and (3) the results impressed upon the sight, change of range would be eliminated, and we should have come back to the conditions in which ships were stationary. Fire control is successful in so far as it succeeds in doing these three things. The first two sketches



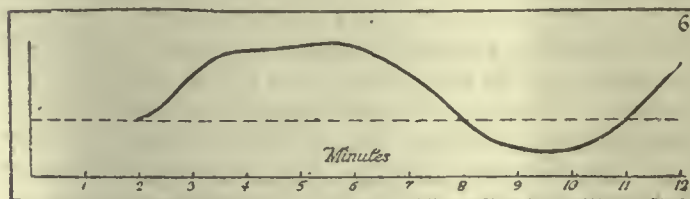
show the process by which hits are secured, when the conditions are not complicated by changes in the range, that is, if these complications have been eliminated by fire control. The second two illustrate what these complications are. The ships turn away from each other and then turn towards each other. The rate graph shows the effect of these movements on the range and the rate at which it is changing from moment to moment.

The processes shown in Sketches 3 and 4 is called "bracketing." Two shots are fired at a difference of, say, 800 yards. Observation shows the first to be too short, the second to be too far. The difference is bisected by the third shot. This

places the target in one of the halves of the bracket. This half is bisected by the fourth shot, placing the target in a quarter. If an eighth of the bracket is less than the danger space, then the fifth shot must hit.



In Sketch 5 the ships keep parallel courses for two minutes. The range does not change. The line in the graph (6) is horizontal. It is as if both were stationary. When the ships turn the range increases, and the graph rises. But the graph is not a straight line but a curve. This shows that the rate also is changing. Each

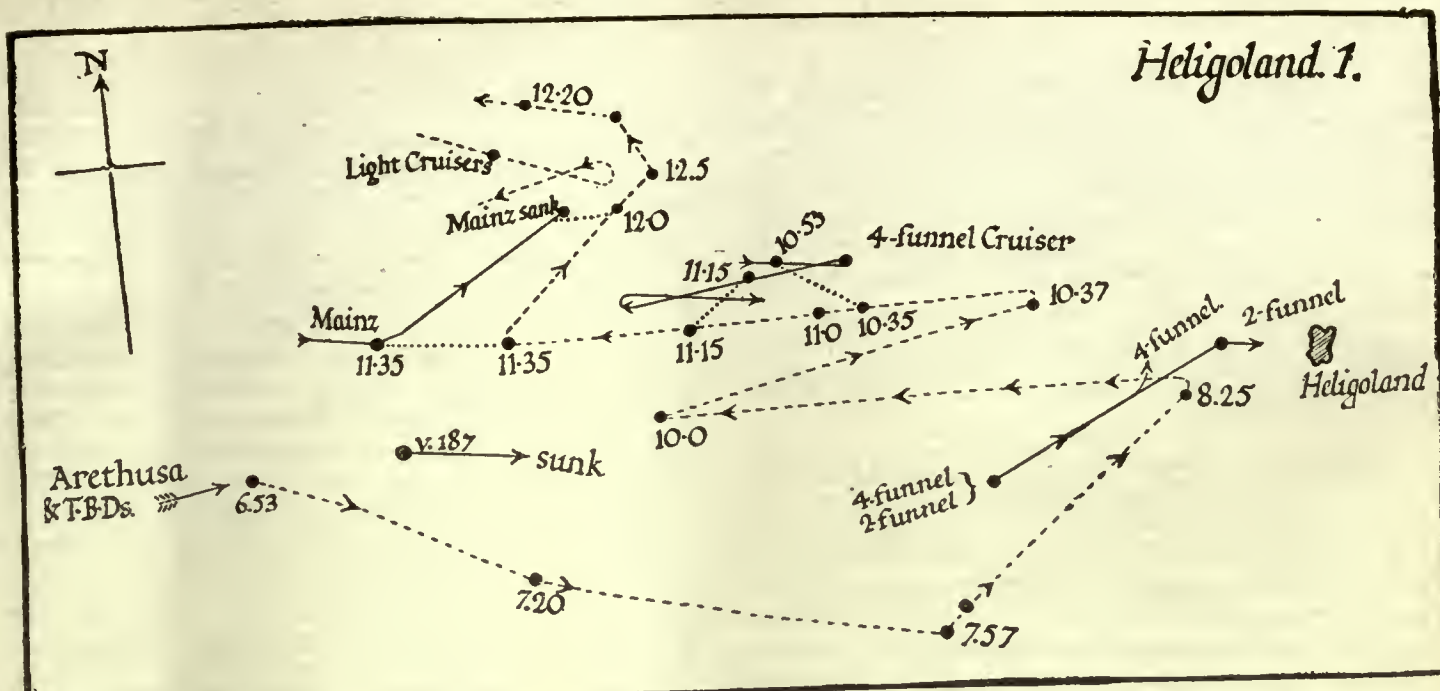


movement of the two ships, whether they keep steady courses or turn, alters the range and the rate. As projectiles take an interval of time to travel from the gun to the target, the range must be forecasted. B, then, cannot engage A, unless he knows where A is going to be. He cannot know this until A has settled on a steady course. While A is turning, then, he is safe from gun-fire except by a chance shot. B cannot engage while he is himself turning unless he can integrate his own movements with A's.

It is this latter difficulty which largely explains the duration of modern actions. At the mean range of each engagement, with ships standing still, *Sydney* could have sunk *Emden* in ten minutes; *Inflexible* and *Invincible* could have sunk *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* in fifteen. But it was ninety minutes before *Emden* was driven on the rocks, 180 before *Scharnhorst* sank, and 300 before *Gneisenau* went under.

ACTION OFF HELIGOLAND.

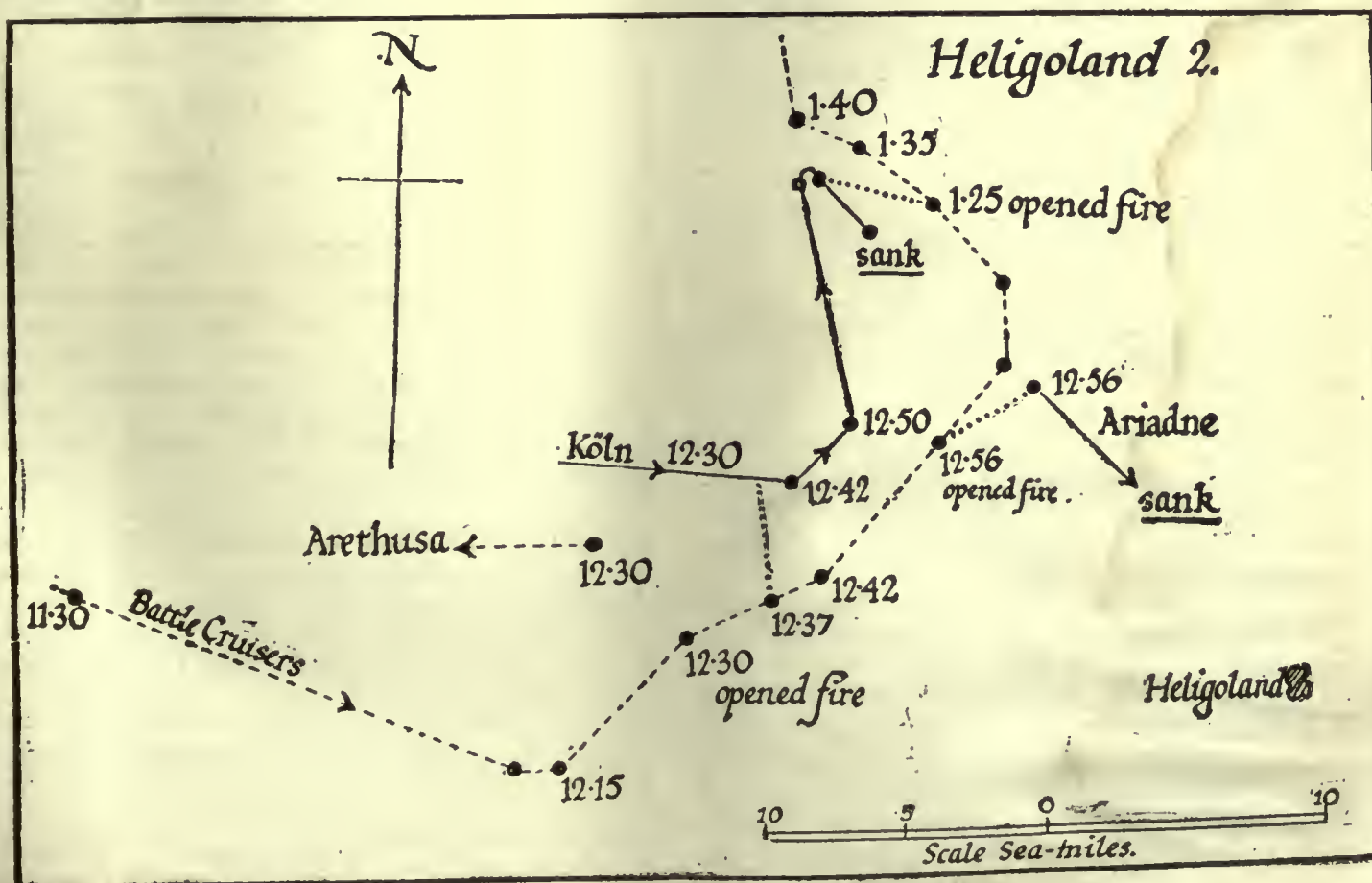
The plan of this action is compiled from the dispatches of the various commanders; but no sufficient detail is given in these reports to enable accurate plans to be made. The features of this fight which are tactically interesting are numerous. The battle-cruisers, for instance, had to wait for some hours before the moment came for their intervention, and while at the rendezvous they were repeatedly attacked by submarines. From the Vice-Admiral's dispatch, it would appear that this attack was frustrated partly by



the rapid manœuvring of his squadron, partly by sending destroyers to drive them off. It should be noted, therefore, that in any action where submarines or destroyers can be employed by the enemy our ships will be compelled to manœuvre rapidly to avoid them. Later in the day, when the squadron was engaged in sinking *Köln* and *Ariadne*, it was once more attacked by submarines, and *Queen Mary* (Captain W. R. Hall) turned his ship, not to avoid the submarine, but its torpedo, which was seen approaching. Alone of the actions which have taken place in this war, the firing was all within comparatively short range. Six thousand yards was the limit of visibility. There are not sufficient data to judge whether the British gunnery was greatly superior to the German. But Commander Tyrwhitt draws attention to the fact that, in one of his many engagements, a German cruiser sent salvo after salvo, all within a few yards of his ship, but none of them secured a hit. This point will be referred to later on.

VON SPEE v. CRADOCK.

Of the *Coronel* affair we have two reports, one from Captain Luce, of the *Glasgow*, and, quite recently, Von Spee's. The English guns were completely outclassed. In the heavy sea only a portion of the armaments could be used. The light conditions placed those guns that could be used into an almost hopelessly disadvantageous position. Hardly any hits were made upon the Germans at all. Both *Monmouth* and *Good Hope* were hit by the enemy's third salvos. These hits, though not instantly fatal to the ships, were probably instantly fatal to their fire control. So unequal were the conditions for seeing that, had the sides been of equal gunnery power, the fact that the Germans could see to range their targets and that the English could not might have brought about a similar result. This fight, like the Falkland Islands fight, raised the question of the tactics of a weaker ship when compelled to engage. This will be discussed in the general survey of these actions.



"SYDNEY" AND "EMDEN."

The plan is based on that published in the *Times*, with the corrections which the dispatch and the probabilities of the case demand. It was only in the very beginning of the action that *Emden's* fire was either rapid or accurate. Captain Glossop says his casualties occurred in the first few minutes. They numbered twelve only. Very few hits on an unarmoured ship might have done this damage. From 9.50 on, then, we can assume that *Sydney* had a complete fire ascendancy over *Emden*.

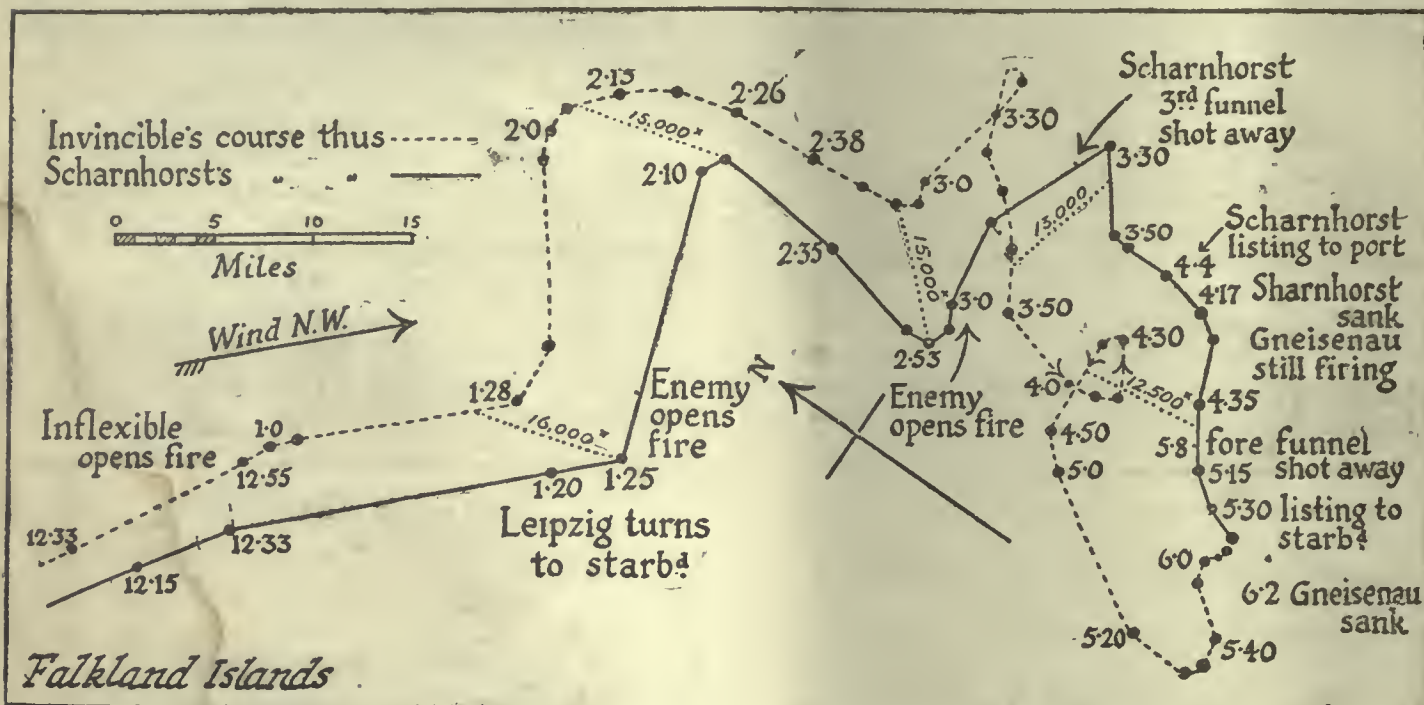
BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Of no other action have so many and so full accounts been published. The descriptions given in different officers' letters have been numerous, and the censorship has been particularly generous in allowing a great number of interesting details to become known. The broad lines of the action are simple enough. From a quarter to ten until 12.20 Admiral Sturdee followed the Germans without attempting to shorten range or to bring them quickly to action. At 12.20 he closed at full speed, opening fire just before one o'clock. At this point the German light cruisers were told to

MODERN NAVAL TACTICS.

The battle of the Falkland Islands, and the engagement between *Sydney* and *Emden* are particularly interesting as illustrating how far we have travelled since Nelson's day in the art of naval tactics. Let us take two typical actions of that epoch and show in what these differences mainly consist. The moment Nelson saw the enemy at Trafalgar he ordered his fleet, which was cruising in its fighting formation, to make all sail possible so as to get at the enemy with the minimum of delay. The preliminaries of the action were almost a race between the ships to get into fighting range at the earliest possible moment. Collingwood outpaced his division, and for fifteen minutes fought single-handed. There was no waiting by the fast ships for the slower ones. There was no thought of the risk that the leading ships might be overwhelmed. There was only one idea, to make sure of bringing the enemy to action when, and as, it could be done, and, subject to this, to fight that action as nearly as possible on the lines of the Memorandum.

Contrast with this the preliminaries to the Falkland Islands fight. "At 10.20 a.m. the signal for a general chase was made. The battle-cruisers quickly passed ahead of the *Carnarvon*



scatter, and the fight resolved itself into three complete actions. That between the battle-cruisers was an alternation of chase and broad-side engagements. Shortly after the second, *Scharnhorst* was sunk, but the finishing off of the *Gneisenau* took another hour and forty minutes.

The light cruiser actions were pure chases. By a very pretty evolution *Glasgow* got on to the port side of the *Leipsic*, and shepherded her round so that *Kent* and *Cornwall* could come into action with her. *Leipsic* was engaged from three until a quarter-past seven, by which time she was hopelessly on fire. She did not turn over and sink, however, until nine o'clock. At twenty minutes to four *Kent* left *Glasgow* and *Cornwall*, and went in pursuit of the *Dresden*, and by prodigious steaming got her within range at five o'clock. She was virtually beaten in an hour and thirty-five minutes.

and overtook the *Kent*. The *Glasgow* was ordered to keep two miles from the *Invincible*, and the *Inflexible* was stationed on the starboard quarter of the flagship. Speed was eased to twenty knots at 11.15 a.m. to enable the other cruisers to get into station." An hour and twenty minutes afterwards the enemy still kept their distance! The Admiral then decided to increase speed and to attack with the three fastest ships: that is, the battle-cruisers and the *Glasgow*. Fire was actually opened at 16,500 yards by *Inflexible* at five minutes to one. Von Spee, realising that attack was inevitable, turned seven points to port, no doubt with the intention of shortening the range. Admiral Sturdee turned his battle-cruisers, thus following the movement of the enemy. The range after the turn was 13,500 yards, but the Admiral steered such a course as to increase it by nearly 3,000 yards in the next

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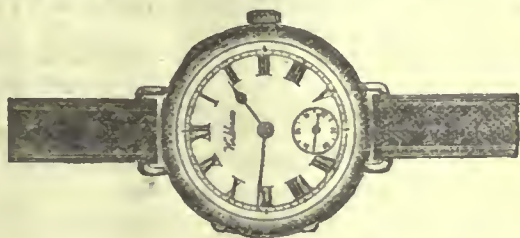
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half-hour. During this half-hour, Von Spee, probably fearing to lose any of his broadside fire, did not repeat his attempt to close, and when the range had reached the length which put his guns at a disadvantage, he turned away. He had failed in bringing about equal fighting conditions; so he tried flight. Admiral Sturdee then ordered a second chase, and in a quarter of an hour brought the enemy under fire again. Once more the enemy turned broadside on, but the *Scharnhorst* soon caught fire, and the *Gneisenau* was seriously hit by *Inflexible*. After half an hour of this *Scharnhorst*, which had suffered severely in this part of the engagement, some of her guns not being able to fire, and her third funnel gone, turned away once more, as the Admiral supposes, to bring her starboard guns into action. From this point on it was merely a despairing effort of the German ships to do what was possible before they sank.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

It is surely a striking contrast that in 1805 a British Admiral's only idea was to bring the enemy as quickly as possible to action and to finish the business as rapidly as possible, while in 1914 our Admiral delays the chase to allow his slower cruisers to get into formation, and, possessing superior speed, allows the enemy for nearly two hours to keep his distance. When the enemy turns to fight at shorter range the British Admiral *increases* the distance. When the enemy flies he closes him again, and once more declines close action when the enemy turns a second time. He plays with him as a cat with a mouse.

Now compare the *Sydney* and *Emden* fight with the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* fight of 102 years ago. Captain Glossop's account runs as follows: "I worked up to twenty knots, and at 9.15 sighted land ahead, and almost immediately the smoke of a ship, which proved to be H.I.G.M.S. *Emden*, coming out towards me at a great rate. At 9.40 a.m. fire was opened, she firing the first shot. *I kept my distance as much as possible.* . . . Her fire was very rapid and accurate to begin with, but seemed to slacken very quickly, all casualties occurring in this ship almost immediately."

When Lawrence, in the *Chesapeake*, accepted Broke's challenge, *Shannon* waited for him and let him come quite close up before firing the first shot. The broadsides of the *Shannon* followed in quick succession, and in a very few minutes the *Chesapeake* was out of control. Broke has relied on close action, in which his superior fire-discipline will tell. He now changes his tactics. Had Broke chosen he could have hauled off and finished the action with his guns, almost without risking a man. What he did was to run straight alongside and board without a moment's delay. As at Trafalgar, so here, we see the British commander preoccupied with one thought only, to bring the enemy to action as soon as possible and to finish the business quickly and decisively. So long as this is ensured, there is no thought of losses nor any hesitation in risking the ship.

Why has this tactical conception changed? It seems to me to be a product of three things. In the days of sails the movements of a ship were at the mercy of the weather. There was no knowing that a favourable wind would last, nor how long the possibility of fighting would endure. An

opportunity missed might mean that the enemy would escape altogether. This has all been altered by steam. A ship whose motive power is self-contained can measure the opportunity for engagement by its superiority in speed and the amount of daylight available.

It is the development of long-range gunnery that affords the second element. As we have seen, the greater the range the greater the disadvantage of the lighter shell. The principle of keeping the enemy at long range, so as to get the benefit of heavier guns, was first put forward officially in the Memorandum explaining the Dreadnought design. We see it carried into practice, and, it must be admitted, with excellent effect, both at the Falkland Islands and off Direction Island. But it does not at all follow that it is the last word in naval tactics. In these two cases the weaker side accepted the stronger's conditions. Is it necessary that it should do so? What, for instance, would Admiral Sturdee have done had Von Spee come at him at full speed and persisted in his effort to close? Von Spee would, of course, have sacrificed the fire of many of his guns, but he would have set up a change of range so great as to make the task of hitting him an exceedingly difficult one. If keeping away is the right tactics for the heavier-gunned ship, must not the converse be the right tactics for those with lighter guns? Both Von Spee and Von Müller seem to have been aware of this and to have begun by attempting a closing movement. But they did not persist. What one would like to know is, did they desist because they were hit or because they thought they would be? Or was it that they knew that to turn was to throw the guns off the range, because the hits would be lost? Admiral Cradock did not attempt to close the range, and in his case, owing to the failing light, there would seem to have been still stronger argument for his having done so. In each of the three engagements the weaker squadron or ship was utterly defeated; and was defeated at no cost. The defeat was in each case probably inevitable. But was it inevitable that it should be without loss to the stronger? Note that in the Heligoland affair Sir David Beatty makes a great point of *Lion's* brilliant performance in hitting the *Ariadne* when she was crossing his bows at top speed. The change of range might have been 700 and 800 yards a minute. It is quoted, and rightly, as an exceptional performance. But the range was only 5,000 yards. Could it have been done at 8,000? At long range a high rate of change would probably be *defensive*.

The third element that explains this new anxiety to keep out of range is the disturbing possibility of the lucky shot. *Lion*, be it remembered, was put out of action by a shot that injured no vital part of the ship, but just a feed tank. As far as the fortunes of that battle were concerned, it might as well have sunk her. A commander nowadays has to remember that a single well-placed shot may injure a ship irreparably. This was not so in the old days. The factor of endurance in the ship and the factor of destructiveness in the gun have changed.

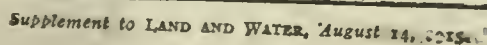
GUNFIRE AND MANŒUVRES.

The effect of gunfire being suspended while ships are manœuvring is very clearly illustrated by the Falkland Islands fight. For that reason I give a rate graph of this fight, which I will ask the



recommenced each time firing is resumed. The actual loss of time thus brought about is much greater than the time actually occupied by the turns. The significance of this feature of modern actions will be seen if we try to analyse the few data we have of the Dogger Bank affair.

In this action, *Lion*, *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, and *New Zealand* came into action in succession, the first at nine minutes past nine, the last at 9.35. The range was between 17,000 and 18,000 yards at the beginning of the period. By 9.45 *Bleucher* was severely damaged and two other enemy ships were on fire. The first had been shot at for thirty-five minutes, the other two for much shorter periods. Sir David Beatty's squadron was closing the range at considerably over 100 yards a minute. Yet in the course of the next hour—





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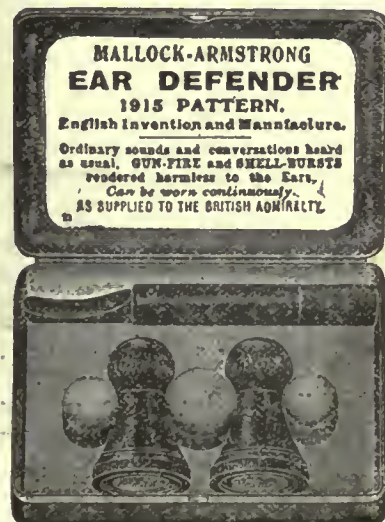
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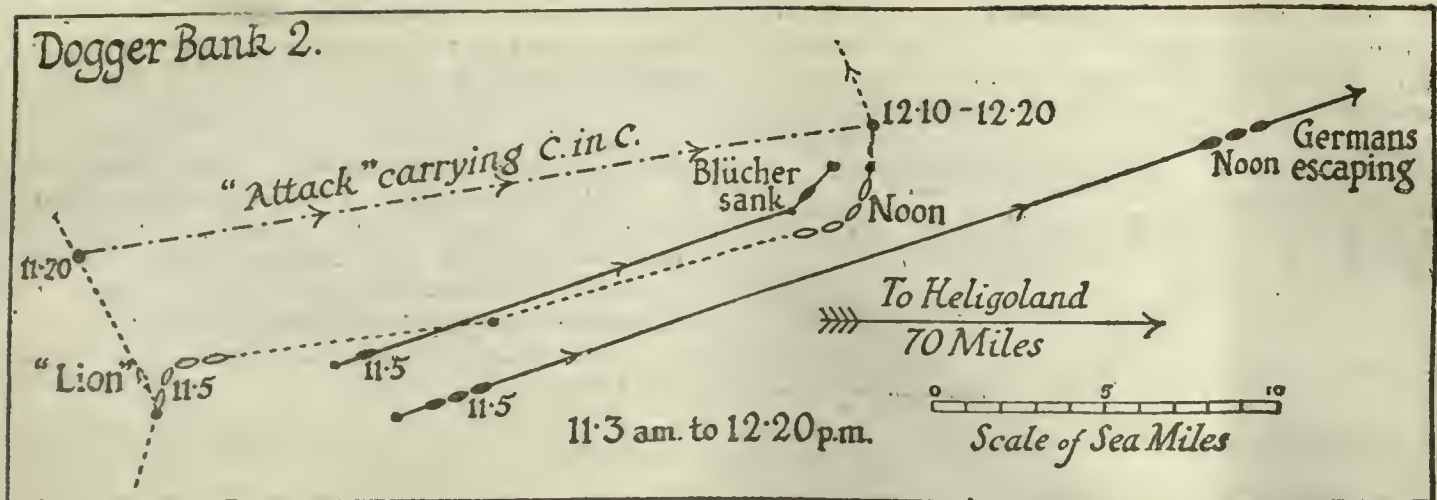


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that is, until 10.48—no corresponding damage was done to the enemy. The *Blücher* was still afloat, the other two German ships kept their station, though by this time the range should have been only 11,000 yards. What is the explanation?

Is it that the manœuvres of the enemy's destroyer squadron forced the Vice-Admiral to put his ships under helm to meet or evade their attacks? He tells us at one time that he had to regroup his squadron. And he must have changed course when the enemy shifted their direction to the North. Such changes of course would have had two effects. First, there would have been a diminution in the reduction of the range. The second is far more important. The change of course would have thrown out the fire control of the ships and made it necessary to rediscover the rate and its constituent factors before effective fire could be reopened. If several such changes took place it is possible that the fire of the squadron was much less efficient in the course of this critical hour and a half than it was in the first twenty minutes, although the range was shorter. But, then, in the first period, both the enemy and our ships kept steady courses.

It is quite possible that inability to keep the range while manœuvring may have been a decisive factor in the German escape.

GERMAN GUNNERY AND FIRE CONTROL.

The German gunnery seems to have been as good as might have been expected. Both *Lion* and *Tiger* were hit. Published letters speak of salvos falling just short and just over, telling indeed the same story that Commodore Tyrwhitt tells of the third action in which *Arethusa* and *Fearless* were engaged off Heligoland. The same story is told again in letters relating to Admiral Sturdee's engagement. *Halcyon's* experience was similar.

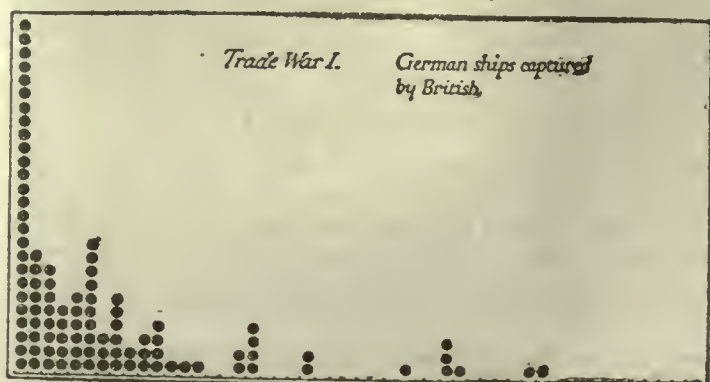
What is the explanation of these repeated statements that the German firing was "severe" and "almost accurate," when all the time we know that it did everything except hit? Two inferences can be drawn. That whole salvos should follow so closely together, come within twenty to thirty yards of the target every time, as Commodore Tyrwhitt and the Falkland Islands accounts describe, points to excellent fire discipline and extraordinarily good gun-laying. It suggests, indeed, the use of a director. It also seems to show that the guns are well calibrated or they could not be brought together so accurately. These things would explain the closeness

of the pattern and the regular repetition of salvos following each to the same range.

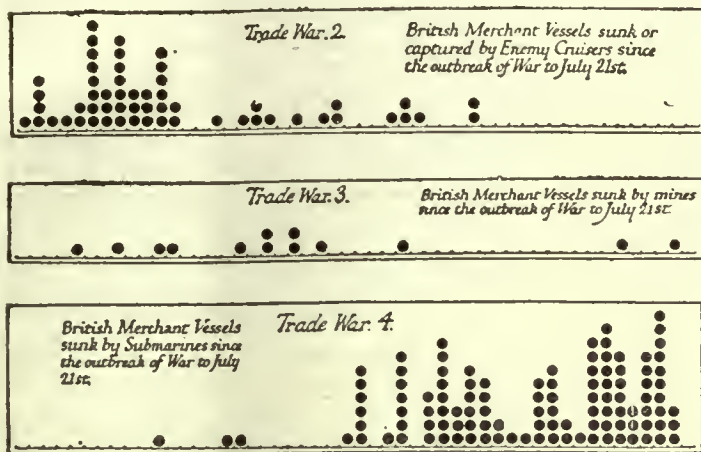
Their not hitting is probably to be accounted for in the fact that the German control parties had insufficient experience of long-range shooting. I have very good reasons for thinking that up to the year 1912 the Germans had definitely made up their minds that the English effort to develop shooting at very long range was not only doomed to failure, but based upon an entirely wrong tactical conception. The theory they went on was that the right tactics in action was to close at top speed and to engage at a range at which the niceties of fire control would be immaterial, and at that range to develop the highest intensity of fire. At 6,000 yards, say, 50 or 60 per cent. of hits with big guns could be got with the most rudimentary fire control arrangements. That this theory really governed the German theory of sea fighting, and consequently their preparation for sea fighting, is borne out by certain features in their ships' design. Note, for instance, that the older ships carry *more* guns than ours. Again, I think I am right in saying that until 1912 no German ship had a fire control station high up the mast—a thing which is the most conspicuous feature of every English capital ship and large cruiser. In no German ship, indeed, was there, at the date of which I am speaking, any position for observing her fire at more than forty to forty-five feet above the water. Finally, in no ship were more than one or two range-finders ever carried. And these were not protected or armoured in any way. It looks as if no great importance was attached to their remaining in action.

ATTACK AND DEFENCE OF TRADE.

The net results of the trade war can be shown graphically with great simplicity. In the diagrams each column represents a week's captures. The first fifty weeks of the war are represented.



Our losses in ships were trivial because Germany was taken by surprise by our going to war, and had failed to get a sufficiency of armed cruisers on to the trade routes. Had their number been greater, however, the careers of the majority



would have been terminated very quickly. The reason these raiders lasted so long is largely to be explained by the fact that they were so few. A Power without an impregnable base on the trade routes cannot in the days of steam and wireless telegraphy keep up a successful *guerre de course*.

THE HELIGOLAND AFFAIR.

Towards the end of August the British submarines under Commander Roger Keyes discovered a rôle of quite unexpected utility. Their immediate function had been to watch the approaches to the Channel, so as to stop any attempt by the German ships to interfere with the transport of the Expeditionary Force into France. In doing this, they found that they had exceptional opportunities for observing the enemy's destroyers and light craft, and, as soon as the safety of the transports seemed assured, they constituted themselves the most efficient scouts possible. They soon found themselves in possession of an extensive knowledge of the habits of the Germans. It was this knowledge that led to the decision to sweep the North Sea up to Heligoland and cut off as many of the enemy's light craft, destroyers, and submarines as possible.

The expedition included almost every form of fast ships at the Commander-in-Chief's disposal. First the submarines were told off to certain stations, presumably to be in a position to attack any reinforcements which might be sent out from Wilhelmshaven or Cuxhaven. Then in the very earliest hours of the morning, the two light cruisers *Arethusa* and *Fearless* led a couple of flotillas of destroyers into the field of operations. The *Arethusa* flew the broad pennant of Commodore Tyrwhitt. The *Fearless* was commanded by Captain Blount. The two flotillas, with their cruiser leaders, swept round towards Heligoland in an attempt to cut off the German cruisers and destroyers and drive them, if possible, to the westward. Some miles out to the west, Rear-Admiral Christian had the squadron of six cruisers of the *Euryalus* and *Bacchante* class ready to intercept the chase. Commodore Goodenough, with a squadron of light cruisers, attended Vice-Admiral Beatty, with the battle-cruisers, at a pre-arranged rendezvous, ready to cut in to the rescue, if there was any chance of *Arethusa* and *Fearless* being overpowered.

The expedition obviously involved very great risks. It took place within a very few miles of bases in which the whole German fleet of battle-ships and battle-cruisers was lying. It was plainly possible that the attempt to lure the German light cruisers out might end in luring out the whole fleet, and one of the conditions contemplated was that Admiral Beatty, instead of administering the quietus to such German cruisers as survived the attentions of the two Commodores, might find himself condemned to a rearguard action with a squadron of German battleships.

Arethusa, *Fearless*, and the destroyers found themselves in action soon after seven o'clock with destroyers and torpedo-boats. Just before eight o'clock two German cruisers were drawn into the affray, and *Arethusa* had to fight both of them till 8.15, when one of them was drawn off into a separate action by *Fearless*, which in the ensuing fight became separated from the flagship. By 8.25 *Arethusa* had wrecked the forebridge of one opponent with a six-inch projectile, and *Fearless* had driven off the other. Both were in full flight for Heligoland, which was now in sight. Commodore Tyrwhitt drew off his flotillas westward. He had suffered heavily in the fight. Of his whole battery only one six-inch gun remained in action, while all the torpedo tubes were temporarily disabled. Lieutenant Westmacott, a gallant and distinguished young officer, had been killed at the Commodore's side. The ship had caught fire, and injuries had been received in the engines. *Fearless* seems now to have rejoined, and reported that the German Destroyer Commodore's flagship had been sunk. By ten o'clock Commodore Roger Keyes, in the *Lurcher*, had got into action with the German light cruisers and signalled to the *Arethusa* for help. Both British cruisers then went to his assistance, but did not succeed in finding him. All the ship's guns except two had meantime been got back to working order.

At eleven o'clock *Arethusa* and *Fearless* engaged their third enemy, this time a four-funnelled cruiser. *Arethusa*, it must be remembered, still had two guns out of action. The Commodore therefore ordered a torpedo attack, whereupon the enemy at once retreated, but ten minutes later she reappeared, when she was engaged once more with guns and torpedoes, but no torpedo hit. At this point the position was reported to Admiral Beatty. The Commodore notes an interesting feature of this cruiser's fire: "We received a very severe and almost accurate fire from this cruiser. Salvo after salvo was falling between twenty and thirty yards short, but *not a single shell struck*." We shall find this happened several times in the different engagements.

The Commodore continues: "Two torpedoes were also fired at us, being well directed but short." One does not quite understand why the torpedoes should have been short. The weather we know was hazy, it not being possible at any time to see more than 6,000 yards. It is certainly interesting if German torpedoes have not a longer range than this. This cruiser was finally driven off by *Fearless* and *Arethusa*, and retreated badly damaged to Heligoland. Four minutes after, the *Mainz* was encountered. *Arethusa*, *Fearless*, and the destroyers engaged her for five-and-twenty minutes, and when she was in a sinking condition Commodore Goodenough's squadron came on the

scene and finished her off. *Arethusa* then got into action with a large four-funnelled cruiser at long range, but received no hits herself, and was not able to see that she made any.

It was now 12.15. *Fearless* and the first flotilla had already been ordered home by the Commodore. The intervention of the battle-cruisers was very rapid and decisive. The four-funnelled cruiser that had been the last to engage *Arethusa* was soon cut off and attacked, and within twenty minutes a second cruiser crossed the *Lion's* path. She was going full speed, probably twenty-five knots, and at right angles to *Lion*, who was steaming twenty-eight. But both *Lion's* salvoes took effect, a piece of shooting which the Vice-Admiral very rightly calls most creditable to the gunnery of his ship. The change of range must have been 900 yards a minute. I know of no parallel to this feat, though it must be remembered that the range was short. *Lion's* course was now taking her towards known minefields, and the Vice-Admiral very properly judged that the time had come to withdraw. He proceeded to dispose of the cruiser he first attacked—which turned out to be *Koln*—before doing so.

The expedition had been a complete success. Three German cruisers had been sunk and one destroyer. Three other cruisers had been gravely damaged and many of the German destroyers had been hit also. Our losses in men were small and we lost no ships at all. *Arethusa* had perhaps suffered most, though some of the destroyers had been pretty roughly handled. But all got safely home, and none were so injured but that in a very few days or weeks they were fit again for service.

The affair was in every respect well conceived and brilliantly carried out. The two essential matters were to begin by employing sufficient force so as not to be overwhelmed, but not so great a force that the enemy would refuse altogether to engage. And, once the enemy's destroyers and cruisers had been driven towards Heligoland, to creep up with a more powerful squadron in readiness to rescue the van if rescue were necessary, at any rate to secure the final and immediate destruction of as many of the enemy's ships as possible.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the business is to be found not in what did happen, but in what did not. The German Commander-in-Chief must have known long before eight o'clock in the morning that fighting was going forward within five-and-twenty or thirty miles of him. But beyond sending in a few more light cruisers he appears to have done nothing either to rescue his own ships, or to attempt to cut off and sink ours. It is more than probable that he suspected the trap that was indeed laid for him. But the opportunity had been given of appearing in the North Sea in force, and the opportunity was not taken. It seemed very clear to most observers after this that the German fleet would not willingly seek a general action, or even risk a partial action in the North Sea, except under conditions entirely of their own choosing. It seemed obvious that if such action was not sought in the early days of the war, it certainly would not be sought later, when the balance of naval power would be turning increasingly against them.

The engagement off Heligoland had no successor. A second sweep some days afterwards was made in the same waters, but nothing of the enemy was seen. Whether such sweeps have been

repeated since without the public being informed, we do not know. But two points in this connection may be borne in mind. The affair off Heligoland took place on August 28. Up to this time we had heard nothing of German submarines, except that one had attacked a cruiser squadron unsuccessfully and had been itself sunk by H.M.S. *Birmingham*. In the course of the next two months we were to hear a great deal of submarines. Does their activity explain why no further attempts were made to repeat the performance of August 28? This, of course, is just conceivable. But a far more probable explanation is, that after losing three cruisers in these conditions the Germans managed their affairs very differently. Perhaps from this time on no German craft ventured into the North Sea at all, except when the ships came out in force. And they did not come out in force very often, nor at all, except at night or when the weather was clear enough for the fleet's scouts, either in the form of airships, destroyers or cruisers, to give long warning of the presence of danger. The two raiding expeditions and Von Hipper's excursion of January 28 are, of course, exceptions.

Whatever the explanation, there was no more fighting in home waters for exactly five months, but the Germans had made two expeditions in force right across to the English shores. Early in November a squadron of cruisers appeared off Yarmouth, fired at the *Halcyon*, let off some rounds without doing any damage on the town, and retreated precipitately, dropping mines as they went. A British submarine unfortunately ran foul of one of these and was lost with all hands at once. *Halcyon*, perhaps the smallest and least formidable vessel that ever crept into the "Navy List," engaged the enemy imperturbably when they fled, losing one man from a fragment of shell, though practically unhurt herself. Private letters speak of salvoes falling short and over in the most disconcerting manner, and of the ship being so drenched with water as to be in danger of foundering. But no official or detailed information on this subject has been given. In December a second and much more successful raid was made. Scarborough, the Hartlepoons, and Whitby were bombarded by a squadron, whose composition was not officially announced. The American papers have printed letters from Germany stating that the *Von der Tann* and *Moltke*, the *Yorck* and the *Bleucher*, with smaller cruisers, constituted the force. The squadron that bombarded Yarmouth made off in the thick weather. It was obvious from the terms in which the Admiralty announced the fact that the bombardment had taken place that it was considered quite certain that they could not escape a second time. Unfortunately, however, they did; but they lost the *Yorck* by a German mine when re-entering harbour. The details of the arrangements made for anticipating them were quite properly kept secret, but it became known that a sudden fog explained why these arrangements did not succeed.

Both in the case of the Yarmouth and the Scarborough raids the enemy appeared at daylight. He had evidently crossed the North Sea during the night. From Whitby to the minefields off Heligoland is about 275 miles, a distance which each of the ships employed could cover quite comfortably in thirteen or fourteen hours. Had the squadron left Heligoland an hour before

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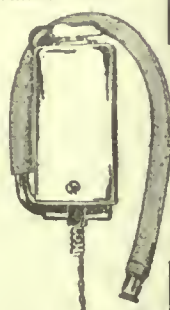
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YOU HAVE GIVEN AND GIVEN EVER SINCE THE WAR BEGAN; YET WHAT JOY IS LEFT IN THE WORLD TO-DAY BUT THAT OF GIVING? LIFE OR STRENGTH OR TIME OR MONEY, ONE AT LEAST OF THESE EACH ONE MUST GIVE TO-DAY.

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The smallest donation gratefully acknowledged through the Honorary Secretary, Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, 11 Haymarket, S.W.

dark it could have fetched the English coast by daylight, hardly using more than three-quarter power. If it started for home at 8.30 it would have nine hours of daylight before it. At twenty-five knots 225 miles could be covered. This would bring them within fifty or sixty miles of the minefields, and it is probable that at some greater distance from Heligoland than this a rendezvous for submarines and destroyers had been arranged. These raids were doubtless planned on the theory that the First Cruiser Squadron would be based on some point so far North that no difference in speed between the British and German ships would enable the former to overtake them before the minefields, or at least the waiting submarines and destroyers were met. And it may well have been hoped that an exasperated English Admiral, if he came up with them then, would not willingly give up the hope of an engagement. It may have seemed a very feasible operation to draw him either on to the mines themselves or within range of the submarines. It is, it seems to me, not difficult to reconstruct the German plan for both the Yarmouth and the Whitby raids.

It is more difficult, however, to explain the events of January 28. The precise point where Sir David Beatty encountered Admiral Hipper's fleet has not been authoritatively made known, but it seems to have been on the north-eastern edge of the Dogger Bank. They were encountered at seven o'clock in the morning. Von Hipper's presence at this point cannot, then, explain his being out on an expedition analogous to the former two. And I have some difficulty in understanding exactly why he took this risk. It is, of course, possible the Germans had had reports to the effect that the North Sea was generally clear. It may have been so reported on several occasions, and it is possible that aircraft had verified this fact, when the weather permitted of their employment for this purpose. The Germans, who are fond of jumping to conclusions on very insufficient premises, may have exaggerated the effect of their submarine campaign on British dispositions. We know, for instance, that the alarm undoubtedly felt by the public in September and October was very greatly exaggerated in the German Press. At any rate, immediately after the battle of the Falkland Islands a good deal ofrodomontade appeared about the British being driven from the North Sea, and the German seamen may have felt bound to act as if this rodomontade were true. Or a much simpler explanation may suffice. Von Hipper may have come out to look for the British ships and draw them into prepared positions and to engage them on the German terms.

Whatever the explanation of the Germans being where they were, it was only by mere chance that they escaped annihilation. Had Sir David Beatty—as it might well have happened—been to the east of them when they were sighted, not a single German ship would ever have got home. It was unlucky, too, that his squadron was temporarily deprived of the services of the *Queen Mary*. A fourth ship of the speed of *Lion*, *Tiger*, and *Princess Royal*, and armed like them with 13.5 guns, might have made the whole difference in the conditions in which the fight took place. Once more, then, the Germans had quite exceptional luck upon their side.

The moment Von Hipper's scouting cruisers

found themselves in contact with Commodore Goodenough's squadron the German battle-cruisers turned and made straight for home at top speed. They had a fourteen-miles start of the British squadron, and Admiral Beatty settled down at once to a stern chase at top speed. The chase began in earnest at 7.30, the Germans, fourteen miles ahead, steering S.E., the British ships on a course parallel to them, the German ships bearing about twenty degrees on the port bow. In an hour and twenty minutes the range had been closed from 28,000 yards to 20,000. Admiral Beatty disposed of his fleet in a line of bearing, so that all guns should bear, and the flagship began to open fire with single shots to test the range. In ten minutes her first hit was made on the *Bleucher*, which was the last in the German line. *Tiger* then opened on the *Bleucher*, and *Lion* shifted to No. 3, of which the range was 18,000 yards. At a quarter-past nine the enemy opened fire. Soon after nine *Princess Royal* got within range of *Bleucher* and the leading ship, that is, two in advance of the one *Lion* had shifted to at 9.14, was now only 17,500 yards away. At twenty-five minutes to ten, the *Bleucher*, having dropped somewhat astern, the *New Zealand* got within range of her. *Princess Royal* then passed the *Bleucher* on to *New Zealand* and shifted to the *Lion*'s second target, No. 3, and hit her severely. So early as a quarter to ten the *Bleucher* showed signs of heavy punishment, and the first and third ships of the enemy were both on fire. *Lion* was engaging the first ship, *Princess Royal* the third, *New Zealand* the *Bleucher*, while *Tiger* alternated between the same target as the *Lion* and No. 4. For some reason not explained the second ship in the German line does not appear to have been engaged at all. Just before this the Germans attempted a diversion by sending the destroyers to attack. *Meteor*, Captain Mead, with a division of the British destroyers, was then sent ahead to drive off the enemy, and this apparently was done with success. Shortly afterwards the enemy destroyers got between the battle-cruisers and the British squadron and raised huge volumes of smoke so as to foul the range. Under cover of this the enemy changed course to the northward. The battle-cruisers then formed a new line of bearing, N.N.W., and were ordered to proceed at their utmost speed. A second attempt of the enemy's destroyers to attack the British squadron was foiled by the fire of *Lion* and *Tiger*.

The chase continued on these lines more or less for the next hour, by which time the *Bleucher* had dropped very much astern and had hauled away to the North. She was listing heavily, on fire, and seemed to be defeated. Sir David Beatty thereupon ordered *Indomitable* to finish her off, and one infers from this, the first mention of *Indomitable*, that she had been unable to keep pace with *New Zealand*, *Princess Royal*, *Tiger*, and *Lion*, and therefore would not be able to assist in the pursuit of the enemy battle-cruisers.

The range by this time must have been very much reduced. If between 7.30 and 9.30 a gain of 10,000 yards, or 5,000 yards an hour, had been made, between 9.30 and 10.45 a further gain of 6,250 yards should have been possible, even if we suppose neither side to have lost speed, and it is more likely that the Germans lost speed, as two

of them were burning, and no injuries to this point were reported to the English ships at all. But there had been two destroyer attacks threatened or made by the enemy, one apparently at about twenty minutes to ten and one at some time between then and 10.40. It is possible that each of these attacks caused the British squadron to change course, and we know that before 10.45 the stations had been altered. Each of these three things may have prevented some gain. Still, on the analogy of what had happened in the first two hours, we must suppose the range at this period to have been at most about 12,000 yards. At six minutes to eleven the action had reached the rendezvous of the German submarines. They were first reported to and then seen by the Admiral on his starboard bow, whereupon the squadron was turned to port to avoid them.

Very few minutes after this the *Lion* was disabled. What happened from this point is not clear. We know that as the Admiral stopped he signalled to *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, and *New Zealand* to close on and attack the enemy. The *Bleucher* had been allotted to the *Indomitable* some twenty minutes before. Whether the squadron stopped when the *Lion* stopped, or whether it proceeded in an unsuccessful attempt to carry out the Admiral's orders, is not said. The Admiralty's version of what followed is that the enemy were able to continue their retreat into a region where mines and submarines prevented pursuit. In a preliminary dispatch Sir David Beatty had said the presence of submarines necessitated the action being broken off. German accounts placed the disablement of the *Lion* at a point seventy miles from Heligoland. All we know for certain is that on the *Lion* stopping the command of the squadron passed to the Rear-Admiral in *New Zealand*. All that is authentically known of the conclusion of this action is as follows:

The enemy's ships must, of course, have been lost to Sir David Beatty's sight within very few minutes of *Lion* stopping. Sir David Beatty called the destroyer *Attack* alongside and transferred his flag to her soon after half-past eleven. He then proceeded at full speed in pursuit of his squadron. It is clear at 11.45 not only the enemy but all Sir David's ships had been out of sight. *Bleucher*, with *Indomitable* attacking her, was out of sight also. After a chase of between forty and fifty minutes he found the squadron retiring northwards. He then hoisted his flag in *Princess Royal* and learned from her Captain that *Bleucher* had been sunk and that the enemy cruisers, considerably damaged, had continued their course eastward. The circumstances in which the enemy were allowed to retreat have been much discussed, and there is nothing to add to the considerations that are already so well known.

SIR DAVID BEATTY.

Six months before war the command of the First Battle Cruiser Squadron had been given to Sir David Beatty, by very much the youngest in years of the Rear-Admirals. The pace of his promotion through the Service had been without precedent in modern times. He had passed from sub-lieutenant to captain in a far shorter time than many have taken to get from midshipman to commander. He had been promoted for actions of signal gallantry in land fighting. It was a

ground for promotion which many in the Navy had questioned, saying that while courage was an almost invaluable quality, professional knowledge, which could only be obtained by experience, was, after all, essential to command. But Beatty's progress silenced all criticism. He proved an admirable executive, an excellent and most hard-working captain. He spared no pains to master the duties that had come to him so young. Still, his appointment to what in war would probably be the most important command next to the Grand Fleet created surprise. But he had not held it long when once more all criticism was silenced. His squadron was made up of the fastest and the most modern ships there were, the extreme embodiments of high speed and high-powered guns. They were commanded by captains whom the whole Navy regarded, each in his way, as exceptionally able and brilliant men. It was not long before the Service knew that the Admiral had got the confidence and admiration of every officer under him.

SIR JOHN JELlicoe.

The selection of Admiral Jellicoe to command the Grand Fleet required far less discrimination. The whole Navy, I think, had long been unanimous that he must be the first choice when it came to war. He held the unique position of having been a thick-and-thin supporter of Lord Fisher without once antagonising a single individual amongst Lord Fisher's opponents. Few men had better combined a genius for civil administration with the power to command afloat. It is more than possible that his experience in the first helped him greatly in the second. For a naval officer of original ideas and retentive of them needs a very considerable gift for the diplomatic handling of opponents if he is to succeed at Whitehall. He must master not only the art of working with others but that of making others work for him. Sir John Jellicoe's periods of office as Director of Naval Ordnance and as Controller of the Navy had been quite exceptionally fruitful of results. If the advance of the Navy in the art of fire control—represented by the difference between the 4,000 yards which was considered to be an extreme range in 1904 to the 18,000 yards at which hitting began at the Dogger Bank—can be considered in any special way owing to any single man, then it is to Sir John Jellicoe that it is due. If the common opinion of the Navy made his selection as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy an obvious one, it is nevertheless true that in war neither men nor plans always come up to expectation. But Sir John Jellicoe's reputation grew with every day of the war, and as the weeks went, it came to be known that, like Nelson, he had made the Fleet a "Band of Brothers." Here, too, the Board gained prestige by its wise and successful choice.

THE DARDANELLES.

The story of the naval effort to force the Dardanelles is fresh in all our memories. It is unnecessary to go through the story in any detail. Suffice it to say that the enterprise was embarked upon in the apparent belief that a narrow channel, flanked by exceedingly powerful forts, protected by numerous submerged torpedo tubes, and characterised by a current that could carry drifting mines on to the bombarding fleet, could be rendered safe for the passage of a fleet by means

of that fleet's guns alone. The theory involved a series of suppositions which it is almost incredible that anyone in the least familiar with the technique of naval gunnery could possibly endorse. Long-range naval gunnery, as we have seen in a previous section, can only be effective if in the last resort experienced observers can find the gun-range by marking the fall of the shots that miss. This process can be carried out at sea from the firing ship, because the target lies in an element utterly different from itself, on which each falling shot sends up a visible evidence of its location. But no artilleryman in his senses would dream of attempting to correct the fire of a long-range gun on shore from a position from behind the gun itself. The point of impact can only be verified by an observer far nearer the target than the gun and in a position well to the right or left of the line of fire. Only one fort in the Dardanelles lent itself to this kind of observation, Seddul Bahr. Here one ship could fire, and another, lying out at sea on the flank, mark the shot. And accordingly this was the *only* fort that the naval guns subdued completely.

Many other forts were occasionally silenced, but silencing a fort and destroying it are two different things. Each such fort was reoccupied as soon as the firing ceased. Indeed, it would seem to be a military axiom that no fort can be considered silenced until it has been physically taken and its weapons destroyed. This, obviously, is a thing that ships cannot do, and, more important still, the ships were perfectly powerless either to destroy the torpedo tubes or to prevent the sending down of mines upon the fleet. For both of these purposes the occupation of the banks by a military force was essential.

Indeed, the problem has only to be stated for it to be realised that to enable the fleet to pass up the Dardanelles requires the purely military operations of subduing the forts and holding the shores. In these operations, indeed, the ships might have lent the most useful aid. They could have acted as the heavy artillery of the army and supplied such an artillery as no army had ever been supplied with before. The naval guns, directed by observers on shore, if the heights above the forts could have been taken, would in all probability have silenced every fort on either shore of the Narrows with two days of clear weather.

A bombardment, carried on at intervals for a month, produced, with the exception of the fort at Seddul Bahr, no results at all. Late in March a final attempt was made to repair previous failures. Three ships were lost and no progress was made. The effect of this sustained failure was to give the enemy time to prepare for the military force which, on March 25, the Admiralty announced was present in ample numbers on the spot. It now turns out that, though present, it could not be used. When, then, the attack was finally made on April 25 the enemy had had six weeks in which to prepare for its reception. In February marines had been landed without opposition at Cape Helles and Seddul Bahr. In April an attempt to repeat the landing resulted in a holocaust of lives. Between April and the present day it has become obvious that an operation of colossal dimensions has now to be carried through. The Navy had been made to attempt the impossible, and it only succeeded in making it *almost* impossible for the land forces.

A SECOND CHANGE.

The error in tactics was so colossal, and its results so disastrous, that the position of the responsible heads of the Navy became untenable. There was much public discussion as to whether Mr. Churchill or Lord Fisher, or both, were responsible for this unhappy policy. But two things, surely, are obvious. It was for Lord Fisher to say whether any given operation was within the competence of the Navy or not. The thing could not have been done in face of his opposition. If any attempt had been made to force his hand he could have stopped the whole proceedings by resignation.

There appears in the Navy to have been a very general and sincere regret at Mr. Churchill's fall. His unflinching courage had endeared him to a body of men who are rather bored at being constantly reminded of their intellectual attainments, and reserve the deepest place in their hearts, not for brains but for gallantry.

Of the men who succeeded to the positions that thus became empty it is enough to say, and it is all that *need* be said, that no civilian and no seaman could make a more ideal combination for the circumstances as they are. For the Navy is at last assured of what it most wants—viz., that its direction will be conducted on lines of sane strategy and *only* in the light of the most expert professional knowledge.

THE MEN AFLOAT.

The Navy has come to be called in common parlance "The Silent Service." And, though there are conspicuous instances to the contrary, it is in point of fact a living tradition amongst the officers of the Navy that so long as they are doing their work they should be neither *seen* nor *heard*. My experience of them, and it is a long one now, is that they are supremely indifferent to lay criticism and are inclined to resent lay praise. They are pleased that the public should try to understand the Navy and take a pride in the wonderful service which it does us.

We have seen some millions of our fellow-subjects flocking to the Colours and helping to create the vast armies which we are extemporising out of nothing. These men are ready to follow those who have preceded them on the field of battle and to emulate their countless deeds of heroism.

But a navy can neither be extemporised nor expanded. It does not consist of just so many ships which you can add to by building more. The Navy is an organism which would cease to exist if some fifteen hundred men—admirals, captains, commanders, and lieutenants, were spirited away. It is this nucleus, men of the highest attainments and of still higher character and ideals, who, by their continual self-sacrifice and simple devotion to duty, have created the skill, discipline, and the lofty spirit of those under them without which the Navy could not exist at all. The men between forty and sixty who now bear the brunt of the anxieties and responsibilities of this war have fitted themselves for the great ordeal by a lifetime of unrewarded merit. In times of peace the public has been content to be ignorant that such public services were being done. To-day it is the fruits of these long, silent services that we reap.

A. H. POLLEN.

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Nothing is more touching than the appeals from friends at Grimsby, and other towns on the East Coast, on behalf of these humble and helpless men whose courage is only equalled by their lack of self-consciousness in the performance of their duty. We have received up till now £4,000 out of

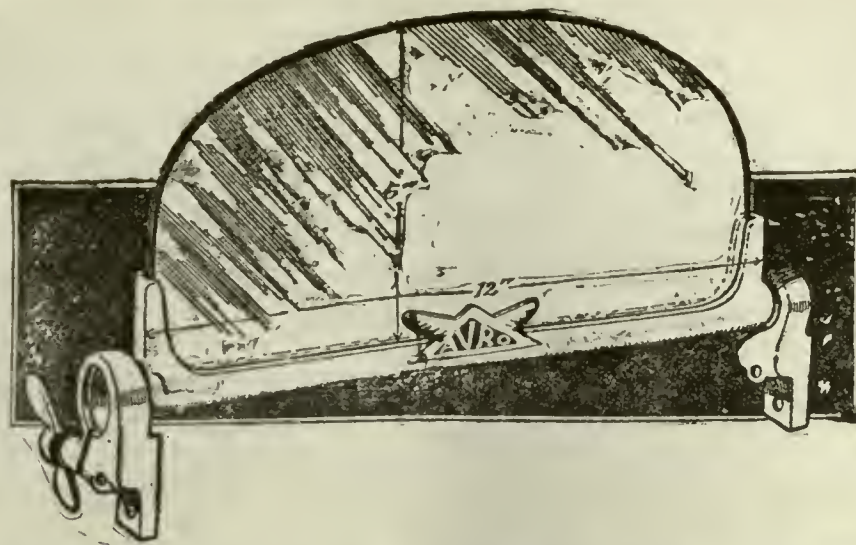
the £6,000 asked for,

and the bulk of it has come as thank offerings for God's preservation of dear ones. The most eloquent, however, have been from employes of business firms, servants and children who have foregone their savings to send a practical message of comfort and love from the home country to those splendid heroes whose present confinement, after a life of such freedom, must be especially hurtful. The joy of sharing in such a work brings a happiness unknown to the self-centred and to those who can still indulge in luxury, even in the face of the contrast between their lot and that of the subjects of our appeal.

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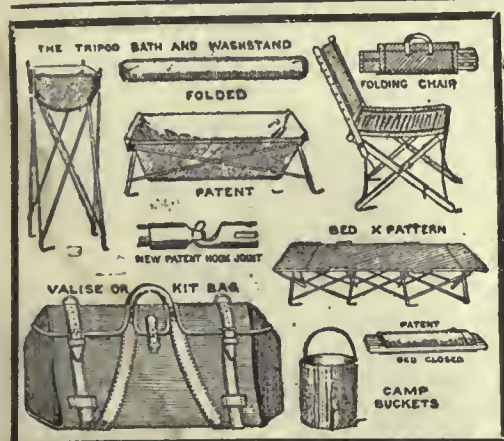
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THE little bride's face was very soft and sweet and serious. The bridegroom stood very upright and motionless beside her. There was vigour and determination in every line of the lean spare figure in its somewhat battered-looking service dress. In front stood the old clergyman, who had known them both from childhood. He was as a general rule no orator, yet few had ever approached the beauty of the short address he had just given the newly married pair. It had been very simple, very brief, very much to the point. It had appealed in every word to the man just back on a few days' leave from the trenches; it had softened the dread of parting even now besetting the woman his wife. A broad shaft of sunlight came aslant through the East window, and brought a rainbow of purple, green, and rose into the small country church. It reached the first of the few pews in which were the few asked to the informal ceremony.

Only one of many such scenes enacted since the beginning of the war. A bridegroom back for a short while from "somewhere in France," a bride in a wedding gown that had been bought almost at twenty-four hours' notice. One more war wedding, which yet took place in surroundings almost incredibly peaceful to the chief actor in khaki. Outside in

the quiet churchyard, lining either side of the path leading from the quaint lych-gate to the church, beyond in the road running alongside the church was a crowd of villagers awaiting the appearance of bridegroom, bride, and their attendant retinue. The sky was very cloudless and blue, the scent of roses, honeysuckle, and other fragrance was borne in the air. It was perfection of a late English summer day, one destined to linger in the memory of many witnessing the scene, and recalled more than once in after years.

And After

Through the open door comes the first chords of the Wedding March. A few seconds and following come the bride and bridegroom out into the waiting sunshine. The village has a thrill of disappointment that she does not wear the traditional long trained wedding dress and flowing white veil. In other days she would have done so; now a summer frock, and large gathered tulle hat are substituted. All that gives a hint of possible wedding glory is the bridal bouquet, which has that morning travelled down expressly from London. It is the traditional bouquet of carefully chosen snowy white flowers, with flowing streamers, on one

(Continued on p. 345.)

Garrould's



TO H.M. WAR OFFICE, H.M. COLONIAL OFFICE,
INDIA OFFICE, ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION,
BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY, LONDON COUNTY
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Also in fine Craveoette,
guaranteed fast dye, especially
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Overall in blue-
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"Sister Dora" Cap .. 6jd. & 10jd. "

Apron, in stout
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Black Patent Leather Belt, to wear
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Collar (as illustration) .. 6jd. "

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Wicker Bath Chair.
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In Two Sizes—

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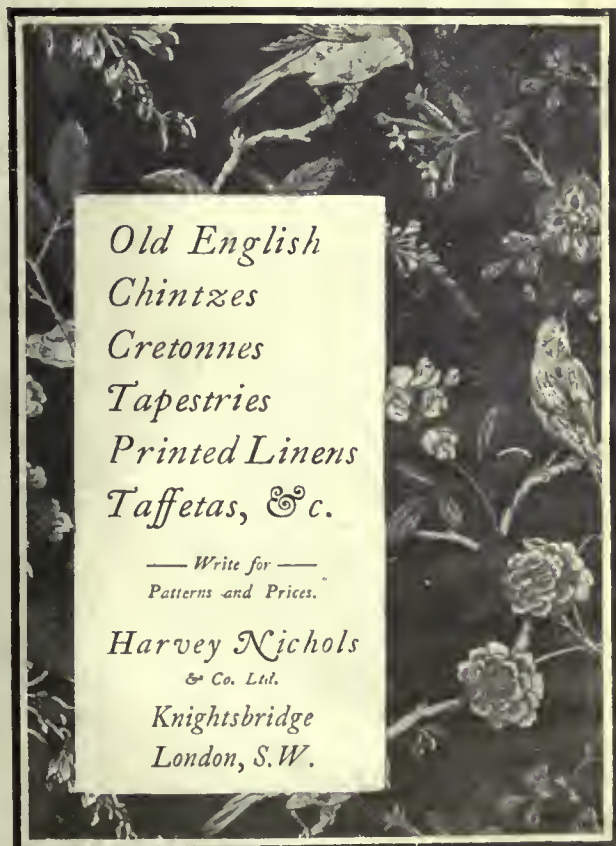
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This shape also made in Patent Sun-proof Cloth, 18/6
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THESE Service Flasks are strictly hygienic, the inside being lined with gilt and specially treated to render it proof against corrosion. Fitted with "Bayonet" caps, and made of "Regent" Plate—the finest electroplate obtainable—they are of practical design and are eminently suited to service conditions.

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OF
ENGLAND.



TO H.M.
THE KING
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10½ in. by 8½ in.,
Sight size,
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Rather lighter weight
of Bronze,
£1 10s., £1 14s. 6d.,
£1 17s. 6d., & £2 7s. 6d.

AN EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE

(Continued from p. 243.)

of which is fastened a minute true-lover's knot of heather. But all the same, as a spectacle it is a failure, and as such one of the few outward and visible signs of war that have yet reached the village and its villagers.

And there is the same lack of spectacle in the reception that takes place at the bride's home. All that is formal about the reception is its somewhat alarming name. This war wedding, like many others, is not a formal occasion. It would lose half its charm if it were—it would, quaintly enough, miss most of its solemnity. There is something very grave, very dignified, very arresting about its absence of ceremony, something that must have struck many who have been to similar marriages during the past year.

It is near the time for departure. Outside the front door is a motor waiting to take husband and wife away for the few days' companionship which is all they can definitely count upon before the bridegroom rejoins his regiment once more. The bride comes down the stairs in a neat travelling suit, and closely reefed, but infinitely becoming, motoring hat. There is a chorus of good-byes, a belated shower of rice, and away go one more couple married under the auspices of Mars.

Impromptu

The most striking feature about many a marriage to-day is the speed with which it is arranged. There is hardly a moment's pause between the day on which the engagement is announced and that of the wedding itself. Often, of course, this celerity is set off by the fact that the bride and bridegroom have known each other from childhood, and theirs, therefore, is a long acquaintanceship. Apart from this, however, there is something in the very spirit of war, making a wooing not long a-doing. The future becomes a most uncertain quantity. All that remains is to make the most of the present, and make that as certain as possible.

In cases when the chief couple concerned know each other so well as thoroughly to know their own minds, there is a fascination about the impromptu air of it all. There is an absence of cold, matter-of-fact calculation, a delightful tinge of spontaneity. A quick wedding of the kind now continually before our eyes gives an unrehearsed effect which is very pleasing. It is a relief from the stereotyped

ceremony with its month's notice of invitation, its crowd of bored guests, its convention. The whole affair takes on a different complexion in consequence. Those who attend it do so because their interests are bound up with one or another of the contracting parties, there is no loophole left for the merely inquisitive acquaintance. Perhaps in days to come, when the world is at peace again, those who have appreciated the intimate charm of these quiet family weddings may influence public opinion permanently in their favour. They strike the right note so surely and well that the return of the former order will be something of a matter for regret.

All That is Needed

Trousseau-buying has become as simple as the wedding ceremony itself. In fact, much of the purchase of a trousseau must take place after the wedding, so short sometimes is the notice given. Clothes just now seem to lend themselves particularly to the summer bride, they might almost have been designed for that special purpose. The short full skirts, the ruches, tucks, and flounces, are very girlish, very appropriate. And by reason of everybody's plans being uncertain, trousseaux are very small nowadays.

This absence of ostentation is indeed particularly noticeable in most bridal outfits. They, like everything else, follow the subdued influence of the times. With much needless delay, also, people are paying more and more regard to the commonsense side of things, and are trying to steer clear of the needless impedimenta of life. The bridal trousseau with a useless conglomeration of articles is amongst the first to go overboard. It is a question of the elimination of the useless, and an interesting question it is. For through it economy is not gained alone, but convenience and personal ease and comfort as well. We are tardy as usual, even in our efforts towards most necessary simplification. Our Allies, the French, have long before reached the goal, while we are making our first efforts to start. They have reduced to a fine art a science of which we have hardly as yet mastered the A.B.C. But even the most inveterate quibbler at English lack of method must admit we are progressing. The delight of the thing is that the stern avoidance of the superfluous, the rigid purpose of economy, does not mean a soul-destroying and ugly outlook. A clever speaker quoted it the other day as the cultivation of imagination, that most valuable of assets, and when imagination reigns even the dreariest outlook can grow gold

The FASHION for
PETTICOATS

Owing to the remarkable change of fashion that has taken place underskirts have become an absolute necessity. We have now in stock a very large variety of dainty and inexpensive petticoats all cut in the new full shape.

Dainty Petticoat, as sketch, in rich taffeta chiffon, in black and white checks, also stripes, in various widths, and navy and white stripes and checks.

Special Price 15/9

Also in plain coloured chiffon taffeta at the same price.

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AND REMODELLING.**
Many ladies who under ordinary circumstances would have purchased new furs, will this Season probably determine to have their old furs renovated and remodelled. As the new Winter Models are ready customers can rely on their furs being remodelled in the newest shapes and at particularly moderate prices.

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BLOUSE

With a view to keeping our Workers employed during the Holiday Season we shall make up a large number of Blouses similar in character to the one sketched and offer them for sale at quite exceptional prices. Needless to say the quality of the materials used and the workmanship and finish will be quite up to our well-known standard of excellence.

Dainty Blouse, an exact copy of a "Doucet" Model, in rich bright crêpe de chine, in new hydrangea and light pastel colourings. Also in black and white, finished with goffered frill of clear white lawn. Stocked in mauve, sky, pink, champagne, lemon, French grey, hydrangea pink and hydrangea blue.

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—extremely light, conserves physical energy and minimises fatigue.

—strong and durable, withstands any amount of hard wear-and-tear.

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Genuine
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TIELOCKEN BURBERRY COAT

A patent belted topcoat that provides from the throat to the knees a double safeguard of the greatest value when exposed to bad weather. Fastens with a strap-and-buckle instead of the usual buttons.

THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF

Cavalry or Infantry patterns.

Lined Proofed Wool, Silk, or Detachable Fleece. Airy, yet its powers of protection against wet, wind, or cold are unequalled by any other self-ventilating weatherproof.

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warmers in Khaki Serge, "Gabardine," Drill, or Whipcord, in all sizes ready for immediate use, at both their LONDON and PARIS Houses.



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THE WEST END

Should ever the King commit to paper his experiences, his Majesty would be able to write the most vivid account of human existence that has ever been penned. It is doubtful whether in history one can find any man who has witnessed so many aspects of life under such different circumstances. Take two extremes—the Delhi Durbar and the British trenches in Flanders last winter. Could there be greater contrast? Or again, Coronation Day in Westminster Abbey, and a visit to a Military Hospital and a Munition Factory. Here again a great contrast, and yet they are intimately connected.

The King displays a lively interest in everything he sees, and always asks to have full details made clear to him. In



the preceding illustration his Majesty is seen inspecting some of the war products of the Rover Company's Motor Works, when on his recent visit to Coventry. Mr. Harry Smith of that Company is explaining the exact mechanism of the shells, &c., to his Majesty.

Fashionable weddings in London in the middle of August have hitherto been unheard of, but times and seasons are out of joint. The marriage of Lord Titchfield and Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox is a union of the first importance, connecting as it does two great ducal houses, each intimately connected with the past history of the realm. Titchfield, which gives the heirs of the Dukes of Portland their courtesy title, is a Hampshire village two miles from Fareham, which curiously enough supplied the Duchess of Portsmouth, mother of Charles Lennox, first Duke of Richmond, with the dignity of Countess of Fareham. It is often overlooked that the Duke of Portland derives his titles from the South of England.

Miss Joan Cavendish-Bentinck, who was one of the bridesmaids at Mrs. Loring's wedding, is a cousin of the Duke of Portland. The marriage of the American Ambassador's daughter was celebrated at the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, and though it was said to be quiet, and the congregation was necessarily limited by reason of the Chapel's dimensions, yet it included the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Ambassadors of France, Italy, and Japan, and the Ministers of Sweden, Norway, and Chile. The King and Queen's wedding present to Mrs. Loring was a tortoiseshell and lace fan.

It is seven years since the wedding took place in London of the daughter of the last American Ambassador, Miss

(Continued on page 349.)



Are you Run-down

When your system is undermined by worry or over-work—when your vitality is lowered—when you feel “anyhow”—when your nerves are “on edge”—when the least exertion tires you—you are in a “Run-down” condition. Your system is like a flower drooping for want of water. And just as water revives a drooping flower—so ‘Wincarnis’ gives new life to a “run-down” constitution. From even the first wineglassful you can feel it stimulating and invigorating you, and as you continue, you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new health—new strength—new vigour and new life. Will you try just one bottle?

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Can be converted into a
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Officer's Waterproof Field Coat

Lined Wool or Detachable Fleece.
Absolutely Proof against Rain and Cold
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LINED WOOL OR DETACH-
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Dardanelles and Flanders made
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Coatings or Fine Whipcords..
All materials proofed by the
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No matter what coat you have
in mind, see the

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The County Gentleman
AND
LAND & WATER

Vol. LXV No. 2780

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1915

[PUBLISHED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY



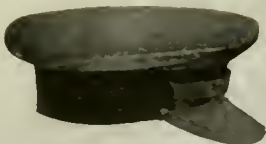
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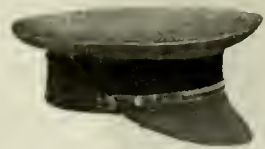
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Badges 3/6 extra. Grease-proof Linings, 1/6 extra.

SERVICE CAPS FOR TROOPS, from 30/- per dozen.
BRITISH WARMS, 55/-, 63/- Lined Fleece, in all Sizes.



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For Officers or Men.

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Also indispensable for Motoring, Shooting, Travel-
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This coat is treble treble proofed by a special
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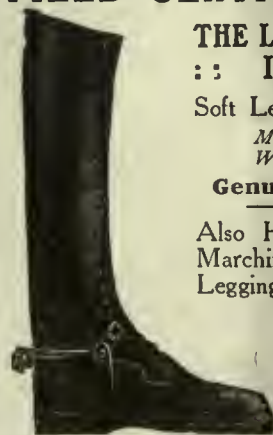
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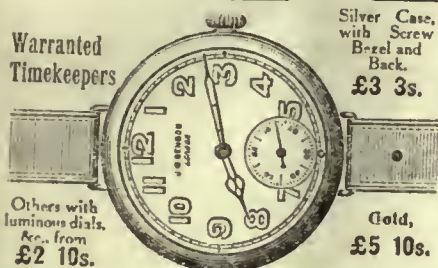
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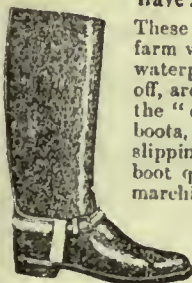
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£3 3s.Gold,
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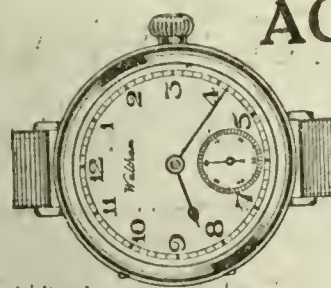
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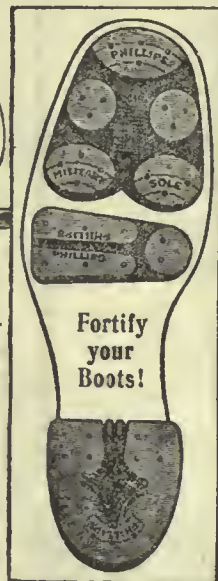
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THE RUSSIAN RETIREMENT.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

[NOTE.—Owing to important engagements I have had to write these notes on Monday, August 16, and thus they concern events only up to that date, instead of to the Tuesday afternoon as usual.]

WHEN these lines appear it will be exactly five weeks since the Russian authorities determined to retire from the Warsaw salient and to take up a shorter, straighter, and more defensive line stretching from the Gulf of Riga, past Kovno and Grodno, and the industrial town of Bielostok, the great fortress of Brest, and so on to the lines of the Upper Bug and the Dnieper. The whole interest of this vast operation lay, to the student of strategy in this war, in the failure or success of the Russians to withdraw without confusion and without disaster the advanced bodies occupying the salient of Warsaw back eastward to the new lines. We are not even yet in a position to affirm that this enormous task has been accomplished with complete success, but it is very near accomplishment.

If our Ally brings the great attempt off and fulfils his plan, it will be one of the finest things ever done in the history of war. The student concerns himself little when such an operation is in hand with the facts that a retirement is a retirement, and to that extent of a confession of temporary inferiority; or that the advance upon the other side is an advance, and to that extent a proof of temporarily superior power. The enemy does not advance in order to compel his opponent to retire; he advances in the hope of cutting off at least portions of the retiring armies during the process; if possible of enveloping the whole. If that be not possible, of at least inflicting such severe losses that his foe shall be crippled.

The student of strategy is interested, then, once the abandonment of such a great salient is found necessary, almost entirely in the success or failure of the perilous manœuvre.

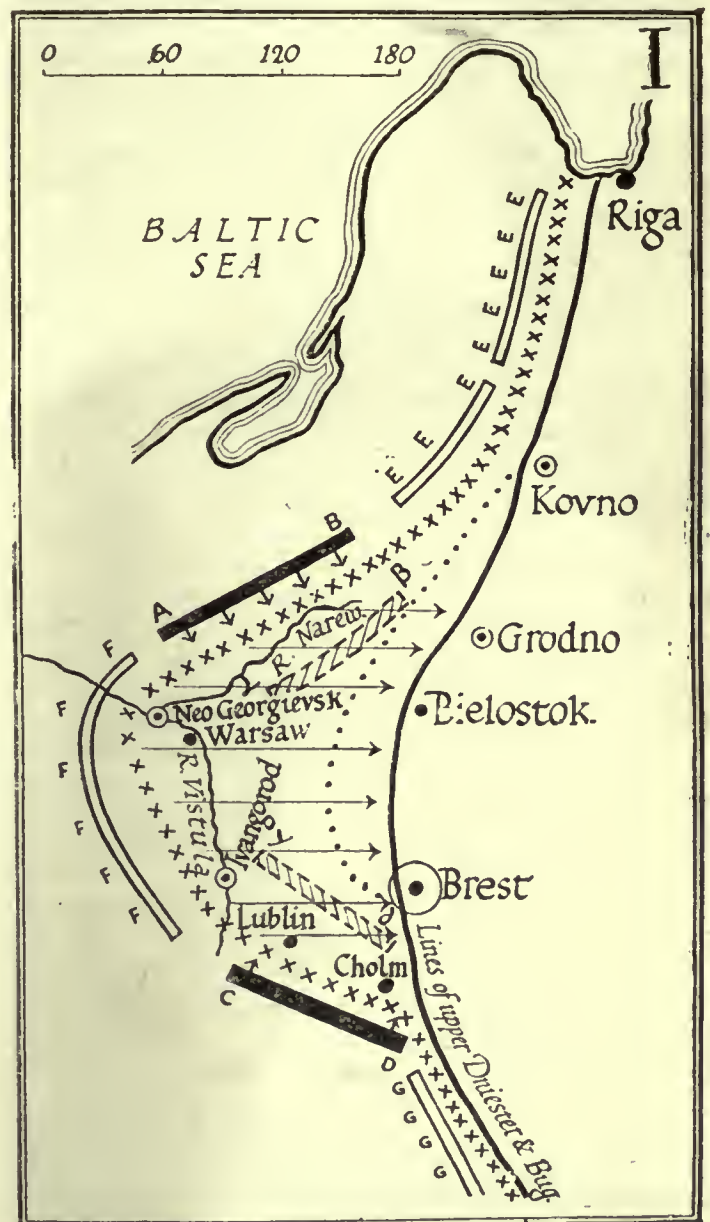
For if it succeeds, the expenses in men and material to which the advancing force has been put are, strategically speaking, thrown away. That the advance will obtain political results more or less weighty, according to the nature of the ground occupied, goes without saying, and Warsaw was in this case a political prize of very high value.

That the retirement may depress the moral of the army condemned to it and must effect neutral civilian opinion is equally obvious, but strategically the whole point is whether the retreat has been accomplished according to the plan of its higher command or no, and whether it has been carried out without suffering the loss of any grave portion of its total force by cutting off.

If this is done, especially if it is done in an operation of such enormous scale as that of the recent Russian abandonment of the Warsaw

salient, it is a triumph, not for the offensive, but for the defensive, which that offensive has attempted, and failed, to destroy.

The line once straightened may still further retire, and the offensive be none the stronger, wherever ample space lies behind for retreat. It is not reaching or staying on the Brest line that is essential: it is saving the imperilled salient, a



double attack on which, from north and from south, was the whole of the enemy's strategy.

In the light of these surely obvious first principles, let us examine what this Russian retirement has been.

Upon the accompanying Sketch I. we have, in the line of crosses from the Gulf of Riga, past Novo Georgievsk, in front of Warsaw, in front of Ivangorod, in front of Lublin and Chelm and so on to the lines of the Upper Dniester and Bug Rivers, the positions occupied by the Russian armies

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five weeks ago, when the determination to evacuate the salient was everywhere known through the declarations of the Russian higher command. (The full black line indicates the series of positions to which that command had determined to withdraw. The salient at its broadest point was a matter of somewhat over 120 miles.

The retirement from this salient would take place along the line of the arrows upon Sketch I. It was clearly obvious that the cutting off of the Russian forces within the salient could only be accomplished by rapidly exercised pressure from the north and the south of it—that is, from along the front A—B, where one-third of a million Germans, growing to half a million, were pressing southward, and from the front C—D, where close upon a million Austro-Germans were pressing northward.

The total enemy forces included much more than these two main bodies A—B and C—D. They included forces E—E—E along the north, perhaps half a million in number, the importance of whose action was exaggerated by some critics in this country because they seemed to threaten one of the great railway lines. They included the curve of forces F—F—F, which were pressing down on the Warsaw front from Novo Georgievsk to Ivangorod. They included further forces, G—G—G, which faced the main Russian line of positions on the Upper Bug and Dniester to the very frontiers of Roumania.

But the operative part of the enemy's strategic scheme clearly lay in the two great bodies, numbering between them from 1,300,000 to 1,500,000 men, which I have marked black upon Sketch I., and which were the jaws of the pincers destined to cut off the troops within the salient.

That was the position five weeks ago.

To cut off the Russian troops in the salient it was necessary to break well into it from the north and from the south before the extreme western bodies could march back 120 miles—a business of twelve days before the Russians could evacuate material and guns from all the positions they proposed to abandon—and to round up within a period of certainly less than three weeks, but better of less than a fortnight, the retiring columns and the evacuated material.

To all appearances the enemy has quite failed in this, his main object.

The southern force C—D has advanced so slowly that its progress can be measured at the rate of less than a mile a day. The northern force A—B has been so well held upon the line of the Narev and beyond that its progress has been at little less than half that rate, and it is only now, after four weeks and with its task accomplished, going back in force. The main Russian bodies to-day have reached a line indicated by the dots upon Sketch I., while the forces from the north and the south which were to have cut them off are no further advanced than the positions indicated upon Sketch I. by the shaded oblongs λ - β , γ - δ .

That is, in its general terms, the story of the retirement of the Russian forces upon their new lines carried up to the present date; and it is, so far, a story of complete success in one of the most difficult of all operations of war.

The really successful work of the Russians has been done upon the Narev. It was the checking of the northern force A—B which did the

trick, and the nature of that check I shall describe in a moment. Meanwhile the enemy advance, now pushed back somewhat from the Riga front in the north, touching Kovno further south, still far off from Grodno and Biellostock in the centre, is advancing upon Brest and resolving itself into yet another line parallel to the Russian line and achieving nothing in the way of envelopment.

Of all the positions to the west the Russians have only maintained—now isolated—the fortress of Novo Georgievsk, for reasons that will be discussed later.

If the Russian retirement should (as every indication points to its actually having done) have finally established itself upon a fairly straight line, a vast expense in men—which, again, will be discussed in a moment—has been paid out by the enemy without achieving his strategic object, and it will be the statement of no more than a simple truth to say that he will have suffered a strategic defeat.

There are, then, in this great operation, three points upon which we must concentrate our attention at the present moment:

First, the failure of the great enemy forces upon the Narev front to break through and so press upon and confuse the Russian retirement as to cause disaster while that retirement was still in progress.

Secondly, the isolated position of Novo Georgievsk and the task which that fortress is expected to perform in the next development of the war.

Thirdly, and most important, the price which the enemy has paid in that vast scheme which has, at the moment of writing, quite failed to achieve its object. I will now deal with these in their order:

GERMAN FAILURE UPON THE NAREV.

The enemy has issued this evening (Monday, August 16) a bulletin to the effect that he has "broken the Narev front." It goes on to say that the Russian losses are perhaps 5 per cent. One would imagine that the German Higher Command wrote for the disloyal section of the London Press! What has happened is quite another thing.

The essential to envelopment is rapidity. Envelopment usually connotes not only rapidity, but surprise. But even if your element of surprise is necessarily lacking on account of the scale of the operations, yet without rapidity envelopment, even with vastly superior forces, is impossible. The classical example of envelopment, the battle of Sedan, gives admirable proof of either quality. Both in surprising the French and the rapidity with which their movements effected that surprise, the Prussian Higher Command in 1870 achieved a memorable triumph. Von Hindenburg himself during the present war, in the battle of Tannenberg, achieved a triumph hardly less remarkable.

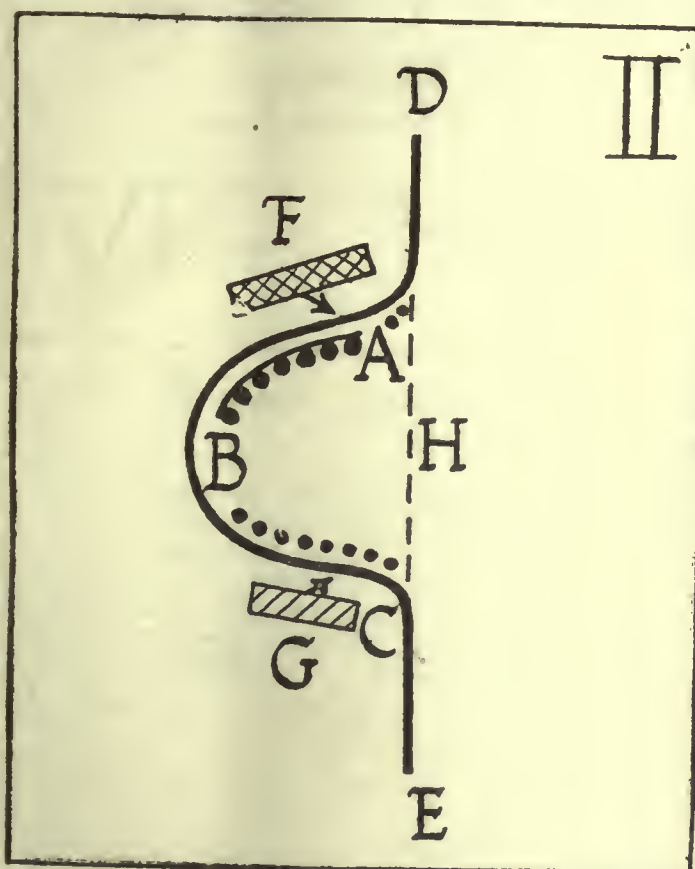
But if you attempt an envelopment and find yourself held up, lose days or weeks, and give the enemy time to withdraw, you have simply wasted men for nothing. The more you get your teeth into your business, the more determined you are to pull it off in spite of failure, the more you are throwing good money after bad; and if you do not look out you may find yourself at last weak-

ened for good and with nothing to show for your effort.

Now in this double attempt at the envelopment of the Russian salient—the great advance upon Lublin and Cholm from the south, the great advance upon the Narev from the north—the latter was really the “marching wing” of the manœuvre.

It was clear from the first days of July—from July 3 to 5, to be accurate; that is, from the check administered to the Archduke in front of Lublin—that the supply of munitions to the vast host upon this side was imperfect; and no wonder, considering the absence of railway communication.

But the enemy upon the East Prussian frontiers had behind him a magnificent system of railways directly connected with his chief arsenals and centres of production. It is probable that men were sent round to this northern wing from the south. It is certain that on the northern wing everything depended. It was precisely that northern wing which failed in its task. It had to come down between thirty and forty miles in,



say, a fortnight, if it were to confuse the evacuation of Warsaw and Ivangorod and to interrupt the retirement of the main Russian column. The Russian rearguards, vastly inferior in number, as a rearguard must be, so pounded and held this German hammer-blow upon the Narev front that it has advanced, not in two weeks, but in five, not forty miles, but less than twenty—and in most places less than fifteen. It was held tight till the end of the second week in August, while the main Russian bodies drew away. Only then, the manœuvre thoroughly effected, did the Narev screen withdraw—or, as the German phrase will have it, “break.”

The thesis may be made clear with a simple diagram.

A force is holding, as in Sketch II., the salient A B C upon the D A B C E. That salient is attacked by a large force operating down from F, and up from G. If For G, or both, advance quickly

enough they will cut off all the men and materials in the bulge A B C; but if the rearguard marked by the dotted lines between A and B and B and C holds them up long enough, then all the men and material in the salient can retire to the straighter line D A H C E, in which case the enemy's effort at F and at G will have failed.

Now F was in this case Hindenburg's forces, working to force the obstacle of the Narev, which defended the north or top of the salient. The rearguard of dots A-B were the Russian forces left behind to oppose them while the main body retired upon A H C, and that opposition of the Russian rearguards to Hindenburg upon the Narev has proved so effective that the retirement upon D A H C is already virtually accomplished by the main Russian bodies, while the enemy body F has not yet got appreciably within the bulge of the salient. The rearguards which were holding it up would seem now to be free to retire at will, for their task would seem to be successfully accomplished.

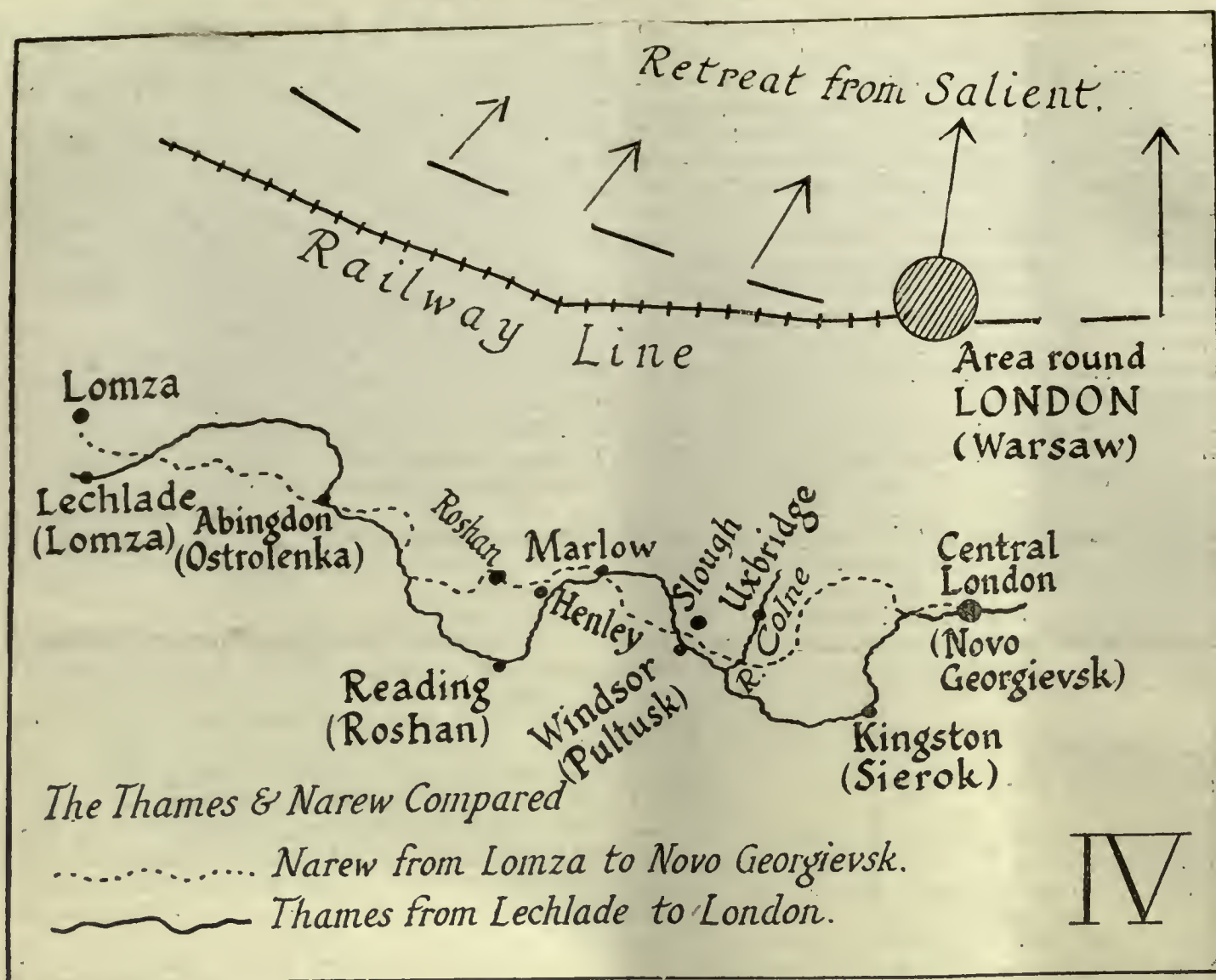
In order to understand how thoroughly Hindenburg's armies were held up on this Narev front let us translate the operations into terms of English geography.

The Narev between Lomza and Novo Georgievsk may roughly be compared both for size and for length to the Thames between Lechlade and London. The Narev is larger at Lomza by a good deal than is the Thames at Lechlade; but the middle courses of the two rivers are of much the same width and the distances involved are roughly the same.

Observe how the Thames would stand to two armies situated as were, at the beginning of the business, the Russian forces as a whole, and Hindenburg's forces which were trying to take them in flank by forcing the line of the Narev.

The Russian Army may be conceived of as standing from Birmingham, a little west of the main line of the North-Western Railway, to the neighbourhood of London, and thence curling round north-eastward through Essex and Suffolk to Great Yarmouth. It is obvious we have here a great salient, and this army, stretched from Birmingham down to the neighbourhood of London and then on to Yarmouth, is retreating in order to straighten out its line and take up a general position Birmingham — Peterborough — Yarmouth. It has several converging lines which supply it and along which it can move munitions and men—the London and North-Western, the Great Northern, &c. Of these the London and North-Western brings it munitions and food from the great centres of the Midlands and the North. Supposing, of several enemy armies working to cut off the advanced part of the salient before it could retreat, one were coming up from the Channel coast between Brighton and Bournemouth. It would find in front of it the obstacles of the Thames. If it could force that obstacle quickly enough before the retreat of the salient it was trying to cut off was far advanced, it would come down on and cut the London and North-Western line, thereby gravely interfering with the retreat. It might even get further round to Bedford and cut off the great mass of the southern part of the retreating army. The commander of this retreating army would use the obstacle of the Thames to check such a movement.

So thoroughly have the Russians achieved the check in question that if we take the history,



of the last three weeks, a space of time ample for the deliberate retirement of the Russian armies, it would read on the English map somewhat as follows:

Three Tuesdays ago, on July 20, the army coming up from the Channel stood in front of Lechlade, Abingdon, Reading, and Windsor (Lomza, Ostrolenka, Roshan, and Pultusk).

Each of these places had fortifications thrown up on the south side of the Thames to defend the crossings there. Three days later, on Friday, July 23, the enemy had thrown a force across just above Windsor, in the neighbourhood of Bray. Five days later, on Sunday, the 25th, he had thrown another force across at Reading. He had failed to carry Lechlade, which he had already begun to attack. He had his last columns to the right trying to get across at Kingston.

By Tuesday, the 27th, after a full week had passed, those who had crossed at Reading had not been able to get three miles beyond the town on the further bank. Those who had crossed at Windsor were still fighting to get across the Colne, and had hardly reached, immediately in front of them, the road that passes through Slough. Meanwhile the retirement they were pressing to cut off already had a full week's start.

By the next Sunday, August 1, the fortifications of Lechlade were still being attacked. The column that had crossed at Reading had not yet got to Henley. The column that had crossed at Windsor was not yet over the Colne, but had got about two miles north of Slough. The column at Kingston was still fighting to get across the river, and so far had failed.

Remember that all this time the fighting is

of the heaviest character and that the forcing of the river and the attempt to get something of a belt on the further side is only achieved at a murderous cost in men. Already twelve days have passed, during which the retreat to the north is quietly proceeding, and those who have at various places crossed the Thames are still a very long way off from the London and North-Western line—let alone the cutting-off of the troops retreating from the great salient, the main bodies of which are now quite fifty miles away.

By Tuesday, August 3, after this effort had been going on a whole fortnight, a crossing is effected near Abingdon. On the same day a fifth attempt to cross at Kingston is thrown back, and the fortifications at Lechlade are still holding the enemy up there.

By Sunday, August 8, we find that the army that is trying to force the Thames has a column still held up at Kingston; that the column which crossed at Windsor has not yet reached Uxbridge; that the column which crossed at Reading is fighting to get a mile beyond Henley; and that the column which crossed at Abingdon is not yet two miles beyond the river.

On Tuesday, the 10th, at the end of three weeks of fighting, a crossing is at last effected at Lechlade. The columns which have crossed at Windsor and at Reading are in touch near Marlow. The column which had crossed at Abingdon has hardly advanced five miles.

There is the situation after twenty-one days of the most expensive effort and an outflanking movement, success in which demands of its very nature rapidity and even surprise. There has

been the most ample time for every unit of the main forces whose retreat was being covered by this screen thrown cut along the Thames to get right away. The heads of the retiring bodies are already at Rugby and at Huntingdon and at Ely, while the enemy, still fighting to master the obstacle of the Thames, is not yet anywhere a day's full march beyond that river, even at his most advanced point, and at some places has not yet succeeded in crossing the Thames at all.

At last, on August 14, the retreat northwards of the main body on to the distant line, Birmingham—Ely—Yarmouth, now accomplished, the screen defending the Thames line falls back, and the enemy, which had taken nearly thirty days to master the river, calls it "breaking a front."

POSITION OF NOVO GEORGIEVSK.

The position of Novo Georgievsk in the present phase of the Eastern campaign is one of the most interesting points connected with that operation.

It will be remembered that we pointed out in these columns how the deliberate retirement of the Russian forces, the successful accomplishment of which has just been discussed, would find peculiar difficulty in the evacuation of the two great fortresses of Ivangorod and Novo Georgievsk. The moving of the stores alone would be a matter requiring considerable time and the most exact organisation, especially in the face of such pressure as the Austro-Germans were able to exercise. The removal of the heavy guns would be a task of quite exceptional difficulty.

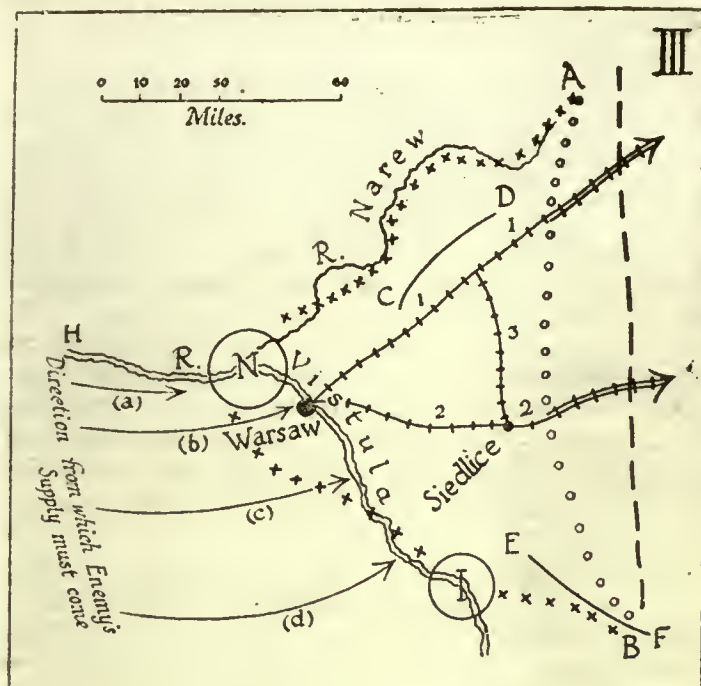
Now we have seen that in the perfectly controlled withdrawal of men and material from the Warsaw salient the Russian Higher Command and Staff work, which had shown themselves so capable in completely stripping Warsaw—an industrial capital of the size of Glasgow—had shown themselves no less capable in the perfect evacuation of Ivangorod. They had withdrawn every gun and every cartridge and every sack of flour from an area the fortified perimeter of which, counting the new external works, was not less than thirty miles, and the normal garrison of which would be at least 120,000 men, with perhaps 400 pieces other than field guns.

But Novo Georgievsk, which, if Ivangorod could thus be triumphantly dealt with, was no less susceptible to perfect evacuation under the admirable organisation of the Russian retreat, has been left to stand a siege.

Why has it been thus left, while its sister fortress was completely dismantled with such astonishing exactitude of manœuvre, and with such amazing success? Why has Novo Georgievsk been left behind to be surrounded by the flood of the advancing enemy?

The answer is obvious enough. The task of Novo Georgievsk, so long as it can still hold out, is to interrupt communication for the enemy by way of the Vistula. A sketch map will make clear this point.

The Russian retirement depends for its evacuation of material, for its feeding and supply of the retiring units upon the railways marked



1 and 2 on this Sketch III. Roughly speaking, the Russian retirement is from the line of crosses on this sketch map to the line of dashes, so as to flatten out the salient of which Warsaw was the apex.

The main body has now already fallen back safely to a line roughly corresponding with the line of little circles running from A to B, and leaving Siedlice in the hands of the enemy. It still has rearguards protecting it along such a covering screen as C—D and E—F, but the main bodies have retired unmolested.

Now, as they have retired they have destroyed in the most thorough manner the two lines whereby the enemy could bring up guns and munitions and food. In other words; the two main railway lines (1—1—1) and their cross connecting line (3) will need a long repair before the enemy can use them again. Probably at the present moment the only portions of the line remaining of any service are those which lie behind the Russian front, and which I have marked on Sketch III. with a double line.

The enemy pursuing the Russians must be supplied everywhere from his rear—that is, from the west, in the direction of the arrows. He has certainly repaired the roads, and he has probably laid down light field lines as far as the Vistula at least, to supply him during his advance. But note of what capital importance to him is the River Vistula. This broad, deep, navigable stream flows all along the front of the avenues whereby the enemy supplies his advance. Let its waterway be everywhere uninterrupted, and it would supplement prodigiously the congested railway trains and petrol lorry road trains of the enemy. He would not only be able to move slowly his food and all his shell along the roads indicated by the arrows, such as A, B, C, and D; he would be able to relieve the congestion to an almost indefinite extent by the towing of munition barges from the Lower Western Vistula towards H, up all along the front of the arrows, and he would save a double transshipment of the goods at the points where those arrows touch the river. But let Novo Georgievsk stand as an obstacle, and the use of the Vistula is blocked. This ring of fortifications which I have indicated on Sketch IV. by the letter N covers both banks of the river. No

supplies could go up the Vistula until this ring N is reduced.

There was no point in keeping the ring marked I. on Sketch III.—the ring of Ivangorod—so long as N stood. No considerable supply can come down the stream past I. All the opportunities existent were for transport up the stream, past N. Therefore, so long as the ring of Novo Georgievsk (N) stands, the Vistula is forbidden as an avenue of supply to the enemy.

The chances of continued resistance in Novo Georgievsk are not within our powers of calculation. We can only state what we know from the experiences of this war to be the conditions of resistance of a modern fortress, and leave the future to determine how far these conditions have been fulfilled.

We know that the old permanent works, with their narrow area and known exact positions, can be dominated in a few hours by the modern siege train. The lesson learnt at Maubeuge, Namur, Liège, and Antwerp (and taught us, let us remember, by the Germans) is here conclusive.

But if the defenders move their fortress artillery out into temporary works, skilfully concealed, and if, by the provision of light rails, &c., they give to those heavy pieces a certain mobility, so that a battery, once spotted, can shift its ground, then a defensive system is capable, as we have seen at Verdun, and shall probably see later, in the case of Metz, of almost indefinitely prolonged resistance, supposing always (1) that the number of pieces and their calibre is sufficient to meet and break down the fire of the siege train; (2) that munitions for the same are amply provided.

How far either, or both, of these conditions have been supplied in the case of Novo Georgievsk, and how far the organisation of mobile batteries has proceeded, we cannot tell. But upon these elements will depend the power of resistance of the fortress.

The numbers required to garrison it are not a serious drain upon the very large forces engaged; on the other hand, the numbers of heavy guns which will be halted to reduce it, and of enemy forces which will be retained to contain it, is certainly considerable. If Novo Georgievsk holds out, it hampers the whole scheme of the Austro-German advance. And its abandonment by the retiring Russians is a wise move.

PRICE WHICH THE ENEMY HAS PAID.

I shall deal in a later article, when I have a more thorough analysis at my disposal, with the full position of the enemy at this moment, his total maximum and minimum reserve of men, his corresponding maximum and minimum of losses.

I will to-day only point out the truth that we cannot understand the German effort in Poland, its present phase, or the chances of its future, unless we perpetually read the whole thing in terms of *expenditure*. It is not going forward, it is not even capturing, killing, or maiming your enemy, which is the test of what you have done. It is the *comparison* between what you have achieved and the price at which you have achieved it which is the whole basis of judgment.

There is here a difference perpetually appearing between the way in which instructed and uninstructed opinion regards any military situation.

It may be said without injustice that uninstructed opinion regards a campaign as a sort of game, with forfeits attached. There are two teams exercising a physical force one against the other, each trying to press back the other. One wins or is in process of winning if it goes forward; the other loses, or is in process of losing, if it goes back. Were we to view the present war from this exceedingly erroneous standpoint there would be ample cause for the exaggerated fears which our censorship alone among all the Allies allows the stupider and more malignant part of our Press to propagate. Of the two teams, or, rather, sets of teams, opposed, the one holds his own in the West and pushes forward in the East; the other is held up in the West and is retreating in the East. Translate that into terms of a game, and it is obvious that the enemy team is in process of winning and the Allied team in process of losing.

But instructed opinion looks upon war in such a totally different light that it has some difficulty even in understanding the newspaper terrors of the day.

It does not comprehend a state of mind in which one can in war presume to prophesy until some decision is apparent, and the idea that advances or retreats are *decisions* seems to it as wild as the idea that a clean collar and a top hat are a bank balance.

Instructed opinion not only envisages a war in terms of attempts to obtain, obtaining, or failing to obtain *decisions*, but also perpetually postulates as the chief factor in any military judgment the factor of numbers (both of men and material), and, therefore, the factor of *expense*.

One might contrast the attitude of instructed opinion with that of uninstructed opinion by saying that if the latter regards war as a game between two teams, the further rather regards it as a competition of incomes and expenditures.

The study of war in the period during which a true decision is awaited, but not yet reached, is a dynamic problem in the resultant of forces which are perpetually consumed in the very process of their action, but as perpetually subject to recruitment. Such forces are to be measured in their chances of success by the rate and nature of the exhaustion and of the recruitment, and by little more.

In other words, the student of war does not ask himself simply, "Has this force driven back that force, and if so, why?" but also—much more—"At what expense has the advance been gained, and is the advantage of the new position, if any, worth this estimated expense?"

Now the position the enemy has achieved between April 30 and the night of Saturday, August 14, is simply this. He has caused the Russian armies—which stood on positions skirting the East Prussian boundary, just covering Warsaw, running south to the Dunajec River, and so to the Carpathians, and thence along the crest of the Carpathians, and back to the Bukowina—to retire from those positions, until they reached a line running from before Riga, past Kovno and Grodno, and Bialostok and Brest, to the line of the Upper Bug and Upper Dniester, and so to the Roumanian border.

This achievement has taken the enemy fifteen weeks. He has attained the political advantage—especially valuable with neutral and civilian

opinion—of occupying important towns, of which Warsaw is the most important. He has cleared his own territory from invasion (all but a few square miles), he has profoundly invaded that of his foe. He has inflicted, as we have seen in past articles, upon his Russian opponent losses somewhat superior to his own—perhaps superior by one-third—and, whereas a certain proportion of his losses will return to the Colours before the winter (perhaps a sixth of all the casualties will appear again in the field), of the Russians most will not appear again, because the wounded upon that side appear for the greater part as prisoners in the enemy's hands. He has destroyed and sometimes captured undestroyed, as we have also seen in past articles, many hundreds of machine guns. He has recovered an ample supply of petrol.

All this is not to be despised. But the enemy did not set out to do this. A man with, say, half a million capital at his back does not spend a quarter of a million of it in advertising in order only to make a great show, to stir a certain amount of interest in the public, to bring himself in general forward. He spends it with the object of getting returns ultimately much greater than the sum which he has laid out thus unproductively.

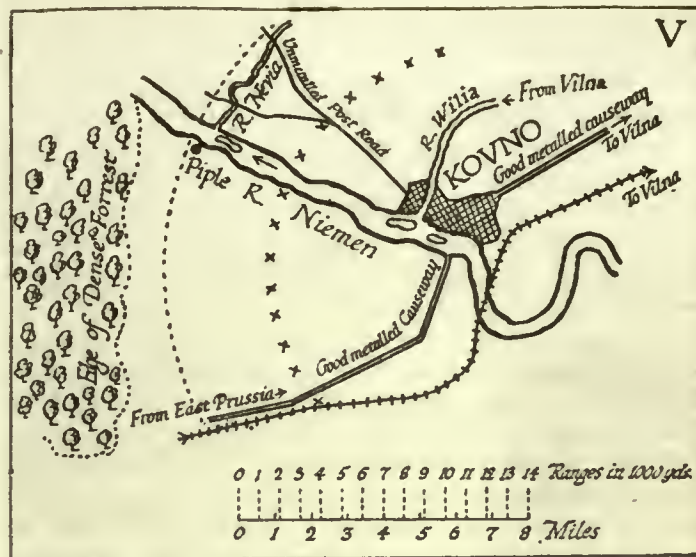
The enemy set out to envelop as large a portion as possible of the Russian forces, to destroy the enveloped portion as an army and to capture its field pieces and heavy artillery. He could not begin this process until he had penetrated the line of the Russian positions and had separated various portions of the Russian armies. No other scheme can have been in his mind, and every move he has made since the end of April towards what was logically his necessary policy, has also been his actual policy.

At this very moment, instead of taking the opportunity afforded him by the line of the Vistula for putting a brake upon the Eastern offensive, and leaving it to act elsewhere, he still engages vast forces forward, south-east and north-east, in the continued attempt to prevent the Russian retirement, now so nearly accomplished, from achieving a perfect success.

Nothing in war is conclusive save either a decision or so complete a wearing down of opposing forces (the retreat from Moscow is the classical example) that, even without action, it ceases to exist.

No decision has yet been arrived at, and most certainly there has been no process of wearing down leaving either side as it would be left after a disastrous action. Each faces the other, the one still on the offensive, although with its momentum strangely lessened; the other still on the defensive, though with the situation now apparently well in hand. But each may ultimately reverse his old rôle, each is a great army in being; and there is no seal yet set upon the Eastern campaign.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the enemy has failed in his main endeavour. In other words, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, even at so early a date as this, and with another seven or eight weeks of tolerable weather before the rains set in in Poland, that the Austro-German Higher Command gambled for a far swifter progress and for a much more definite result. They have expended in reaching so neutral an issue nearly half what was in the beginning their reserve of men trained and equipped (excluding what they must keep back for drafts to the new



Southern front). They have done their very utmost with shell under conditions where the big gun had it all its own way. They have devoted almost entirely to this effort fifteen out of the now numbered weeks remaining to them as the uttermost limits of their continued strength, and it is difficult to see how, to the moment of writing at least, they can regard the thing they have purchased as worth anything like the price they have paid, in men, in materials, and in time. For all these three essentials are counted out to the enemy, by fate very strictly. Materials least, men far more, time most of all.

NOTE ON KOVNO.

The fortress of Kovno is an obstacle to any attempt at turning the Russian line by the north, and it is upon Kovno, as the last telegrams inform us, that a strong effort is now being made by the enemy.

Let us see what the conditions of that effort are.

We may take it that the fortress has been prepared for modern attack by dismantling of the old permanent works and the formation of temporary batteries, the heavy pieces concealed in which can be moved within certain limits when their positions chance to be discovered by air reconnaissance. We may further take it that the second condition of defence against a modern siege train, the ample provision of holding munitions, is present in Kovno, for if it were not so any attempt to hold the place would be waste of energy.

The task before the enemy, then, consists in the attempt to reduce these outer temporary mobile batteries, and he is at present restricted to an attack against the western sector alone, for the Russian positions stretching north and south of the town forbid his approaching it as yet from any direction but the west. In front of the permanent heavy batteries will be a certain number of field works, and the outer perimeter of these ultimate works is probably indicated by some such line as the dotted line upon the accompanying Sketch V., while the perimeter of the mobile batteries (the position of which varies, of course, greatly with conditions of ground) may not improbably be averaged at something like the line of crosses in the same Sketch IV.

The fortress of Kovno covers the junction of three very important avenues whereby munitions could reach a force attacking Vilna and the great northern railway line passing through Vilna. These are, first, the River Wilia, next the great

metalled causeway which runs from Vilna through Kovno on to East Prussia, and, lastly, the railway line which runs more or less parallel with this causeway from East Prussia to Vilna.

Metalled roads are rare in Poland and Russia, because the material for metalling is so difficult to obtain. Various coast roads come into Kovno from the north and west, the two most important of which, north of the Niemen, join just on the eastern side of the little River Nevja.

The fact that Kovno is thus a junction in so many important avenues for an army's advance eastward, and controls the only possible avenues whereby ample munitions for heavy artillery can proceed, lends to it that capital character which has compelled the enemy to attempt to force the stronghold. But the enemy, being restricted to action from the west, is handicapped. He can, indeed, bring up heavy guns by two important avenues of approach, one the Niemen (here a broad and deep river, not at all swift, and capable of bringing up any amount of munitions and pieces upon its waters), the other the good causeway and its accompanying railroad, which proceed also from Prussia into this part of Poland. But when it comes to lateral communications joining these two main avenues of supply, and permitting him to feed his big howitzer batteries north of the river, or between the river and the railroad, he is in some difficulty. Between the river and the railroad on the west is a mass of dense forest, the

edges of which come to points not far from the outermost field works of the fortress, and there are no good roads along its edge; while to the north of the river, though the country is open, there are nothing but tracks going north and south, no proper road at all, in that immediate neighbourhood. Further, the small Nevja River forms here a certain obstacle, which could be long defended.

So far, the enemy has not penetrated beyond the very outermost field works, which are thrust far forward of the mobile temporary batteries. He has but carried one of these, where the steep bank affords some cover from fire, and the huts of the hamlet of Piple stretch under the bank along the south side of the Niemen. He appears to have achieved this contact with the very outermost works last Friday, the 13th. To the moment of writing (the evening of Monday, the 16th) he has made no further progress.

* * * *

All that dull, open Polish field south of the Niemen, with the line of forest along its horizon, is haunted ground, for it was here (just east of the town beyond the great bend the Niemen makes there) that the principal mass of the Grand Army tramped across the pontoons in the bare dusk of that June midnight, and began, as it touched Russian soil, upon the further side, the campaign wherein Napoleon failed.

H. BELLOC.

THE ÆGEAN AND THE BALTIC.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

MY article in last week's number of LAND AND WATER had, owing to the necessity of going to press early, to be finished by Saturday, the 7th. I am writing now on Tuesday, the 17th. The events of ten days, therefore, are under review. They have been anything but uneventful days. They have brought a budget of very diversified news, and from all quarters. For example, Sir Ian Hamilton has reported fresh landings beyond Gaba Tepe and still further north, perhaps at a point identified by the Turks as Karachali, on the northern coast of the Gulf of Saros. The war on the Turkish coiliers proceeds briskly in the Black Sea. The intensity of Constantinople's need for coal can be measured by the sacrifices that are incurred to get it. A Russian communiqué puts the total number of steamers and sailing ships, large and small, destroyed in the Black Sea at no less than 900. The vast majority of these, of course, would be the smallest kind of coast craft; by no means all would be colliers. And it seems quite reasonable to suppose that the many stories which reach us of the Turks being gravely dissatisfied with the adventure into which the Germans have led them are at any rate well founded. When one remembers that what decided the Turks to come in was the presence of the *Goeben* and the assurance she seemed to offer that the Turks would command the Black Sea, and that this ship of

destiny is now finally beached opposite Constantinople, the Turks seem to have every excuse for thinking that their taskmasters have betrayed them.

Some curiously picturesque incidents are reported from the Adriatic. Once again a submarine has downed another submarine. This time it is the Italian that has caught the Austrian, so that the tables are turned. Another Austrian submarine is claimed in the southern Adriatic. An almost incredible tale is told of the French submarine *Papin*, but it is in the French Army Orders, and its truth is not to be doubted. Lieutenant Cochon, in command of this boat, seems to have found himself among floating mines. These he promptly destroyed. Further investigation showed that they had broken loose from a field of anchored mines in the neighbourhood. This field he cleared in a most original and daring manner. His crew dived below the mines and severed their holding cables one by one, when, of course, the mines floated on the surface, where they could be destroyed. In this way no less than a hundred were dealt with, and to prove the exploit the gallant lieutenant towed a couple of the mines which his crew had gathered to port, as evidence of one of the most extraordinary feats ever performed.

In the North Sea we have lost the small patrol vessel *Ramsey*, sunk by the German armed

auxiliary *Meteor* on August 8. In the presence of a superior force, the captain of the *Meteor* scuttled his ship immediately afterwards. On the same day the auxiliary cruiser *India* was torpedoed by a German submarine, apparently in Norwegian territorial waters, with a very heavy loss of life. On the 9th the *Lynx* struck a mine, four officers and twenty-two men being saved.

On Tuesday morning the sensational announcement was made that Whitehaven, Parton, and Harrington were bombarded by a German U boat, thus repeating the performance of the British submarines, one of which a few weeks ago brought Turkish transport trains under fire on the south coast of the Sea of Marmara. The event has this additional interest, that, so far as I am aware, this is the first appearance of a submarine between Rathlin Island and St. George's Channel since almost the first days of the campaign. And, finally, there have been two attempts by the German Fleet to find a way into the Gulf of Riga, and an attack has been made on the Island of Uto, one of the Åland group. Of all these events, by far the most important from a naval point of view are the developments in the Ægean and Baltic.

NEW LANDINGS IN THE GULF OF SAROS.

The military significance of these landings is not yet known. The naval significance of fresh landings having been made is, however, exceedingly clear. Of all demonstrations of command of the sea, landing on a hostile shore is the most striking. Unless the command is complete it cannot be done at all. My readers will remember from last week's discussion how confident Torrington was that the French would not attempt a landing in England so long as his fleet was "in being." It was the boast of Count Reventlow in the letter which he wrote, and to which Mr. Balfour wrote his immortal reply, that the German submarine had asserted such power as to make the under-water menace a more effective bar to command of the sea than the "fleet in being" of the historians. It was putting into a concrete claim all those vague alarms which we all, in greater or less measure, inherited from the submarine controversy of last summer. But the vagueness of these alarms should have warned us that they were unreal. One phrase used in that controversy remains in my mind as a useful comment on the undefined terrors that the submarine holds over us. In a letter signed "R. N." it was said of the submarine that "It will affect grand tactics profoundly, but in no sense *incalculably*. Its use can seldom, if ever, prove of decisive effect." The truth of this has been many times demonstrated—nowhere more convincingly than in the Ægean.

When the German submarines turned up at the Dardanelles and the *Triumph* and *Majestic* were sunk, it became obvious that the whole procedure round the Gallipoli Peninsula would have to be radically modified. Photographs had shown us transports, battleships, and destroyers lying at anchor just off the shore of the small piece of land which we hold at the extremity. If submarines were liable to appear at any moment it would be quite impossible adequately to protect such stationary armadas. Equally obviously, no landing, such as that of April 25, could

have been effected had the Turks been able to rely upon half a dozen active under-water craft to assist in the defence of the Gallipoli shores. To many, therefore, it seemed that the efforts of the submarines would bring about two vital changes in the Dardanelles position. The troops on shore would be robbed of the assistance of battleships' artillery, because, as we have seen previously, the limitations of fire control are such that battleships cannot at all, unless stationary, employ *indirect* fire, while their direct fire loses much of its efficiency if they manœuvre. And unless they manœuvred, they were easy targets for submarines, for, as we have also previously seen, the modern net is no protection against the modern torpedo. In short, the presence of the submarine would drive off the battleship.

But the second result seemed equally obvious. No transports could be brought near enough to the shore, either to keep in such close contact with the troops as had previously been maintained, or to effect any landings at fresh points. And if such landings, in spite of the submarine threat, were attempted, they could not enjoy the benefit of the covering fire of warships, which had been, perhaps, the decisive factor in making the landing of April 25 possible. Such, I say, was the general impression.

But, as experience has now shown, Admiral de Robeck and his men have found means of dealing with the menace. The presence of submarines has doubtless affected the position *profoundly*, but it has not affected it *incalculably*. The Navy, thrown on its own resources, has found new methods of dealing with the situation, and those methods have proved effective. For, mark, not only have the transports brought the men where they could land, but the landings have seemingly been materially assisted by the ships' guns. This evidently may have been so, as we can see from the fact that *St. Louis* has been hard at work bombarding Achi Baba. What the Navy's new methods of dealing with the submarine are had, perhaps, better not be the subject of our speculations. The boat said to have been towed into Constantinople completely disabled may have struck a Turkish mine. Be that as it may, it is evident that fresh landings were actually made, that the troops already on shore continue to be reinvigorated and reinforced, and that bombardments are, when necessary, made, and all without any serious interruption. Such things could hardly be if the German submarines controlled the situation.

IN THE SEA OF MARMARA.

In the meantime, the counter-campaign of the British submarines becomes daily more determined. A second Turkish battleship has been sunk, an empty transport and a gunboat as well. Our boats have appeared once more off Constantinople.

So much is official. Both from Athens and Mitylene come unconfirmed reports that a British submarine has gone through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and torpedoed the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. The submarines have done so many quite incredible things that one hesitates to doubt even such a story as this. But even if it is not substantially true, the story has this value. It is obviously a repetition of stories heard in Turkey. If it is believed there, the sense of insecurity must

be growing. It is a confirmation of many other reports, all tending to the same result—viz., that the work of the submarines has barred the Sea of Marmara to Turkish transports altogether, so that the Gallipoli forces have to be supplied exclusively through Bulair. If a landing in force can be made north of this, the *double* attack on the Turkish communication would jeopardise the enemy's position in the peninsula in a very formidable manner. But, apart altogether from the cutting of the isthmus, the denial of the Sea of Marmara to the transports must hamper supply at the fighting front considerably. The true moral of the situation is that the Germans and Turks have been quite unable to deal with our submarines in a fashion at all parallel to that in which we have treated theirs. In the Sea of Marmara, at any rate, the submarine menace appears to be all that the scaremongers of a year ago predicted.

ENGAGEMENTS IN THE BALTIC.

My last week's article was, as I have said, written on August 7, three days, therefore, before the news reached us that the Germans had made another bid for sea communication with Riga. The argument I advanced, it may be remembered, was that, while it was clearly within the *power* of the German Navy to establish command of the Baltic Sea, this power could only be exercised at the risk of losses so severe as would make her sea power quite useless for any other purpose except to command the Baltic, which made me doubt if the thing would be seriously attempted. What has followed almost immediately seems to confirm this view. Few details have been published, but the following appears to have been the course of events.

On August 8 a force consisting of nine battleships—shall we say the *Deutschlands* and *Braunschweigs*—the first class reduced from five to four by the loss of the *Pommern*?—twelve cruisers—the classes of these are not specified—some mine-sweepers and destroyers, appeared off the Island of Oesel and tried to enter the Gulf of Riga by the Dirben Channel. This channel, nowhere very broad, and in places only a few hundred yards wide, is normally marked by buoys. Outside of this channel, no ship with a draught of the *Deutschland* and *Braunschweig* can proceed without the risk of grounding on innumerable shoals and shallows. It is a situation, therefore, particularly adapted for the use of mines, and one in which those who know the waters well enough to be unembarrassed by the absence of guiding buoys have a distinct advantage over those unfamiliar with them. What exactly happened is not clear. But apparently three efforts were made by the Germans to test the mine-field, and an enemy cruiser and two destroyers seem to have run upon mines and to have been damaged. A subsequent Russian account says that the Germans *lost* these three ships. This the Germans absolutely deny, though they admit the loss of two mine-sweepers. The Russians do not seem to have relied upon the mines alone, for seaplanes and warships, the latter probably cruisers inside the Gulf, assisted in driving them off. No Russian ship was touched.

Two days later a couple of German squadrons—their composition is not specified, but they prob-

ably consisted of cruisers only—attacked, one the Aland Islands the other once more the Dirben Channel. Both squadrons were driven off without loss to the Russians and without the Russians claiming the infliction of any loss. The Germans declare the first attack on Riga to have been a mere reconnaissance. Indeed, all three efforts seem to have been of this character. They imply that the most important Russian ship they encountered off the Alands was a cruiser of the *Markaroff* class, which was driven off. The *Markaroff* is little more than a protected cruiser, with a broadside of two 8-inch and four 6-inch guns. She was one of the squadron of four cruisers that drove the *Albatross* ashore in the engagement off Windau and sent the *Roon* crippled back to Koenigsberg. It does not appear from either account that anything approaching a fleet action was ever imminent.

The situation is highly interesting. To enter the Gulf of Riga the Germans have obviously first to clear the channel of mines. This is not a thing that can be done unless they are prepared to defend the mine-sweepers till their work is done. You cannot employ ships capable of defending themselves against gunfire on this job, for to do so would be to risk their destruction. And the sweeping of a channel, even so narrow a channel as this, cannot be carried out with very great expedition. To attempt it, therefore, would mean the maintenance off the Gulf of Riga, and in immediate contact with the mine-sweepers, of a force fit to fight the entire force of the Russian Navy—always, of course, assuming that the Russians are determined not to allow the Germans the use of Riga.

The reader may wonder why the Russian Navy should have permitted these attacks, one on each side of the Gulf of Finland, without bringing out their whole force to prevent them. The nine battleships that came to the entrance of the Gulf of Riga on the 8th must have been a sore temptation. They certainly should have been no match for the four Dreadnoughts and two pre-Dreadnoughts, which presumably now form the main squadron of the Russian Fleet. But it is to be remembered that this is not only the *main*, but indeed the *only* battle squadron which Russia possesses. It is not lightly to be jeopardised. If the necessity should arise we may be quite sure that there will be no holding back. But so long as the Germans confine their activities to somewhat costly investigations of mine-fields and to attacks on lighthouses and land fortifications, as at Uto, no military results of the slightest value are being attained, and therefore there is no occasion, and indeed no excuse, for taking unnecessary risks.

What Russia has to prevent is the establishment of sea communication between the main German bases and Riga. These main bases are Koenigsberg and Danzig. Libau, if sea communications can be maintained with Koenigsberg, might be made an advance base for the army in Courland, but it is 130 miles from Riga, and of infinitely less value, if a northern advance is contemplated. It is the opening of the Gulf of Riga, then, and the free use of the waters south of it that the Russian Navy is to prevent. In discharging this task patience is the essence of sound strategy. So long as the mine-fields, destroyers, cruisers, submarines, and aircraft can keep the Germans off, so long should, and indeed *must*, the battle fleet be kept in reserve.



The above sketch map shows the communications between Germany and Petrograd. From Königsberg the railway runs from Kovno to Vilna, where it strikes the main line northward. At Dunaburg there is a branch line to Riga, and Riga is connected with Libau. The only railway from Riga to Petrograd is through Dorpat to Revel. If an advance is to be made east of the main Petrograd line, Riga is almost indispensable as a base. From Riga to Petrograd is 310 miles as the crow flies. From Königsberg to Libau is as near as possible 150 miles, and from Königsberg to Riga by sea is about 360 miles. The Dirben Channel is south of the island of Oesel. From Revel to Petrograd is just under 200 miles.

It is in the hands of the Germans to decide for how long the issue is to be delayed. If sufficient force is sent—a large enough number of mine-sweepers, sufficiently numerous destroyers, sufficient cruisers, an adequate battleship force—then the waters between Oesel and Courland can, so to speak, be held while sweeping operations continue. Thus, and thus only, can the Germans force their way into the Gulf. But observe, to do this means the maintenance of a great fleet of all arms in a limited area, the larger units preoccupied with the defence of the smaller. Is it not exactly the situation that Torrington had in view? The military exigencies of the campaign may compel the Germans to attempt this operation. And then the opportunity of the Russian Fleet will come.

DARDANELLES DISPATCHES.

Admiral de Robeck's dispatch describing the events of April 25 and 26 has, for some reason or other, been very greatly delayed. It is only dated July 1, the delay, therefore, does not arise from its publication being held back in London. The document itself is extremely reserved. It tells us very little more than did Sir Ian Hamilton's earlier account of the same operation. The most gratifying feature of the dispatch is the list of commendations of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who conspicuously distinguished themselves on that great occasion. But considering the scale of the operation, and that "innumerable deeds of heroism and daring were performed; the gallantry and absolute contempt for death displayed alone made the operations possible," the

mentions of recommendations are not numerous. But six V.C.'s have been granted—five of them in connection with Commander Unwin's amazing efforts in the landing from the *River Clyde*. Sixteen D.S.O.'s are given, twenty-one D.S.C.'s, while a considerable number of men received the Distinguished Service Medal. And large numbers of both officers and men are commended for bravery in action. There is something quite delightful in seeing the V.C. won by two midshipmen, and the D.S.C. by thirteen others. Admiral de Robeck pays a generous tribute to the happy co-operation between both the Army and the Navy, and between the French, English, and the Russians, while the bravery of the Australian and New Zealand brigade is spoken of in the highest possible terms. But interesting and thrilling as the dispatch is, one feels that the whole story of this astonishing feat of arms is still to be written.

P.S.—Since writing the above we have received the news of the sinking of the *Royal Edward* by a submarine in the *Ægean*. The news, as given by the Secretary of the Admiralty, seems to imply that over a thousand lives have been lost. That, after twelve months of war, the German submarines have, at last, succeeded in sinking their first transport is an evidence, not of the power of the submarine, but of the effectiveness of the means adopted for frustrating its attacks. For many hundreds of transports have carried many, hundreds of thousands over countless miles of sea. There is nothing in this unhappy mischance to one of them to qualify my statement that Admiral de Robeck and his officers have taken the measure of the menace. Had the hostile under-water craft *controlled* the situation, not *one*, but *most* of the transports would have been sunk. A much larger number of such casualties was no doubt anticipated, and had they occurred would not materially have altered the situation. The loss of a thousand lives is a terrible and lamentable thing, but it will not shake the resolution of the nation at home, nor of the fighting men at the front, nor of the many thousands who are constantly going to or coming from the various theatres of war.

A. H. POLLEN.

OUR SPECIAL NUMBER.

ITS INSTANT SUCCESS.

The demand for our Special Number was so widespread and immediate that the complete issue was sold out within twenty-four hours of publication.

This is all the more gratifying since many thousand extra copies were printed in anticipation of a very large sale, and experience has proved that, in the case of LAND AND WATER, a new reader always becomes a regular subscriber.

The reason for this success is, we believe, that the readers of LAND AND WATER can count on a fair statement and expert analysis of the operations of the war—neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but based upon an accurate knowledge and intelligent interpretation of the facts.

We shall continue our policy of presenting, week by week, a summary of events on land and sea by Hilaire Belloc and A. H. Pollen, while in the special articles contributed by other well-known writers the diversity of interest will be maintained.

FINANCIAL EFFECTS OF WAR.

By A Financial Correspondent.

IN finance, as in many other things, war does this much for us—it brings us down to the realities of life. It does away with kite-flying and all that paperchase of make-believe currency that is discounted in the money market in the hope that something will turn up before it falls due. War brings us down to bedrock and asks of every nation, What is the real basis of your finance? Are you skilled in making and handling paper, or is there any real stuff behind your paper—stuff that is wanted when stern necessity becomes the test of value?

Value depends on what people want or think they want. If nobody wants a thing it cannot have value. If you can persuade enough silly men and women with money in their pockets to think that they want any kind of rubbish that you want to sell, you thereby give it value and sell it to your own satisfaction. That is why in times of peace the loud-voiced or insinuating advertising expert is the chief arbiter of value and gives it by his wiles to the wares of those who pay him best for so doing. Energy and industry and organisation, which might be used for turning out more of the things that mankind really needs, are diverted by the advertiser to producing things that people with money can be made to believe that they want, and the marts of the world become Vanity Fairs decked with vulgar gauds and stupid fripperies.

Now is the day come when producers of the realities of life reap their profit. Growers of food and of stuff that makes stout raiment, and hewers of coal, and shipmasters—the folk who make and grow and carry to us the real needs of life—are coming by their own. At all times we live on them, because without their work we must all starve or die of cold, but somehow we have arranged our economic affairs so queerly that those on whom we live get a much smaller share of the good things of the earth than the purveyors of fripperies.

Standards of Value.

One of the first effects of war is to rectify the standard of value, and to wipe out, for the time being, the activities of a large number of people who ministered only to our weaknesses and our follies. It is very hard for them, for they were probably quite unconscious of the realities of the means by which they lived and had no notion that they were parasites. They went into professions and businesses without thinking about the matter, and now war suddenly tells them that they are not wanted; or not nearly so much as skilled mechanics or even as farm labourers. If there is satisfaction in seeing mankind brought back to the economic facts of life, there is sorrow in the loss thereby entailed on innocent people; but there is this consolation, that if they have any quickness in adaptability they will soon find work that is wanted. For everyone who can work and will work and will go to the place where work is offered is wanted to-day. Mummerys, manicures, barristers, exotic and expensive caterers, bookmakers, sharepushers, and all the presiding geniuses of speculation, fashion-mongers and chroniclers of personal tittle-tattle, all these must find some new work to do; it is an uncomfortable process for them, and all who can help them through must lend a hand. Artists and musicians are in even worse case, for they minister to the best part of us and now find that we have not time or money for its cultivation.

Finance itself is purged as if by some beneficent vacuum cleaner. There is no more market rigging and the voice of the tipster is hushed. The City no longer talks of who is working the boom in oil shares, but of the number of Treasury Bills outstanding, the ingenuities

of the War Loan, and the state of the Bank Return. Finance is a weapon in a life-and-death struggle and, as such, is treated seriously. The Stock Exchange, thankful for the help given to it at the time of last August's shock, still submits to having *minimum* prices imposed on it and a string of regulations devised to prevent our enemies financing themselves at our expense. It grumbles at the absurdity of some of these regulations, but accepts them as inevitable and with a good grace on the whole. In Berlin no one is allowed to publish a quotation of any kind. New issues of securities by anyone but the Government have to pass a searching scrutiny here before they are permitted, or more probably forbidden, to appear; and it is safe to presume that in Germany no one is allowed even to think of them. In such a war as this the Governments absorb the financial resources of their countries. There are fewer kites flying in Lombard Street, but there are many more Treasury Bills—Government promises to pay.

Currency Inflation.

In the good old mediæval days, Kings who wanted sinews of war used often to create them by debasing their currencies, that is by putting less gold or silver into the coins that they struck and giving them their old shape and size by adding base alloys. The consequence was that the coins fetched less and up went prices. Modern Governments achieve the same end, with the same result, by printing paper, or getting their banks to print paper. The note circulation of the Reichsbank has gone up by £176,000,000 since the war began, against which there has been an increase of £52,000,000 in its holding of gold, and the German system of national pawnshops has placed £52,000,000 worth of paper at the disposal of the borrowers who have taken advantage of their facilities. The Bank of France has increased its note circulation by £231,000,000 and decreased its gold by £5,000,000, and the Imperial Bank of Russia shows an increase of £195,000,000 in its paper out and a decrease of £6,000,000 in its holding of gold. The Bank of France has thus produced £236,000,000 worth and the Imperial Bank of Russia £201,000,000 worth of uncovered paper.

Here we have been more subtle in our method, and have done most of our inflation through cheques and bank deposits. It is true that we have been blessed with a new form of paper currency, the £1 and 10s. Treasury Note, but there are only some £49,000,000 of them, against which £28,500,000 is held in gold, so that the amount of uncovered paper is a mere £20,500,000. The Bank of England's note issue has been increased by £13,500,000, but so also has its holding of gold, for the provisions of the Bank Act are still observed, which make the Bank of England hold, above a certain limit, gold against every note that it issues.

The Bank's Deposits.

But the total deposits of the Bank have risen by £155,000,000, implying so much creation of book-keeping money, most of which has been produced by an addition of £147,000,000 to the securities held by the Bank; and the great joint-stock banks have added £162,000,000 to their deposits, chiefly by means of subscribing to Government issues of War Loans, Exchequer Bonds, and Treasury Bills. For when banks take up Government securities they hand over cash, in one form or another, to the Government, and the Government pays it out to contractors and others, and they pay it back into the banks and so increase the volume of deposits. In this way we have inflated the amount of buying power in the hands of the public with

no increase of goods produced, and so the price of goods goes up. To this extent war, which otherwise tends to clean the financial stable, has produced some deterioration. We shall put this right when we really begin to save and to pay for the war by self-denial instead of inflation.

For behind all these financial devices and ingenuities lies the great problem of production and consumption. Finance is only mechanism. When a nation is at war people are too apt to talk as if it were faced by the problem of raising money. What it really has to do is to produce or go without goods and services. Anybody can print money and manipulate credit. But if that is all that can be done a rise in prices is all that follows. What a nation needs for war is an extra supply of food and clothes (because an army on service or in training wants more food and clothes than a crowd of civilians mostly leading sedentary lives), and rifles and shot, and shells and guns, and horses and motor-lorries, and aeroplanes and saddlery, and the countless items of its equipment as a fighting people. And the question that it has to face is its power to produce these things for itself (which it can only do if it goes without other things), or to get them from other people if it cannot. On this point the position of the two warring groups presents a contrast which is one of the most interesting problems of the war.

The Enemy's Problem.

Our Fleet has cleared the German ships off the sea and made it impossible for neutral bottoms to carry to Germany articles that we declare to be contraband of war. Consequently we have compelled the Germanic Powers, apart from such war stores as they can smuggle through neutral countries, to live on their own resources. Some of us thought that we should thereby bring them to their knees, by cutting off their supply of food and material. But there is no sign of such a result, and we need not lay any such flattering unction to our souls. Germany had been preparing for war for years, and was by no means caught napping. Nickel, rubber, and copper are the chief articles that she requires and cannot now import, but no one knows what store of them she has laid by. The food problem she has dealt with by economical consumption and increased production, and as long as she has labour available to till her ground and reap her crops, her larder will hold out. We have cut off her imports and her exports and her shipping business. She goes without imports and thereby piles up no debt abroad and uses the energy and labour that used to go into exports and shipping for providing the needs of her army. So far this diversion of energy and labour appears to suffice, and as long as it does so she can go

on fighting till further notice. It is true that she is increasing her debt nearly as fast as we are.

Since war began she has issued £680,000,000 worth of loans and a number of Treasury Bills which it is impossible to trace. This money has been, like the goods on which it has been spent, almost entirely provided at home. German investors have sold some securities in New York, but the extent to which the country has impoverished itself by this method of raising the wind is probably small compared with our achievements in this respect. The end of the war will find the Government owing the people an enormous sum, against which the people will owe the Government a certain amount of money raised by the pawnshops. As the people pay off the pawnshops, the Government pays off part of its debt; for the rest it will tax the people to pay itself interest and repay itself capital. Taxation during the war would have been simpler, but taxation during war is unpopular, and if a people likes to delude itself that it is escaping a burden by subscribing to loans instead of paying taxes, there is no reason why it should not be indulged in this pleasant fancy, so long as it practises the necessary economy and saves what it subscribes. This Germany has to do because it cannot buy outside, and so the needs of the army can only be met by the abstinence of the citizens from the comforts and luxuries that they used to enjoy and by their handing over their buying power to the Government in exchange for loans issued by it.

Similar conditions govern finance in Austria-Hungary, except that its power to produce what its army needs is probably less than Germany's. No doubt Germany is supplying it to some extent, and the state of Austria's finance, which was none too robust when the war began, will be somewhat parlous at the end of it.

Position of the Allies.

With us and our Allies the financial position and the productive problem behind it are quite different. For the first time in our history we were ready for this war—ready, that is, to carry out that part of the programme that had been assigned to us. Our Allies, who had a much bigger problem in the matter of army equipment to tackle, were not ready either on the East or West. We consequently have had to help them industrially and financially by making supplies for them, buying supplies for them abroad, and lending them money. Also we found that our part of the programme had to be expanded considerably, involving the creation of an army of three million men and equipping it. Such an effort as this was no part of our original contract, and this fact excuses some of the financial mistakes that we made at the beginning of the war.

(To be continued.)

BRITAIN'S LIVING SEER.

By the Editor.

Cities and Thrones and Powers
Stand in Time's eye
Almost as long as flowers,
Which daily die.
But, as new buds put forth
To glad new men,
Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth,
The Cities rise again.

THIS was a vision of the Seer, seen long before the present tumult of death and destruction. And the eternal truth that underlies it brings to-day consolation and courage to sorrowful and quailing hearts, recalling what has been and pointing to what shall be, if only strength and confidence endure. Rudyard Kipling, from the very first, has been a Seer and a Dreamer. Just lately his full works have been published in a new edition by Messrs.

Macmillan, entitled the Service Edition, handy volumes at half a crown apiece. As one picks them up and reads haphazard story and verse, one grows conscious of a single soul-design running through them all, and where the British Empire is concerned of a conception which has never varied from the earliest days.

Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth.

Through the naked words and mean

May ye see the truth between

As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the Earth!
Twenty years have passed since Kipling wrote his "Song of the English," of which this verse is the last of the prelude. He was then in his thirtieth year and his reputation as a writer was made. But to see the truth as the singer knew and touched it, we must go back thirty years farther, to Bombay, his Mother-city, where on all

but the last day of the year 1865 he was born "between the palms and the sea." Heaven with both hands dowered him at his birth. It placed within his breast the genius of a poet; but, greater gift still, it cradled him in a home where the genius of parenthood shone brilliantly. Kipling would have won fame under any circumstances, but he never would have become the Laureate of Empire, so acclaimed by all men Overseas and by all who have toiled and suffered Overseas, were it not for the golden lessons which were taught to him under his father's roof-tree.

The miraculous survival of the Jewish Nation through all the centuries is attributed in no small degree to the Fifth Commandment, "which is the first commandment with promise"; but we are apt to overlook that the first great Christian writer, himself a Jew by birth and upbringing, St. Paul, while commending this commandment, added a corollary to it:

Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. And ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

So the Christian ideal of home is one where the parent is both honoured and honouring, and the child is both obedient and gladly and spontaneously renders obedience. But in that "we are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men," this ideal can never be approached unless there is freedom and also trust between the two generations and unless the parent is prepared to practise that abnegation of self which it is human nature for him to preach to the young and is willing to let a double portion of his spirit be upon the sons without waiting for the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. It was in such a home that Kipling spent his latter boyhood and early manhood.

In his Preface to "Life's Handicap" he mentions that "a few (of these tales), *but these are the very best*, my father gave me." The italics are ours. And in the opening chapter of "Kim" he has sketched, with that delicate sympathy and reverence which only deep affection can inform, his father as the Curator of the Wonder House—his father, the late Mr. Lockwood Kipling, who in his day had the reputation of knowing more about India than any living European. And his love for his mother, "the wittiest woman in India," and her love for him, have followed the poet to dizzy heights, to blacker depths than ever he foresaw when he penned his touching "Mother o' Mine." Her love has kept his head steady and his feet straight amid the giddy peaks of fame; her tears have washed the sting and poison from the wounds which loss and disappointment deal; her prayers have made him whole, so that in his prime he can compress for the advantage of his own son all that life has contained for him—its goodness and its greatness, its ills and its littleness—into that one noble poem "If."

In that Lahore household, where, as we may gather from the Jungle Books, the Law prevailed, the spirit of which was Obey, the Seer, while hardly more than a boy, saw the vision of his Race and dreamed his dream of Empire, which, as was only reasonable, was after the fashion of his home. He had been enabled to put forth his full strength in the orderly and honourable freedom of his father's house, and he held that should be the rule of the Empire. He had been permitted to perfect his individuality under the guidance and kindly wisdom of his elders, without rough rebuke or rude interference, and so he maintained it was possible for the Younger Nations to do. His dedication of "Soldiers Three," one of his earliest books, which was published in India when his literary reputation, at least out there, was secure, ends in this address to his mother:

The long bazaar will praise, but thou—
Heart of my heart—have I done well?

And in his poem, "The Young Queen," written on the inauguration of the Commonwealth of Australia (it should be read in its entirety; it is too long to quote here), the Young Queen answers the Old Queen, her Mother: "It shall be the crown of Our crowning to hold Our crown for a gift." He, the young son, had willingly

and gladly laid at his mother's feet the "rude figures of a rough-hewn race," careless of other praise, so long as she approved, and he believed the same sentiment dominated Australia's respect for England and voiced it.

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne,
"Daughter am I in my mother's house
But mistress in my own."

Again, the same home idea, but this time it is Canada, And so through all his writings his faith in the love and strength of the home is undimmed, yet he never loses sight of the everlasting verity, which is true equally of individuals and nations, of households and empires, that sentiment and self-interest are the woof and warp of human life. If not interwoven, the threads are fluttered and torn by every wind that blows; but let the shuttle be plied with an honest hand and lo! a texture which withstands the roughest weather.

It were an easy thing, were the space available, to quote the many sayings of Rudyard Kipling that have been fulfilled in these later days. Can any critic who sneered at "The Islanders" a dozen years ago read it through at this hour without remorse?

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your leaden seas,
Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at ease;
Till ye said of Strife, "What is it?" of the Sword, "It is far from our ken";

Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your armed men.

Perhaps even more remarkable and more apposite is "The King's Task," a ballad that is published in "Traffics and Discoveries"; it should be read in full: Our pride was before the battle: our sloth ere we lifted a spear.

But now we are purged of that fever—cleansed by the letting of blood.

Something leaner of body—something keener of mood.

Then there is that noble epitaph on General Joubert, which was written during the South African War, and which contains these prophetic lines:

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one;
Telling old battles over without hate—
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

The Dreamer has never been, and never will be, a favourite with his brethren. He comes to his triumph either through the long processes of years when he himself is gathered to his fathers or else through heroic trials which test his words in strong fires. Thereupon he disappears if his dreams do not come true. But with Rudyard Kipling they have come true, terribly true, splendidly true in this day of Armageddon.

His conception of the Empire as one house, where the Head is honoured and honours, and the children full grown, free to go their own ways, are glad to return with the gift—"Love without promise or fee"—is the right conception. It has withstood the onset; the pillars have not fallen. It will endure. The new Word, "Let us be One," that aforesaid ran "whispering o'er the waste of the ultimate slime," and at which our enemies mocked and jeered, now rises full-voiced to the dome of heaven, carried to the very Throne itself by the Sons of the Blood who have surrendered their own lives for the life and honour of that England whom they call Mother. Kipling to-day enters into his kingdom, and we can salute him best in his own words:

Drawbridge let fall, it's the Lord of us all,
The Dreamer whose dreams come true.

RIGHT WAY TO FILL A PEN.

On page 28* of the special supplement in last week's number, a printer's error shows an illustration of the filling of Waterman's new lever pocket self-filling pen with the pen and bottle upside down. It is hardly necessary to point out that if one attempted to fill the pen in this way the results would be disastrous. The correct way, of course, is to stand the bottle on a table, dip the pen in the ink, and raise and lower the "ideal" lever. With regard to the merits of the pen itself it has already won its place in public favour.

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HILAIRE BELLOC

the famous strategist of *LAND & WATER*,

is at present writing a series of articles on vital war issues which is attracting attention far and wide.

"Bachelor's" Gossip of London gives you each week information you do not get elsewhere, and special features are also provided for women in "Vivien's" splendid letter and sketches.

THE SUNDAY HERALD IS THE PAPER THAT OLD AND YOUNG ENJOY

BEHIND THE FIRING LINE.

By Lionel Holland.

THERE was a reproduction in some daily newspaper of a drawing—or a painting, it may have been—by Nevinson. This rude sketch clinched for me one of my impressions of the war—one of those few dominating impressions that remain after five months' journeying again and again the roads that run from Dunkirk to Furnes, from Furnes to Ypres, from Dunkirk to Nieuport, through rain and wind, under leaden skies, by sodden flowerless fields, and monotonous banks of canals. It represents French soldiers on the march. With square shoulders bent under a load of accoutrements, they trudge slowly, in grim silence, their individualities suppressed, moving forward with the steady, stupid movement of a machine, or of a sluggish river. They are on their way to the trenches. All day long they plod, with heavy shuffling feet, from the scattered hamlets where they have been quartered overnight, where they have slumbered on damp straw in outhouses and farms, towards the front and the trenches. Numbered and drenched by the rain, their square backs aching under a load of kit, without speech, with dulled senses, these ranks of tired men drift onwards with the fatality of a machine, with the inevitableness of a river. Thus they move eternally morning after morning, day and dusk, over the ill-paved or tyre-bitten roads of Northern France and Belgium. . . . They leave with me an impression of grandeur.

Some Impressions.

The first casual impression was one of untidiness, of something desultory, even cynical, half-hearted, with no decisive meaning. But this superficial vision soon is superseded by an abiding impression—how the eternal progress of forlorn, foot-weary men has a finality, a grandiose importance, a very splendour of meaning. I am a spectator of the supreme vindication of humanity—human sacrifice for the sake of an idea. These bowed shoulders uphold a nation's life—the ideals and hopes that are her life's breath. With bloody sacrifice and terror, more than a century past, France wrung from the womb of history an equal dignity for men. And now, against a monstrous force that she herself nursed into being when clouding her ideals by conquest and a craving for glory, France once more has summoned her citizens, sobered by experience and misfortune, to suffer for their faith and for the idea which is her life.

The small towns and villages are filled with soldiers; seldom are the long straight roads without them. They crowd the streets of Dunkirk, yet they bring with them no life nor animation. There is no ripple of laughter in the air—(when will mankind recover the gift of laughter?). Over town and village and highway brood the same suspense, like the oppression and stillness in the land and sad silence that precede and follow an eclipse of the sun—the loss of the joy of living, humanity crouching under a sense of the hideous and abnormal. And everywhere the war—not on men's lips only, but burnt into their brains, dulling their sight, feeding on their souls, cut into their bodies—on the roads, in the towns, never to be escaped. At night the dull menace of the distant guns, telling how the lust of murder never sleeps. Even the cities hold their breath. Even in the city of Dunkirk—over twenty miles from the fighting line—men speak low, their hearing strained to catch the beat of the wings of the angel of death. Nor even here is the beating of that angel's wings ever quite stilled. The siren shrieks warning, and there sail into the sky, high above the city, a flight of Taube aircraft, graceful as birds. Birds of prey, they hover above their helpless victims as these scurry to cover or gaze anxiously upwards, while, at short intervals, louder, more sustained explosions than those produced by the attacking aircraft guns tell of homes torn ruthlessly to the ground, of terror and death agony.

The birds of prey depart, but never for pity can death's angel let fall her tired eyelids. In the long close wards of the crowded hospitals some spirit in agony is crying to be released from its shattered frame. Side by side the beds are ranged in long still avenues, where figures numbed by shock and pain and injury lie week upon week, through the slow days and weary sleepless nights. Crippled forms grope their way along the wards, or sit crouched by the windows dumbly gazing into vacancy until darkness shrouds the leaden sea and the rain. Each evening at the central station trains unload their freight of wounded and fever-stricken soldiers into great

sheds that serve for temporary hospitals. While inside the surgeons rapidly examine the cases for distribution, outside, in the station yard, motor ambulances wait patiently. Their English drivers lounge restlessly about, smoking cigarettes.

Ambulances at Work.

Soon, very soon, the rush of work begins. The stretcher-bearers come out; one after another they raise the stretchers, each one with its corpse-like burden, sliding them into their places in the ambulances. They are quickly strapped safe, and the curtains over the end of their cars fastened down by the drivers. The jaded bearers turn back to fetch other wounded, while the ambulance cars, like great shadows, sweep into the gloom. They pick their way cautiously over jolting rails to the wharves where the hospital ships lie berthed—their hulls scarcely visible in the darkness, except where a gash of light at the top of a gangway shows the opening through which the stretchers have to be passed. They steal ghost-like through the unlighted streets to the hospitals in Dunkirk or Malo-les-Bains; or out beyond the city they speed, along the road towards Furnes, rushing like great cloud shadows past a few startled wayfarers, mile after mile, until they strike across the canal towards the gates of the immense military hospital that spreads itself out acre upon acre from the village of Zuydcoote to the sea.

In those surroundings a wounded soldier counts as little as a punctured tyre, his life no more than a bolt or screw. Mankind is merged in a machine, the individual in a vast instrument of destruction. Humanity is voiceless, soulless, without conscience. His identity moulded into the mass, each soldier marches towards his destiny—to kill or be killed—dumbly obedient to the will of some remote, unseen agent. There is no elbow-room for civilians east of Dunkirk; their wants and claims have ceased to count. A few peasants remain with anxious, timid eyes, wandering about in this strange world like dogs that have lost their master. Empires and policies are at death's grip; they wage war with all their resources, human and inanimate, forged into one weapon.

Men and Things.

Only the relations of men and things have utterly changed. Men for the time being have sacrificed their identities, they have become inanimate. Their handiwork has almost achieved life. On the roads the motor traffic is incessant. Huge Paris omnibuses filled with men or munitions, vans loaded with food, armoured cars spiked with guns, luxurious touring cars, now dented and soiled, ambulances blazed with a red cross—motors of every description and power—pass panting with difficulty, or sweep by with a scream, stand by the wayside damaged and crippled, or lie there deserted and despoiled. They seem to throb and strive and suffer like human beings, to usurp the vitality of their makers, to be animated by a like purpose with them. Long accepted values have been swept away by the merciless irony of destroying shells, that have brought to derision the shrines raised by mankind to honour or to nourish their ideals and desires. They have tumbled to the ground the splendid buildings at Ypres that for five centuries have stood as monuments to the faith and industry of men, and dug huge graves in her once prosperous streets. They have cracked and spattered and defaced the spacious square where the architects of Imperial Spain, of the Renaissance, and Flanders vied with each other to adorn the town of Furnes. With even malice they have spared neither the great hotels at Nieuport Plage, where the rich come of a summer to seek pleasure, nor the modest dwellings of the inhabitants of Nieuport, nor the glorious church that ennobled their town.

While all else seems death-like, and men move in a trance, shells alone are alive—the devils of hell let loose. They have rushed struggling up through the opened gates of hell to riot in a fiends' holiday on earth. The dull glow of hell-fire lights the horizon as they start on their flight. Shrieking hate they come through the air, exulting with a fiendish whistle of triumph. They burst in a spasm of lustful cruelty, dealing out poison and destruction and death, and wounds worse than death, and terror and sorrow and mourning. . . .

Strolling through the quiet woods of England, touched by the August sun, full of the contentment of the song of birds, the merciless whistle of the shells and that grim traffic on shrapnel-scarred, motor-torn roads, not much more

than a hundred miles away, seem but a dream. Yet they are realities that will sadden the cottages of France and the meadows and homesteads of England for many years to come. The sun will never shine quite as brightly again for my generation, and for the generation that is younger than mine. The sighing of the leaves as summers pass by may soften the bitterness of our remembrance, but the sweet, jolly laughter of childhood and youth—more welcome than ever—will ever recall the voices of some who trod with us these woodland paths, but rose and left us at the call of duty.

And died (uncouthly most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands
Which love of England prompted and made good.

So dimly I also realise how the flood of pain and suffering will not have flowed in vain for the kinship of men and the spirit of national liberty—that pain, the child of hate, is the parent of love, that through pain we reach love, and through love may come the redemption of a nation.

Even in Belgium, through a mist of desolation and hate, gleam rare moments, the more wonderful, memorable for impressions fragrant with poetry of hope and promise. I recall drives to Nieuport on frosty nights, when the winds

were hushed. After reaching Oost-Dunkirk, lamps have to be extinguished, and the rest of the journey pursued in the darkness, however intense, except when the scene is fitfully illuminated by the rockets sent up from the opposing trenches. But no lights are needed when, on such nights, the moon makes plain the white road, the challenging sentries, and betrays the quiet batteries half concealed in the plantations of twisted firs. Or when the haze of the dawn slips away, uncovering the placid star-set heavens and a landscape resembling the rolling desert of Egypt. As the ambulance moves in silence over the drifted sand, along the road that leads to Nieuport Bains, the sun will rise and the dunes clothe themselves in the golden red of its glory.

Just so centuries past did the sun rise over the same unchanging stretch of sand with its soft breast-shaped dunes; so centuries hence the peasant or passenger will watch its rays redden over the waking landscape, its rolling sand-valleys and uplifted hillocks. And as in centuries gone by, so now and for untold centuries to come, the soldier-children of the mother-earth will draw sustenance from her breasts, and, after their fierce brief fight, find in her bosom deep sleep unchallenged, restoring and purifying their souls for a nobler life and kindlier deeds.

FINLAY, V.C. A HERO'S WELCOME.

By Mary MacLeod Moore.

WITH the pipers of the band of the Black Watch from Bridge of Earn playing "The Highland Soldier," as their kilts swung with a dash unknown to the dull trews of the other side of the Border, Sergeant David Finlay, V.C., 2nd Black Watch, and his bride of a few hours beside him came into Glenfarg.

It was a great home-coming.

The twenty-two-year-old Scottish ploughboy who ran away five years ago to be a soldier returned, having won the highest honour his King could bestow for valour—that little bronze badge that marks a man out and sets him apart as braver than his fellows.

Son of a shepherd and of a patient, gentle mother who has borne eleven children is the young V.C.

"Little did we think when he ran awa' that he'd iver come hame like this," said the mother.

The hero's arrival at the home of his father and mother was quite undramatic. The first his parents knew of the arrival of their son was when he struck matches to see his brothers and sisters, some born since his departure five years before.

The whole of the far-flung parish of Arngask turned out to combine an unexpected wedding reception with a public reception for the presentation of a gold watch and a purse of sovereigns. The wedding reception was Finlay's little surprise. There was a boy and girl love affair five years ago between Finlay and Christina Cunningham, and the renewal of the courtship and the marriage were the result of three days.

From over the hills and far away, adown the picturesque roads, and from every house in Glenfarg came the people, gentle and simple, to cheer the V.C. There were motors full of people from the big houses, and there were barefooted, hatless bairns running breathlessly to points of vantage on the road through which Finlay must pass. There was the white-haired minister, who later prayed fervently for this soldier and for all our soldiers; there was the Army chaplain, alert and forceful, whose grandfather was a Black Watch chaplain one hundred years ago; there were village lads, grinning and shy; there were old people, and there were young girls in their summer finery.

Across the village street, upon which the Lomonds look down, danced lines of flags, and outside the local hotel there was a mighty show of decoration, with the Scottish lion ramping proudly over all.

One looked up the hilly road and heard the wail of the pipes. One looked at the rows of people lining the route of the little procession. One thrilled to think that the spirit of the Scottish heroes of old days lived in their descendants.

The pipers came nearer—kilts, bonnets, sunburned faces. Then the great sight of the evening, a motor-car bearing a shy hero who blushed, his bride, and the bridegroom's father. A great shout went up, and with one accord the people turned and ran behind the car on its way to the public hall of the village.

The presentation was to have been made with decorum and ceremony within doors, but the crowd was too large, and none must be disappointed. Who knew what V.C.'s in embryo there might be in the gathering? A platform was hastily improvised, and out in the open air, with a thundery sky for canopy, the V.C. and his escort of local celebrities took their places, while the people stood watching silently and intently.

One, though intent and silent, was not standing. "Cud ye gie a mon a seat in your motor-car?" said a voice; "he has nae legs."

Borne on the shoulders of a man in khaki came a tragic reminder of the cruelty of war—a soldier in mufti, legless and half blind, but bright and smiling and ready to cheer with the best for the young comrade who had won all he could never hope for. The contrast was bitter. Yet that face, seen through a mist of tears, made one feel afresh that there are victories far greater than those for which outward and visible decoration is awarded.

Finlay, V.C., is no speaker. The other addresses were made, the gold watch was handed to the sergeant, and he rose amid loud cheers. Brown-eyed, honest, and brave, his white teeth gleamed in his bronzed face as he said, in broad Scotch:

"Thank you, people of this parish. That's a' I'm gaeing to say."

Over and over came three times three, and not only for the soldiers, but for the mother of the V.C. and for all the other mothers who wake in the night to wonder if all is well with their boys or listen in vain for a step for ever silent.

"Carry him," shouted someone. And there was a rush. Finlay struggled.

"Wha's the wife? Come awa', lass!" he cried.

It was no use. Shoulder-high they bore him, preceded by the band, bonnets cocked, and kilts flying, and followed by the whole village to the hotel where the wedding feast waited.

Forming a wide circle, behind which the people crowded, the pipers dashed into wild Scottish music, while feet beat time and heads nodded. Thunder clouds rolled high overhead and above the purple hills, but enframed the people stood, thrilled by the magic music, while Scotland's lion and the Union Jack blew in the light breeze.

THE CONQUERORS OF ANZAC.

By R. W. Campbell.

[The writer of this article, who is the author of "Private Spud Tamson," has just returned from the Dardanelles. He is a keen student of Australasia and has made an intimate study of Australasian military affairs in times of peace. So he speaks with authority.]

Long in the arm,
Long in the leg,
Strong in the back,
And quick in the head—
Australian!

THIS is an old verse I picked up in the Bush. It pictures exactly the type in the ranks of our Australasian forces. The Australasians have created a surprise in our military world. They have achieved what seemed the impossible, and, in the doing, wiped out the stigma of "undisciplined" which they frequently earned during the South African War.

When Lord Kitchener sent the Australasians to Egypt he must have had three things in view: (1) the defence of Egypt, the terrorising of German and Turkish agents, and the quelling of any attempts at a revolution; (2) the training of these military Bohemians away from luxuries and amid surroundings which demand a severe routine and sound discipline; (3) their ultimate use against the Turks in Egypt or the Dardanelles.

That decision was sound, for Lord Kitchener *knows* Egypt just as well as he knows Australia and New Zealand. He had no need to press his bell and call for the opinion of a Staff Officer on the physique, morale, and organisation of the Australasian army. "K." had known these men in South Africa. It was also "K." who toured the whole of Australasia and placed before the present Governments his scheme for the making of every Australasian a citizen soldier. Hence the presence of these gallant fellows at Gaba Tepe—a landmark of heroism, persistency, and dourness—in the future to be known as Anzac.

These men have been successful because they have been rebels—rebels against convention, caste, pettiness, and machine-like rules of war. The Australasians are great because their fathers were great. These men are the sons of square-jawed pioneers. Their fathers had to carve wealth from a wilderness. They had to fight aborigines, bushrangers, Maoris, drought, disease, poverty, and discomfort. With only their swag and billy can they tramped away from the lures and luxuries of home into a lone interior, which only yielded its wealth to the hustler and stickler. The Bush is now a land of sheep, cattle, fruits, cereals, and beautiful homes, but it used to be as bleak as Gallipoli and as sickening as Achi Baba. The early pioneers hacked, fought, cursed, and ploughed their way to comfort and success. Hence our now wonderful Australasia and our gallant cousins.

Only he who has visited Australia and New Zealand can understand the people. As a rule, Britons know as much about these men as they do about their Bibles. We often picture them as wild men of the woods, while many of them imagine us to be either peers, publicans, or paupers. There is great need of a firmer entente. Perhaps Anzac will open the hearts of all.

I have always been a great admirer of the Australasians. Yet, I confess, they have surprised me beyond all previous conceptions. When I toured those parts I found Australia, at least, a land of contradictions. For example, I found every Premier to be an ardent Imperialist; yet I witnessed the eviction of the Governor-General, the representative of the Imperial Government, from his Sydney residence because of a petty jealousy between the local and Federal Governments. I purchased stamps without the King's head; I heard a Labour man rave about abolishing the King's head from their coin-

age. I also met Mr. Pearce, a Labour Cabinet Minister—the Father of the Australian Army, and the most solid advocate of Imperial Defence. Against that I listened to street orators, who talked of "cutting the painter," damning the British Navy, and demanding a Republic. All this placed me in a maze. This incomprehensible mixture of Imperialism, Radicalism, and Socialism caused me to curse.

I am now glad that I did not advertise my curses to the world. First impressions of Australia are wrong impressions. Such impressions always remind me of newly-made jam—you see the froth and not the substance. I dismissed my early prejudices and set about to inquire. I talked to "Andy" Fisher, "Jim" Scaddan, "Jim" M'Gowen, and "Genial" Denham, all Premiers, all Imperialists—all gentlemen. To these men I airily, and sometimes carelessly, spluttered out my immature judgments. Patiently they suffered, then they put me right.

They took me behind the scenes. Much that was vague became clear. Australia and Australians became still more interesting, more fascinating. Little, irritating things passed away in the light of these revelations. I was asked to remember that in Hyde Park, on Glasgow Green, in Phoenix Park one could hear Socialistic adventurers rave of Liberty, Revolution, Anarchy, and the destruction of the Universe. Were these true Britons? No! What right, then, had I, or any other Briton, to judge of the froth and not of the substance of this Australian world?

"Seek and ye shall find," says the Bible. So I went out again and sought for more patriotism and Imperialism in the lone parts of the Never Never Land. And I found it in plenty—all of the rough diamond variety. I met squatters, cockies, shearers, cow-punchers, milk-squeezers, and wallaby men. They called the old land "home." And they meant it. They couldn't quite explain why they loved it, but they did. "And if the old Kaiser put up his fists they'd be right there with a gun-sure thing." That's just how they put it. But little did I think their patriotism would be called on so soon.

Then I poked my way into their defence scheme. I found every man was a soldier. True, they didn't quite like it at first. It was new, it seemed strait-laced and full of red tape. They kicked, they even chucked stones at the drill halls, and called the Instructors nasty names. But these Instructors stuck to their job. They showed them that they represented 6,000,000 whites, against 360,000,000 coloured men. Their land was God's own country—a white man's country. They *had* to defend it. Common sense triumphed. And, to-day, in Australia, all are keen and enthusiastic supporters of National Defence.

What I have said about Australian defence applies also to New Zealand. There, too, "Bill" Massey and General Godley have made a citizen army. It is true that these armies have none of the polish and flashwork of a European army. Gold lace is a rarity, "swank" annihilated, and efficiency demanded. Like all new schemes there are faults, but the general principles are sound, and the spirit of officers and men magnificent.

Now, these men do not march with their whiskers waxed and "thumbs in line with the seams of the 'trews.'" They do not salute like a guardsman; they do not punctuate every three words with "Sir." They refuse to be "messed about." They loathe stupid officialdom, and will not suffer an order which has not a reason why. But they can shoot, they can march, and, by Heavens! they can fight. Their initiative is amazing—often unpleasant to a martinet of the old school.

But it is relished by such able young generals as General Birdwood. The men call him "Birdy."

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EVERY railway company throughout the Kingdom is urging its patrons to travel with as little luggage as possible. And the result is that, as the Americans put it, we are all endeavouring to travel "light." Otherwise we shall tend to our own undoing, for the scarcity of porters at the various railway stations is no fiction, and train service at any time may grow disorganised.

Everybody who is on the wing just now must admit that the railway companies' injunction has been taken seriously to heart. The monumental piles of luggage which strewed the platforms of all large stations in former years have disappeared. Luggage there may be, but it is of modest proportions, and no more resembles the paraphernalia of yester year than a paper doll resembles the Sphinx. The mystery is where women who are travelling by road and rail are putting their things. It must resolve itself into the perfection of packing with every inch of space fully accounted for. That, and a carefully chosen wardrobe, every item of which is only included after deep thought to decide the knotty point whether or not it is indispensable.

Packing to-day, therefore, even with its present curtailment, is by no means a brief or easy process. For the slap dash method—or lack of method—of packing cannot now be tolerated for an instant. No longer can we gaily fill a box with a few odd things we fancy we might need, with other boxes yawning within view waiting their turn to be filled also. Baggage being limited, we are limited too. And yet the fact remains that some women manage to be perpetually well dressed in spite of these restrictions, and are happy exponents of possibilities in even the strictest compression.

Multum in Parvo

They alight at a country house or sea-side hotel with a small sized cabin trunk and dressing bag of the most modest dimensions. At first glance it would seem as if this amount of luggage could hardly contain enough for a night, yet the visit extends into a number of days, and the right clothes for each separate occasion are never lacking. The present tendency of the times, of course, helps materially towards the travelling wardrobe. Nobody just now is inclined to ring the changes in clothes very often or very violently. Tea gowns are permitted in the evenings, when formerly they would not have been contemplated. Elaborate evening frocks demanding accurate packing and a multiplicity of tissue paper are at a discount. In spite of the growing width of skirts, clothes still fold into a conveniently small space. From the point of view of luggage difficulties alone, it is to our advantage to encourage this amiable tendency, and snub any attempts aiming against it.

Now that restriction of luggage has reached such a definite point, many of us will see that motoring and motorists have gone in front and cleared the path before us. Numbers of people have scoured England and the Continent with all their available luggage strapped on the back of the touring car. And for their benefit many articles have been adapted and corrected. Attractive wrapper dressing gowns for example, which fold up into the most compact square possible and then into a small wallet, are amongst them. Collapsible bedroom slippers are another. Everything that in days of yore appertained to the traveller by petrol is now eagerly appropriated by the traveller by rail. A scheme which insures anything going into half its natural space is sure of instant attention, approval, and success. If some enterprising mortal started a showroom in Bond Street displaying nothing but articles which would reduce to unnaturally small proportions all London would flock to see it, with the country following suit.

Signs and Tokens

This desire for economy of space can be seen in countless other ways. Quite recently a clever milliner scored an immense success with some early autumn hats, because they would fold into the smallest compass ever known to headgear, and yet emerge triumphant. She sold out her complete store in a short space of time, thereby sealing her own sagacity as well as that of her customers. For to the last it was given to appreciate a good chance when they saw it, and to herself the aptitude to set that chance a-dangling.

The practical side of things looms larger with every day that passes. Nothing has a chance of lasting unless it can show cause for its existence. Once the fashion designers recognise this, and stop trying to foist modes, which few people want, and fewer will wear, on a none too indulgent public, the better will it be for everyone concerned. They can surely be content with the fact that there has never been a wider scope for their talent than at present. It is none too easy to create clothes which are sensible and attractive at one and the same time. Anybody who gains a reputation for this combination of qualities will secure most of the money to be made in the dressmaking world this coming season. Circumstances compel most of us to be soberly clad, and inclination points all in the same direction. But all the same, nobody with a grain of wit will admit that this need mean a bleak or unbecoming outlook. Eccentricity of fashion has never suited the Englishwoman, and the present swing of the pendulum to the opposite extreme is all in her favour.

The Universal Garb

In the meantime nine out of every ten women away from London at the moment are dressed during the day in similar manner. Sports coat, short skirt, simple hat; simple hat, short skirt, sports coat, it is the same trio of garments time without number. And this in itself tends against complicated packing, for none of the three demands much space or over careful treatment. There is no article of clothing deserving greater gratitude from womenkind in general than the sports coat. In spite of its misleading name, it helps to clothe every one of us at time, even those who have never played a game within memory, and have no intention of doing so.

Thus, everything considered, there is but little claim on our luggage space this year, for all we take away with us is on the same scale of strict simplicity. Instead of an array of garden party frocks we pack war workers over-alls, figuratively if not actually, and the result helps the railway officials as well as ourselves.

It remains to be seen whether we will go back without a murmur to the quantity of luggage we used uncomplainingly to take about. Having tasted the charm of comparative vagabondage, with a suit case, the equivalent of a bundle on the shoulder, it is a moot point. And if we do it is very certain that comparison will be rife, and contrast the text for many a theme.

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Very fascinating regimental and patriotic brooches are being designed in which beautifully wrought enamel work plays a prominent part. It is possible for quite a modest price to buy the regimental brooch of any regiment in the British Army; all that is needed is to send the order, and a brooch absolutely correct to type and colouring will promptly follow. Patriotic brooches are also an attraction. These represent the flags of the Allies singly or in clever combination. No sooner had Italy entered the field than the Italian flag was added to the collection, and very pretty it is in enamel with its vivid colouring.

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AND
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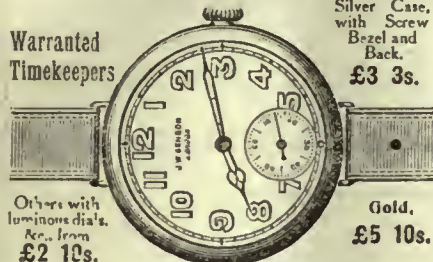
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THE POLISH CAMPAIGN.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

KOVNO AND NEO GEORGIEVSK.

THE fall of Kovno, followed by that of Neo Georgievsk, is a very grave matter. The fall of Kovno—fully evacuated—indicates no error in judgment and gives rise to no unexpected peril; but it does mean that the line from the Baltic southwards upon which the Russian armies were announced to retire cannot be held continuously.

It is too early to discuss as yet the effect which this will have upon the whole campaign in the East; it is enough, perhaps, to say that the only alternative to a continuous chain of positions more or less linked up with one another, over so considerable a stretch of country, is the manœuvring of independent armies by groups—the immediate future will show both the advantages and perils of such a method.

The configuration of the whole ground over which the Austro-German advance is taking place is such that once one gets east of a line drawn from Riga to Brest, the space to be covered grows greater and greater and the opportunities of checking an advance by continuous and unbroken advance less and less.

The line, or chain, of positions now occupied by the Russians stretches roughly along the dotted line upon the following Sketch I., in so far as its northern portion is concerned. That line still protects upon the right flank of the Russians the railway which leads through Vilna to the capital, and therefore supplies the armies with munitions from the manufacturers there situated. This railway is marked upon the Sketch I. by the letters A A A.

But with the fall of Kovno there was lost the main stronghold upon the line of the River Niemen, no natural obstacle intervening between the enemy advance in this region, pressing along the arrows, and the threatened communications to the north-east. With every increase on that pressure vital points upon the railway are more and more in peril. We need not wonder that Vilna has already been evacuated of its civil population, that Dvinsk or Dunaburg should be under orders apparently of a similar evacuation, or that, the great manufacturing town of Bialystock now immediately threatened, all machinery should have been hurriedly removed.

The fall of Kovno means that if the battle which the enemy is seeking to force in the neighbourhood of Brest is either not immediately joined or decided in favour of our Ally, there must be ultimately a falling back of their right wing. With that an inability to hold the rapidly increasing length of line as one goes eastward, and with that, again, the rearrangement of what

has been an unbroken chain of posts into groups of armies.

I repeat that it would be of the highest interest to discuss here the effect of this new arrangement, its chances of success or failure, against an advancing enemy, but that discussion cannot be undertaken until the campaign has further developed.

If Kovno has this strategical importance Neo Georgievsk has quite another and a moral one. The fall of Neo Georgievsk was quite plainly an unexpected and therefore a gravely significant thing.

I say "gravely significant," although the immediate effect of the breakdown will not be very great. The place was isolated; it was bound to fall sooner or later; it involved in its fall a number of men, which, if we count the equipped and trained men alone, were not three per cent. of the total Russian forces; a more serious number of heavy guns, and considerable amounts of that heavy munitionment for pieces of large calibre. But there was nothing decisive in the event. Strategically, it freed the whole line of the Vistula as an avenue of approach for munitions for the enemy. It did nothing more. Yet disastrous it was because it indicated the first error—or apparent error at least—in the admirably skilful retirement hitherto conducted throughout Poland. It is not easy to believe that the very large number of heavy pieces with their munitionment, let alone the garrison necessary to the holding of such a perimeter, were left behind by the Russian Higher Command with no further object than the gaining of a fortnight's time. A fortress means nothing but time. No fortress can hold out for ever. But the amount of time which you calculate that a fortress will give you, before it goes, is the very essence of your decision when you judge whether you will abandon it or garrison it as you retreat past it. Had Neo Georgievsk closed the navigation of the Vistula and in general hampered the enemy's advance until, say, October—had it proved capable of eight weeks' resistance—its full purpose would have been achieved, for it would have handicapped the chances of the enemy getting his decision before the change of the season. But it is not credible that the fortnight during which it withstood a modern siege train was worth in time the loss in guns and munitions and even men. The thing can only mean that the system of external temporary fortification had not been fully carried out, or that the pieces and men and munitions necessary to such a system were not present. It was pointed out last week in these columns that the fate of the fortress turned upon whether those elements were present or no.



The Russian Line from Brest-Litovsk Northward.

It would seem that they were not; and we must conclude that the calculations upon which its value depended were erroneous.

Important, however, as the fall both of Kovno and of Neo Georgievsk are in their various ways, neither are comparable to the capital importance of the apparently approaching but not yet achieved decision, or attempted decision, in Eastern Poland.

The vital interest at the moment is the determination of the enemy to compel our Ally to a general action in the neighbourhood and to the north of Brest, and to this, one of the critical points of the whole war, I will next turn.

THE PROBLEM OF A DECISION IN POLAND.

The problem of the next few days, I say, is this: Can the enemy compel the Russian armies concentrated in the neighbourhood of Brest and up northwards, over a front of about sixty miles, to accept battle?

If they can, a very great part of the enemy's plan is achieved. For the Russians do not desire to challenge a decision as yet, and it is *all* the enemy's plan to compel them to do so.

If they cannot, the business goes on again indefinitely, every week that passes making the price that the enemy is paying more and more out of proportion to the results he has obtained.

The matter is perfectly clear.

The enemy went into his great Polish adventure on April 30 last, having accumulated a vast amount of heavy munitionment and concentrated against the Dunajec front the great mass of his winter-trained men.

He proposed to attack, of his two great groups of enemies, the Eastern group.

He proposed to do this because he believed he could more immediately obtain a decision in the East than in the West.

He knew that he had before him the four summer months of fine weather—May, June, July, and August. He knew that September still permitted him to act in Poland. He knew that with October the end of his chance would come. It was not only climate, it was also numbers, which made him fix October as the term of his effort, for his ultimate reserves of men as against those of the Allies were insufficient. He staked everything upon this throw.

It is certain that the enemy believed he would achieve against the Russian forces a decision within a comparatively short period. It is certain from the nature of his advance, and from the changes subsequent to his first triumphant move in Galicia.

Such a decision would mean the thing defined more than once in these columns. When, of two forces opposed, the one by direct action within comparatively limited terms of space and time, disarms his opponent in such a degree that the opponent can no longer hope to resume the offensive, then a decision is achieved. Thus Waterloo was a decision, Austerlitz was a decision; but Ligny was not a decision, neither was Malplaquet.

Why did the enemy thus determine to make the Eastern field the scene of his great gamble?

Because he appreciated through his Intelligence Department, as well as through his general

knowledge of the conditions of Europe, that Russia, very poorly industrialised, almost entirely an agricultural State, possessed of few railways, and (oddly enough) of still fewer hard roads, from the scarcity of stone, would be in a state of grave inferiority with the coming of the early summer.

The war has shown that success will ultimately depend upon the power to equip with rifles and with guns, and to provide with ammunition for both, the enormous number available on paper to the belligerents.

But the production of rifles and of guns and of munitions is a matter for machinery. All had failed to appreciate—or, rather, to *guess*—what vast quantities of munitions the war would require (particularly in large shell), because no one had foreseen that the great war would be a war of trenches.

The Germans and Austrians were as much at fault in this provision as their unwilling opponents. They had indeed the advantage of having prepared for war for about three years; they had therefore all ready the equipment for their maximum total potential man-power. But shell in the number required for the new conditions had to be made. France and the Central Empires saw that at once—as long ago as last September. France, with the greater part by far of her mines and of her industrial equipment occupied by the invaders, yet did better than the Central Empires in the months that were critical in this affair. With a population of less than a third of the Central Empires she reached by June a production of shell close upon half their production.

But as against Russia the difference was enormous. The difference in the power of equipment of infantry was and remains most serious. The difference in the power of production of shell was at the outset of the Polish campaign out of all reason. It was perhaps 5 to 1.

Under such circumstances the enemy wisely determined to stake the remainder of his strength upon a decision in the East.

His attempts to obtain this decision (each hitherto unsuccessful) appear in two phases very different in their length and their cost. During the first phase, which lasted from the last days of April to the end of June, it was his determination to break through the *centre* of the Russian line opposed to him, to split the Russian Army into two portions, and to defeat these in detail. That this was his plan is proved by the fact that during all the days of this advance his heavy artillery was massed upon the centre of his line—and it was by the continued superiority of his heavy artillery, in particular the Austrian part of it, that he depended for success.

In this first attempt, the attempt to *break* the Russian forces, he came (characteristically enough) nearest to success in the very first days of his onslaught. Compare the advance on Paris. At the San he was already checked. On the Upper Dniester and in front of Lemberg he was held at the rate of a mile a day. When he entered Lemberg the hope of breaking the Russian forces asunder had disappeared.

Then came his change of plan; and his next conception was to envelop some portion at least of those Russian armies which now formed the great salient of which Warsaw was the apex.

The proof that this was his new plan is to be discovered in the swerving northward of his armies in Galicia, and the gathering opposite

them along the Narew and Niemen front, upon the north of Russian Poland, of great forces that should co-operate with the armies advancing from Galicia to cut off all that was within the bend, of which Warsaw was the most advanced and westernmost point.

We know what followed. The attempt to cut off the salient completely broke down. The two Russian fronts, the one stretching from Ivan-gorod towards Kowel, the other stretching along the Narew and so up the Niemen, maintained so easy and perfect a resistance that the evacuation of the salient and of Warsaw itself was effected in the fullest manner undisturbed, without disorder, and the enemy plan was frustrated.

But it was *after* this Russian strategical success—for it was no less—that the interest of the present phase developed.

Had the enemy envisaged as his goal the command of the Vistula line; had he been content to hold this line defensively and then to use elsewhere the troops released by his possession of so formidable an obstacle, his further strategy would have menaced that growing strength in the West which he must know to be ultimately his gravest preoccupation. It was free to the enemy to choose that course. Once the Vistula was his, in spite of his very heavy losses in the East already incurred, he might have come back west or he might still have turned south to use his surplus power for an attempted breaking of the Franco-British containment, or for an attempted cut through to his Turkish ally.

He preferred to continue that adventure upon which he was already launched and had already so far proceeded, and we are now, at the end of August, watching his continued effort to achieve a decision against an enemy still inferior in numbers of equipped men and munitionment, although that enemy has successively eluded battle for now four months, and although the season wherein a decision can be obtained is now within some few weeks of its close.

Whether the enemy has been wise or not in thus staking his very existence upon a real decision and a final victory in the East it is not for contemporary chronicle to prophesy, or even to judge. Only the future can determine. But we shall do well to appreciate most clearly in the days immediately before us that on his success or failure in Poland all his scheme will depend.

If he cannot so thoroughly defeat the Russian armies as to bring either peace on that front (a thing psychologically almost impossible) or by a real victory to leave him free for action elsewhere with what remains of his strength, then he is ultimately doomed.

Now this victory, this "decision," can only be obtained if he brings the Russians to battle.

The whole meaning of the last four months is the refusal of a decisive action by the Russians, and the tenacious attempt by the Germans and by the Austrians to compel the Russians against their wills to accept a final struggle.

The Austro-German Higher Command must in the next few days or weeks "compel its enemy to accept battle."

Even if it does "compel the enemy to accept battle," it is not certain of success. It may fail in the action so engaged. But if it does not even manage to "compel the enemy to accept battle," then its scheme has broken down altogether.

Let us first see what is meant by this phrase "compelling an enemy to accept battle."

THE COMPELLING BY AN ADVANCING FORCE OF A RETREATING FORCE TO ACCEPT BATTLE.

Generally speaking, of two forces in opposition that one which is gravely inferior in numbers of equipped men or in munitions, or both, will retire before its opponent in order to prevent that opponent from using his superiority to its destruction. And, conversely, the superior force will advance in the effort to destroy its inferior opponent.

Generally speaking, again, it is in the power of the inferior force, so long as it is still organised and in being, to continue such a retirement at will, its capacity being only limited by the space over which it can thus withdraw. The advantages it secures by escaping action until it shall be reinforced in men or munitions, or both, are limited only by a calculation of the men and material lost in such a retreat, and of the political effect produced by the enemy's occupation of certain towns and areas thus abandoned.

The reason that, as a general principle of war, an army can thus retire securely from a stronger army pursuing it, lies in the fact that the retiring army normally uses communications previously intact and well maintained, while it leaves behind it as it falls back communications which it has rendered as difficult as possible by the destruction of roads, the tearing up of rails, the blowing up of bridges, the blowing in of tunnels, &c.

It is exactly the same principle as that which boys at school use when one is chasing the other if they are both equally fast runners (and armies may normally be supposed to have much the same power of movement per day). The one who is running from the other kicks over benches on his way, slams to the open doors through which he passes, and in general leaves behind him obstacles more serious than he found in front of him.

Further, in the case of one army retreating before the advance of another, the success of the retreating army is helped by the fact that any army desiring to fight must turn its dispositions from those of marching to those of deployment in line. That takes some time, and the time is so much gain for the retreat. Again, the pursuing army can only hurt the retreating army in action by a direct blow or by envelopment. But a direct blow means—especially under modern conditions—long artillery preparation, while envelopment means a longer operation than the retirement of the wings threatened with envelopment. That is why envelopment can never succeed unless there is some element of surprise present, and can hardly succeed unless there is also an element of superior mobility.

In the particular case of this Russian retirement before the Austro-German superiority in numbers (and still greater superiority in munitionment), the retiring force has yet another asset in its favour, which is that the Higher Command at Berlin has pinned its faith to its enormous superiority in heavy artillery, particularly in that admirable heavy artillery in the construction of which the Austrians are their masters. Now of all kinds of armament the big gun is that which ties you most to slow progress.

Again, in the particular case of the Russian retirement you have rather empty land traversed by a few formidable obstacles, the communications across these rare, so that the blowing up of one big girder bridge (like that over the Bug near Brok, south of Ostrow) helps the retirement much more than it would in a country where there were more railways and smaller rivers.

It will be seen, therefore, that both from general principles and from the particular circumstances, the Russian retirement should normally proceed with success and the Austro-German Higher Command's attempt to compel the inferior force in front of it to battle has the chances against it.

Nevertheless, it hopes to achieve its end—to compel the Russian forces to stand—and it behoves us to consider upon what that hope reposes.

To bring an unwilling and inferior adversary to battle is (upon the same metaphor as we used just now of the two schoolboys) as though the one who was pursuing at last got the one who was pursued into a place from which he could no longer get away. The pursuer, for instance, runs down a corridor, passes through two or three doors that have been slammed in his face. The pursued has on each of these checks made good his escape, but he may find himself at last in some place from which there is no issue. He gets into a room, for instance, in which there is only one door through which they have both already passed, and when that has happened there is nothing left for the pursued but to turn and fight. The metaphor is ungracious and morally inaccurate, for the retirement of an army in the field has nothing in common with the running away of an individual from another stronger individual. An army retires to gain strength and at the same time to weaken its opponent; but for the purpose of understanding what is meant by "compelling an inferior opponent to battle" the analogy will serve well enough.

This forcing of a retiring enemy back into a place from which there is, geographically, no issue, is comparatively rare in the history of warfare; but circumstances can arise, or military conditions can be produced by an able commander, which are in practice equivalent to the getting of a pursued individual into a room from which there is no issue. When that is done the retreating force must halt and face the pursuit with its full strength. The retreating force has been "compelled to accept battle" while still inferior in power.

The retiring army may not have been forced on to an area physically so bounded that there is no escape from it, like a peninsula with the sea behind it and no transports. But the pursued may be put into such a posture that he is as surely condemned to fight as though he were thus caught in a corner. And it is the whole object of the pursuer to get the pursued into these straits. It is his whole object to "compel him to accept battle."

What are those conditions? They are two. The presence of either will usually "compel the acceptance of battle" by the inferior force against its will; the presence of both combined will still more successfully have that effect.

These two conditions are *congestion* and *the threatening of communications*. They nearly always occur together and depend one on the other.

By *congestion*, I mean the able "shepherding" of your retiring foe so that his masses occupy a narrower and narrower area, until their power of retirement is blocked and choked. That retirement will then progress at a slower and slower rate until it nearly comes to a standstill. The pursuit, on the other hand, continues at a fixed rate, catches up the pursued, is prepared to advance for the future more rapidly, and therefore the pursued, thus restricted in mobility, are compelled to turn and fight.

The second condition, *a threat to communications*, which is closely allied to this state of congestion and which very often produces that state of congestion, is the appearance of a body of the pursuers behind one or both flanks of the pursued, so that if the retiring force still attempts to withdraw it will be in danger of envelopment. Under these circumstances, also, the retiring force is compelled to stand and accept battle.

These very simple elements of the problem are so clear that I have perhaps expended too much space in laying them before the reader, but they are essential to the comprehension of what follows.

The Russian armies during their retirement throughout July and now three-quarters of August, remained perfectly free to withdraw almost at their leisure, and each step in that retreat was undertaken at the moment chosen by the Russian Higher Command and not at the moment imposed by the enemy Higher Command.

The enemy's every effort during this considerable period (which has cost him in time nearly two months and in men not less than a quarter of his total forces there present) was to get round the flanks of the retiring Russian line, to cut off that portion of it which projected, while it still held the salient of Warsaw; failing this, to claw round either edge of the main lines as the line fell back.

In these attempts, as we know, the enemy perpetually failed. But there would come a moment when a certain physical obstacle, which has from time immemorial affected every campaign directed against Russia from the west, would make itself felt. *This physical obstacle was the great region of marshes lying to the east of the Upper Bug, and therefore to the east and south of the modern fortress of Brest at the turning point of that river.*

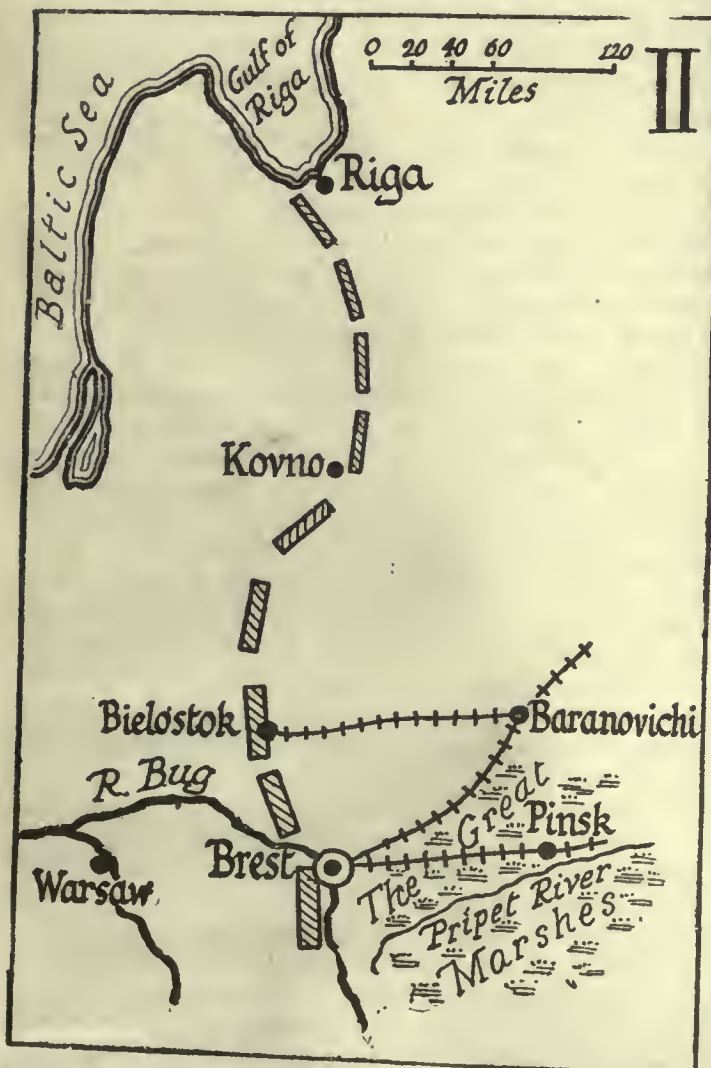
The moment the Russian forces had fallen so far back as to impinge upon this region of marsh there would at once appear a division among them. There would be two great masses of Russian troops, the one north of the marshes, the other south of them, and the main body north of the marshes would repose upon the marshes with security—at least, on the analogy of all past history. Its left would be protected by the marshy region. It would apparently have nothing to fear in the way of envelopment save from the north—that is, on its right flank.

The threat to the line upon the north—the threat, that is, directed against the right flank of the Russians, has principally occupied military opinion in this country. The advance upon Riga, first the peril and afterwards the fall of Kovno, the approach of the Austro-German columns in Hindenburg's group of armies to the railway line between Warsaw and Petrograd, all meant that should the advance continue the Russian line on the north would be turned; but that advance

was very slow, contained no element of surprise, and had objects before it all clear as daylight. There was no reason why the turning of the Russian line on the north should spell disaster, or even compel the retiring Russian force to battle. The Russian bodies stretching from Brest northward had only to fall back before the advance of the enemy precisely as they had fallen back during the preceding four months of the retreat. The time would come, as has already been suggested in this article, when the forces, as they fell back, could no longer hold a continuous line, but the new dispositions would not of themselves lead to another disaster, because groups of armies, though separated by considerable intervals, could still retire in unison and co-ordinate their movements upon a common plan. More dangerous was, and is, the threat to the left flank—the region of the marshes. It is always upon the side where you think you are secure from envelopment that the threat of envelopment will probably come, or, at least, it is always from the side where you believe yourself to be secure that the chance of a surprise, in the very nature of things, is to be discovered.

Is it possible for the enemy to advance with unexpected rapidity and in sufficient force through the marshes in their present condition? Should he attempt such an advance and fail in it he will be where he was before. He will again have failed in the tenth or twentieth of those repeated attempts to envelop a group of the Russian armies and obtain his decision.

The way in which the marshes stand to what is now the isolated northern portion of the Russian line can best be appreciated by some such rough sketch as Sketch II. accompanying these



lines. From the manufacturing town of Bielowstok and from the fortress of Brest upon the River

Bug run two railways which join at the junction of Baranovichi. In general terms the line from Brest to Baranovichi defines the northern limit of the great marsh. If we were to represent graphically the numbers of the Russian forces stretched out between Brest and the Baltic, we should probably have something corresponding to the areas indicated by the shaded groups upon Sketch II. Now, so long as that mass is certain that the marshy region towards the south and east of Brest, east of the River Bug and south of the Brest-Baranovichi railway is impassable to great bodies of the enemy, it stands reposing as securely upon its left flank as did the Allied army upon the sea in Flanders last November. Further, it can retire at will, certain that that retirement will not be interfered with from the south. But let the enemy effect what he has not yet done in the whole of this Polish adventure—to wit, a surprise: let him come up through the marsh region upon which the whole strategy of our Ally has turned for a month past, let him thus threaten the left flank, and clearly the Russians will be compelled to accept battle, the very issue which it has been their whole object to avoid during all these weeks. They would no longer be able to retire unmolested. They would be caught. They would be compelled to receive the blows of the enemy.

It is therefore quite as much, I think, to the region of the great marshes on the south and east of Brest, "the marshes of Pinsk," as they are called, which surround everywhere the upper basin of the Pripet River, as to the more obvious and long established threat from the north that our attention should be turned.

Should the enemy fail upon either of those flanks to threaten the continued retirement of the Russian armies, and should that retirement, though leading to a separation of the line into groups of armies, proceed without mishap until sufficient recruitment and munitionment are available, then the whole drama of the Eastern campaign during this summer will have ended in the strategical defeat of the enemy.

But the marshes of Pinsk are not what they were during those earlier campaigns upon the analogy of which too much faith has sometimes been pinned. Their drainage, though considerable, is not the chief change which modern times have brought to that region. The chief change is the crossing of this huge area of difficult land by at least two lines of railway. The advance of a modern army through that region, if difficult, is at any rate possible. Very much will turn upon the rapidity with which it may be attempted and the degree in which it may succeed.

H. BELLOC.

The current number of the *Asiatic Review* contains, among many excellent contributions, an article on "The United Balkan States," by Oliver Bainbridge, in which the author points out the advantages that would accrue to all the minor Powers of the near East from union. Another contribution worthy of note is the conclusion of the literal translation of the quatrains of Omar, which gains interest from comparison with Fitzgerald's rendering.

In "A Study of the Development of Infantry Tactics," a shilling manual issued by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin, the historical development of infantry tactics is concisely related, and in addition to this the book forms an up-to-date and useful manual on modern infantry formations. In non-technical language the author traces the evolution of modern infantry work, and compares the French and German methods; the book will be found very useful by infantry officers, who will find here not only the way in which certain things are done, but also the reasons for them.

THE RUSSIAN VICTORY.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE RIGA DEFEAT: A BUDGET OF EVENTS.

MANY things have happened since our last issue. On Thursday morning, August 19, the White Star liner *Arabic*, outward bound from Queens-town to New York, was torpedoed without warning, and certain American passengers on board were drowned. On the same day, a British submarine, *E13*, was stranded off the Saltholm Island, in the Sound, a few miles after passing Copenhagen. She was unable to get off, was found there by Danish destroyers, and her captain courteously informed that if he was not afloat in twenty-hours his vessel and crew would have to be interned. A German destroyer came early on the scene and watched the proceedings. Some hours afterwards other German destroyers came up, and, although *E13* was stuck fast and helpless and was in Danish territorial waters, a torpedo was fired at her and she was brought under a heavy bombardment from the destroyer's guns. Fourteen petty officers and men were killed and wounded, and the attack only ceased when one of the Danish destroyers steamed across the line of fire and ordered the Germans off.

From Monday, 16th, until Saturday, the 21st, an intermittent naval engagement took place in the Gulf of Riga, into the details of which I will go later. And during this week a British submarine succeeded in torpedoing and perhaps sinking a German battle-cruiser, supposed to be *Moltke*—the first modern capital ship to be torpedoed; and on Saturday, the 21st, a couple of French torpedo-boats encountered a German destroyer off Ostend and sank her. And in the early morning of Monday, 23rd, a British squadron, stated to be between thirty and forty ships, appeared off the Belgian coast and bombarded Zeebrugge and the neighbouring factories, canal locks, and submarine depots.

It has long been a matter of astonishment that the Germans have been left so long in undisturbed possession of this Belgian coast. The last bombardment we know of took place in the month of December. There are, doubtless, good reasons why such bombardments have not been more frequent. There is no reliable information at the time of writing as to the damage effected by this last cannonade. It is mentioned that two seaplanes, and only two, were employed to assist in controlling fire, which presumably was carried out from the farthest point out at sea from which the ships' guns could reach. It is not likely, therefore, that very fine or accurate marksmanship was aimed at. But if the port and canal were subjected to a storm of high explosive big shell it is reasonable to hope that very serious damage must have been done. The objects aimed at were, in all probability, the destruction of the submarine base which has been established inshore on the canal and of the locks and water gates of

the canal. Zeebrugge is the outlet both of the Leopold and Lierre Canals. If the mole and the lock gates could be destroyed the utility of the canals for the time being would be gone. The value of a successful bombardment is, then, exceedingly high.

AFFAIR OF THE GULF OF RIGA.

But the events off the coast of Ireland and in the Baltic may prove of almost decisive value. Let us take the Baltic case first. As we left the situation last week, the Germans had made reconnaissances at the mouth of the Gulf of Riga and off the Alands, and admitted the loss of various craft in their effort to test the Dirben Channel mine-fields. On the 16th—that is, last Monday week—a German fleet of some force approached the Gulf again. At first the Russians apparently kept them outside the Gulf, but heavy fog on Tuesday, apparently enabled the Germans to complete their mine-sweeping, to clear a channel, and to enter. The Russians kept in touch, fighting when they could, but had not sufficient force to bring on a general action. On the 19th and 20th the Germans, thinking apparently that the Russians had withdrawn altogether, sent forward towards Pernau four craft described in a telegram from Petrograd as "barques of enormous dimensions." Is it possible that barges were meant? It has for a long time been supposed that the German yards had constructed large flat-bottomed barges of great size, with a view to a descent on the coast of England or Courland as circumstances might dictate. But whether barges or barques, these, after some reconnaissances, were sent to land apparently in the neighbourhood of Pernau. The attempt was, however, a complete and utter failure. Whether it was that the shallow water prevented the ships giving proper support to the landing force or that fog supervened, we do not know. But every unit of the proposed landing force was destroyed or captured. In the meantime, on the 20th-21st, the Russian Admiral must have got his forces together and have hit upon a suitable plan of campaign, for eight German destroyers and two cruisers were sunk or put out of action, an auxiliary cruiser is said to have been destroyed, and a submarine driven ashore. And on the 21st, the expedition having completely failed, the Germans evacuated the Gulf.

The Gulf of Riga, as we saw last week, has only one entrance practicable for ships of a considerable draught. This channel runs approximately centrally through an arm of the sea some twenty miles across. The large island of Oesel, sixty miles long from north-east to south-west, and the islands of Mohu, Dago, and certain smaller islets, constitute an archipelago to the N.N.W. of the Gulf. The situation is therefore an ideal one for a resolute and successful employment of small cruisers and destroyers, for the

archipelago affords at once a safe retreat and innumerable opportunities for surprise attack. The Germans, not for the first time, seem to have shown a singular incapacity either to take the measure of their opponents or to realise the risks of the operation they were undertaking. As we have often previously seen in these notes, the landing on an enemy's coast is the last and final assertion of a claim to command the sea. To attempt a landing, as at Pernau, without having sunk or blockaded the Russian Fleet, was an act of extreme rashness. The enemy seems to have acted on the theory that, being in greater force than the Russians, once the mines blocking the entrance to the Gulf were cleared, the Gulf itself could be held and Pernau taken. Pernau was chosen in preference to Riga because the latter is fortified and Pernau is not. It is also near Petrograd.

But had the landing been effected, what would have become of the troops? Unless there were further barges and larger forces coming to support them, it would be a mere question of days before a sufficient force would have been on the spot to overwhelm them. And in the meantime, if the Russian cruisers, destroyers, and submarines had not been sunk or driven off, additional ships would be required to convoy the new transports. An initial success, therefore, could only have led to greater ultimate disaster. As it is, the Germans are probably fortunate that matters have turned out no worse.

The Russian Navy deserves every possible congratulation and praise on what was in all probability a most brilliant performance. To face a superior force of every kind successfully argues a skilful use of cover, fine seamanship, but, above all, the exercise of a wise patience. The enemy was certainly led into a sense of false security, and once the supreme blunder was committed, the superior gunnery and dash of the Russians drove him from this semi-inland water, heavily damaged in material and utterly discomfited in moral.

In the absence of details it is, of course, exceedingly rash to try and guess what happened. But one is tempted to suppose that the engagement must have been much of the same character as our own dash into the Heligoland Bight a year ago. But the essence of Sir David Beatty's expedition was to strike, do all the damage possible in the shortest possible time, to support the vanguard of destroyers and light cruisers with stronger cruisers, and finally to cover the retreat with overwhelming strength—thus securing the maximum loss to the enemy with the minimum loss to ourselves. The Germans hampered their whole proceedings by tying themselves up with transports and by hanging about in the Gulf for a week, and so gave the Russians exactly the opportunity they required.

In addition to this discomfiture, the Germans have now to realise that the process of attrition by submarine—a process that was to have brought the British and German fleets to equality—has, at the beginning of the second year of war, operated in the reverse direction. The torpedoing of the *Moltke* is, one supposes, an event that may be entirely unconnected with what has happened in the Gulf of Riga. She may have been watching outside, possibly acting as convoy to further transports. It is equally possible that she was torpedoed in the neighbourhood of Kiel. If *E13* ran aground in Danish waters on

August 19, for all we know to the contrary, one or more other British submarines may have got through at that time or before or after. But it is idle speculating upon the whereabouts of the event. The important thing is the event itself. If the *Derfflinger* and *Seydlitz* have not yet recovered from the fight off the Dogger Bank the German Fleet is almost entirely bereft of its fastest and costliest units.

THE BREACH WITH AMERICA.

The sinking of the *Arabic* and the murder of at least two more American citizens seems, at last, to end the six months' controversy between Germany and the United States. It has been a new wonder of the world that it did not end some months ago. Mr. Wilson has exhibited a patience, a toleration of outrage and of insolence, and a reluctance to believe that Germany can mean either what she says or what she does, that have been proof against the plainest language and the most glaring facts. His quite un-American virtues have been in an unique sense exemplary, in that history has no other example of a proud nation submitting to such great affronts. It was all the more extraordinary because the American attitude towards Germany's claim to run amok was defined not in the vague circumlocutions of diplomacy, but in language that bore only one meaning, and that deadly clear.

The proclamation of the war area was in effect an assertion by Germany of her intention to sink at sight any ship, belligerent or neutral, approaching these islands. This was not only plain from the language used and the means chosen for carrying out the threat, but it has been proved to be so by six months' consistent practice. The ratio of neutral ships to the total sunk is higher than that of neutral to national ships coming into and leaving British ports. And President Wilson, in common with the rest of the world, perceived from the first that this would have to be the case. Accordingly, on February 10, he defined the American view as to the rights of American ships in the area which Germany had proclaimed. Should a German naval commander, this Note said, in effect, on seeing the American flag, wrongly assume that it was not being rightly used, and should he sink an American ship and thus endanger American lives, the United States would regard it as an "indefensible violation" of its rights, and Germany would be held "to strict accountability." Nothing could have been more definite. It tied America finally to a certain view of the law and to a definite course of conduct, if Germany acted on a contrary view to America's detriment. And there the matter stood until, in the first week in May, the *Lusitania* was sent to the bottom, carrying with her more than one hundred Americans.

The loss of the *Lusitania* was not the first outrage on American rights. An American citizen had been drowned when the *Falaba*—a British merchant ship—was sunk on March 28, in circumstances of peculiar atrocity. In April an American vessel, the *Cushing*, had been bombarded by a German aeroplane. On May 1 the American *Gulf Light* had been torpedoed without warning and two Americans had met their deaths. With the *Lusitania* outrage, Mr. Wilson broke silence. He protested his incredulity that such

"illegal and inhuman" acts should have been authorised by the "great Government" of Germany. That Government was adjured to disavow these horrors and to cease from a campaign in which the methods of civilised war were impossible. Merchant vessels could not be visited nor searched by a submarine, nor taken as a prize; nor could non-combatant passengers be properly safeguarded if vessels, after they had been searched, were sunk upon the high seas. To turn them adrift in open boats was a "poor measure" of protection, and even this had been made impossible in the four instances quoted. The whole thing was a violation of "fairness, reason, justice, and humanity." But American citizens had gone to sea confident that their lives would not be endangered, and confident that their Government would sustain them in the exercise of their rights. He therefore solemnly called upon Germany to disavow her acts, to give assurances against their repetition. Failing these, America would "omit nothing necessary to the discharge of its sacred duty" of protecting its ships and its nationals.

Germany had not replied to the February protest. Her reply now was a rigmorale tissue of lies—completely disposed of by Mr. Wilson in his next Note—that the *Lusitania* was not a passenger ship at all, but an undisguised war vessel. Mr. Wilson rejoined again that all the allegations about the *Lusitania* were false, and reiterated his former position. But in Germany's second Note she disavowed nothing of the acts of submarine commanders, gave no assurances that such acts would not be repeated, and reiterated her right and intention to continue as she had begun, and she met the American threat by the insolent offer to give safe conduct to American passengers if they would travel in ships that Germany, if necessary, would supply!

When one re-reads these letters and Notes it is almost unbelievable that they can be addressed by one great Power to another, and that no national action should have followed. Far from national action, Mr. Wilson in his Note of July 24—observe, by the way, that Germany had not yet been held to "strict accountability" for the murders of March 28 or of May 7—Mr. Wilson made one more effort to induce Germany to adopt at any rate a semblance of civilised conduct. He made the great concession of waiving any safeguarding of passengers beyond putting them into open boats. Instead of this being a "poor measure of safety," as he had described it on May 15, it was now a procedure which "the whole world had been admiring with increasing interest and satisfaction"! If Germany would confine herself to sinking only the ships that she had searched, she would have the American blessing. But if she would not accept this concession and the limitations it imposed, if ships carrying Americans were once more sunk on sight, and American lives endangered, then America would at last be driven to the point of regarding such an act as "deliberately unfriendly." The sinking of the *Leelanaw*, whose crew were set adrift in boats after the ship was searched, led to no American protest, and it is clear that my interpretation of the Note of July 24 is correct. But there seems no way of bringing the sinking of the *Arabic* into this category, so that America seems bound to take the action which is imposed on those who, having the power

to resent it, are the victims of "deliberate unfriendliness."

Readers of LAND AND WATER will remember that so early as May—as soon, that is, as Mr. Wilson had decided that America would vindicate not only the rights of American ships to enter the danger zone, but of American citizens to enter it in the merchant vessels of belligerent nationality—I pointed out that a break between America and Germany was inevitable. It was obvious that the Americans could not ultimately recede from their position, and equally obvious that if Germany accepted the American demands the submarine campaign would lose all its terrors for us, and consequently all its profit for Germany. For the Note of May 15 seemed not only to forbid the sinking of vessels on sight but the sinking of vessels *at all* where the open boat was the only safeguard to passengers' lives. When this was waived, the scope of the submarine campaign which America would allow was twenty times as great as that which seemed permissible in May.

WHY WAS THE "ARABIC" SUNK?

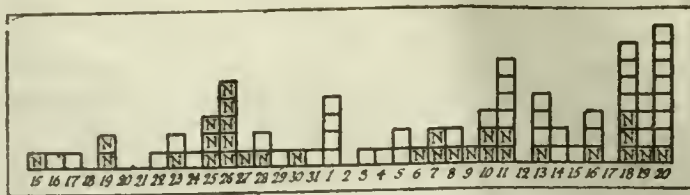
Is it possible that it was this concession by Mr. Wilson that finally convinced Germany that there was no limit to the indignities that could be put upon the Washington Government? The contrast between the American threats and the American inaction, the resignation of Mr. Bryan, the curiously abrupt tone of the Notes to Great Britain—all these things may have made it appear that Mr. Wilson's fine phrases—and these perhaps lost something in translation—would never in any event be translated into action. If this is not the explanation of the sinking of the *Arabic* it is difficult to find any other. The choice seems to lie between insanity and an impending collapse.

If the Russian campaign were literally Germany's final effort; if, bankrupt in money and in men, she had sent out her reserves to be expended in a final effort to get a resounding military success, not with a view to finishing the campaign victoriously, but with a view to ending it by a triumphal, if useless, exhibition of military prowess, then to force America into belligerency and forthwith to admit her incapacity to fight the whole world in arms, might, in fact, prove to be a high flight of statesmanship. The Allies, suddenly relieved from the obligation of further sacrifices, might, and probably would, consent to terms ten times as generous as those they could impose if they had first to inflict a military defeat. America, called at the last moment into the war, would at any rate have a status for suggesting to her Allies a policy of moderation greater than the sufferings they have endured at the hands of Germany would incline them spontaneously to propose.

No such collapse as this is shown to be imminent or likely, or perhaps possible. Still, it is extraordinarily significant that Dr. Helfrich, in putting the new loan before the Reichstag, should openly have admitted that Imperial Germany is bankrupt unless it can make its enemies bear the whole burden of this war. For no one out of Bedlam can think the imposition of such indemnities possible. There is a sensational report from Amsterdam that before this statement was

made the Chancellor in secret session laid the bareness of the land before the members. It would be folly to accept such rumours as the truth, and we have no evidence that the German resolution would be unequal to the strain of fighting to the last man and the last mark. So many confident expectations entertained by ourselves, by our Allies, and by our enemies have been wildly wrong that to form new expectations on such very slender grounds indeed would be a sin against the light. I confine myself to saying, therefore, that I see no alternative between an impending German collapse or an existing German insanity to explain the "deliberate unfriendliness" to the United States. And it is, perhaps, a good comment upon this alternative to add that it is far more probable that the whole of Germany is mad than that it has developed a sudden—and fatal—objection to insolvency.

In the third week of July we published our



last record of submarine attacks up to the 19th. Three sinkings on July 15, 16, and 17 have been reported since then, and the diagram shows the total losses from the middle of July up to August 20. It will be seen that there are 75 vessels in all sunk in just over a month. Of these 8 belong to our Allies, 19 to Norway, 7 to Sweden, 4 to Denmark, 2 to Spain, and 1 to the United States of America. There were thus 33 neutral ships sunk and 34 British, 8 Allied, and in addition to these 59 trawlers were also either torpedoed and sunk by gunfire or bombs.

A. H. POLLEN.

THE MIGHT OF PRUSSIA.

By L. March Philipps.

PROFESSOR ERICH MARCK'S sentence in a lecture at Cambridge thirteen years ago—"Bismarck is Prussia"—is much more than an obvious truism. It is true that, in all his characteristics and limitations, in his virile strength of purpose and concentration on sternly practical ends, as well as in his disregard and contempt of certain higher and rarer impulses of humanity, Bismarck was a sort of incarnate Prussia; so much so that even his physical aspect, endowed as it was with such formidable strength, yet with a strength—as shown in the heavy form and features and somewhat leaden glance of the eye—more of the physical and material than of the ideal and imaginative order, might seem a perfectly adequate representation of the genius of that State in whose existence his own was merged. But more even than that is true. Bismarck stands, more particularly and in its purest form, for that inner essence of Prussianism, that despotic, dominating instinct, which differentiates Prussia from all other nations. In the crisis of Prussia's history, when the German Empire was in process of formation, it was Bismarck's reliance on this Prussian quality which made the Prussian triumph possible. To study Bismarck's share in the making of Germany is to see the guiding thought of Prussia—that thought so deeply at variance with Western convictions which was to plunge Europe into the present war—exhibited in its full strength and curtness of outline.

The question at issue was a simple one: Was Prussia in the new kingdom to occupy the place of the leading dominant State in a confederation of States, in which case her own individuality, with its traditions of military and autocratic authority, would not only be preserved but would tend to impose themselves on the rest of the States; or was Prussia to be absorbed into the sum total of the Empire, and thus forfeit, or see diluted out of recognition, the ideal of government which had been so distinctively her own. Expressed in a sentence, the alternative amounted to this: Was Prussia to Prussianise Germany, or was Germany to Germanise Prussia?

Such was the problem, but very much more than the future Government of Germany hung on its solution. Prussia, although at this time of crisis, the middle years of last century, invaded by an unaccustomed strain of liberal ideas, was at heart autocratic. The rest of the German States were in the main progressive. Their idea of a united Empire was an Empire arranged on a Con-

stitutional basis and governed by a central Parliament in accordance with the wishes of its citizens. They shared to the full in the revolutionary excitement which was at that time passing over Europe and already triumphed at the prospect of a democratic solution of the problem of German unity. Thus the question whether Prussia would assert her predominance over or be absorbed by the new Empire was really a question which of two opposite and hostile orders of ideas should be established. If Prussia triumphed, the Prussian order of ideas—autocracy, militarism, and the morality of physical force—would triumph with it. They would impress themselves on the new Germany; they would acquire, in consequence, an enormously increased strength, and they would incidentally become a serious menace to the rest of Europe, which was organising society on the rival basis of liberty and self-government. On the other hand, if the States prevailed, the Constitutional order of ideas for which they stood would prevail also. Prussia, absorbed and gradually digested, would cease to be a menace, and the Empire itself would fall into line with the general tendencies of a progressive Europe. Only in this hour do we begin to realise the far-reaching consequences of Germany's choice.

There was a moment when it seemed certain that she would throw in her lot with the Western nations. The revolutionary movement went through the body of little German kingdoms with a crackle as of thorns on a fire. Freedom, Constitutional government, the rights of the people, and the reform of abuses were everywhere the topics of politics. Kings and princes were deposed, or abdicated, or themselves headed the reformers. In Prussia itself the Revolution was guided by a very eloquent, able, and enthusiastic body of leaders, and on all sides was apparent that impetus and unmistakable moral energy which distinguish a cause well fed by ideas. A National Assembly at Frankfort was already engaged in organising a German Constitution on liberal lines, a Liberal Ministry had been formed at Berlin, and the King of Prussia had issued a proclamation in which occurred the famous phrase, "Prussia was henceforth merged in Germany."

This was in 1848. The previous year Bismarck had been elected to the Prussian Parliament and had joined and moved to the head of that party which represented the most profound, though least articulate, instinct of the Prussian race—the sternly despotic instinct which has been the bedrock of the character of every representative Prussian statesman, warrior, or monarch, and has

indeed been the sole means on which Prussia has ever relied for the attainment of her ambitions. From the first (and in this lies his claim to be a great statesman) Bismarck divined that the wild ferment and democratic tumult of the revolutionary crisis were not fundamental. Under those shifting sands he felt a more rocklike foundation, and, feeling it, he was able to defy and scorn, and in the long run to scatter and overcome, the progressive spirit which, during the revolutionary years, appeared so popular and so inevitable.

It is in this sense that he "is Prussia" and that he interprets Prussia. Never must we, too, while studying the details of the struggle which Bismarck single-handed carried on against the forces of freedom, overlook or underestimate that adamant core of Prussian absolutism which, for all it appeared to be swamped by the revolutionary tide which flowed over it, yet remained the one fixed point round which a permanent policy might be woven. What was reaction in another State was self-realisation for Prussia. Prussia, experimenting in Constitutional government and the application of liberal ideas to life, was a Prussia acting a part, a mountebank Prussia. Less by an act of reason than by an inward identity of character did Bismarck realise the grim antique tenacity which underlay these new-fangled doctrines. The country would come through this, he thought. He himself had come through it. In his college days he, too, had cherished liberal ideas and had been cured by coming in contact with the strength of feudalism in Prussian life. Let him gain a few years, let him thwart this plot to drag Prussia, while the fever was on her, into an Empire in which she would be swallowed up, and she would presently be herself again and ratify his action.

Characteristic Tactics.

His tactics were perfectly characteristic. The refusal of Parliament to vote the Army Estimates brought the long struggle to a head in 1862, and it became evident that the only alternative to surrender was to carry on the government of the country in defiance of the Constitution and of Parliament. Pitt had tried the same experiment, but Pitt had the country behind him. For four years, by disposing of the State revenues, Bismarck governed without a Budget. The Press was muzzled, liberal officials and liberal officers were persecuted and degraded. Distrusted by every political party, execrated by the mass of the middle classes, his life threatened, with eleven votes in the House of Representatives, and the King, who had prepared to abdicate, hanging on him for support, Bismarck, always conscious of that something in Prussian life deeper and more permanent than the forces with which he was engaged, stood like a rock.

We need not dwell on the issue. The appeal to the progressive instinct is by argument and reason and thought; the appeal to the despotic instinct is by the sword. While withstanding Parliamentary attacks and political combinations, Bismarck was skilfully and swiftly arranging a more genuinely Prussian solution of the German problem. To vindicate the dominant position of Prussia in a confederation of German States it was before all things necessary to dispose of the rival claims of Austria. On the carefully prepared ground of the division of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, Bismarck goaded his rival into war, and its triumphant conclusion not only worked a counter-revolution in his own favour, but resulted in the first confederation of North German States with Prussia and the Prussian despotic tradition in supreme command.

Thus was half the allotted task accomplished. The German Empire was forming, and forming in, for Bismarck, the right way. There remained still, however, the need of linking-up the Southern States, and, with the coolness of one who thoroughly appreciated his country's maxim that war is but the realisation of policy, Bismarck proceeded to handle France with a diplomatic address which secured the desired war precisely at the desired moment. In six months it was fought to a finish, the Southern States joined the completed federation, King William was crowned German Emperor at Versailles,

and at the head of the Empire, in all military and political essentials, stood Prussia, the Prussian Army, and the Prussian Hohenzollern dynasty.

Thus the fateful question—was the free spirit or the autocratic spirit to be incorporated in the making of Germany?—was answered at last, and into a Europe which was more and more making up its mind to be guided by the ideal of liberty there had entered an alien power which adhered to an exactly opposite principle. It may have been thought—it was certainly thought by Bismarck—that the consolidation of the Empire implied the climax and limit of endeavour. A new nation had been born into the world which would need skilful adjustment to the European situation. That would suffice. As years crept upon Bismarck his conviction grew that, like himself, who had handled it so adroitly, the Prussian instinct had done its work and might now retire from active service.

Dreams of Conquest.

It could not, however, do so. The new nation came with a new idea which was not linked to any particular circumstance and would not cease to operate on the attainment of any particular object. Bismarck had identified the feeling in his own soul—the feeling that strength is sacred and has a right to crush opposition and dominate the weak—with an immediate purpose, the consolidation of the German States. But that end had not exhausted it. It had gone through that. While the old statesman looked at his work its spirit had already passed on and was animating with fresh dreams of conquest the rising generation.

So it is to this thought we are brought back, to the Prussian thought, so difficult for us, a free people, to realise or gauge the strength of. It is, I think, Mr. Trevelyan who somewhere likens Bismarck to our Strafford, and it was indeed rather in their surroundings than in themselves that the two men differed. Strafford in Prussia would have made a Bismarck; Bismarck in England would have met the fate of Strafford. The truth is, the Prussian instinct is not indigenous to our country, and therefore, as I say, is strange to us and more or less incomprehensible. All the more let us grasp it when it shows itself. From 1862 to 1870 Bismarck reveals it as it never was revealed before. He trusts it, he leans upon it, he triumphs by it. All the others, his rivals and opponents, the liberals of that age, clever men and full of ideas, are of a quite different, lighter, and flimsier make. They drift on the surface. They are not sustained, as he is, by the essential forces of Prussian life. He stands like a cliff while they go bobbing by. Not a voice is for him. He is alone against a host. Nevertheless the power he trusts to will see him through in the end. It is tough and hard to beat. It has come down through the centuries. To every word of Prussian history it has lent its own accent. What does it consist in? They call it nowadays the "will to power," the determination to rule and dominate others by a superior pride and strength, and out of that pride and strength to evolve a moral code justifying their action. We know it as an ingredient in human nature, but circumstances had developed it in Prussia and made, as it were, an essence of it. And now this it is, this instinct for domination, that Bismarck will clear a way for. *It shall dominate.*

Glaring Defiance.

Once more to-day the menace is uttered, and once more we seem to see the fierce eyes of the old Prussian glaring defiance at the enemies of his country. No one, making the retrospect that we have attempted, will belittle or underestimate the power against us. We know its record. Three times in the last fifty years it has drawn the sword, each time as the result of a definite policy, after careful thought and preparation, and with an adequate object in view. Its first war gave it a State Federation; its second gave it an Empire; its third will place Europe at its feet, or, failing that, will reduce to fragments the most perfect instrument of tyranny that the world has seen.

FINANCIAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

By a Financial Correspondent.

(Concluded from LAND AND WATER, August 21.)

[In the previous article our Correspondent pointed out that war brings us down to the realities of life, and asks of every nation: What is the real basis of your finance? The financial problems which the enemy nations have to face were explained, and our own position was briefly discussed. It was remarked that, owing to circumstances, Britain's part of the programme had to be expanded considerably.]

THE hackneyed cry of "Business as Usual," which sounds so stupid now as we recall it, might have had sense in it if all we had to do was (as we thought a year ago) to keep the seas open and a force of a few hundred thousand men on the Continent. Of course we had no difficulty in raising the necessary money—900 millions in two War Loans, 31 millions (net) in Exchequer Bonds, and over 200 millions in Treasury Bills have rolled into the lap of the Treasury as fast as shelling peas, and we do not know yet how many more millions the last War Loan will rake in. But the provision of goods and services necessary for the war is made more difficult for us because it is so easy. Having the world open to us to buy what we want, we have not been compelled to provide for the war out of our own resources, in other words, to economise. From a military point of view we have a great advantage, for all the food-growing lands of the earth are sending us grain and beef, and the wonderful industrial resources of America are helping us to solve the problem of munitions. Financially this advantage is ruinous if we contrive to wallow in its allurements.

Productive Power.

As the productive power of the country has been reduced by the transfer of so many men into the fighting forces, and as on the whole we are consuming much as usual, the result is that we export less and import more, and are very rapidly impoverishing ourselves. Now we are trying to stop this rake's progress by preaching economy. If this campaign is very successful it may reduce our consumption by 5 or even 10 per cent., but that is not nearly enough. We have to reduce by something more like 40 per cent. We have to find 900 millions a year for the war (1,100 is the Government's total expenditure, but that includes some 200 of normal peace spending), and our normal expenditure as a nation is not much over 2,000 millions. The only way to find this sum without weakening ourselves is to save 900 millions, or as much of it as we can, so that the Government's expenditure takes the place of individual spending; because, since the supply of goods and services is limited, those required by the Government can only be found if we go without some that we used to enjoy. If we do not do this we are bound to increase our debt to foreigners and reduce our own financial staying power.

Hitherto we have been selling our American bonds and securities and calling in our loans all over the world, and so enabling ourselves to consume as usual at the expense of our financial reserves. It is a fatal policy, and we ought to be taxed out of it. Long ago—as soon as it was seen what a big problem we had to tackle—we ought to have been taxed really heavily so that we were forced to consume less and hand over our buying power to the Government. As it is we have been taxed to the extent of a paltry 70 millions a year for the war and we have done the rest by borrowing. Of course, our case is different from Germany's. We are on the road to victory, and they are facing defeat. We also have greater stores of accumulated wealth. Nevertheless, since staying power is everything, the sooner we are

taxed out of our spendthrift policy the better. For when we lend and take up Government stock we feel just as well off as before, though in fact we shall be taxed to pay ourselves interest. When our money is taken by the tax-gatherer we know that we are poorer, and so we are made to save.

Case of our Allies.

In the case of our Allies, also, it is true that the command of the sea secured by our Fleet and theirs gives them a military advantage which is a source of financial danger if they use it too freely. France has reduced her imports, but not nearly as fast as her exports have fallen off, and lately the tendency has been towards an actual increase in her purchases abroad.

Russia's position is especially uncomfortable, because owing to the closing of the Baltic and the Dardanelles she cannot ship her produce, while she has to buy freely in America goods that she needs for her Army. The result is eloquently expressed by the value of the Russian currency. Before the war the Russian rouble was worth about 25½d. Now it is about 17d., shorn of roughly one third of its value.

Italy again has a special cause of loss in financial strength because the golden stream that in ordinary times passes into her year by year through the spending of tourists has been largely lost to her.

One of the most interesting problems of war is its effect on neutrals. At first they were all financially and commercially prostrate, because we were calling in our credits from them and there were no slips to be found to send goods or gold and they could not buy a Bill on London for a time at any price. Now the wind is on the other cheek, especially in America. America is about to reap a bumper harvest and sell it at a bumper price, and her factories are working full speed to supply the barbarians of the Old World with shot and shell, and boots and clothes, and copper and motor-lorries and railway wagons. Moreover, she is saving about 50 millions this year through enforced economy in Continental travelling. New York is so full of Bills on London that the English sovereign is at a discount of 2 per cent., and America is piling up profits at Europe's expense which she will lend to Europe. If the war goes on long enough and we continue to outrun the constable as we are at present, one effect of the war will be to place the sceptre of financial power in the hands of the goddess who rules in Wall Street. The only things that can stop it are either an early peace, or self-denial and hard work on our part that will check our consumption and increase our home production so that we can keep down our purchases of American stuff.

Other neutral countries that are making hay in war's murky sunshine are Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland, and Argentina. Norway, with the biggest mercantile fleet in the world in proportion to population, and plenty of timber and metals, must be coining money. Contrariwise, poor little Switzerland, with its hotel business shut down, its army mobilised, and its industries unable to get lubricating oil (because, so say the Swiss, we are afraid they will sell it to Germany), is suffering cruelly from this curious economic earthquake, so capricious in its rumblings and shocks and so incalculable in its effects.

The September volume of the *Round Table* deals, as usual, with the "Politics of the British Empire," ranging from an article on New Zealand and its part in the war to American public opinion in connection with the great struggle. Able analyses of "England's Financial Task" and "The Industrial Situation" in this number are also worthy of remark, while a distinct point of view is emphasised in "National Duty in the War," which asserts and deprecates a decline in the sense of public duty. The *Round Table* has won a definite place among the quarterlies, and the present number is one that will command attention.

TO THE DRESSING STATION.

By An Officer.

A DRY ditch bordered the orchards where such desperate fighting had taken place on the previous day. Lurking in this ditch I found two stretcher-bearers apparently none too keen to enter the fray. On the other side of it ran the by-road which led direct to the dressing-station. I was now very tired, and it seemed suitable that the two men should do their bit of work. Between the three of us we applied a couple of field dressings.

One could not have presented a very elegant appearance on this occasion—soaked to the skin with the brackish water of these French ditches, clothes caked with mud and stained yellow by the lyddite which permeated water and ground alike, breeches ripped up one side and putties torn to shreds. Part of my equipment I had discarded at various points; the remainder was unrecognisable under layers of mud. And it seemed extraordinary that, although chilled to the skin after struggling through streams and ditches, chin-deep in poisonous water, and although it was to be three days before one could obtain a change of clothing, still I suffered no after-effects.

So presently my ten stone ten was hoisted up by the two stretcher-bearers and borne along the shell-stricken road. All this section to the dressing-station—about a quarter of a mile—had been the scene of heavy fighting the day before. It was a picture such as many a battle painter would have envied, and in its stark reality appeared strange and awe-inspiring. Ammunition wagons, rushing up the road, had been caught by artillery fire and overturned or smashed. There they lay, half on the road, half off it. Dead horses blocked the ditch alongside, their legs protruding stiffly erect, their bodies half buried in mud and water, and all around a great litter of tackle and equipment.

The road itself was pitted and furrowed, and upon its surface were little drops and trails of blood where the wounded had been carried past. The milestones along this *via dolorosa* were the bodies of men who had fallen and died—some in the middle of the fairway and others just beside it, resting on the grass. In the fields and the orchards on either hand the attack had swayed to and fro, and these, too, were littered with relics. No attempt had been made to clear them away, for bullets still whistled past and shells screamed, though harmlessly, overhead.

I observed these things as I was borne along on the stretcher, the bearers of which laid it down in the road now and again to change hands or to rest. A constant procession of wounded passed by. Here and there detachments of troops or Red Cross men were awaiting orders by the roadside.

We came presently to the dressing-station—a ruined farm, whose bright red walls stood out stark and roofless. Here was a busy scene indeed. The place swarmed with activity, the air was alive with the purring sound of motors. Apart from the stream of wounded on foot and on stretchers constantly coming in, doctors and Red Cross orderlies rushed to and fro, and in the open space where the by-road joined the main highway there stood groups of Staff officers, medical officers, motor-cyclist orderlies, and messengers. Two motor ambulances were ready to start off immediately, and in one of these my stretcher was placed.

It did not wait long. Three other stretchers were lifted in, one resting on the top tier beside my own, the other two beneath us. The occupants of the ambulance are a sergeant, who moans restlessly, and a bucolic, bloodthirsty fellow, who loudly proclaims that he has been hit three times and has "done in" as many Germans. A lightly wounded comrade has accompanied him down to the ambulance and now wishes him a safe journey home and a good holiday. Nor does this precious rascal cease to chatter volubly (to himself) as we rattle

along, voicing his own peculiar opinion about the progress of the battle; and when the suffering sergeant presently tells him to "shut his row," the only retort is a volley of amiable blasphemy.

It is a ridiculous situation.

The fourth member of the party is a youthful subaltern, who lies beside me, very still and quiet. His face is white as marble, his eyes are wide open; he seems to be half conscious. Occasionally he moves his lips, and once clasps the roof-joint with his pallid hand, which presently falls limp across my chest. He does not move again, and when they lift him out he is dead.

The flap of the ambulance is left open, so that I am able to observe many things that happen on the rapidly receding road to the field hospital. There is great activity—Red Cross motors and big grey Staff cars rushing past, orderlies on bicycles and on horseback, Staff officers cantering along, and numerous parties of soldiers on one mission or another. All the ruins of farmhouses by the roadside are occupied by troops.

We have not travelled far before we pass batches of German prisoners between armed guards, trudging stolidly along in file, their grey uniforms, little round caps, and unkempt faces suggesting a party of convicts. Weedy and uneven they are for the most part, and of no account compared with the fine men of the Prussian Guard whom I had met the day before.

Now we rattle through the streets of the little French town whence a couple of days ago the battalion had marched out at full strength. Then, leaving behind the noise of the market-place, we pass under an arch into a quiet courtyard. I ask the name of the place. It is a school for young priests. I glance once more at the composed face of him for whom there is to be no journey home, and am carried across the courtyard to a surgical room. Here a new dressing is applied, and at the same time one is inoculated against tetanus. My label for England is affixed, and I am taken to another room, a large, cool place, where two figures are already lying. One is a Scotch colonel, wounded in two places by shrapnel; the other, the same young doctor whom I had found lying in the open that morning, having been shot while attending some of my own wounded.

An amiable attendant in a white suit immediately brings a cup of hot soup, relieves me of my haversack and equipment, together with a good deal of mud, and produces a very welcome cigarette. Presently one of the priests appears—a grave man with an austere, sallow face, dressed in a rusty black cassock—and inquires of each whether he belongs to the Roman Catholic Church. Obtaining little satisfaction from anybody, he shuffles out, and we are left alone on our stretchers with our pains and our thoughts.

The curious silence of the place after the unspeakable din and confusion of the struggle round the mill was one of the strangest reactions imaginable. Not a sound but the occasional echo of a footstep down the cool stone passages came to disturb our rest for many hours. Only the poor doctor moaned quietly to himself in his darkened corner.

Once an aeroplane sailed across the space of blue sky which could be seen through the open window, and its droning hum drifted in on the still air. Outside, I remember, there was a glimpse of a plane tree and a flower garden, and a red brick wall, upon which, as afternoon passed into evening, the setting sun cast its lengthening shadows. One thought—by way of contrast—of the years and years of sunlit peace which must have lingered in this quiet place and of all the unsophisticated, retiring men who had learnt their lifelong lessons there.

Presently it was quite dark, and we were carried out one by one to the motor-ambulance, which travelled swiftly to the clearing hospital nine miles away.

STORY OF A LITTLE ALSATIAN.

By Alphonse Daudet.*

THAT morning I was very late for school, and I was dreadfully afraid of being scolded, all the more so as Monsieur Hamel had told us he was going to examine us on the participles, and I didn't know the first thing about them. For a moment I had a good mind to play truant and take a cross-country walk.

It was such a bright, warm day.

You could hear the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the woods and the Prussians drilling in Rippert's meadow behind the saw-mill. All that tempted me more than participle rules, but I was strong enough to resist and I ran on to school as fast as I could.

When I was going by the Mayor's office I saw there was a crowd in front of the little public notice board. It was from there that for two years we had got all our bad news, battles lost, conscriptions, orders from headquarters, and I wondered without stopping:

"What's up now?"

Then as I ran across the square Wachter, the blacksmith, who was standing there with his apprentice busy reading the notice, cried out to me:

"What's your hurry, youngster? You'll get to school soon enough."

I thought he was making fun of me, and I ran into Monsieur Hamel's little yard all out of breath.

Usually when class was beginning there was a terrible racket that could be heard out in the street, desks opening and shutting, lessons being repeated all together at the pitch of our voices with our fingers in our ears to learn all the better, and teacher's heavy ruler banging on the desks:

"Less noise there!"

I reckoned on all this noise to get to my seat without being spied, but that day it so happened everything was quiet as a Sunday morning. Through the open window I could see my school mates all in their places, and Monsieur Hamel stalking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in this dead silence. You can imagine if I wasn't red and afraid.

No need to worry. Monsieur Hamel looked at me without anger and said very gently:

"Go to your place quickly, Frantz, my boy; we were going to begin without you."

I threw my leg over my bench and sat down at my desk right away. It was only then that, having lost a bit of my fear, I noticed that teacher was wearing his fine green coat, his frilled shirt, and the black silk embroidered cap he only wore on inspection days or when the prizes were distributed. What surprised me most of all, however, was to see some of the village folk as silent as ourselves sitting at the back of the room on the benches that were usually empty; old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, our late Mayor, the ex-postman, and some others. They all looked sad, and Hauser had brought an old primer, all gnawed at the edges, which he held open on his knees with his great big spectacles laid across the pages.

While I was gazing in wonder at all this, Monsieur Hamel had stepped up on to his platform, and in the same grave, gentle voice with which he had greeted me, said to us:

"My children, this is the last time I am going to take the class. Orders have come from Berlin that nothing but German is to be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher is coming to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French, so I want you to be specially attentive."

Those few words upset me. So that was the notice the wretches had posted up at the Mayor's.

My last lesson in French!

And here was I who hardly knew how to write. I should never learn now. I would have to stick there. How I regretted now the lessons I had skipped to go hunting birds' nests and sliding on the Saar! My books I had found so tiresome a moment ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my sacred history, seemed just then like old friends I'd be sorry to part from. And the same with Monsieur Hamel. I forgot his punishments, the whacks from his ruler, when I realised he was going away and that I'd never see him again.

Poor man!

It was in honour of this last class that he had put on his Sunday best. Now I understood why these old folk from the village had come to sit at the back of the school-room. It was as much as to say they were sorry they hadn't come oftener to the school. It was also one way they had of thanking our teacher for his forty years of faithful service, and of paying their respects to the fatherland which was passing from them.

I had just come to that point in my thinking when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. I would have given the world if only I had been able to reel off that famous rule about the participles loudly and distinctly without making a blunder. But I got twisted up at the start, and I stood there swaying against my bench, my heart full, not daring to lift my head. I heard Monsieur Hamel speaking to me:

"I'm not going to scold you, Frantz, my boy; you must be punished enough. That's the way it goes. Every day we've said to ourselves—Bother! Lots of time left, we'll learn to-morrow. And see what happens. Ah! It has always been the greatest misfortune of our Alsace to keep putting off its lesson till to-morrow. And now those people are quite justified in saying to us: 'What! You claim to be French, and you neither know how to speak or write your own language!' Anyway, my poor Frantz, you're not most to blame. We all have to take our fair share of reproaches."

"Your parents haven't paid enough attention to seeing you educated. They preferred to send you to work in the fields or the mills so as to have a few more coppers. And have I nothing to reproach myself with? Haven't I made you water my garden instead of studying? And have I ever hesitated about dismissing school when I wanted to go trout fishing?"

Then from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel went on to speak about the French language, saying it was the soundest, clearest, most beautiful language in the world: that we must keep it alive amongst ourselves and never forget it because, when a people falls into slavery, so long as it keeps hold of its language it was as if it held the key to open its prison. Then he took a grammar and read us out our lesson. I was astonished to see how well I understood it. All that he said seemed so easy to me, so easy. I believed, too, that I had never listened so attentively and that he had never shown such patience in explaining things to us. You would have said that before he went away the poor man wanted to give us all his knowledge, to drive it into our skulls with a single blow.

When the lesson was over, we went on to the writing lesson. For that day Monsieur Hamel had got ready some entirely new copy books, on which he had written in a fine round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." They were like little flags floating all around the room as they hung on the rails of our desks. You should have seen how busy we all were, and how quiet it was. You could hear nothing but pens scraping on the paper. Once some cockchafers flew in, but nobody paid any attention to them, not even the littlest kids who were labouring to make their straight strokes as earnestly and seriously as if even the strokes were French. On the roof of the school pigeons were cooing softly, and I thought to myself when I heard them:

* Translated by Robert W. Sneddon.

"I wonder if they'll be made to sing in German as well."

Now and again when I raised my eyes from my copy I saw Monsieur Hamel sitting still in his seat looking steadily at everything about him, as if he wished to carry away in that stare every bit of the little school-house. Think of it. For forty years he had been in the same place facing his yard and the same sort of a class. Only, the benches were polished and rubbed by use, the walnut trees in the yard had grown, and the hop-vine he had himself planted had twined about the windows as high as the roof. How it must be breaking the heart of the poor man to leave all those things and to hear his sister pattering about in the room above where she was packing up. For they were going away the next day, leaving the country for ever.

All the same it was very brave of him to take our class up to the end. After writing, we had our history lesson; then all the little ones said their ba, be, bi, bo, bu in a sing-song together. At the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his

primer in both hands, was spelling out the letters with him. You could see how earnest he, too, was over it. His voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh—and to cry.

All at once the church clock struck twelve, then we heard the Angelus. Just then the bugles of the Prussians coming back from drill blared out under our windows. Monsieur Hamel, white as anything, got up from his chair. Never had he looked so tall.

"My friends," he said, "my friends, I . . . I . . ." Something choked him. He couldn't finish the sentence.

He turned round to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and wrote in as large and heavy letters as he could:

"FRANCE FOR EVER!"

There he stood, with his head leaning against the wall, not saying a word, and motioned to us with his hand:

"That is all . . . go."

MILTON AS THE WAR POET.

By S. P. B. Mais.

IN time past it was commonly thought that the average soldier or sailor did not, in the common acceptance of the phrase, read at all. No greater error could be made. Any man bound on a dangerous mission is in far greater need of the stay and comfort that can only be derived from literature than the normal citizen.

Everyone will remember the list of books that Captain Scott and his heroic crew took out to the South Pole. The choice was necessarily limited. What were the volumes which were read and re-read in those age-long days and nights of darkness, when no work was possible? "Vanity Fair" and "The Pickwick Papers." The "Junior Subaltern" who has been delighting the hearts of thousands month by month in *Blackwood's Magazine* also gives outgoing officers invaluable tips as to what they will require in the trenches. "Above all," he says, "do not omit to bring your 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pickwick.'" I bethink me of those many letters that occupy the most sacred drawer in my study, those letters from absent friends in the trenches. One and all tell at different times of the joy and comfort derived from well-known chapters of great novels or from poems re-read with an insight into the meaning of life and death entirely lacking before.

Shakespeare's appeal has been, of course, universal for three hundred years, but passages even from those choruses in "Henry V." which by constant repetition had threatened to become hackneyed and meaningless have caused thrills of patriotic pride to surge through the minds of the least imaginative among us. But the most amazing part of this Renaissance of Reading has been the re-discovery of Milton. It has been the fashion for many years to look upon "Paradise Lost" not (as Doctor Johnson boldly said) as a book which no man could wish to be longer, but simply as appallingly dull—in fact, unreadable. Now we find that this stern, cold patriot of the Commonwealth, by means of his magic gift of sonorous, majestic language, has transcribed for us exactly the life that is being lived in the trenches.

Merely to dive at random into any of the earlier books of this poem is to find oneself arrested by a phrase which precisely describes what we, for lack of the right words, have been unable to visualise. It is worth while to give concrete examples of this. What picture of desecrated Belgium is so vivid as this?

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful?

Does not this exactly bring trench-life home to us?

'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood, in terrible array
Of hideous length.

My next instance is almost uncanny in its aptness of expression:

Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seemed then
Conflicting fire.

Here is a description of the ravage wrought by modern big-gun fire:

. . . Infernal flame
Which, into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick-rammed, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmed
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.

. . . Soon obscured with smoke,
(Flame) From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar
Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
Levelled, with such impetuous fury smote
That whom they hit . . . down fell
By thousands . . .
. . . So hills amid the air encountered hills
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise! War seemed a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heaped
Upon confusion rose.

Then the following passage might almost have been written as an epitome of German ideals:

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and, for glory done,
Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods—
Destroyers rightly called, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.

I could multiply instance upon instance with the greatest ease; there is no need to refer to "Sortes

Virgilianæ" or obscure passages in Homer: our native poets have said enough and to the point; but here is one last Miltonic passage which might stand for all time as an exact picture of a modern field hospital:

Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark;
A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased—all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good and final hope,
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold?

Anyone may for himself, by merely picking up and opening a copy of "Paradise Lost," chance upon passages even more apposite than these which I have quoted, but these few which have been sent home to me from the trenches will serve to show the power that one of our own poets has to depict all these horrors.

Apart, too, from his graphic descriptions of the terrors of war, we find in Milton that perfect expression of the patriotic spirit which has certainly been resuscitated in the last year throughout the British Empire, but which so far has not found worthy utterance in the majority of poems which have professed to express it. The spirit of freedom, the birth-pangs of a real profound love of country are to be found in all the sonnets of Milton, in some sonnets of Wordsworth, and scarcely anywhere else in English literature. Has ever the patriotic spirit been so exquisitely and surely portrayed in fourteen lines as in this sonnet of Wordsworth's?

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, with pomp of waters, unwithstood,
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

It is by a strange irony that the very poets who have always been revered from a distance, but never been taken up as breast-pocket companions in the years gone by, should have come into their own through the agency of war. There is no doubt now that Milton and Wordsworth are the most read of any of the poets by those who are seeking for real spiritual comfort and inspiration in a time of agony and chaos like the present. Their souls were like the stars and dwelt apart, "pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free"; we go to them as we go to Shakespeare, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Æschylus, or Sophocles, sure that we shall find life depicted free of its trappings and insincerities, sure of the uplifting power of their words, sure of consolation and hope. In the old days of leisured ease we were easily hypnotised by the cloying honey-sweetness of the second-rate; to-day we are unable to tolerate anything except Nature herself or those whose gift it has been to hold the mirror up to Nature.

But of late the spirit of these men, the spirit of Browning's "Here and here did England help me, how can I help England?" has found utterance in the work of a new school, headed by the young soldier-poet Rupert Brooke. This is how the outbreak of war affects this fine poet of our own age:

Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour,
To turn . . . glad from a world grown old and cold
and weary.
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love
Then there is his beautiful sonnet entitled "The

Soldier," which has been so widely quoted. No sane critic would venture to deny greatness to such a perfectly executed poem as this. But perhaps nowhere is the impetus given to inspired expression in verse so easily to be seen as in a little eighteenpenny book just published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, called *Poems of To-day*. Here are gathered up for the sake of future generations all the best poems of our time, and it is little short of amazing to compare such a collection with others of a few years back. Love of England is visible in every line; everywhere there breathes a simple, direct, instantaneous appeal. To choose almost at random, take Miss Rose Macaulay's "Many Sisters to Many Brothers":

When we fought campaigns (in the long Christmas rains)
With soldiers spread in troops on the floor,
I shot as straight as you, my losses were as few,
My victories as many, or more . . .
Was there a scrap or ploy in which you, the boy,
Could better me? You could not climb higher,
Ride straighter, run as quick (and to smoke made you sick);
But I sit here and you're under fire.
Oh! it's you that have the luck, out there in blood and muck;
You were born beneath a kindly star.
All we dreamt, I and you, you can really go and do,
And I can't, the way things are.
In a trench you are sitting, while I am knitting
A hopeless sock that never gets done.
Well, here's luck, my dear—and you've got it, no fear;
But for me . . . a war is poor fun.

You will find this new note struck with equal effect in the latest work of Masfield, G. K. Chesterton, and all the school of Georgian poets who before the war were in danger of getting lost in the forest of new ideas. The swing of the pendulum has brought poetry into repute again. Everywhere, in the most unlikely places, men and women may be seen reading old and new poetry, who only a year ago either read not at all or found their mental appetite satisfied by the yellow-back or the cheaper sort of magazine.

Certainly the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges, and the shades of poets dead and gone may now rest assured that justice is being done to their genius and vision, for never was there a time when worth was more passionately needed or merit more surely recognised than the present.

Whether it is a man who, despairing of finding language fit to express what he is living through at the front, turns to the great poets to help him out, or whether it is some lonely soul, bereft of all that he or she loves best, in some out-of-the-way spot here at home, seeks oblivion or fresh strength from the old giants of literature—on every side it can be easily seen that literature has come into its own through war, and that war brings into being a fresh source of good writing, is in itself the fountain head of the eternal spring of that flowing stream of literary effort by which a nation's greatness is most surely measured and which will still inspire mankind through future ages to nobility of aim when all wars and rumours of wars are but as a forgotten nightmare.

OUR MOTOR AMBULANCE FUND.

THE motor ambulance presented to the Red Cross Motor Ambulance Volunteer Corps by means of subscription from our readers is already doing good work in Belgium. The Hon. Treasurer of the Corps, Mr. Alexander McConnell, in acknowledging receipt of a cheque for £171 16s. 4d., being the balance of the sum subscribed by the readers of LAND AND WATER for the purchase of a motor ambulance and its maintenance, writes:

The Napier motor ambulance which was paid for and presented to our Corps by your readers has been regularly working in Belgium for some time. This particular ambulance is in charge of Dr. Henry Jellett and Lady Dorothea Feilding. Dr. Jellett was recently mentioned in despatches for gallant and distinguished service in the field, and Lady Dorothea Feilding's record of bravery and self-sacrifice is very well known to you. I can assure you that both my London Committee and the Corps Committee in Belgium are very encouraged by all the help your readers have rendered us.

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ONE PENNY

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A LITERARY REVIEW.

"The Faithful: A Tragedy in Three Acts." By John Masefield. (Heinemann.) 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Masefield has attempted to transport himself, and us, into the atmosphere of old Japan two hundred years ago. We need not suppose that the psychology of the Japanese is more familiar to him than it is to the reader who knows Japan only through such scanty literature as is available. We must, therefore, take this play as a piece of imaginative reconstruction, with the known ethics and social life of old Japan as the fixed condition. That is to say, we may regard the play as taking place in any heroic age you please, when the wicked may be powerful, but when it is the virtue of the hero to resist tyranny, and of lesser men to follow the hero to the death, or to sacrifice all to avenge him after death. This is an epic atmosphere which it is not easy for Englishmen to realise; it has behind it no familiar epic or ballad literature to give it a literary authenticity; nor can we read this play with the reassurance that it comes straight from the heart of Japan—that it has any kind of historical authenticity.

This, however, is only to say that Mr. Masefield has set himself an extremely difficult task, and it is the more to his credit that he has in some measure succeeded. We do not quite realise in what way the hero Asano has benefited his dependants, but we understand vaguely that he is a just man, and that the Lord Kira, whose arrogance he resists, represents wickedness backed by legal power and soldiery. Mr. Masefield has ingeniously contrived the incidents by which Asano is tricked and done to death by Kira. The rest of the play turns upon the avenging of Asano, with Kurano as the principal figure. We do not see any necessity for the long scene in which Kurano feigns madness, save that it gives the author an opportunity for many Hamlet-like pronouncements. The killing of Kira, in the last act, is well done, and affords opportunity for some grim and gruesome play-acting. Revenge, perhaps, is not an ambition which appeals very strongly to an English audience, but Mr. Masefield has glorified the ambition by mingling with it the conception of fidelity to the memory of the just hero, and the desire to be united with him through the successful sacrifice of death. A curious mingling of English and Japanese!

Mr. Masefield, having in his temperament a strong vein of outlandish romance, has made something strange and interesting out of a theme which few writers could have handled at all. We welcome the work as a return to that fine order of achievement which we had always expected from Mr. Masefield.

"The Freelands." By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 6s.

To praise or dismiss Mr. Galsworthy as a writer of successful or partially successful fiction would be little to the point. We have not finished with his novel when we say that his plot is this or that, that certain characters are "convincing" or the reverse, that the descriptions are vivid or the ideas stimulating. Mr. Galsworthy is an institution of a special kind; he is part and parcel of the intellectual stock-in-trade of this country.

Now Mr. Galsworthy sees this England of ours as a society divided up into almost water-tight compartments. These compartments are occupied by men and women not dissimilar in what is essential to human nature; the same selfishness, the same generosity, the same common humanity may be found in all of them. They differ in their environment, in respect of the special prejudices, interests, and habits which are cultivated in some of them; the men who live in one small compartment only peep over the edge to get a distorted view of the men who live in the larger and more crowded compartments. It is his function to introduce the one class to the other; to let in a little light through the barriers; to help in establishing social sympathy and understanding by exposing the existing barriers of prejudice. In "The Freelands," his new novel, he takes up the question of "the land."

The brothers Freeland represent three types of the class in which authority reposes and one individual who has broken away from that class. Of the first three, Felix alone is comparatively free from the prejudices of the elder brothers. He is an observer of life, an intellectual, a novelist holding some such position as Mr. Galsworthy himself holds. He attributes most of the evils of this world to Industrialism and Officialism, just as his brother John, a precise man, attributes them to Industrialism and Intellectualism; and his brother Stanley, who owns the Morton Plough Works, in Worcestershire, at-

tributes them to Officialism and "the advanced ideas of these new writers and intellectuals." It is at Becket, Stanley's country house, with its "lawns, park, covert, and private golf course," that the question of the land is discussed and discussed. It is examined from every point of view save that of the labourer; whilst close by, on a neighbouring semi-feudal estate, with its model landlord, its well-meant patronage, and the tyranny of petty interference, the actual tragi-comedy of the land is being enacted. It is the fourth Freeland brother, Tod—a Tolstoyan figure—and his wife and his two "rebel" children, who, living the life of cottagers, are stirring up the labourers to a knowledge of grievance, a knowledge which proceeds to criminal violence when a sturdy labourer, who has been evicted for marrying his deceased wife's sister, burns a barn and a hay-rick. On the one side, from one compartment, only "tyranny" is discernible; on the other side one sees arson, crime, an attack upon the sacredness of property.

Mr. Galsworthy knows well how to present these contrasts, how to push these diverse ideas and prejudices to their extreme logical conclusions. The Freelands and the Mallorings, embodiments of what Mr. Galsworthy is accustomed to call the "system," the "code," are types firmly and satirically drawn. Their mother Frances, with her absurd kindness and irrelevance, introduces a softer human note. Tod, the Tolstoyan, is not very happily conceived; or, rather, he is conceived only. As presented, he is unreal. The children, too, embodiments of the modern "unrest," of the desire to throw the world into the melting pot and make it afresh, are successful, not as characters, but only as instruments for furthering Mr. Galsworthy's plan; whilst Nedda, whom we may call the heroine, exists for the sake of love and soft sensibility and apprehension of the beautiful. Regarded merely as a novel, we should find that the book has many defects; but as an analysis of the "land problem" on the social and human side Mr. Galsworthy entirely succeeds. He makes good his just perspective.

In spite of the mass of Napoleonic literature available, there is room for such a book as "The Little Corporal," by M. M. O'Hara. (McBride, Nast and Co., 2s. 6d.) The book consists of a series of little studies, with descriptions of some of the most critical episodes in the life of the great conqueror. The day of Austerlitz, the amazing adventure of Elba and Napoleon's return, and the story of the hundred days are told with a freshness that makes the old story new again, and in one chapter—the last in the volume—is crystallised all that one need read to settle the controversy regarding Napoleon's days at St. Helena. If there is one fault in the book, it is the way in which the author insists on the Irishness of Wellington's genius, but few will regard this as a fault. The book itself is a well-written and concise study.

COMPANY MEETING.

LIPTON, LIMITED.

MR. ROBERTSON LAWSON, presiding at the meeting of Lipton (Ltd.), expressed his regret that, owing to illness, Sir Thomas Lipton was unable to be present. The Board much regretted, he said, that the position indicated in the report must be a disappointing one. To none was it more so than to Sir Thomas Lipton and the Board of Directors. Mr. Peters, the managing director, and himself had not been long on the Board before, in co-operation with Mr. Bowker, they realised that the position of affairs required to be dealt with very firmly, and, in certain directions drastically. They therefore commenced the reorganisation of the internal management.

It seemed that certain of the stocks carried were too heavy for the business done, and they therefore applied definite tests with the object of checking these stocks. The result of the full stocktaking investigations revealed the fact that the stocks had been seriously overstated and were deficient, so that they were faced with a substantial shortage of capital in consequence of this and of several speculations having been entered into which resulted in a considerable loss. These speculations were for the purpose of developing outside businesses. The result was that they found themselves short, in view of actual working capital, of £250,000. On Sir Thomas's return from Siberia the facts were placed before him, and he lost no time in expressing his determination to make good these losses himself, large though they were. It was now for the board, as reconstituted, to see that never again in the history of the company could there be a repetition of the events they had had to face. Added to the troubles of management had been those connected with the war, which had had a bad effect on the company's trading. The profit was less by £79,489. The turnover had been practically the same. He thought it was only a question of time before the business would respond satisfactorily to the rearrangements made.

Mr. H. L. Peters, the managing director, in seconding the adoption of the report, spoke hopefully of the future.

The report was adopted and the usual formal business transacted.



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THE WEST END

WHEN the King and Queen were at the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught motored over from Bagshot, and had luncheon with their Majesties. Prince Arthur was in England on short leave; his visits home have been few and far between since he joined the Staff of Sir John French. His Royal Highness is almost as well known at the Headquarters of the French Army as at British Headquarters, for nearly all ceremonial functions in connection with the two nations, at which the King has to be represented, have fallen to him, the Prince of Wales preferring to leave such duties so far as possible to his cousin.

Princess Victoria has again gone to Harrogate for the cure. Harrogate has been a favourite with several members of the Royal Family; Prince Christian used to go there regularly for several years. The Yorkshire Spa has been crowded this summer, and well-known people to be seen there have included Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Nicholson, Lord Rathmore, and Lord Atkinson. Sir Harcourt Butler, the new Lieutenant Governor of Burma, has been doing the cure preparatory to taking up his new appointment. He was accompanied by Lady Butler.

The Duke of Portland has issued an appeal from Welbeck Abbey on behalf of the Committee of Queen Mary's Hospital at Southend, where over 1,700 wounded have been received, asking for presents of jams, marmalades, and other preserves, both on a large and small scale, from professional and domestic jam-makers. It is a form of gift which many might not realise would be acceptable. Jams, &c., should be sent to the Secretary of the Hospital at Southend-on-Sea.

Lord Durham, Lord March, Lord Portman, and Lord Portsmouth were among those who went to Scotland last week. Shooting has become more general at the end of the month, but it seems likely that not a few moors will hardly be shot over at all. The grouse is a bird of elusive habits and mysterious ailments, and though much of its life history has been recently elucidated, parts are still "wropped in mystery." Are over-stocked moors bound to end in disease? It is a question on which one would like an authoritative statement.

Lord Grey, as Chairman of the Memorial Sub-Committee of the Overseas Club, has mentioned that as maples are being planted in France and Flanders in honour of the Canadian dead, so it is proposed to plant wattle and the te tree in honour of Australia and New Zealand in Gallipoli. It will be interesting to watch the outcome of these groves of honour. The wattle has something of the true Australian tenacity; where it once gets a foothold, there it sticks. And if conditions be favourable, it spreads at a great pace and ousts all other vegetation. If the Dardanelles be fringed with wattle scrub, military operations will be even more difficult in the future.

Sir Charles Wakefield, the Lord Mayor-Elect of London, received the knighthood when he was Sheriff eight years ago. He is Honorary Colonel of the Royal Garrison Artillery, London Brigade, and is an Officer of the Legion of Honour, and has the Order of the Crown of Belgium. Once he wore the Prussian Order of the Crown, but that has been discarded. Sir Charles, who in business is an oil manufacturer, has always taken an active interest in public affairs. His book on "The Future Trade of the East" is a valuable work.

The Lord Mayor of London for 1915-16, has for his second Christian name the unusual one of Cheers, his mother having been a Miss Cheers. It is a good omen. One may hope that before his year of office is out, public events will cause Sir Charles to be known familiarly in the City of London as Cheers Wakefield.

London every year becomes more and more of a sylvan city, Particularly is this true of that part of Kensington of

which Holland House is the centre. Did only nuts grow on plane trees, Nutting Hill, to use the old spelling, would again justify its name, for Notting Hill to-day boasts a magnificent plane avenue, and all the roads branching off from it are well wooded.

Bird-life in this part of London is vigorous and varied. Thrushes and blackbirds are common; both appear to breed freely. Last winter a pair of brown owls were frequently about; whether they are still in evidence I cannot say. Every summer swifts are present for a few weeks, possibly they nest in some church spire on the hills, but the most unexpected sight is a brief procession of herons that pursues its stately course morning and evening across the sky. At night they come from the north-east and travel to the west. Where is their feeding ground and where the heronry?

Mr. Evelcigh Nash is to be congratulated on the success of the "Great Britain to Poland Fund," of which he is Honorary Treasurer, and for the organisation of which he is mainly responsible. There is no part of the stricken field which is more deserving of our help, and this fund is so well managed that twenty shillings will keep thirty-two people from starvation for a week. Much more help is needed; it should be sent to Mr. Evelcigh Nash at the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly.

An unusual experience happened to me last Monday week. I walked through one of the busiest parts of the town, and passed two houses, half a mile apart, both of which had been struck by lightning the previous day. And in Kensington Gardens a day or two previously a soldier had been killed by lightning. It is most uncommon for the artillery of heaven to do so much damage to this city in so short a time.

HERMES.

❖ THE BUYERS' GUIDE ❖

By PASSE-PARTOUT

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a post-card addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXV No. 2782

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1915

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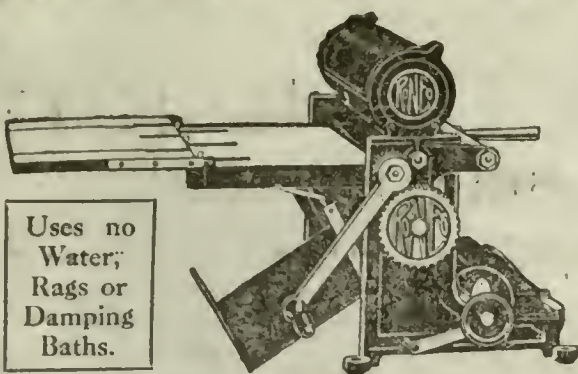
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THE NUMBERS OF THE ENEMY.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

[Several estimates of the enemy's total numbers and losses to date have appeared in these columns from time to time. They have been as detailed as was possible with the information available to me at each stage, and the methods by which the results were arrived at laid before the reader. The estimates obtained at successive dates in the war have, upon the whole, confirmed the accuracy of the methods employed. I have recently, however, had the opportunity of hearing more evidence and of seeing more detailed statistics. I propose, therefore, in this number, to give a revised estimate in its most detailed form.]

IN the present situation of the war, after a full year of large active operations, no decision has been arrived at or even approached by either party.

There has been in that period of time an expenditure of men and munitions on a scale utterly out of keeping with all previous warfare. At the same time the political objects of either party to the struggle remain as clear as ever, and the determination upon either side to attain those objects by ultimate victory is still unshaken.

It may, therefore, be presumed without rashness that the main element in our judgment of the future course of the war must be the numerical element. In other words, our estimate of the struggle should turn not upon a view of territory occupied or abandoned, but upon a comparison of the actual numerical strength, rate of wastage, and probable recruitment of all parties to the war and upon a comparison of their rates of production in equipment and munitionment.

Only a portion of this problem will be attacked in what follows: The matter we shall examine this week is no more than the numerical position of the two Germanic Empires at this moment. It is far from covering the whole field of a numerical estimate, but to be fixed upon this is at least to grasp the most important of all the elements upon which our judgment of the campaign reposes.

I propose to analyse the present numerical strength of the enemy upon the following plan:

I. To find approximately the maximum numbers available to the enemy for his fully armed and organised forces, as present in his service from the outbreak of the war to the end of the second year of war.

II. To find what are the least permanent losses which the enemy must already have sustained to the date the end of August, 1915.

III. To strike the difference between the first set of figures, his total man-power, and the second, his minimum permanent losses, and, by comparing this remainder with the forces he must maintain upon his present fronts, to discover what reserve of man-power for continuing his present effort, at the very most, he can now have.

I.

THE ENEMY'S MAXIMUM MAN-POWER.

The total population of the great Central Empires which, under the direction of Berlin, challenged France and Russia last year after a preparation of some thirty-six months, was, according to the last official census, made in both Empires in the year 1910, **116,035,764**.

The rate of increase (slightly growing in Austria, declining rather rapidly in Hungary, and declining still more rapidly in the German Empire) averages about one per cent. a year.

If we say, then, that we were dealing at the outset of the war with a total enemy population four per cent. greater than that of the census of 1910, we are weighting the scales slightly in favour of the enemy, and we write down the round figure **121,000,000** as the mass of the population with which to deal at the outbreak of war.

Of that **121,000,000** the Austro-Hungarian portion stood in 1914 to the portion of the German Empire almost exactly as **80** to **100**.

This last figure is also important for the reader to retain, for wherever we have German military numbers to go upon, an addition of **80%** to them is a sure approximation to the total Austro-German figures, the two Empires straining as they do to utilise their full resources.

Such being the most general statement of total population, we next turn to the adult males of military age.

GROSS NUMBERS OF MILITARY AGE.

For this purpose I take the limits of the seventeenth birthday, below which age the numbers available are quite insignificant, and of the forty-fifth birthday, after which age a certain number of men are available, indeed, notably professional soldiers in the commissioned and even non-commissioned ranks, but that in so small a number as to be negligible when one is dealing with many millions. I will not for the moment delay the reader with the obvious truth that the proportion of men really available for active service below their twentieth year and above their thirty-seventh or thirty-eighth is very much lower than the proportion available between those years. This consideration (which is of capital importance) will be dealt with later.

The number, then, of such men from seventeen to forty-five present and alive in the German Empire at the outbreak of war was, upon the basis of the census of 1910, and allowing for four years' increase, almost exactly **15,000,000**. The corresponding number between the same ages in the Austro-Hungarian Empire was, on the

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basis of eighty per cent. **12,000,000.** And the total for the enemy **27,000,000.**

NOTE ON THE NUMBER OF INEFFICIENTS.

These very large round figures are, of course, enormously in excess of the men really available, as will presently appear. But they must be grasped before we proceed to a further analysis.

Of the adult males between seventeen and forty-five present in any State a very large number are unfit for military service. What proportion this is we will examine in a moment. But first let us remark that the extent of this inefficient proportion is almost always missed by those who make their calculation lacking a sufficient acquaintance with the statistics of conscript countries. It is, perhaps, the chief element in the misjudgment to which estimates of the enemy's power are due.

Men are rejected as unfit for service for a vast number of defects which would appear trivial in ordinary civilian avocations, but which would be fatal to the use of the men affected in prolonged operations in the field.

It is often suggested that the men so rejected can still be used in the auxiliary services of an army. In point of fact, this is not the case save for a very small proportion. An army must be fit to act as a whole. Most of its auxiliary services are continuously arduous in character. Those that are not continuously arduous are at times—and those times cannot be calculated beforehand—subject to very severe strain. Were you to put, for instance, upon communications in such a campaign as that which the enemy is now prosecuting in Poland, men unfit for active service in large numbers, you would find yourself quickly hampered with a vast mass of sick, whose presence would be a drawback quite out of proportion to the advantage their original numbers might have given you. A comparatively small proportion of such men can be employed in the bureaux at home, in places from which it is certain they will never be called. But take an army as a whole, there is such a perpetual coming and going, so continual a call for a man employed here to be suddenly sent there, and such a strain imposed upon the whole organism, that no armed organisation would act efficiently which attempted to solve the daily problem of shifting inefficient men every few hours from places where there was a strain to places where there was not. In general, there is universally admitted and universally carried out in practice—nowhere more than in the elaborate machinery of the Prussians—the principle that the army as a whole must consist of military efficient, and that the presence of inefficient in any considerable numbers is a heavy negative factor.

It is exceedingly important to grasp this truth, because if one is at all doubtful upon it one's whole view of the forces opposed to one in a national war and of one's own forces available to meet the enemy becomes worthless.

Let us next determine the maximum really available out of this **27,000,000.**

NETT NUMBER OF EFFICIENTS: DEDUCTION FOR PHYSICAL INEFFICIENCY.

The years in a man's life during which he is best fitted for service are the early twenties. The year in which a man has passed his twentieth

birthday is the year which, in all conscript countries, is chosen for the revision of the conscripts and the segregation of them into classes of fit and unfit. The proportion necessarily rejected in later life increases rapidly, especially after the thirtieth year, and very rapidly indeed after the thirty-seventh. The proportion which must be similarly rejected among the boys below twenty, is also very large, and increases rapidly as the age declines. Not a quarter, for instance, of the boys between 17 and 18 are really available, nor half the boys between 18 and 19.

If, then, we can find how the figures stand in these best years, we have a ratio certainly too high to be applied to *all* ages, and if we were to apply that ratio all round we should get far too large a total.

The various conscript countries have different methods of sifting their recruits. In Germany there are five categories: the fit, the much less fit, the very much less fit, the utterly unfit, and a fifth tiny category, quite negligible, between one and two thousandths of the total, exempted as "unworthy."

Now, however the sifting be performed, in practice you always get to much the same result. There are always rather more than **three-quarters** of the young men who can at a pinch and at a maximum be written down "efficient" (including many not really fit, and in practice excluded) and rather more than **one-quarter** who cannot possibly be used at all.

In Germany, for the last years of which we have the figures before us, just under 74 per cent. were written down as ultimately available for service (to be accurate 73.82 per cent.), but of these only just one half—not 54 per cent. (53.2 per cent.)—were passed as fit, and even by adding the next class of "less fit" they did not reach 70 per cent. (68.7 per cent.). The three-quarters, or just under, of nominal "efficients," was only arrived at by including everyone whom they could reasonably set down on paper as available. They actually took for training only just over half these theoretical numbers.

But if the proportion necessarily rejected during the best military period of life is so high, it is, as we have seen, very much higher among the elder men approaching the limits of the military age and in the case of boys below twenty. There are, for instance, in the case of the three years below twenty in the German Empire, very nearly two million boys present and alive, but nothing like one million can be taken for the service.

The proportion of inefficient later on in life is not upon this scale, but it is still a great deal higher than the proportion of one-quarter which we find in the best military year. It approaches one-third with men who have passed their thirty-fifth year, and it falls to close on one-half as the forty-fifth year approaches.

If we take all the adult males for the twenty-eight years between seventeenth and forty-fifth birthdays, and deduct **one-third** (admitting for the moment that the elder men thus summoned are really efficient, which they are not), you have a figure which is certainly beyond the mark.

I know that this is the most difficult part of my argument to present to a general audience, but as I also know that it is the soundest part and the one invariably proved in practice in every conscript system, whether under the conditions of

peace or under the strain of war, I beg to insist upon it particularly; for it is cardinal.

We come, then, to this: That the enemy, counting the boys of seventeen, the men of forty-five, and everything between, had a potential manpower at the outbreak of war of **18,000,000**, of which, roughly, 10,000,000 are German and 8,000,000 Austro-Hungarian.

But this number, **18,000,000**, is only a total theoretical maximum drawn on paper, satisfactory only as a piece of statistics, and, as will appear from another line of argument, vastly in excess of the real numbers available.

THE INVARIABLE "ONE-TENTH."

To show that this is the case, let us now approach these figures from quite other directions, and we shall discover how much smaller is the real available total.

The French population is not quite one-third of that of the enemy. France should, therefore, be able to produce, upon the same purely arbitrary and theoretical statement, not quite **six** million mobilised men. But the declaration made by the Ministry of War in France, which was also conformable to all past and present experience, was that the actual number mobilised amounted to little more than **one-tenth** of the total population—that is, some *four* million men.

When we turn to the highly illuminating analogy of the Balkan States in their great effort against Turkey, and in the supremely intense struggle of what may be called their succeeding Civil War, we find even the proportion of **one-tenth** not quite reached.

It is the same in whatever case you care to test throughout all the history of national wars. It is rare indeed that a community has to put forth the very last ounce of its available strength, for usually a campaign is decided before this effort has to be made. But when it is made—and there are, perhaps, a dozen leading cases in the past, from that of Prussia in the eighteenth century to that of the American Civil War in the nineteenth—you come to the same perpetually recurring figure: about, or a little under—in very rare cases a trifle over—**one-tenth**.

REASONS OF THESE FURTHER DEDUCTIONS.

Wherein lies the discrepancy between the two figures? Between the **six** millions, for instance, which we thus arrive at theoretically for modern France, and the actual rather **more than four** millions? And, in general, between these theoretical figures, however they may be arrived at, and the practical establishment of about, or less than, two-thirds of the same?

It proceeds from two quite different sources, which I beg the reader to examine closely.

The first is the difficulty in practice—it is really more than a difficulty, it is an impossibility—of treating either the elder men or the boys in the same way as you treat the men really efficient for active service at the front.

It is all very well to put down on paper a quantity of abstract units and to call them "men of military age," but when you come to putting them to their duties, it is another matter.

There are all sorts of ways in which this

difficulty appears. Suppose, for instance, after severe losses at a particular point a French general asks for rapid reinforcement. He wants 100,000 men at least. Suppose the French Government were to answer this request by sending him 50,000 boys under 18 and 50,000 men over 40. I am only putting the thing as an hypothesis, because, of course, in practice it would never be attempted. It would be insane. To send forces in which there was a certain proportion of these too old and too young units, these proportions skilfully embedded in the whole and carefully tested for exceptional efficiency considering their age, might be reasonable. But the bodies as a whole would not be serviceable; they would be impossible. And that is only another way of saying that in practice much the greater part of your immature and of your too elderly material cannot be used as an immediately active part of your mobilised force.

Here is another example. You mobilise all your available material, the immature as well as the elderly, and, recognising that there is in practice this great difference in efficiency between them and the really military age—the old active army and its reserves—you use the less valuable portions upon your communications and in garrisons where they are unlikely to suffer a strain. Or you keep back the immature portions, untrained and equipped and still subject to training; you count them as part of your forces, but you do not actually send them forward. But the forces fighting at the front need a continual replenishment, and if, when they call for recruitment, you cannot supply them with the material which you have nominally enrolled as soldiers, then you have put the nation to the expense of all this mobilisation and to the corresponding strain without an adequate result. You would have done far better to keep the men at call, especially the younger men, but not to have wasted energy upon keeping them as soldiers, when you could not use them actively as soldiers.

In practice, therefore, a Government does not ever mobilise these imperfect elements to the full. What it does is to mobilise fully all its available trained men of real efficiency, to accept a proportion of older and younger volunteers who pass the efficiency test; to warn the younger men for service, and to incorporate them and to train them quite gradually for the later stages of a war; to leave the men approaching or just over forty until functions where they can be really usefully employed arise, or until the fact that the enemy is himself under the necessity of mobilising imperfect material tempts one to face him with the correspondingly imperfect material on one's own side.

It is even a common occurrence (as this war has proved) in a great national struggle for the elder men to be mobilised for certain duties at a particular moment, sent home again when the strain has disappeared, recalled in part later, &c., as occasion arises.

That is the first great source of difference between actual figures of men mobilised in the course of the first year or year and a half of a war and the total theoretic figures of efficient adult males between seventeen and forty-five.

The second source of difference accounts for a much greater number, and must be considered in detail.

It consists in the numbers that have to be

drawn off from active service and refused to the generals at the front because they are required to produce not only munitions of war, but the necessities of the national life as a whole. To this most disputed and essential element in our analysis I will now turn.

DEDUCTIONS FOR INTERNAL LABOUR.

It is clear that an army in the field must be continually supplied with munitions, renewed equipment, and food. It must also have ready for it means of immediate transport from point to point, and it must evacuate its wounded and receive recruitment. All this means that a vast quantity of men must be used to work the transport service provision over and above the maintenance of the civilian population.

When we are told that old figures, rules of thumb, laid down in past wars to determine this proportion of men, are too large and should not be applied to the present war on account of "modern efficiency of organisation," we reply that the exact opposite is the case. Modern methods absorb not *less* but many *more* men for transport alone, because transport is mechanical. They further absorb better trained, stronger, and more efficient men.

It is true, for instance, that the railway moves vastly more men and moves them quicker than any older form of transport, but it is also true that the railway means much more capital and current expenses per man served, and that is only another way of saying that it needs far more human labour in proportion to the units that it feeds, evacuates and moves. Behind the men actually working on a railway are the men repairing and constructing rolling stock and machines, the men mining coal and iron, and the men transporting the raw material for such stock.

There is not only transport, there is provision. It absorbs not a *less* but a much *larger* proportion of men than it did in an older time. You want perhaps four times the human labour to make a modern field piece that was required to make the old smooth bore, and you want much more men to make a thousand shells and fuses for a '75 than you wanted for making a thousand of the old 12-pound round shot.

Finally, you need an enormously greater number of munitions; not ten or twenty times as much, but a hundred times as much.

It is the same all down the scale. You want more labour to make the rifles and you want to make more rifles, and you have a vastly greater complexity of machinery, new instruments, new chemicals, even new arms, such as the aircraft.

In other words, the old coefficients, the figures that were used as rules of thumb by the higher command of past generations to ascertain how many men behind the front one needed to keep the front going, are not *diminished*, but *increased* under the conditions of modern warfare.

It is, therefore, great nonsense to talk as though the numbers thus withdrawn from the fighting line could not be calculated, and as though the experts giving those numbers were engaged in worthless guesswork.

It is true that we cannot fix a *maximum*; we do not know how many more men than the old proportion may not have been taken first and last for thus supplying the enemy's forces, but we do know that the proportion must be much higher

than it used to be, and that *if we take the old figures as a minimum we are well within the mark.*

To these men necessary for the maintenance of the Army we add, of course, those necessary to maintain the nation as a whole.

Now, it must occur to every reader of such a statement, however lately he may have become interested in military affairs, that there is here no exact correspondence between the mere numbers of men and women required thus to "run the nation and the Army" during a war and the number of *military efficient*s withdrawn for that purpose. It is manifest that a great part of the work—much the most of it—can be done by men who would be unable to serve in the ranks, some of it even by women. The idea that prisoners of war can materially lighten the task even in such vast numbers as those taken in the present campaign is, indeed, erroneous, as we find from the work actually set these prisoners, which has usually but little relation to the conduct of the campaign. Still, it is clear that much the greater proportion of this auxiliary work will not fall upon national militarily efficientes.

But the point to remember is that a certain proportion does *necessarily and inevitably* fall upon men of this type.

This is true of all the harder forms of work in munition-making and in the construction of equipment; it is true of all expert work, artisan and professional, where the man, however physically efficient, is of far more service behind the lines than at the front. It is true of most mining, most construction, and, in general, it applies particularly to the more modern services. Agriculture, which has always been a preoccupation in national war, can be conducted with very few military efficientes, but mining cannot, the harder work of transport cannot, nor can the artisan work required upon the million of complex, mechanical matters peculiar to modern war.

Now, we know from the past what such deductions have had to be in all previous wars, and we know from the experience of the Allies what the *minimum* at least of such withdrawals comes to in this war, and it is vain to imagine that the enemy is here in a better posture than ourselves.

Here, if anywhere, we have had sharp experience of how rapidly the margin of available men is reached. It is true that we have also to maintain a great export trade, and that, in the absence of Conscription, exact figures are not available. But we know the difficulty with munitions; we know the results upon mining, and we have before us the example of France, which has, under the strain of the war, actually been compelled to recall men originally mobilised.

It is these two factors, then, the actual inefficiency of the too old and the too young nominally set down for service, and, much more important, the deductions necessary for auxiliary work, which everywhere reduce the theoretic figures by not far short of a third, and forbid a modern nation to put into the field much more than ten per cent. of its total population.

So surely as of the French 39 million population a theoretic six million became in practice only just over four million, the Bulgarian 650,000 soldiers in practice under 400,000, so surely has the experience of every national war invariably brought us to this figure of **one-tenth** or barely more than a tenth, of the total popula-

tion and two-thirds more or less of the nominal efficient. So surely the 121 millions of the Central Empires will enable them, with the fullest efficiency in organisation, to put a maximum of just over twelve millions into the field. Strain the figures as you will, add to them every conceivable detail, and you will not have a margin of five per cent.; nor does the prolongation of the war into next year mar our conclusions, for we have allowed for the calling of the very youngest classes available. The number of *available* boys of sixteen in 1915 who grew to be seventeen in 1916 and can really be used as soldiers is negligible.

We are dealing throughout with that figure **12** as a basis, and though the official figures will not be before us for many years to come, we need have no fear that the total of mobilised enemy forces, when they are exactly reckoned, will appreciably exceed this figure.

We conclude, then, this first part of the examination by retaining the figure **12,000,000** as the maximum potential man-power, armed, equipped, organised, and available for actual fighting, which the enemy, as a whole, can present.

II.

THE ENEMY LOSSES.

It is evident that our calculation of the enemy's numerical position at any moment depends not only on our estimate of his original total potential man-power, but also on our estimate of his total losses to date. It is clear that accuracy in the one branch would be rendered valueless by inaccuracy in the other, since the whole object of our analysis is the difference between the two estimates.

Now it will be seen in what follows that we can arrive by different and independent lines of argument at various estimates of the total enemy losses. Each line reaches its own results. Those results differ. But it is remarkable to observe *within what narrow limits all the separate results lie* and, therefore, how the average of them gives us a sound common solution of the problem.

DEFINITION OF "LOSSES."

Let us begin by defining what is meant by "losses." There is no definition in which accuracy is more important.

The losses sustained by an armed force are of two kinds—permanent and temporary. By *permanent* loss is meant the loss of men who can never reappear in any form of military service before the conclusion of the war, and the four great divisions of this kind of loss are the dead, the prisoners, the maimed, and the stricken down by disease.

Temporary losses signify losses of men who, for a greater or less space of time, are so disabled that they cannot perform military duties, but who can, at some date, return to service.

But there lurk in this term "temporary" two ambiguities, which are fatal to exact discussion, and which we must resolve at the outset.

The first consists in this: that the period of absence from military duties of men counted in the "temporary" losses varies very greatly.

Thus, if we say that the "temporary" losses of such and such an enemy are a million, and that, as the million will return to the field some time

or other, we cannot strike them off the list of the enemy's power indefinitely, we are expressing ourselves accurately. But if we say that these losses, being temporary, *should not be counted in diminution of the enemy's power at all*, we are expressing ourselves most inaccurately, and this is especially true towards the end of a campaign of exhaustion.

Suppose of two forces, A and B, struggling against one another for a couple of years, the one, A, has reached at the end of that period a condition of manifest inferiority to the other. Its hospitals are choked with wounded and sick. Its remaining forces in the field can no longer hold positions vital to the national security. It is, then, of no advantage to the commanders of A that they can say to themselves "In another eight months most of the men now in hospital will be discharged." The men are, as a fact, absent from the field, and will long so remain, and their absence has helped to determine the defeat of A. He will have to accept terms long before the eight months are over.

In other words, there is a sort of current account, or current balance, of temporary losses perpetually kept up by the hospitals receiving sick and wounded as fast, or faster, than they discharge them, and towards the end of a campaign of exhaustion these losses, hitherto reckoned as temporary, enter the total of permanent losses, because it is manifest that the campaign will be decided before they can return.

It is not possible to give an exact coefficient, and to say what proportion of temporary losses at any moment should thus be counted as ultimate permanent losses. It depends upon the length of the war (on which no one can prophesy) and on the increase or decrease of wastage during its future phases. But a rough statement of the rates at which men return is essential to our judgment, as is also a rough statement of the proportion of temporary to total losses at any moment in the present campaign.

The proportion of temporary losses in the present campaign is, one force with another, about **one-third** of the total casualty lists. Of that third, about one-fifth (or one-fifteenth of the whole) are cases of sickness or wounds so slight that the sufferers have returned to active service within two months. About another fifth, presumably (it is a matter on which it is impossible to have exact statistics), do not return to active service within any useful period, most of them not at all, and the best of them not within the year. The remaining three-fifths return to various forms of military service at irregular periods varying from two months to twelve. But perhaps half of them are free within so short a period as four months. To recapitulate: Of **15** as a total casualty list **5** are "temporary" losses. Of these **5**, **1** comes back in two months or less; **1** never really comes back, though still kept on the list; the remaining **3** come back in varying delays from 2 months to 4, 6, or even 8, but 2 of them probably in the shorter periods.

The second ambiguity in the use of the term "temporary losses" lies in the fact that men receiving their discharge as "cured" are very often unable to perform full active service in their old capacity.

This is an exceedingly important point, and one which falls within the daily experience of all of us. We have all of us come across cases in our

own circle of men who have been wounded, or who have fallen ill, who have come home, and who have gone out again within a short time. But we are also each of us acquainted with many cases in which a man has come home wounded or ill, has left hospital, but has remained still suffering from the consequences of his wound. He has had either to take up civilian employment or to undertake duties at a base, or in some other auxiliary form. Even if he goes back to the actual fighting line he often must be used in capacities other than his original service.

A superficial view might insist upon the fact that though such men might not be able to go back to the fighting line, yet they must still be counted as part of the army, because they can be used, as a rule, in some auxiliary fashion. But a little consideration will show that this argument is fallacious. There is only a certain proportion of men required in the auxiliary services of an army. To swell these with men discharged from hospital but not really fit for the fighting line is not to return them to the strength of the army at all.

In other words, those so-called "temporary" losses which never find their way back to the fighting line become, after a comparatively small number have been absorbed into the auxiliary services, equivalent to permanent losses so far as the real strength of an army is concerned.

Here, again, it is impossible to establish an exact coefficient or to say that of all temporary losses such and such a proportion are lost to active service. What we can do is to fix a limit certainly *in excess* of the truth so as to weight the scales *against* ourselves when we are calculating enemy losses and to say that if, of total casualty lists, *one-third* represent so-called "temporary losses," then the figure **one-quarter** is quite certainly larger than the true number of those that actually return to the fighting force and can be used upon the same active service as they afforded before their wound or sickness.

With these postulates clearly defined, let us proceed to an examination of those various converging lines of analysis which lead us to a sound average estimate of the enemy's losses in this war.

There are four main independent lines of inquiry along which we can proceed.

(I.) The lists published by the enemy himself—which is the only complete documentary basis for our analysis.

(II.) Documents captured from the enemy or found upon the persons of dead and wounded or prisoners, and verbal evidence obtained from the interrogation of prisoners, all indicating the losses of particular units. The survey of a very large number of such cases will probably give one a good judgment of the average losses of all the units engaged.

(III.) Analogy from the corresponding losses of other combatant forces in the field, particularly our own, with regard to which we have the most complete and the latest information.

(IV.) The inferences to be drawn from special indications other than the general lists issued by the enemy—e.g., the admitted losses among certain professions, which the enemy has published from time to time.

(I) THE ENEMY LISTS.

We have lists of casualties—temporary and permanent combined—throughout the whole of

the enemy's forces up to July 31; that is, covering twelve months of war conditions, and rather more than eleven months of fighting upon the grand scale.

These lists give one a total of **5,266,783**.

Now this great number is quite certainly far below the truth, and the proof of this I shall proceed to establish. I cannot hope to establish an exact deficit and show to a few hundreds how far below the truth it is, but I can put before my readers evidence which they will, I believe, regard as conclusive and which will permit us to arrive at a certain minimum at least in the matter.

We note, in the first place, that this figure, **5,266,783**, is formed by the addition of two different sets of figures, the one relating to the German Empire, the other to the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The first of these items, the total casualties appearing in all the lists (except the naval list) of the German Empire up to the end of July, gives the precise figure **2,178,683**.

The Austro-Hungarian figure is of another kind. It is an estimate formed by a comparison of Austrian and Hungarian lists of casualties, with the statistics obtained from the military hospitals. There is, in such a calculation, necessity for continual checking in order to prevent overlapping. It is obvious, for instance, that you must not add the wounded in your casualty lists to the wounded in your hospitals, or you would be counting most of your wounded twice over. It is equally obvious that if your wounded in the hospitals come to much more than your wounded in the casualty lists, then the larger number may safely be taken as the nearest to the truth. This calculation of Austro-Hungarian losses, though minute, cannot carry the thing quite up to date. The very heavy fighting in Poland adds daily thousands of casualties which will only appear much later in the official lists or in the statistics of the hospitals.

At any rate, this Austro-Hungarian estimate works out at **3,088,100** men. That the estimate is somewhat below the mark and at the same time not much below it may be proved by subjection to one test—the number of prisoners included. For here we can check the enemy's statements by the Allies' returns.

The Austro-Hungarian list allows for **580,000** prisoners upon the Russian front and for **13,500** upon the Italian front. The actual figures are a little over **608,000** on the Russian and about **18,000** on the Italian front.

Allowing for a certain small percentage of error due to the fact that the side which loses the prisoners will usually refuse to allow some few of them to be really military losses (doctors, for instance, and occasional individuals present in some not purely military capacity), and to the fact that the side which takes prisoners will always give a maximum number, there is yet here a slight excess in the true figures as against the Austro-Hungarian list, which we may ascribe to the factor of *time*.

It always takes a little time to get in all your results, especially to discover who among the missing are dead, and who taken prisoner.

Next, let us note, for the purposes of this analysis, the number admittedly killed and dead—for this is nearly always the number most fully set out in any official list.

This number in the case of the Austro-Hungarian estimate is **501,000**.

Here, again, it is evident that we are dealing with general figures arrived at by checking several categories, and not the figures of a single official list. For we are given the numbers only in thousands, whereas a single official list would give them down to the last units.

We may take it that such a list of killed and dead includes, besides killed on the field, deaths from disease, and deaths of wounded in hospital.

It would be unwise to regard it as much below the truth. It may be far below the truth.

It will certainly be a *little* below the truth from that same factor of time mentioned above. But if we put the matter in round figures, and speak of somewhat over half a million Austro-Hungarian dead up to the end of July we shall be putting the matter accurately enough for the purposes of this argument, for we have a *minimum*, at least, upon which to calculate.

We decide from their own statements that the commanders of this unfortunate Empire have lost rather more than **500,000** dead, just over **600,000** in prisoners, and in all casualties, permanent and temporary, dead, wounded, prisoners, and sick, well over **2,000,000**.

Now let us use the knowledge thus acquired for a severe correction of the German figures.

We find the German lists up to the same date give us no more than **2,178,683**—the figures quoted above. In other words, Austria-Hungary, with but 80 per cent. of man-power, confesses apparently to over 50 per cent. more losses.

Why is this? The answer is not far to seek.

This total of the casualty lists issued in Germany up to July 31 suffers at the outset from two admitted deficits.

First, cases of sickness are not mentioned.

Secondly, lists are never complete to date by a very long way. Hosts of names appear tardily, weeks or months late.

What ought to be added for cases of sickness we cannot exactly tell; but we know that this unknown factor must also go far to explain the very grave discrepancy between the published figures and the truth which we are about to establish.

If it be asked how we know that the lists published in Germany are thus imperfect, the answer is that we have at least five lines of converging proof in the matter:

(a) The fact just mentioned that the dates attached to the loss of individuals are often in arrears, *sometimes twelve months in arrears*, frequently four or five months in arrears, and very frequently indeed six weeks or two months in arrears.

(b) The fact that the Allied authorities note, whenever there is a local advance or a capture of prisoners, the names, ages, and matricular numbers of the German dead, wounded, and captured. These are compared with the published lists of German casualties, and a regular proportion of them is discovered to be absent from those lists, not even counted among the missing.

(c) The fact that the relatives in Germany of men who have fallen or who have been captured, finding themselves no longer in reception of correspondence and unable to get into touch with their soldiers, but finding no mention of their names in the casualty lists, write and complain to

their Government, especially in the case of the wealthier classes.

(d) The very heavy fighting in Poland, giving the most recent material for these lists, appears altogether below its due proportion in the lists, an error not due to deliberate falsification, but to that factor of *time*.

(e) Documents taken in the course of fighting, detailing the losses of units, do not correspond to the German central lists, which give the losses in the said units always, or nearly always, below the notes established in the field; and that in the case of losses now many months old—indeed from the beginning of the war.

We are justified, then, in saying from all these main lines of proof and from other minor methods which I have not quoted (because they would be superfluous) that the official central German lists are always very much below the true figures.

Now let us attack the problem from another front and try and see *how* much below they probably are.

We have the following known factors in our indeterminate equation:

(a) Austria-Hungary represents in total man-power almost exactly 80 per cent. of the German man-power.

(b) Austro-Hungarian losses must be, according to the nature of the fighting, counting the periods of relative quiescence (as in the South Polish sectors during the winter) much the same in their various categories as the German losses: with this exception, that Austria-Hungary has lost about double the number of prisoners that Germany has; while, on the other hand, Austria-Hungary, until the great Polish offensive, was not occupied in those violent attacks so extremely expensive in dead and severely wounded, which occupied the operative part of the German forces during all the autumn and early winter upon the Western front in Flanders, and upon the Eastern before Warsaw.

Taking, then, the Austro-Hungarian losses *up to the end of July* at 80 per cent. of the corresponding German losses, we arrive at the following figures: The total Austro-Hungarian dead are certainly over **501,000** up to that date, and may be as high as **505,000** or more. They are, at any rate, in round figures over the **500,000**.

Upon the same scale the German dead to the same date will give us certainly over **620,000**.

The German wounded and sick of all categories upon the same ratio give us no less than **2,500,000**. For the Austrian wounded and sick are just over **2,000,000** and this, at the proportion of 80 per cent. of Austrians to Germans, gives one **2,500,000** German wounded and sick.

Now, thus checked by the proportion of the Austro-Hungarian losses (admitting the much larger number of Austro-Hungarian prisoners—over 600,000 Austro-Hungarian prisoners to, say, under 300,000 Germans—but neglecting (to our disadvantage) the probable superior number of German dead and wounded as compared with Austro-Hungarian) this would give us for the total German figures—killed, wounded, sick, and prisoners of all categories, putting the German prisoners as low as 250,000—**3,370,000** in round numbers.

Remember that in all this we have carefully

weighted the scales against ourselves. We have taken care to admit only an estimate of the Austro-Hungarian losses based upon existing lists of hospital entries and field casualties. We have not included what is certainly a large category—the cases of frost-bite and disablement, through climate in the Carpathians and in Poland during the winter.

Were we to subject the German figures to a strict proportion of ten for every Austro-Hungarian eight, then the German figures would be far larger.

With an admitted Austro-Hungarian loss in total casualties of **3,088,100** we should make the German lists as high as **3,860,000** odd. But we can only place this as a maximum, highly probable as its results are. For our *minimum* we scale the German total losses down to no more than **3,370,000**. We add those to the Austro-Hungarian figures of 3,088,100, and we get for the **least** total losses of the enemy to the end of July just under **6,500,000**; to be accurate, **6,458,100**; a maximum would have given over 7,000,000.

These calculations are intricate. The multitude of their component parts makes them difficult to follow. But I must again insist upon their importance and reiterate that upon a full appreciation of their value depends our judgment of the campaign.

My reason for begging the reader to halt at this moment and fix this number of just under **6,500,000** for total minimum enemy losses up to the end of July (permanent and temporary) is that we must keep that figure in mind for comparison with the results to be obtained upon other lines of evidence. Only so shall we discover how nearly the varying separate estimates agree.

(II) THE EVIDENCE OF CAPTURED DOCUMENTS.

showing losses of particular units, verbal evidence from prisoners upon the same, evidence furnished by the Intelligence Department as to the recruitment of the enemy's losses, &c.

This way of attacking the problem forms a large part, and is the basis, of the minute calculations checked and established by the French General Staff. Those calculations now repose upon many hundreds of individual *dossiers*, all of them carefully compared one with the other, and corrected by collation with the published enemy lists, the noted number of prisoners, dead, and wounded observable after any local advance, &c. The documents obtained are checked as against the verbal evidence, general and particular, which is received from prisoners; the whole evidence is sifted—from the most general and usually exaggerated statements to be found in private letters, to the official lists kept from day to day by commanders whose notes have fallen into the hands of the Western Allies.

The general conclusion of the French higher command from all these sources combined was that, during the first five months of the war, the German branch of the Central Alliance alone was suffering permanent losses at the rate of **260,000** a month.

Whatever the rate was, it has been maintained; for the struggle has, if anything, increased

in intensity, taking the Eastern and Western fronts combined. The vigorous enemy offensive in Poland has more than made up for the intermittent quiescence of the Western front since this calculation was published, and even on the Western front there have been interludes of very heavy losses, as, for instance, in the prolonged fighting north of Arras.

Let us see, then, how this estimate of **260,000** a month permanent German losses tallies with the results obtained from the totally different line of argument just completed, the line of argument based upon the published enemy lists.

The date, July 31, gives one the end of the *eleventh* month of active warfare upon a grand scale. This would give, for permanent German losses alone, if the French General Staff's estimate be correct, **2,860,000**. Allowing, by the principle established above, one-quarter of all casualties to be really temporary in character, and only three-quarters to be permanent, this would give for the total German losses, permanent and temporary, roughly **3,800,000**.

This line of argument only applies to the German losses. The French General Staff can only apply its analysis to the Western front, where all the troops with the exception of less than a division have been from the beginning German.

Applying our proportion of 80 per cent. for the Austro-Hungarian quota, as compared with the **3,800,000** total German casualties, gives us for Austria-Hungary over 3,000,000, and, therefore, for the total enemy casualties **6,800,000** odd—which is within 5 per cent. of our first minimum figure of 6,500,000.

The argument along this line is much briefer than that along the line of the lists published by the enemy, but it is no less conclusive.

(III.) ANALOGY WITH OTHER COMBATANT FORCES.

With the exception of the enemy's, the British are the only force engaged in this great war of which the casualties have been hitherto published.

On the other hand, these casualties, unlike the enemy's, have been published from time to time *as a whole* with minute accuracy and thoroughly up to date. They form, therefore, an excellent basis of calculation.

We possess—or, rather, there is occasionally submitted to those who write upon these matters—certain figures with regard to the losses of the other Allied combatants. These are not published, but one is permitted to say at least this much—which common sense supports—that the figures tally with the forces engaged, both enemy, and Allied. The French and Russian losses are, for the numbers engaged, proportionate to the known British numbers at any one time and the corresponding British casualties. This is no more than what might be expected in a war where for months the struggle has been maintained between equal armies without any conspicuous disaster—still less any decision—upon either side.

Let us see what an analogy with these casualties gives us for enemy casualties as a whole.

After *nine* months of fighting upon a grand scale the British forces had lost somewhat over **250,000** men. Of these losses, *one-fifth* were

killed. The number of men sent overseas by Great Britain from the beginning of large operations (the last ten days of August, 1914) to that date was somewhat less than *one-tenth* of the men put under arms by the German Empire alone.

In making a calculation for the end of July we are dealing not with nine months, but with eleven. On the analogy of the British losses, the German dead alone in the first nine months of the war would not have been less than **500,000**; that is, supposing the German fighting to have been of not more than the same character and intensity as the British fighting. After eleven months one would get in the same proportion, and, always supposing the German fighting to have been no more severe and exhaustive in the latter than in the earlier part, one would have just over **600,000** German dead. But the German fighting has, as a fact, been in the latter two or three of these eleven months far more severe in its effects.

The mass of the British forces, those in Northern France, have stood for the most part upon the defensive in trench warfare during that period, consonant with the general plan upon all the Western front since the early summer. The same has been true of about half the German forces. But another portion of the German forces, rather less than half, has been fighting in a desperate continued offensive of the most expensive sort all through the summer in Poland. We certainly do not exaggerate if we add 10 per cent., or, to make the argument stronger, rather less, to the total number of German dead in the total period and call it, on the analogy of the British lists, **650,000** for the German Empire in the eleven months ending July 31.

Now let us check this hypothetical figure by the known figures of the Austro-Hungarian dead in the same period. They should come to 80 per cent. of the German, force for force. That would give us **520,000** Austro-Hungarian dead. Now we have as our known minimum for the Austro-Hungarian dead to July 1 about **505,000**.

This line of argument, then, gives us on the analogy of the British losses a third figure, different somewhat from the first two, and rather too high, but the exaggeration is not great. Upon this line of argument we should write down the total enemy dead at an amount *three per cent.* above that obtained from an examination of the Austro-Hungarian lists—for 520 is exactly three per cent. larger than 505—and we would arrive, along this line of argument, at a total enemy loss, permanent and temporary, of **6,795,000**.

(IV.) SPECIAL INDICATIONS.

Lastly, we come to the less valuable, but curious and interesting, scraps of evidence afforded by occasional pieces of news published in the enemy's and neutral papers and relative to particular categories of the enemy's fighting forces.

Among these we have evidence due to the very proper and legitimate pride of certain German professions in the sacrifice they have made upon the field for their country. Now a curious piece of evidence emerges from these, and in nearly every case tallies with the conclusions we have already arrived at. A group of lawyers, for instance, have given their fellow-citizens a list of their

number dead in the field among those called to the colours or voluntarily enlisted. The Bavarian schoolmasters have done the same. Other special sections of the German population have favoured us with similar all-important information. *And we discover in every case that in the first ten or eleven months of the war these losses in dead fluctuate round about 10 PER CENT. of the total number of men engaged.* Allowing for the fact that many of these particular professions would appear among the (reserve) officers and non-commissioned officers which have suffered rather more heavily than the rank and file, and you come nearly to the same figures as at least every other line of argument has led you to.

The German Empire has armed from 7,000,000 to 7,500,000 of men so far. It should, therefore, have lost in dead—upon the proportion of these particular professions—one-tenth—that is, from **700,000** to **750,000**. Allowing for the excess due to their particular position and the consequent preponderance of reserve officers among them, we can fairly scale that down to at least more than **650,000**.

It is but a round figure and a rough estimate taken from but a small corner of the total evidence available, but it is striking. Anyone reading this in connection with the rest of the evidence will agree that it allows us to set down for the German dead as a whole much that same average arrived at by the three other totally independent lines of examination. The first eleven months of war roughly corresponds to a total enemy loss, permanent and temporary, of **6,500,000** or thereabouts, and we set down that figure at the end of this subsidiary department of evidence as we set it down at the conclusion of the three larger arguments given above.

SUMMARY.

The reader who has been so patient as to follow me through this detailed piece of argument will appreciate that the four lines of argument pursued are quite independent one of another.

Yet it must be admitted that these four distinct lines of advance towards the solution of our problem, though they do not exactly coincide in their goal, yet establish final figures so near one to another that the margin of error is surprisingly small.

We can be absolutely certain from these calculations alone—quite apart from all the mass of other information that reaches us and is kept secret by the authorities—that the enemy losses to the date July 31 were in their total no less than **6,500,000**. To put them at 7,000,000, even counting all sick, deranged, and excluded from any cause whatsoever, would probably be too high. But to put them at $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions would certainly be too low.

But these calculations refer only to the date July 31. We are now advanced by nearly five weeks from that date. We are dealing, not with eleven months of active operations on a large scale, but with more than twelve, of which the last has been particularly expensive and onerous to the enemy, because it has involved the immense losses suffered in the storming of the last positions of Kovno, the last positions at Novo Georgievsk, the heavy fighting over and beyond the Narev, the particularly expensive action at Włodowa, and

twenty other locally expensive actions in Eastern Poland.

To say that the very least the enemy has *now* lost—that is, by the first day of September, 1915—in men killed, wounded, prisoners, and sick, including losses permanent and temporary, is over 7,000,000 might be to exaggerate the figures, though, in strict proportion to the 6,500,000 arrived at for the earlier date, the end of July, that figure is too low. But to say that the enemy total losses now reach **7,000,000** would be to remain strictly within the truth.

Now, of such losses we can only count three-quarters as permanent from various causes. Although the enemy perpetually suffers temporary losses which more than make up for the return of men to the front, yet of really permanent losses which can never return in useful time to the field, we cannot now allow for the enemy even in the first week of September, 1915, more than **5,250,000** with safety.

He may have lost much more than that. He has certainly not lost less. We are at any rate safe in calculating upon that basis.

Let us put down that figure as the constant permanent enemy losses not less than **5,250,000**.

Let us next see what this figure of total loss, 5,250,000, means to his total position at this moment.

III.

THE MINIMUM REQUIRED TO MAINTAIN PRESENT ENEMY FRONTS AND CONSEQUENT RESERVE OF MAN-POWER LEFT TO THE ENEMY.

The elements for determining the enemy's forces upon the various fronts are the reports sent in by the Allied commanders facing those fronts. They mark the nature and title of the units opposed to them, which they obtain through their Intelligence Departments. They further note the character of the pressure they have to meet, the numbers deployed in local attacks, &c. They thus establish, though only approximately, the numbers of the enemy before them in any particular sector.

The enemy's forces actually present upon the various fronts fall into four groups—the Western front from the Swiss mountains to the North Sea; the Southern front against Italy; the Eastern against Russia; and the South-Eastern against Serbia and watching the Roumanian boundary.

It is important for the purposes of our calculation that we should count the *least* number with which the enemy can act upon the various fronts. We must in all this calculation put the figures as much against our own side as possible, for only so do we arrive at conclusions upon which we can be certain and which will form an irrefutable basis for our judgment.

Upon the Western front the enemy has never had less, even at the most critical period of his resistance, than 1,600,000 men actually present upon the fighting line. He has increased these forces considerably since the winter, having found that there were very dangerous points in the line because it was too thin, and having run the risk of seeing it pierced more than once

(though no general offensive has yet been launched against him) even in local attacks. It is certain that he has increased it now to no less than **1,800,000**. If we add the very considerable numbers which his foolish original Belgian policy of terror now compels him to keep in that country for a garrison, and the bodies behind the first line and between that line and the Rhine, it is probable that there are between the Rhine and the Western front 2,000,000 men, but if we scale this figure down to **1,800,000** we can be absolutely certain of being within the mark.

On the Eastern front against Russia we have certainly more than **2,600,000** actually in the first fighting line.

It may be very much more.

It may be well over 3,000,000, and of course with its reserves and communications it is very much over that figure, but we are concerned for the moment only with the actual fighting line, and we know, I say, that that is more than 2,600,000. We know it from the *least* number of German and Austrian divisions that have been noticed, and the fact that they have been kept hitherto at full strength at least by perpetual reinforcement. We know it by the Russian observation of the Austrian forces, which gives 1,000,000 bayonets, or a total force of far over 1,500,000 men. We know it by the district covered and by the intensity of the effort throughout that district.

I say that the troops in the front line, from the Bukovina right away to the Baltic, are certainly more than 2,600,000, though how much more we cannot precisely estimate. And that, of course, is omitting all consideration of communications, auxiliary services, &c. 2,600,000 and 1,800,000 make 4,400,000.

The Austrian forces upon the Italian front are also fairly well known. The Austrians have maintained there from the beginning of the Italian menace about 250,000 men. The total number that they have poured in during the three months are, of course, a great deal larger than that, for, like all the other fronts, this new front has been a steady drain upon the reserves. But we are only concerned with the existing front line for the moment, and we must not put this at much over six full corps, although the total engagement of Austrians now present, killed, wounded, prisoner, and sick, used up by that front since May must be more like nine corps.

Lastly, we have the forces watching the Serbian and Roumanian borders. This is the unknown quantity in the problem, but also it is luckily the least important factor. We will put it at the lowest possible figure, so as to be within the mark, and count it at 160,000—or only four full corps.

Remember that all these figures are absolute minima. There may be more than 1,800,000 men west of the Rhine; there are certainly not less. There may be *very* many more, there must be many more, than 2,600,000 men in the very front line against Russia. There are *certainly* not less. So with the quarter million between the Adriatic and the Trentino; so with the 160,000 upon the Danube-Save and Transsylvanian front.

Adding together these minimum numbers, we get over **4,800,000** men. Now, it must be remembered that this figure, 4,800,000, is absolutely the very least number necessary to the maintenance of the enemy's fronts as they are now developed.

It would not be rash, it would be wise, to say that the real number, counting a hundred accessory units drawing rations upon the very front, top the 5,000,000. But it is as certain as arithmetic and common sense can make it that they are not less than the 4,800,000.

Well, if the enemy at this moment, the opening of September, 1915, has lost in permanent losses 5,250,000—with a great margin of temporary losses still in hospital or removed from the fighting line; if his total potential cannot be, as we have proved that it cannot be, much over the 12,000,000, and if his front originally demand close on the 5,000,000—what remains?

What remains as a theoretical maximum is easily computable—it is a trifle less than 2,000,000 reserve man-power, and I have no doubt that some people would, up to this point in my argument, draw, from my own figures (though not acknowledging their source), the conclusion that the enemy had 2,000,000 fresh and hearty young men ready to fall upon us and eat us up, unless we speedily accept a shameful peace.

To begin with, behind the men on the absolute fronts are at least a million occupied upon communications in the strict sense of that term, and excluding the bureaux. Next, let it be remarked that of set purpose the enemy has expended in his attempt to attain victory, in spite of failure, his best human material. The margins he can now call up are, for the most part, those rejected for physical reasons—those too young or those too old.

Lastly, if I may be excused a homely metaphor, the provision of the last reserves of an army cannot be compared to drawing water from a tap; it must rather be compared to the pouring of treacle out of a jug.

When a Government is at its last stretch for men, as was Napoleon in 1815, or as were the Southern States in the last year of the American Civil War, numerical calculation upon paper begins to fail. The very last hundred thousands are not what the first hundred thousands were. The proportion of auxiliaries to the fighting line increases alarmingly. Transport chokes, provision wavers; the end of any effort is never exact and clean; it peters out.

The enemy has still many hundred thousand in reserve. Millions he has not. And with the approach of autumn and winter he approaches actually *declining* numbers in the field.

We must never lose grasp of the converse and less pleasing truth that a decision reached by the enemy in his favour would altogether upset this balance. Supposing one of the Allies to make peace, or supposing one of the Allied forces to be virtually put out of action, it is manifest that the fronts here examined would no longer be the same, and that the balance the enemy would have in hand for action in a then reduced field would be immensely increased; but upon the hypothesis that no such decision is achieved, and that no such release of enemy forces takes place, then matters are with the enemy's numbers certainly, and at the least, what we have followed in detail and from proof to proof in the pages I here conclude.

THE SITUATION IN POLAND.

The space which we have given this week to an examination of numbers and the lull (up to the moment of writing) in connection with the

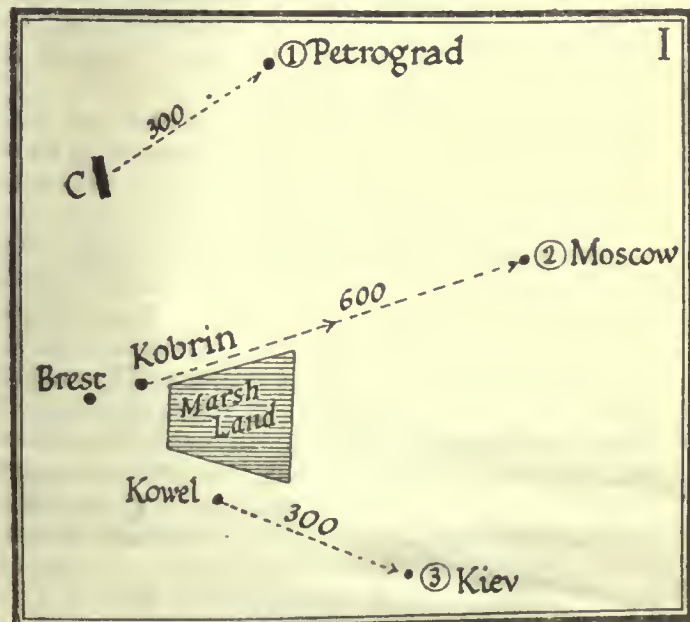
whole Eastern front together leave neither space nor opportunity for much discussion this week of the Russian retirement, but as that movement is now entering on its fourth phase we shall do well to appreciate the main elements of the ground over which the next development will take place.

The Russian retirement, reaching now lines of greater and greater divergence, can no longer take the form of a line or chain of positions. It must take the form of groups of armies, and, further, these groups of armies, as they fall back, will necessarily fall back along divergent lines which will separate them further the one from the other. Such a movement cannot in safety be continued beyond a certain point because each group must be prepared to co-operate at a moment's notice with the others. But geographical conditions impose as a necessity this separation of the whole force into groups now that the Brest—Kovno line has proved untenable and has been abandoned.

Next let us remember that the German movement must necessarily now be political. The summer is drawing to an end. Four months have passed at an expense of from a million and a quarter to a million and a half men without the reaching of any decision. Heavy losses have been inflicted upon the Russians by the enemy, but losses no heavier than those suffered by the Austro-German advance. The number of field guns captured—the test of pressure and disaster—has been quite insignificant. The pieces taken in the fortresses formed a considerable booty, though destroyed, and are handicapping Russia's future action. But apart from this loss and the fact that the Russian wounded are often captured by the advancing enemy, whereas the enemy's wounded remain within his own lines, the balance between the two forces has not been gravely affected. The whole summer has gone without a definite military decision as yet being attained. Under those circumstances, I say, it is more and more necessary for the enemy to emphasise the political side, and this means that he will attempt to threaten some directly Russian, not Polish, interest in such a way as to bring the Russians to terms.

It may take the form of harrying the countryside as he advances. It is more likely to take the form of advance upon some one of the national centres.

The elements of such an advance upon one



of the more national centres of Russia may be grasped in the foregoing sketch. From the present enemy position in Courland in the extreme north at C to the capital of Russia is about three hundred miles; from the present enemy position beyond Kobryn to the old and central capital, Moscow, is about six hundred miles; from the railway junction of Kowel, which is the advance post in the south to the southern capital of Kiev, is again three hundred miles.

It has been remarked, not only in Russia, but in the West, that all the more obvious elements of the situation should lead the enemy to attempt an advance on Kiev.

1. The climate lends itself better to an autumn campaign than does that of the north and the centre.

2. The distance is no greater than the distance to Petrograd and only half that to Moscow, while the roads are good and the ground hard all the way.

The advance to Petrograd, on the other hand, depends upon but one railway, and, if it is direct, passes through very difficult country of meres and forests.

3. An advance towards the south of Russia is a threat to the principal sources of supply and munitionment, and would also ultimately approach or cut off Odessa.

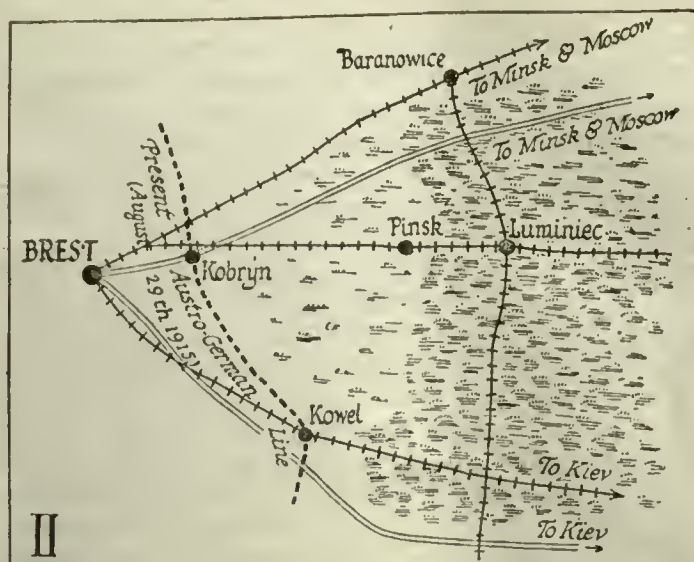
4. The opportunities of intelligence are, perhaps, on the whole, greater on this southern advance. It is better populated, and contains elements of population, in its first part, at least, more favourable to the German cause.

As against this theory of a new German objective against Kiev, there is the physical obstacle of the Pripet marshes, or the marshes of Pinsk.

Not that these marshes bar the way to Kiev, but that their mass intervenes between the southern avenue of advance into Russia and the central and northern ones so effectually that an army taking the Kiev road would be quite cut off from support from the north during something like half its advance.

The Russian forces, as we have seen, will, in any case, group themselves into separate armies, and it is obvious that one group will be south of the Pripet marshes, while the two other groups will lie to the north of them. For a forced retirement, able always to command its rate of speed and to check at will the pursuing enemy, this separation of the groups by marshland is not formidable. But for an advancing enemy, who may find himself checked at any moment, and who is never certain of his rate of advance, to be cut off from his supports and the extension of his line northward, is a serious matter.

It is important to appreciate exactly what this obstacle of the Pripet or Pinsk marshes means. It is a matter that seems to have been a good deal misunderstood in the comments the Western Press has made upon them. The marshes stand as in this Sketch II., forming a sort of truncated cone or funnel in shape. The western part of this has in the last hundred years been considerably improved in its means of communication; but the further one goes East towards Russia proper the worse the country becomes. I have attempted to indicate this in Sketch II. by increasing the shading of the area.



The marshy district is roughly bounded upon the north by the railway leading from Brest to Minsk and Moscow and upon the south by the great high road which runs in its last portion nearly forty miles south of the Kowel—Kiev railway.

West of Pinsk there is nothing but one vast district, nearly two hundred miles across, of marsh, forest, and heath. It is a perfectly impossible country for an army. It is not traversed by a single good road (there are several such in the western portion); one single-line railway going eastward from the junction of Luminiec is the only real opportunity of movement afforded to a modern army in the district, and it is very limited. Through the northern edge of the marsh runs the great causeway in monotonous straight stretches twenty, thirty, and forty miles long, which leads from Brest through Kobryn, ultimately to Minsk and Moscow. Through the southern edge runs, mile after mile through marsh and flats of water, the railway from Brest through Kowel to Kiev, while along the southern boundary on hard land runs the old highway metalled and in good repair, which leads ultimately to Kiev.

It is clear that the further *main* advance of the Austro-Germans must be either to the north or to the south of this district and that the marshes will more and more separate the northern from the southern portions, for the marshy country gets worse as one goes eastward and at the same time gets broader.

Another factor, of course, in the developments we are about to follow is the rate of the Russian retirement and of the enemy advance.

From the day when the Germans entered Warsaw and found it deprived of all advantages for war to that when they entered Brest and found themselves similarly bereft of booty, guns, or stores, the rate of advance was nearly seven miles a day. But that is no guide to the rate of advance which may be possible to the enemy when the real resistance is offered as it was offered for so many weeks in central Poland.

Hindenburg's group, for instance, advanced against the Narew front at an average rate of not a mile a day, or, to put it more accurately, they were held up until the retirement behind the Russian screen was complete, and there is no reason to suppose that a similar policy may not be attempted again at any moment by the Russians during this next stage of their retirement.

GERMAN SUBMARINE POLICY.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE GERMAN PROMISE TO AMERICA.

FOR a day or two last week it really seemed as if Germany realised that a blunder, and a dangerous blunder, had been committed in sinking the *Arabic*. The reports from Washington were quite unequivocal. Germany, said Count Bernstorff, in so many words, would give full satisfaction to the United States for sinking the *Arabic*, and, if the ship had been sunk without warning, something more than a mere disavowal would be made. And he begged that this statement might be taken to mean that submarine commanders would be instructed definitely to attack no more merchant ships without warning. Another version watered down "merchant ships" to "passenger steamers." Even then the concession was immense when it is remembered that that last *Lusitania* Note is not yet answered. The American Press was jubilant. America's combination of patience and firmness had at last won a moral victory! It so happened that on the day I saw these telegrams I also bought a copy of the *New York Life*, one of the very best comic journals published anywhere. There was a charming Gibson picture in it of a young husband and wife. "George," says the pouting and offended lady, "you have broken your promise to me." To which George replies, "Never mind, dearie, I will make you another." It occurred to me at once that, if Count Bernstorff was thrown over by Berlin, it would not be the first time that this has happened. It is, after all, very easy for a country to pledge its word, when we know from its own word that no pledge binds in case of necessity. Meantime, it was, at any rate, good business to allay anger.

Later news from Washington, and the reports of American correspondents in Berlin, showed that the rejoicings over the American victory were premature. The news that Germany had climbed down through Count Bernstorff was dated August 27. The American Press interpreted it in the light of two official announcements made in England. In publishing the sinking of a German submarine by Lieutenant-Commander Bigsforth, the Admiralty informed the world that, for very good reasons, details concerning the sinking of the German submarines were not made known, except in the case of those boats whose loss would necessarily be communicated to the enemy by other direct evidence. And it was added that those losses had been important. On the 26th Lord Selborne, speaking in the House of Lords, described the Navy as "having the submarine menace well in hand." The Americans naturally explained the submission of Germany as dictated quite as much by the failure of the submarine campaign as by fear of American resentment.

But a curious wireless telegram from Berlin, published on the 28th, might have warned us that

the situation was not quite so simple as it looked. Any amends offered to America, said this message, would be dependent upon two things. First, it would have to be possible to make these amends without developing internal differences in Germany; next, the form of reparation required must not affect the prestige of Germany or amount to a public humiliation. "George's new promise" was obviously in the process of being whittled away. Then came the further news, this time from America, of a third condition. The amend was contingent on America obtaining some mitigation of our blockade! The situation, far from being closed, is really more complicated than ever it was, for it depends for its solution on the antagonism between the Chancellor and the Foreign Office on the one side and the murderer Von Tirpitz on the other.

USE AND ABUSE OF SEA-POWER.

Both in redressing inequalities in gun and shell power and in maintaining financial stability America has been, and will undoubtedly continue to be, of the greatest possible assistance to the Allies. She has not given this assistance because a vast majority of the Americans sympathise with the Allies and do not sympathise with Germany; the relations of America with France, Russia, and ourselves have been of a purely business nature. The reason that the United States of America are of such enormous importance in this struggle is precisely because it is possible for the Allies only to have business dealings with them. At the end of a year of war the power and influence of the United States upon the struggle becomes therefore much greater month by month. This the Chancellor and von Jagow undoubtedly see extremely clearly. What, in point of fact, they are appreciating is one of the many decisive services which the British Fleet has rendered to the Allied cause. And it is all the greater because Germany did not foresee it.

Von Tirpitz and the German Admiralty, face to face with the impregnable ascendancy of the British Fleet, decided some eight months ago to try to neutralise it by piracy and murder on the High Seas. If the British Fleet could not be beaten into submission, at any rate the British consumer could be starved into it. If submarines could sink cruisers and battleships by day or by night, surely it should be a pretty simple business to torpedo at least the greater part of the two hundred ships which every day of the week either enter or issue from the ports of these islands. The readers of *LAND AND WATER* are quite familiar with the fact that this campaign, viewed simply as an experiment in the use of sea-power, has not produced anything like so large a crop of successes as might reasonably have been expected when the courage and skill of the officers and men employed and the greatly improved appliances which German science and skill had put at their

disposal are taken into account. The percentage of our total trade in ships sunk by submarines has been—and, in spite of recent increases, remains—utterly negligible. And this in spite of the fact that the British Navy had never reckoned upon the protection of our trade against submarines as one of its necessary duties in war.

The truth of the matter is, the campaign was started upon a series of false premisses. It is not necessary to enumerate these now, but the most prominent of them was the confidence that if any considerable number of merchant ships were sunk, either timidity would prevent shipowners from sending their craft to sea or fear would make it impossible to man them. The imperturbable courage of our merchant fleet is reflected in the significant fact that, in spite of unprecedented demands by the Royal Navy on shipping, the actual number of steamers entering and leaving the British and Irish ports are, generally speaking, greater now than they were a year ago.

If, then, Germany has gained nothing in this direction, she has certainly lost enormously in another. She has outraged almost every seafaring nation. For just as Germany's threats have frightened no British vessels off the seas, so, too, has it failed in frightening neutrals. So much is this the case that, since February, when this under-water war began, the German boats have sunk neutrals in quite disproportionate numbers. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Greece, and America, all have supplied victims in ships, and most in lives also. Their protests have been vain. America alone of all these countries commands the means of converting protest into action. As we, and all well-informed Germans, know, a very considerable number of American citizens, and those not the least influential in the counsels of their country, are insistent that American action is already overdue. At any rate, it is certain that the wholesale murder of Americans has created an entirely new and bellicose anti-German party in America, which, but for the submarine campaign, would never have existed at all.

Thus, this new and frightful measure which was to have undone the work of the British Fleet has really completed that work. It has made all nations admire the conduct of the British Navy; it has brought into relief the undoubted fact that British sea-power has never been abused. The bond between Great Britain and the United States, which, until last May, was purely a business one, must, if the submarine campaign continues, be converted into a political alliance, a dark prospect for a country in Germany's plight. The Chancellor, the financiers, and the diplomatists, therefore, see two things very clearly. If America is driven to action, the discontent of every neutral finds expression. Germany must forthwith be branded for what she is, the outlaw of the nations. Possibly the external loss to Germany will not now be very great, for externally she has nothing now in the way of reputation to lose. But the internal loss would be incalculable. The longer the war continues, the greater the financial and economic strain, the more important it will be to keep civilian opinion in united support of Government action. So long as the diplomatists can hold America off, so long will the judgment of the neutral world be without significance to the German people. If the piracy of Von Tirpitz plunges Germany into war with

America, every reflective German will know that civilisation has given its verdict and realise the impossibility of fighting a world that is righteously in arms. The thing would be intelligible if Germany contemplated surrender. It is insanity if she still has any hopes of winning.

Undoubtedly the path of the German statesmen is encompassed by difficulties. They know already that America will not barter her rights or insist on concessions from Great Britain in consideration for the immunity of her citizens from attack at sea. Nor is it possible to find a formula on which Germany can yield, which is not an admission that her previous conduct has been all that Mr. Wilson described it to be. Lastly, she cannot promise not to sink merchantmen on sight—with any intention of keeping that promise, and surely nothing else will satisfy America—without reducing the submarine campaign to a practical nullity.

AEROPLANE v. SUBMARINE.

Commander Bigsworth's achievement in sinking a submarine single-handed from an aeroplane is particularly remarkable from the fact that, in the great discussion which took place before the war, it was a main contention of those who maintained that the submarine had made it impossible for any surface ship—whether commercial or armed—to keep the sea, that it was co-operation with aeroplanes that would make the menace so formidable. Nothing, we were told, could be hid from the aeroplane's eye. So soon as any ship moved it would be seen from the skies, whence the submarine would be guided to its deadly and certain work. Sir Percy Scott's opponents retorted that it was far more probable that the boot would be upon the other leg, for while nothing was known of the power of the seaplane to communicate with a friendly submarine, it was proved that a plane could, at least in certain conditions, detect the under-water boat when submerged. It seemed, then, that the submarine had lost more than it had gained by the developments of aircraft. A year of submarine war has been, so far as the public is aware, almost entirely barren up to now of anything that showed that aeroplanes could help or hurt the submarine. Commander Bigsworth's success must not, then, be taken as affording grounds for a hope that a panacea has been found for dealing with the most insidious of all naval enemies. It cannot have been this that Lord Selborne had in mind when he said that the menace was well in hand. Nor, I think, is it difficult to see why this must be so. It is only in very special conditions of light and weather that boats can be detected with any certainty beneath the surface. It can only be by a very special chance that an aeroplane would find itself over one in these conditions, and again only by a rare combination of great skill and great good fortune that a bomb could be dropped with sufficient accuracy to do its work. One assumes that the bomb would have to be so constructed as to explode at a certain depth, or at any rate set to explode at a certain depth before being released. To judge the depth of submersion of any given submarine from an aeroplane must be a task of extraordinary uncertainty, and it detracts nothing from the merit of the performance to say that it can only in the rarest of circumstances be repeated.

A. H. POILEN.

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THE RIVER.

By J. D. Symon.

IN its upper reaches, the river, a ribbon of silver winding through a rich pastoral country, seemed to those who watched it the other day from the window of a railway carriage to be the utter negation of all that is most absorbing in the life of to-day. Amid those secluded glens it was possible almost to forget a country at death grips. The herdsman and the harvester went about their work as if no other occupation had called their younger comrades to other fields, and here and there along the banks an occasional fisherman tempted the trout to his lure. The stream's famous name may not be written here, for, in spite of its attributes of immemorial peace, it is a strenuous combatant, doing a combatant's work to the uttermost, and an integral part of the national defence. But, with discretion, it may not be quite impossible to sketch some little pictures of its majestic service; its wonderful exchange of idyllic peace for martial pageantry in its passage from the mountains to the sea.

Its peaceful pictures passed rapidly out of sight as the train skirted the higher waters. Then the river remained for a day or two only an idyllic memory, until chance brought its sterner aspect into view with an effect heightened by the contrast of that earlier glimpse. A perfect August morning brought renewal of acquaintance. The waters, no longer a thread of silver, now poured in darker volume between miles of wharves, crowded still, thanks to the Grand Fleet, with the commerce of the world. Under the shadow of a noble bridge lay a steamer whose romantic name bespoke a traffic, not that of merchandise, uninterrupted by the quarrel of the nations. "On board, on board; for shame." The admonition of Polonius cut two-edged, with a new meaning. But there was good excuse. Thus only could one see to advantage what the river held, in its lower reaches, of instruction for the present hour. It is good to observe every phase of the nation's activity at such a time. And here the work is a world's wonder. So on board it was, without shame.

The Panorama Unfolds.

The bell rang, the vessel cast off, and the panorama began to unfold with a motion so gradual and easy that the mere spectator seemed, in his conceit, the stationary centre of the show. For him the river banks moving ever up-stream, as it were, had deigned to unroll their mystery while his bark lay idle as a painted boat upon a painted ocean. For a time the real heart of the mystery was withheld. The first miles spoke only of a great seaport going about its lawful occasions. Here were the slips of every nation, save one, lading and discharging cargo as industriously and serenely as if the water held no lurking menace beneath the surface. The only suggestion of an altered order was to be found in the craft of the excepted nation, laid up in durance, and in the unusual advertisement of nationality, set out in huge letters, on the sides of the others.

It was the hour of high water, and entering vessels, coming gaily up-stream to their moorings, told of the safety of the outer seas. Here was a boat arriving from far Bilbao; she had had little to fear except in home waters; but the comparative immunity of even the immediate war zone found its witness in the crowd of Scandinavian craft, which, undeterred, were making every day the passage perilous. Armies of stevedores sweated at their task, giant cranes swung to and fro perpetually lifting rich bales from hold to wharf, from wharf to hold, fussy shunting engines brought up long trains of trucks to the quay-side to be laden with baulks of timber and bars of metal. The arts of peace, it seemed, were paramount.

But the next half mile saw the beginning of another story. The first hint of difference still held the link of

commerce. Yonder big liner might have been awaiting her cargo, but a closer view revealed new uses. Her name was painted out, yet something in her build came oddly familiar to the eye. She was an old friend, one who had carried our vagrant bones most pleasantly from another port across summer seas in southern latitudes some three years ago. There was no mistaking her, for all her grey disguise and the great gun that now grinned abaft. Near her lay one of her sister ships, also in process of transformation. The grim game, here for the first time visible, would now gain in intensity with every yard. If you like, you may read a double meaning into the word "yard," but with the fear of the Censor before our eyes, we dare not be more explicit in this place.

A Region of Colossi.

For a new region was now sliding past the bulwarks. The long quays of merchant traffic had given place to a fantastic world of constructive industry. It was a region of Colossi, where man stood dwarfed before his own many inventions. Here was the Iron Age in its latest magnificence, clangorous, urgent, the last glorification of the mere machine. Ear-splitting was this toil, incessant the clang of hammers and the quicker, more regular, pulse of the pneumatic riveting machine, teaching iron to swim. "Such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task does not divide the Sunday from the week"—the line from "Hamlet" rose irresistibly, although the din was harsher than the carpenter's hammer-music that went to the making of the old wooden walls. Strange workshops these, with their soaring traceries of knitted steel, all too slender it might seem at times for the burden put upon them, but still adequate in their perfect bracing, which told in every line of a scientific application of the parallelogram of forces, that ancient bogey of now half-forgotten days when for one's sins one had to learn a little mathematics. But the eternal law of compensation came in to make the old scrap of knowledge pleasantly suggestive and explanatory of this weird forest of girders. It was a sight full of encouragement, corroborative of many public speeches, in which those in authority have assured the country that Britannia now more than ever is equal to her foremost task of rulership.

Of the visible results of that preparation it would be pleasant to write in detail, but the time is not yet. Any account, however, could hardly be condemned on the ground of its encouraging and comforting the King's enemies. Rather would it tend to their most complete discouragement, but the river must be allowed to keep its open secret as far as these notes are concerned. Something of its energies is known to those who appreciate the information least, and their boast has gone forth that certain new creations—one in particular—are never to be allowed to reach those spheres of influence where they will be most useful, but such dark sayings must be taken at their face value. The hazard of war is, to be sure, the hazard of war, but it is duly discounted in the calculations of the expert.

Clanging Industry.

The River smiles and redoubles her efforts at reinforcement. Her power and skill, perfected through many years of peace, are a tower of strength to the nation. And so our boat and the August morning wear pleasantly along. Level meadowlands, only a little spoiled by the proximity of grimy labour, gives place to the hives of clanging industry and the view widens across a gently undulating country, with fair houses set in ancient woods. Only for a little, however. As the stream broadens and deepens, another range of Titanic workshops creeps into view, and here the mightiest tasks are afoot. The biggest conceptions of the naval architect

now pass in review, ready for launching or already launched and fitted, a sight to make an enemy gnaw his heaven-aspiring moustachios in chagrin, not so much that he cannot build also (for he can), but because the seas are free to these new craft, which need not lurk in any canal or bight, when their day of commissioning comes round. This second pageant passes with even more majesty than the former, and the authors have the credit of their works, for sign on sign, fronting the water, bears many a world-familiar name, now more than ever of good omen at this pinch of national fortune.

But the river has not given herself entirely over to the service of strife. Perhaps the most significant thing in her present state is her fidelity to the arts of peace. Great and pre-eminent as her warlike preparations are, she still maintains her ancient rôle of servant of commerce, not in mere traffic alone, but in output of ships. Side by side with grimmer craft, she is repairing the losses in our mercantile marine. Slip after slip shows the merchant vessel in progress, and in most cases these are far beyond the stage of gaunt ribs. All the way to the outfall, as town succeeds busy town, another and a peaceful activity thrusts itself with reassuring emphasis

on the spectator, and the last episode in this long imperial procession is a series of no matter how many merchantment that will in good time be plying on the world's highway, taking their chance with that gallant indifference to peril which during this last fateful year has won for our merchant seamen a new place in the nation's regard.

So ends the memorable review; but the sea is not yet, and another spectacle remains. For this river of ours that long ago left the mountains, has by a paradox returned to them again, and to far nobler mountains than those amid which her streams began their course. But the rest of the voyage is matter for another and a quieter time. The pageantry of the toiling river banks has now given place to the pageantry of the everlasting hills, engirdling the estuary, that now sweeps out broad and calm toward the ocean still distant. Thither we may not pass to-day as in other years, for a few miles further on the peace of water and mountain is rudely broken by a reminder of our present state.

From shore to shore, "floating many a rood," heaves the dark line of the protecting boom. And over the sunlit waves comes the roar of a racing destroyer.

AMERICAN INTERVENTION.

By The Editor.

LET us admit it frankly that, in times of war, murmuring against leadership is as old as war. We recognise now the conditions of struggle and anxiety, of victory and defeat under which the Old Testament was written; we behold in it a marvellous reflection of the same throes and distresses of body, mind, and soul under which the world suffers to-day. Tales of murmuring against the appointed leaders are common. Homer, in the "Iliad," has drawn for all time the classic picture of the unbridled and irresponsible war critic in Thersites:

Awed by no shame, by no respect controlled,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold.

It may be questioned whether the moral side of war and its psychical influences have changed at all with the ages. Man made mistakes then as now—mistakes which were directly due to defects of personal character or intellect, but also he made mistakes, then as now, from other and hidden reasons. The Greek poet traced these errors of judgment and action to the affections and animosities of deities on the mountain-tops; the Hebrew writers beheld in them the direct working of Jehovah; and each came nearer to the truth than those of us who talk as though man were absolute master over the work he undertakes, be it supreme or trivial. Influences move him which are beyond his control; he yields to forces of which he is unconscious or all but unconscious, and unless this truth be kept in view, we are apt to utter rashly foolish judgments on this man or that, or on this or that nation.

American intervention has been much to the fore the last two weeks. At one moment it seemed inevitable; it appears more remote at the time of writing. It is a question entirely for America's own decision, and any attempt on the part of a responsible journal under a flag other than "Old Glory" to force such a decision would be rightly resented. But we may strive to understand more clearly the motives which restrain as well as impel President Wilson and his advisers. In the current issue of that admirable quarterly magazine the *Round Table* the subject is discussed by an American writer in a masterly manner. Lord Bryce's dictum is cited that "public opinion is the central point of the whole American polity," but this is conditioned by the fact that under the presidential system of government responsibility is far more concentrated in the hands of one man than under our Parliamentary system. American foreign policy is almost entirely controlled by the President's personal outlook and his individual reading of

the public mind. We are reminded that President Wilson is far from being a believer in the policy of isolation, and that those who rate him as a peace-at-any-price man misread his career and misunderstand his nature.

(For the succeeding statements we are indebted to the writer in the *Round Table*, and his original language is used as far as possible.) When the explosion occurred in Europe there was in America a spontaneous outburst of righteous indignation at what was regarded as a heinous blow to progressive civilisation. The causes for it were carefully studied, and Germany was judged the arch-culprit. The sinking of the *Lusitania* confirmed the opinion of America that Germany as a political organism was a pariah among nations recognising neither the laws of God nor of man. This anti-German sentiment has never applied and does not now apply to the German people as individuals, but to them as a political group, and especially to those classes that have proven false leaders. The war revealed in a flash to the people of the United States that German political thought and ethics were out of harmony with those of the balance of the civilised world, and it came to be realised every day more fully that were the British Empire to fall, upon Americans primarily would rest the onerous burden of defending the cause of freedom.

Alongside of this preponderant mass of public opinion there has existed, and still exists, a divergent minority—individual judgments which range through myriads of gradations from extreme Anglophobia through apathy to unqualified German partisanship. The champions of the German cause are scattered through the social strata as well as over the States. They base their arguments on German efficiency, which once admitted, is illogically held to be conclusive proof that the other nations are inefficient and should not stand in the way of the super-State's demands. And the opinion is not wanting that Germany's legitimate aspirations for expansion have been selfishly and deliberately blocked by England.

This is a brief summary of American public opinion as it has been formed by the war itself and by the events that immediately preceded it. But back of it is a traditional friendship for France as the ally of the Revolutionary days, and an ever-growing friendship between England and America which has become apparent during the last two decades. The latter fact, although the more important, is often ignored. The writer of the *Round Table*

review traces this change in the feelings between Britain and the United States to the settlement of the Venezuela dispute, in 1896, which brought home to the consciousness of both peoples the tragedy involved in a war between them. The older American historians were intensely provincial and tended to disparage the motives of all who to any extent opposed the nation's desires and interests. Distrust and dislike of England were regularly inculcated in the schoolroom. The present generation of historical scholars has abandoned this narrow viewpoint, and has shown that there are two sides to most of the questions that formerly seemed to Americans to be purely unilateral. With this broadening of the historical standpoint has largely disappeared the view once so prevalent in America that Europe is the home of effete monarchies and that a republic is the only justifiable form of Government. Americans have awakened to the fact that not all republics are democracies while some monarchies are.

Unity of English-speaking Peoples.

The solid friendship between Britain and the United States rests upon the immutable fact that there is a fundamental unity among English-speaking peoples which sharply distinguishes them from all others. All competent scholars agree that American political institutions are derived directly from English practices and that the spirit animating the political framework is basically the same as in England. Professor Dunning's shrewd saying is cited: "An intimate like-mindedness is the indispensable factor of permanent international amity."

It will be asked what about the hyphenated American, concerning whom we have heard so much? How does this mass of non-English speaking and anti-English thinking people (it is much smaller than is generally supposed) react on public opinion? In 1910, out of a total of ninety-two millions, two and a half millions were Germans by birth. The immigrant's son is prone to out-Herod Herod in his Americanism. He resents the slightest intimation that he is not as thorough and as good an American as his neighbours. The grandchildren become so thoroughly Americanised that in not infrequent instances they do not know in what country was their ancestral home. The immigrant brings his own standards from Europe, but his children acquire the typical American viewpoint from their environment. The main agency has been the free-school system, which tends to produce uniformity of type. Stress is rightly laid on the important part played by language in this metamorphosis, and these words of the American anthropologist, David Brinton, are aptly quoted: "An individual is a mental slave to the tongue he speaks. Virtually it fixes the limits of his intellectual life. His most violent efforts cannot transcend them." And so it happens that, in spite of the fact that the United States is composed of many European strains, there is an essential unity in so far as the Caucasian elements are concerned. The English language that cuts off the son of the immigrant from his father's nationality binds him in an indissoluble mental and spiritual union with the other English-speaking peoples.

Why Not Intervention?

We have seen that the war itself has created American sympathies with the Allies; that there has always existed a traditional liking for France; that there has been a remarkable growth of friendship between Britain and the United States during the last twenty years; also that the mechanical processes of social life, so to speak, convert even Germans into Americans with English ideals in a couple of generations. Why, then, has not America intervened in this war between rival civilisations, more especially after the provocation she has received through the action of German submarines?

Says the writer of this *Round Table* review, like their cultural forebears in Britain, the American people is essentially non-militaristic; and, while recognising

that war is not always avoidable, it demands that every effort should be made to secure a peaceful solution of differences before recourse is had to the ordeal of battle. There was and still is, he adds, an almost universal desire in America to keep out of the war, and everything tending towards a peaceful solution of the difficulty has been eagerly welcomed by the bulk of the people. This is the national temper, but it would be wrong to conclude from it that though slow to act it is immobile. Back of it is that old horror of being embroiled in European affairs, which had its origin in the very cradle of its independence.

Washington's famous words spoken in his farewell address of 1796 have never been forgotten: "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or very remote relation." Less than twenty years later the Monroe Doctrine gave these words a new significance, and Jefferson wrote: "Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." This dogma has lost little of its primal force; it was reaffirmed at the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, when it was expressly stated that nothing contained in the Conventions should be construed as requiring the United States to depart from its traditional policy of non-intervention in European affairs, and the American representatives signed the Algeciras Treaty without assuming for their country "obligation or responsibility for the enforcement thereof." Twice within recent years there have been departures—small departures—from the traditional policy. The Spanish-American War necessitated the occupation of the Philippines, and interests in China compelled the President to lend a hand in the suppression of the Boxer Rebellion. Neither adventure can be said to have resulted in the honour or the advantage which was anticipated, and the wisdom of the Monroe Doctrine since then has appeared to be more justified than ever.

A Break with the Past.

If President Wilson were to break off diplomatic relations with Germany he would break for ever with the past. He would steer the ship of State into new and uncharted seas, amid shoals and reefs of which no man has knowledge. There are those who hold that the United States is now so powerful that she can weather the roughest storm in the most dangerous waters. We are of the number, but the decision rests with one man and one man alone, the President. Can we feel surprise that in his lone watch-tower, from which no Pisgah vision is granted, he should be slow to speak the word that shall sever his nation finally from her past? Are the people ready for it? Is it their will?

There must come an hour, if Germany persists in her folly, when this arbitrament will pass from him—will in point of fact be decided for him. Though the Hot-heads speak of pusillanimity, the charge cannot be sustained. If, working for peace, President Wilson be driven into war as the only possible means of upholding the honour of his country and the rights of humanity, he will have behind him the full weight of his people. Meantime it behoves us not only publicly but in our private speech to refuse to play Thersites. If America intervenes, she can employ her power in many ways, but if obtaining from Germany the satisfaction she has demanded, she considers it her duty to adhere to her old habit of isolation, then we may continue to rely on her strict neutrality at home and of that benevolence towards prisoners, captives, and the distressed which by her representatives in the belligerent countries she has exercised throughout these grievous months. America "speaks the tongue that Shakespeare spake," and in these hours of crisis she may well address to herself the words that Shakespeare wrote:

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
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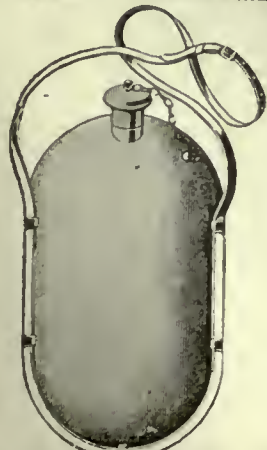
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THE WEST END

Queen Alexandra is spending the summer at Marlborough House, where Her Majesty frequently has nephews and nieces staying with her for a few days. The King when he motors to town from Windsor Castle usually has luncheon with the Queen-Mother. Queen Alexandra has been enjoying much better health lately.

The Duke of Norfolk makes steady progress towards complete recovery. He has always led a healthy and abstemious life, and though to look at he does not appear strong, he has evidently an excellent constitution. The Duke, who is now in his sixty-eighth year (the little Earl of Arundel and Surrey is seven), was the eldest of a family of eleven, eight of whom were girls. He has five sisters living, besides his one brother Lord Edmund Talbot. Norfolk House, in St. James's Square, at the present time is given up to Red Cross work.

Lord and Lady Percy are at Stanwick Park, Darlington. Lady Percy is the youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond and first cousin of Lady Titchfield, therefore in the ordinary course the next Dukes of Northumberland and Portland will be cousins, through their wives. According to custom, all Dukes are the right trusty and right entirely beloved cousins of the Sovereign, and in actual fact, most of them are the right entirely beloved cousins of each other—if we may take the entirely beloved for granted.

Evelyn Countess Annesley has arrived at The Oak Cottage, Handcross, which she has taken for a term of years.

I am asked to mention that Father Bernard Vaughan is obliged, through illness, to change the date of the retreat for ladies which he was to have given at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, this month. The retreat will now take place in October from Saturday, the 23rd, to Saturday, the 30th.

The Ritz, though one of the youngest of London's great restaurants, has gathered round it many historical memories. And I thought the other day of those whom I had seen there during the last four or five years. Three of the Kaiser's sons, two married and Prince Joachim, were lunching in the restaurant three summers ago. The table at which I sat was always reserved for Baron Marschall von Bieberstein when he stayed at the hotel, previous to the German Embassy being made ready for him. There was something of the Bismarck look about the Baron; he was a big, heavy man; his rôle was hail fellow well met with anyone whom he thought could be of use to him, and his mission, as we now know, was to disarm suspicion by genial manners and hearty hospitality. Death intervened. But we have to thank him for our war with Turkey.

For several years the table by the first pillar was reserved at luncheon for the Austrian Embassy, and near by members of the Russian Embassy were frequently to be seen. One still misses the round and pleasant face of Count Mensdorff, in the old days so often lunching or dining within the Holy of Holies—that little group of tables near the door. But though those have gone others remain. On the very day I am referring to, M. de Soveral with his faithful white woolly dog was there, and at the next table to me the Chinese Minister and his wife were lunching, both in European costume. Yet it seems only yesterday that I was one of a luncheon party in this very restaurant when the then Chinese Minister wore pigtail and ancestral robes. The world moves, certainly it moves.

The Royal Colonial Institute has conferred its Gold Medal, together with £100 and a Life Fellowship, on Mr. A. E. Duchesne for his monograph on the thesis, "A Democracy cannot manage an Empire." Mr. Duchesne has something more than a passing acquaintance with the problems of Empire. For over twenty years he worked in India, being latterly editor of *The Englishman*, Calcutta. Since his return to England he has been connected with the

Indian Tea Cess Fund, and he has made it his business while popularising Indian tea to instruct the people of these islands in all that lies behind it. The tea bush, though of younger growth, has gladdened the heart of man as much as the vine, in some respects more.

Lady Lumsden, the widow of that distinguished soldier, the late Sir Harry Lumsden, has written to the Editor a most interesting note on the origin of khaki. Sir Harry raised the Guides in December 1846, having been given a free hand as regards dress and drill, and he put them into khaki; three years later the Punjab Frontier Force was raised and adopted it. But the Guides were first.

"On one occasion," writes Lady Lumsden, "a Force moved from Peshawar; the Guides went to assist them, and so quickly did they accomplish their task that an artillery officer deliberately laid a gun on them, and was on the point of ordering it to be fired when a keen-eyed gunner called out, 'Lord, sir, them is our *Mudlarks!*' referring to their mud-coloured uniforms. The 52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry, I have always understood, was the first British regiment to wear khaki. They were stationed on the Punjab Frontier in the early 'fifties, and wore dyed cotton for campaigning in hot weather.

A *Punch* cartoon is often a national possession, with such wonderful truth and skill does our contemporary picture the public sentiment of the hour. Never have these cartoons been better than during the war. I am glad to find that *Punch* is now printing them separately on tinted India paper and mounted on rough-edged white Whatman boards. They make the most effective prints.

The West End, one would have thought, would have been the easiest place in the world to shop in, but apparently it has its difficulties. A C.O. of a Canadian regiment is in this dilemma, according to a private letter. He has had placed at his disposal a not inconsiderable sum of money to buy comforts and little luxuries for his men. He regards it to be his duty to find the best in the market at the price, but is doubtful where to go to. But as I have told him, he and any of his friends who are in this perplexity have only to write a line either to the Editor of *Land and Water* or to

HERMES.

❖ THE BUYERS' GUIDE ❖

By PASSE-PARTOUT

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a post-card addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

Half the difficulty of sending food in convenient form to our fighting forces has been removed with the introduction of collapsible tubes. As the contents of the tube is gradually used its compass becomes smaller, for after the fashion of its kind it can be rolled up from the end. A firm, which has grown noted for its campaign comforts during the past year, is now ready with many different preparations in these collapsible tubes. Butter and honey are being put up in them, the first-named costing 1s. 2d., and the second 1s. 1d. Then there is raspberry and strawberry marmalade, either form costing 1s. 1d., while that useful commodity—condensed milk—is available for 10½d. only.

Quite excellent is some potted chicken or potted chicken and ham for the same price, which is appreciated wherever it makes its way. If, indeed, the number of orders received for these tubes was recorded, it would reveal a startlingly large figure. One of their chief advantages is the ease with which the contents can be eaten in spite of the fly pest. Many men have written home, praising the way in which they can be squeezed, a bit at a time, on a piece of bread or biscuit, and

The County Gentleman
AND
LAND & WATER

Vol. LXV No. 2783

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915

[PUBLISHED AS
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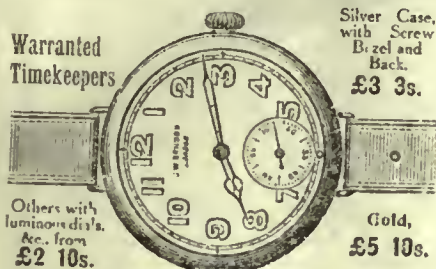
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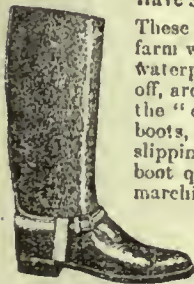
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RUSSIAN RAILWAYS & RETREAT

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE THREAT TO RIGA.

TO the general absence of positive news during the past week up to the time of writing there is but one exception, and that is the capture of Fredrichstadt by German troops. That the holding of this point (and another some twenty miles further east) by the Germans is a threat to Riga is evident, and has been noticed throughout the Press of the Allies. But how that threat may develop only an intimate acquaintance with the ground and even with the local disposition of forces (of which we know nothing) could tell us.

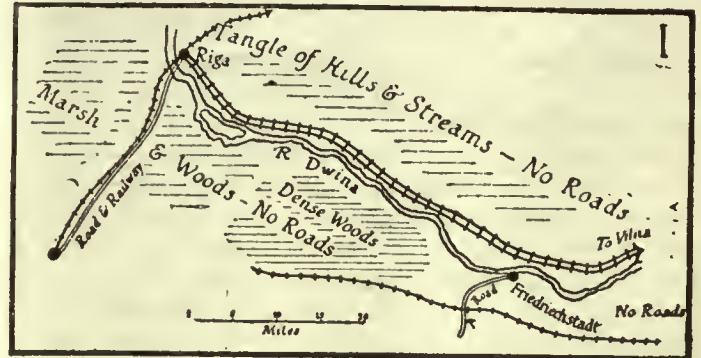
Meanwhile, the main elements of the position are clear enough. The town of Riga stands near the mouth of the River Dwina where that stream is broad and forms a harbour. It is approached from the south by a line of railway which is, until the last few miles before the town, already in enemy hands. Roughly parallel with that railway runs a metalled road, also coming from the south.

But the singular feature appears from the map that along all the valley of the river eastward above Dwina for thirty miles and more there are no roads. Immediately in front of Riga for some miles upon either side of the single road approach from the south, and of the railway, there lies one of those huge stretches of marshy forest which, from the Baltic to the Dniester, are the characteristics of the marches of Poland upon the east, and were, until the end of the Middle Ages, the heathen stretch dividing the Catholic Poles from the Orthodox Russians. In all that country up-river from Riga one seeks in vain for an avenue of communication of any service to a modern army until one comes to the site of Fredrichstadt. There is, indeed, a single line of railway running not quite parallel with the river, but approaching it from the south and west, but below Fredrichstadt there is no reasonable means of approach for trains of vehicles and guns to the river bank. It is at Fredrichstadt and above this point that conditions change. A road, tolerable only, crosses the railway here and leads to the town. The town lies upon the southern or left bank of the stream, and, so long as it was occupied by the Russians, formed a "bridgehead" over the River Dwina—that is, it afforded to the Russians a secure crossing over the obstacle, and a point upon which they could get out upon the other side.

This "bridgehead," the first practicable one at all in the neighbourhood of Riga, and not two days' march away, has been taken by the enemy, the Russian communiqué telling us that the cause of the Russian retirement to the further, or right, bank of the stream was the destruction of the bridge by the enemy's artillery.

The elements of the position are shown upon the accompanying Sketch I.

Immediately north of the river, and parallel



to it, runs the important double line of railway, connecting Riga with Vilna.

It is an error to suggest, as has been done in more than one newspaper, that the cutting of this line isolates Riga. That large town is still connected with the northern bases, depôts, and sources of supply of Russia by yet a third railway, which runs up gradually diverging from the sea-coast towards the north-east. But it is evident from the German capture of Fredrichstadt, with their corresponding control, if not of the obstacle of the Dwina itself, yet of the bridgehead commanding it, that the main line connecting Riga with the interior may be lost at any moment, and is, perhaps, lost at the moment of writing—that is, Tuesday evening. There is even a claim sent in rather vague terms, and without official sanction from the Germans, that they already control Riga. There is not at the moment of writing any confirmation of this. Whether Riga can be effectively used by the enemy without his control of the approaches by sea I must leave it to my colleague upon this paper to discuss. It would seem that short of such control of the sea the occupation of even so great a town would be of little strategical advantage. It would further seem that with control of the sea it would be of the greatest possible advantage, because that port would furnish an advance base from which the northern advance could continue with ease. For munitions could come round by water in greater quantities and with greater rapidity than by land.

It must be remarked that immediately to the north of this railway line, which runs thus eastward from Riga parallel to the Dwina, the whole country is a tangle of small hills and valleys and streams without one first-rate road. If Riga were the only objective, such a district could be held defensively with almost as much ease as the marshes and woods to the south of the river. But any considerable Russian force thus defending Riga from an advance by way of Fredrichstadt and the Dwina railway would, as it fell back, be more and more cooped up towards the sea-coast, and would run the risk of capture.

It is all these things combined which render the importance of Fredrichstadt and of the

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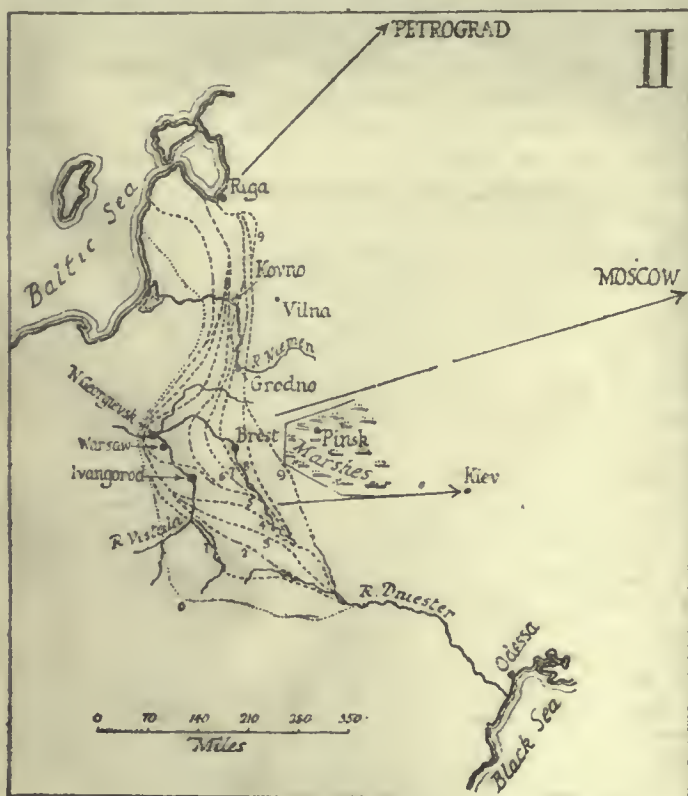
enemy's grip upon it achieved at the end of last week of such importance in this particular theatre of the war.

FURTHER GERMAN OBJECTIVE.

What the next move of the enemy, who now and still possesses a complete initiative in the East, may be it is impossible to tell. But it is clear that only certain objectives for a further offensive are open to him, and only certain ways by which these can be approached.

A very valuable summary of the position appeared in the *Morning Post* of the 7th, with the suggestion that the disposition of the enemy forces led one rather to imagine a movement to the north than to the south of the marshes. It will be remembered that the Russian armies, as a whole, held during their slow retirement of the last four months chains of positions which formed, if not continuous lines, yet a continuous occupation of territory right across Poland from the Baltic to the boundaries of Roumania upon the Upper Dniester River.

Taking the successive ways of the retirement one by one, marking the limits of each after an interval of about a fortnight, we arrive at nine lines (for the process has now taken four months and a half), which are roughly those shown upon the accompanying sketch.



This sketch shows the outlines of the country from the Baltic to the Black Sea, the theatre of operations running from the Baltic in the north to the frontiers of Roumania in the south. The outermost line upon the left, or west, represents the chain of Russian positions across Galicia, along the Carpathians, up the Dunajec, across Russian Poland, and along the frontiers of East Prussia, at the opening of the movement in the end of April. Taking the positions fortnight by fortnight, they are represented by the successive lines 1, 2, 3, &c., up to 9, which stands for the positions held at the time of writing, just including Riga in the north, but excluding Kovno, Grodno, and Brest. It will be seen that all these four and a half months have accounted for a belt

of rather over two hundred miles at its widest, and rather less than one hundred at its narrowest, while the length of the belt of country over which the operations have taken place is nearly eight hundred miles in a straight line.

Now these successive ways of retirement, each maintaining a more or less continuous line, have reached, as was explained last week and the week before, the impossible area known as the Marshes of Pinsk, north and south of which, if the movement is to continue, both the retreat and the corresponding enemy advance must clip into at least two main bodies.

That there will probably be more than two, and why, will be seen in a moment when we come to consider the railway system of Russia proper.

But at any rate there cannot be less than two. Whether we regard what shall follow as an enemy movement impelled by the Russian retirement, or as a Russian movement controlled by the enemy advance, it is necessary that German commanders should determine whether their chief effort shall be made to the north or to the south of the marshes, for these, as an obstacle, cleave the advance and the retreat as the pile of a bridge cleaves the stream of a river.

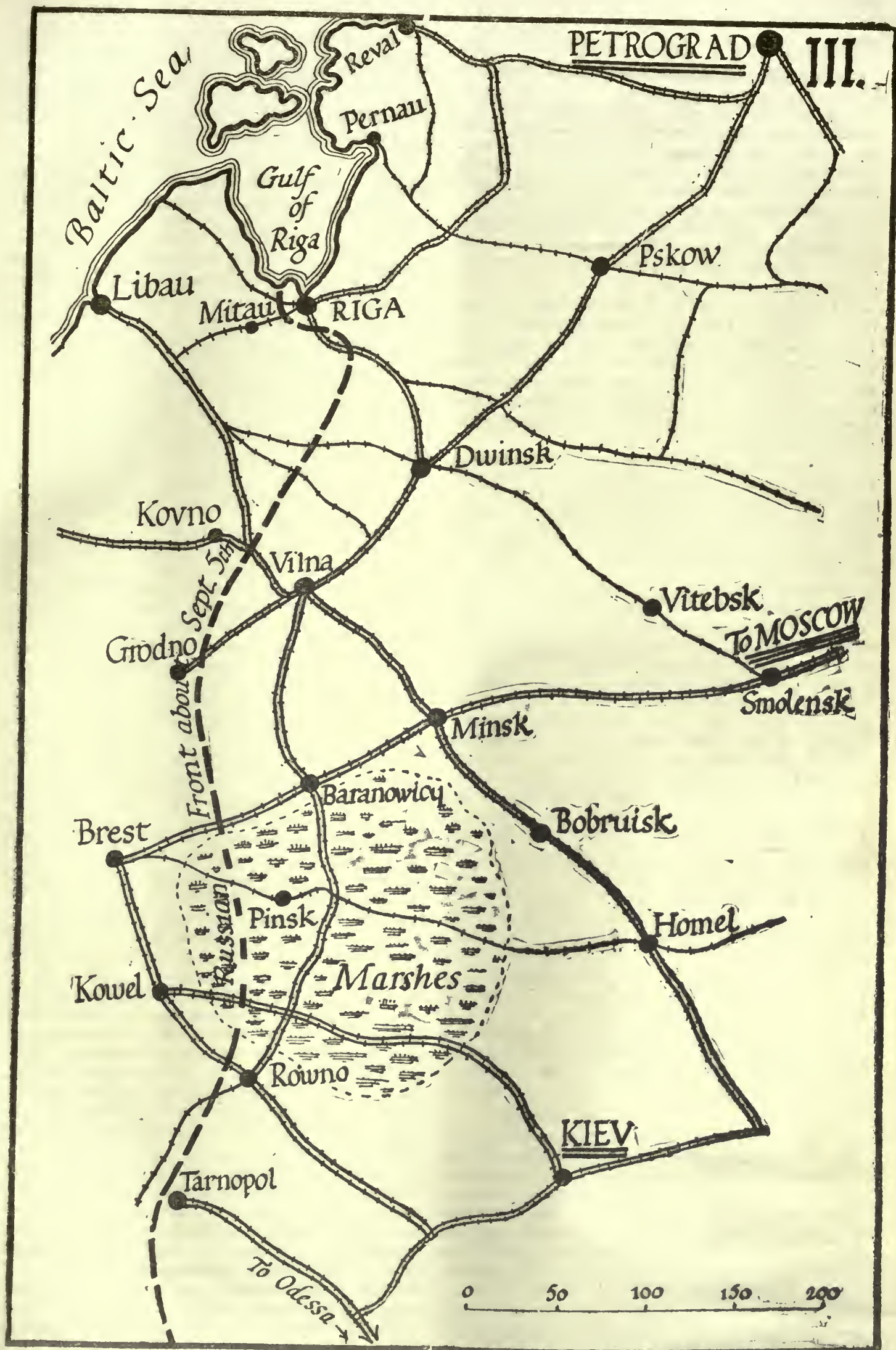
Now the very valuable summary, to which I have just alluded as having appeared in the *Morning Post* the other day, suggests that the enemy would prefer the northern to the southern road for the mass of his effort.

The reasons in favour of the southern effort I gave last week when I showed how an advance on Kiev, cutting off Roumania, ultimately threatening Odessa and the chief avenues of supply and export to and from the Black Sea, the better climate in winter of the south, &c., would advantage the enemy's plans.

On the other hand, the reasons of ground against such a movement were also given, and particularly the fact that a large force thus advancing south of the marshes would necessarily be cut off from reinforcements and supply from the still larger forces to the north. For the railway communication between the two sections is very poor and the road communication almost negligible. The suggestion above referred to, reinforcing this argument in favour of the northern rather than the southern effort, has its strength in the disposition of the forces engaged. It is pointed out that the German forces lie almost entirely to the north of the marshes, the Austrian forces mainly to the south.

Now it is true that the Austrians have rather more men on the Eastern front than the Germans, and it is true that the Austrian siege train, which is altogether superior to the Germans', has been lent hitherto to the northern field, for no considerable permanent work lay south of the marshes. It is further true that there are German contingents in the Austrian Army south of the marshes, and that the Austrian contingent under the Archduke forms Mackensen's left wing, acting upon the north of the marshes.

Still, roughly and as a whole, the disposition is German on the north, Austrian on the south. But, without wasting ourselves upon abusive exaggeration, we may generally admit that both the direction of the operations in the East is in German hands and that the presence of German troops in a majority determines the principal movement, and it is this somewhat political argument which makes one lean towards the concep-



Plan Showing the Importance of the Marshes of Pinsk.

tion of a northern rather than of a southern advance.

PROBABILITY OF ACTION BY SEPARATE ARMIES AND THE FUNCTION OF THE RUSSIAN RAILWAYS.

But an examination of the railway communication behind the present Russian line suggests most forcibly the further conception which has already been mentioned in these columns that any continued Russian retirement and corresponding enemy advance will no longer take the form of continuous chains of positions, even as separated by the marshes, but rather of separate armies.

In order to appreciate the strength of this argument, let us look at the accompanying Sketch III. A modern army, as we all know, exists by the railway. Indeed, it has been the difficulty of railway communications, as well as the difficulties of equipment and munitioning, that have restricted Russia's effort and, in part, compelled the Russian retreat.

But up to the present line, which is indicated by dashes upon Sketch III., the line of which, generally speaking, was held by our Ally at the end of last week, there is both a sufficient railway communication with various Russian bases and, generally speaking, a sufficient *parallel railway communication* behind the front.

A double line from Riga to Dwinsk, through Vilna, thence right on to Rowno through the marshes, does, though at a distance, it is true, and most imperfectly (compared with similar opportunities in Western Europe), afford an avenue whereby men and munitions can be moved from point to point when they are required up and down the line. But once suppose the enemy astride of the main north-eastern line from Vilna to Petrograd, and the consequences are clear. There are, then, only three great avenues of supply—the great double line from Petrograd down to, say, in the neighbourhood of Dwinsk, the great central line from Moscow through Smolensk and Minsk, and the southern line through Kiev to Rowno. There is one double connecting line east of the marshes through Homel; all the rest are single lines, if I am not mistaken, or were so before the war. Add to this the fact of the immense distances involved. Remark the divergence of the three main systems of railway spreading out like the fingers of a hand, admit the effect upon all communications of the winter, and it would seem inevitable that, if the retirement should continue on the Russian side and a corresponding advance of the enemy should proceed, it can but be in three or more groups.

There is, indeed, one other possible alternative, which is that the enemy advance should halt, and that he should attempt to hold upon the defensive this enormous line. The suggestion is improbable, though possible. We have seen that on a much better opportunity—the line of the Vistula—the enemy deliberately refused to take the defensive, and preferred to pursue his chance—apparently his dwindling chance—of obtaining a decision.

He has followed such a plan for now six inconclusive weeks. It is just six weeks ago since the full line of the Vistula was in his hands, and

since he might have halted as Napoleon might wisely have halted at Smolensk. But apparently the enemy still believes in the possibility of a decision—perhaps he hopes it will come by a turning of the Russian armies by the north, their right, in the immediate future. Whether he will attain such a result or no only that future can show, but he has not yet determined to halt, and he shows no signs of such determination.

RATE OF GERMAN WASTAGE. A REVISED AND LATE FRENCH ESTIMATE.

If the threat to Riga be the most important particular news, the most important general news of the week by far is a statement which has appeared, with official authority behind it, in the *Temps* of Paris with regard to the present rate of wastage in one section of the enemy's forces.

This official statement does not tell us anything with regard to the rate of wastage in Austria-Hungary; it only concerns the German Empire—that is, only five-ninths of the enemy's effectives. But we may infer from the figures given for the German contingent the corresponding figures that would be found for the Austrians were they available.

This rate of wastage is set as being now 300,000 a month. That is the figure which, with advantages for information at their disposal such as no other authorities among the Allies can equal, the French War Office finds as the rate of wastage in Germany at the present moment.

At first sight it would seem as though this estimate were higher than that formed for the fighting of the earlier part of the year. But it will be remembered that for the first five months a loss of 260,000 per month was the estimate formed by the same authorities, and every piece of evidence available since that date has confirmed the French official figure. This estimate of 260,000 a month referred to total or permanent losses. A figure of 300,000 a month for drafts to repair wastage does not seem to indicate an increase in the rate of loss, but, if anything, a very slight decline, for these drafts to replace losses include, it may be presumed, temporary cases returning to service and certainly include men who are sent forward to replace losses only temporary at the front.

We may take it, then, if the French official estimates are to be relied on, that the rate of wastage continues steadily at the average it reached some months ago. It is a rate which coincides with the total losses arrived at upon every other line of examination independent of the information available to the French authorities. It is loss at the rate of rather more than three millions a year.

This exceedingly important official pronouncement leads me to return to the calculations which I put forward in these columns last week, and I will, with the reader's leave, deal with certain criticisms I have received upon them, for work of this kind is valueless unless one knows the sources upon which it is based, and submits it to the most thorough examination. I will deal with the principal criticisms I have received in what seems to me to be the order of their importance.

QUESTION OF TOTAL NUMBERS.

The next vital point, and perhaps that which admits of most argument, is the question of total figures. My readers may remember that I estimated these at about or but little over *twelve million*.

Now it will also be remembered that the total number of males of what is called military age (fixing the inferior limit of this at seventeen and the superior limit rather arbitrarily at forty-five) was no less than twenty-seven million—more than double the approximate figure of twelve million, or but little over, which I have suggested as the probable enemy total numbers.

The margin, therefore, between the gross total and the estimate of actual fighting forces is very wide. And it is no wonder that, with such a difference between gross and net, the smaller figures should be open to suspicion.

It is clear, for instance, that the enemy can, if he chooses, draw very largely upon men now employed behind the army in civilian and military provisionment. He can also call to the colours a very considerable portion of men hitherto rejected for physical reasons. He can, further, summon men from over forty-five and up to what age he will. A man can walk and carry a rifle and shoot with it at pretty well any age. But the whole point of this normal figure of one-tenth to total population as the maximum which a nation can arm lies in this: That this proportion gives one, if the experience of the past and of contemporary nations is of any value, the maximum of *efficiency*. In other words, when the authorities attempt largely to pass such a figure they only do so at the expense of something else more important than mere numbers. They either confuse transport, or starve munitionment, or weaken the total strength of their units (though increasing their actual number) by including human material which clogs their progress. No one denies that the enemy could, if efficiency were merely tested by numbers of armed men, produce a figure very much in excess of *twelve million*. There are even of efficiencies more like eighteen millions, as we have seen. But the efficiency of a nation in arms is not only tested by the number of armed men it can present; it is tested by the action of the military machine as a whole, and in no case that can be produced, I think, of a modern army representing the maximum effort of a modern nation has this figure one-tenth been largely surpassed.

Another suggestion I have received from more than one quarter is that the census returns of the German Empire were falsified. I find it very difficult to accept this. Not only does the idea seem somewhat fantastic, but the falsification of such figures would involve a labour and co-ordination of false entries surely impossible to maintain.

An elementary point in all this, but one that is too frequently forgotten, is that the calculation of a nation's reserve of man-power is not the calculation of his existing man-power. It is a calculation of the difference between what it needs for some task it has undertaken and the total of its remaining numbers. The interest of watching the gradual exhaustion of the enemy's reserves of power lies in the fact that the enemy is really committed to four fronts which cannot occupy much less than five millions of men, and it is the margin between this enormous number and its total

remaining number which we are noting. Were his task less—should he, for instance, conclude peace upon any one front or destroy his enemies there—the calculation would change at once.

QUESTION OF TEMPORARY AS AGAINST PERMANENT LOSSES.

Another criticism which is of some weight is to the effect that the figures I gave last week may somewhat exaggerate the enemy's real loss by underestimating the proportion of temporary losses. It will be remembered that I suggested out of every hundred casualties in a list not more than twenty-five as returning to the colours.

I believe this proportion to be accurate enough in judging the close trench fighting of the last few months, where the proportion of dead to wounded has been so abnormally high, and where the proportion of grievously wounded has also been abnormally high. It might be too low a figure for fighting of a different type. But, upon the basis of British lists, it seems accurate enough.

Those lists give, roughly, three-fifths as wounded. Of these more than half count on paper as men who return to service; but not much more than half—that is, three-tenths.

Now, three-tenths is more than one-quarter; it is larger by five per cent. And since more than half are technically returned, there is a margin of more than five per cent., probably of nearer ten per cent., over the maximum of a quarter fixed in the estimate published last week. But I understand that of the numbers technically admitted as "returned," the proportion that can actually take up their old service is such as to bring the true figure very close to that quarter of the total casualty lists, which I have suggested. It may be noted that a War Office statement made some weeks ago was upon much the same lines, allowing for the return of one-fourth in the case of a particular portion of the enemy at a particular date.

QUESTION OF TOTAL FRONTAGE.

Upon these estimates I think that no effective criticism can be made. All judgment upon the matter, official and unofficial, comes so nearly to the same conclusion that I think we may fairly accept that conclusion. It is to the effect, it will be remembered, that there cannot be much less than 1,800,000 upon the West; certainly not less than 2,600,000 upon the East; and at least a quarter of a million upon the Italian front. It will be further remembered that we left no less than 200,000 for watching the Roumanian, the Serbian, and Montenegrin frontiers. These minimum figures will not give us a full five million, but they approach that figure, and if the proportion of new drafts quoted by the French authorities be correct, then the total recruitment of all the enemy fronts combined must be at the rate of well over half a million a month. For to the 300,000 Germans we must add 240,000 Austro-Hungarians—that would be at a rate of wastage of rather more than ten per cent. a month, counting temporary and permanent losses together. Such an estimate corresponds very nearly to the estimated rate of wastage which has been going on throughout the past year in the enemy forces.

Space prevents my dealing until next week with certain further questions on numbers which I have just received from several correspondents.

H. BELLOC.

IS THE BLOCKADE OVER?

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE GERMANS AND RIGA.

IN spite of what is apparently rather grave news from the Baltic, the sinking of the *Hesperian* and its bearing on the submarine blockade seem to be the naval issues of the moment. To this matter, therefore, I shall devote the bulk of my space to-day. But the other news calls for some remark. It is premature to analyse the bearing of the German claim to have occupied the Gulf of Riga until we know the strength in which it is held and the character of the counter-stroke which the Russian Navy is doubtless preparing. In the meantime it is sufficient to remind the reader that it is one thing for German cruisers to enter, and, indeed, to hold, the Gulf of Riga and a different thing altogether to establish safe communications between Riga and the German ports. As we saw a week or two ago, the objective of the German Navy is not the possession of the Port of Riga but the making of it into an advance base. For without such a base the supplying of an army large enough for a successful thrust at Petrograd will be, if not impossible, at any rate so much more difficult that the *pace* of the thrust—and at this stage everything turns upon *pace*—must be most seriously affected. It is not, then, the possession of Riga but the command of the sea between Riga, Königsberg, and Danzig that matters. The Russian Navy has already shown what it can do in the way of hostilities in the limited field of the Gulf itself. In suitable conditions these attacks can be repeated. And it is probably well within the demands of right strategy that the main forces should be reserved until Germany shows signs both of being able to obtain Riga and of using it for sea transport. Command of the Baltic cannot be established without battle, if the Russians so decide, and Riga cannot be used for the safe transport of troops, munitions, or supplies until the Russian Fleet is either defeated, blockaded, or otherwise demobilised. The claim of the Germans, then, to have entered and now to hold the Gulf may, and probably does, mean something very short of their possessing any such sea ascendancy as will make Riga of paramount value in the main campaign.

In the Black Sea our allies have met with certain marked successes. There has been an engagement between two Russian destroyers and the *Hamidieh* and two large torpedo-boats. The Turkish squadron was escorting four coal transports and a barque. The Russian destroyers immediately engaged them. A running fight ensued, and the *Hamidieh* and the torpedo-boats were driven off and the transports sunk. In the Sea of Marmara further submarine successes are recorded. From the Adriatic and elsewhere there is no naval news at all.

CASE OF THE "HESPERIAN."

The interest of the sinking of the *Hesperian* consists in this. Does it alter the diplomatic

position between the United States and Germany? And to answer this question it is necessary to define as precisely as possible what that position was when, on September 5, an outward bound liner was sunk 135 miles south-west of Queenstown. It stood briefly as follows: On July 25 President Wilson dispatched his final Note to Berlin on the situation created by the murder of American citizens in the *Falaba* and *Lusitania*, and the attacks on the *Gulflight* and the *Cushing*. In this Note he laid down for the guidance of the German Foreign Office that the law of civilised war required that non-combatant ships should be visited and searched before being sunk, and that no ship should be sunk without providing for the safety of all the non-combatants on board. And he went on to say that if Germany continued to act in defiance of these principles, and by so doing should bring American lives into jeopardy, every such act would be regarded by the United States as "deliberately unfriendly." To this Note Germany sent no reply in words. Her reply in act has been as follows. Between July 25 and September 5 fifty-nine British and thirty-three neutral ships have been sunk in the war area. Very few details are now published about any of these proceedings. But it appears that, in at least fourteen cases, either that the ship was attacked by gunfire or torpedoed without warning being given, or lives were lost while passengers and crews were being hurried into the boats or through the loss of boats. In one case it was the wife of a ship's officer who thus perished. In the great majority of these cases it was doubtless conjectured—and the event has proved it was correctly conjectured—that no American citizens would be on board the ships subjected to this treatment. But in the *Arabic*, sunk on August 19, there were several Americans on board, and two of them perished; and in the *Hesperian* there were apparently two Americans on board, but seemingly neither perished. In only two out of these fourteen cases, therefore, did there exist the circumstances which brought these exhibitions of German policy within the definition of "deliberately unfriendly" acts against America.

But it must be realised that it was only by a mere matter of chance that none of the remaining twelve cases could officially be brought to the notice of the United States Government. There are Americans serving in many British and neutral ships as engineers, mechanics, electricians, and seamen. This is a state of things perfectly well known to the German Government. In instructing the submarine commanders, therefore, to continue torpedoing on sight, after the receipt of the Note of July 25, the Germans were deliberately running the risk of acting not on two, but on a very large number of occasions, in a manner which they had President Wilson's word for knowing would be resented as unfriendly. The first point, then, that must be quite clearly kept in mind is this. For a period

of over forty days after the receipt of the American warning the submarine commanders have been acting exactly as if that warning had either not been given or could be treated with supreme and utter contempt. Now, seven of these cases occurred before the *Arabic* was sunk on August 19. An observer, noting the character and meaning of Mr. Wilson's definition of civilised war, and of his threat of American resentment, may have been pardoned for supposing that the *Arabic* case must terminate all controversy once and for all.

GERMAN OLIVE BRANCH.

But a complete and final breach was averted by Count Bernstorff's announcement to Mr. Lansing, made on August 27, that Germany had decided to change the character of her submarine war in a manner that should be satisfactory to American opinion. This announcement was followed by a wireless statement from Berlin that Admiral von Tirpitz had been given a much-needed holiday. It looked as if the civilians had prevailed. On August 31 Count Bernstorff put the German concession into writing. It ran as follows: "Liners shall not be sunk by submarines without warning, and without provision for the safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that they do not try to escape or offer resistance." This passage, it was understood, was quoted textually from instructions received from Berlin. The Ambassador continued: "Although I know that you do not wish to discuss the *Lusitania* question until the *Arabic* incident has been satisfactorily settled, I desire to inform you of the above, because this is the policy my Government had decided upon before the *Arabic* incident had occurred." But it was not at all clear from these words that the German surrender was as complete as the American Government seems bound to demand. As we have already seen, it is always possible that there may be American employees in the ordinary merchant ships of belligerent Powers; and it is notorious that a considerable number of private persons travel in ships that by no stretch of sea nomenclature can be called liners at all. To exclude the latter textually from attack and to leave the smaller ships open to instant destruction, would be very far from conceding the case which President Wilson has, with such patience and persistency, tried for the last eight months to establish. On September 3 the New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* asked from the State Department a definite answer as to what was understood by the term "liners" in Count Bernstorff's Note. And he was officially authorised to say that the understanding of the American Government was that the term covered *all classes* of vessels. And indeed, adds the correspondent, were this not the case, the tributes paid in America to the "glorious moral victory" of Dr. Wilson's administration would be correctly described as gush and nothing more.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

The general assumption has been that the American Government has correctly interpreted the German attitude. In the most recent of his exquisite letters on various aspects of the naval campaign, Mr. Balfour has adopted the view that the Germans have now yielded to America,

although not in deference to the sweet reasonableness of America's case, but because their "formidable" losses of submarines, and their utter failure to injure Great Britain materially, has made them realise that the crimes of March and May have become the mere blunders of September. But it should be noted that while the American interpretation may be right, and Mr. Balfour's inferences from the position perfectly correct, there has not been, up to September 5, any German confirmation that the word "liners" included all classes of ships. Still, while this is so, the Bernstorff memorandum undoubtedly changed the position materially from what it was before the *Arabic* incident occurred. If Germany had not conceded everything she had at any rate conceded much, and, much or little, she had at any rate made a reply to America in which the merits of the controversy were at last recognised. It seemed obviously a position capable of improvement and adjustment.

Has the sinking of the *Hesperian* materially altered the situation? The first thing to bear in mind is that the case of the *Hesperian*, like the case of the *Arabic*, does not stand alone. It is one of seven cases in which ships have been sunk without warning since August 19. The latest is the case of the *Cymbeline*, sunk apparently on September 6 with a loss of six killed and six wounded. The whole point of the Bernstorff Note was that the German Administration had decided upon a change of policy at some time before August 19. Are we, then, to believe that all the submarines engaged in these murderous attacks in the 19 days between August 19 and September 6 have been acting either in ignorance or in defiance of the German Government's orders? Or are we to understand that there is a conflict of authority in the German Government, that the Foreign Office speaks with one voice, and von Tirpitz with another? At any rate, it is clear that if Germany is resolved upon not risking a breach with America she will have to disown the murderer of twenty-six of the *Hesperian's* crew as heartily and as promptly as possible.

WILL GERMANY SURRENDER?

For several reasons it seems to me now very highly probable that the surrender announced in part on August 27 will be completed before this month is much older. In coming to this conclusion I have to confess to a change of previous opinion. From the very beginning of the submarine campaign until a week ago, I have regarded it as inevitable that America would be drawn into the war. America, after all, stands to-day as she has historically stood from the earliest days of her nationhood, for the broad principles of right and humanity in international relations. In no country has the moral sense of the community been more acutely shocked by the perfidy and cruelty of Germany's outrage of the neutrality of Belgium. In no country has greater sympathy with the victims of the outrage been shown or a greater generosity displayed in mitigating its awful and heartbreaking consequences.

But, for reasons that seemed adequate to the majority of Americans, the United States Government did not feel called upon to enter any protest whatever against either this or any subsequent breaches of the agreements solemnly entered into by all civilised nations at The Hague for the prevention of unnecessary suffering in

war. In spite, therefore, of the fact that Germany has proclaimed her own perfidy, that her conduct of war has been barbarous and inhuman, it remained that the American Government kept up the forms of diplomatic friendship. And so long as Germany's offences against "fairness, justice, reason, and humanity" were limited to the cruelties and outrages that she committed on land, there seemed to be no reason why the American attitude should ever change.

But with the proclamation of the submarine blockade of these islands it became obvious that in a very small degree Americans would suffer with their fellow-Christians in Europe, though, of course, only in a very small degree. The terms of the February Note made it equally clear that Americans would not remain either silent or merely passive sufferers. When, therefore, the sea outrages began, and, in due course, Americans were threatened with, or sent to, death, protests, ending with the unveiled threat of active resentment, followed. The situation from May to July was, therefore, that unless Germany abandoned the campaign as she was carrying it on, the beligerency of America was inevitable.

A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT.

And it seemed equally inevitable that Germany would find it impossible to abandon the campaign. For, as I have frequently pointed out in these pages, the genesis of the submarine blockade is to be found in the total failure of the German Fleet either to diminish the strength of the British sea forces, or to protect German trade, or materially to damage ours. The German people, therefore, were brought face to face with the fact that the German Navy—that had cost them such enormous sacrifices in money, the existence and power of which seemed to be the only justification of the final challenge to Great Britain—was made to appear not only a useless and unprofitable investment, because in the stress of war it possessed no military value, but from beginning to end the outcome of a fatal error in policy, because its existence made it inevitable for England to take up arms against Germany when the day of trial came. Unless, then, the whole high seas policy of the German Emperor and the statesmen was to be shown up as the merest folly, something had to be done to retrieve the situation.

It was at this moment that von Tirpitz promised that the submarines should bring Great Britain to her knees. Neither he nor any sailor could have expected it to succeed in its professed object. But it did succeed in its real object. The murders of the *Lusitania* were received with wild rejoicings by the strange people that inhabit Germany. And I have never thought that Germany could abandon this policy, because to do so was not only to admit that it was in a military sense a failure and in a moral sense a crime, but because surrender must recreate, in a worse and emphasised form, the situation to mask which the campaign was invented. It would be an admission of a double failure. Even if war with America were the alternative, so great a climb down seemed impossible.

THE NEW SITUATION.

But during the last few weeks the position has materially changed. It has become obvious that it is impossible for Germany to terminate

the war by obtaining a military decision. The benefits Germany derived from her better preparation have, it is true, for a limited period made her invincible by the Allies. But they have not sufficed to give her the power of conquering either all or any one of the Allies on land.

In a war which is bound to be prolonged, time fights on the side of the combination that has the greatest ultimate resources. It is the Sea Power of Great Britain that has secured to the Allies the time necessary for converting these resources into instruments of war. For some weeks, then, Germany has realised that the one and only business before her now is to play for the best peace she can get. At its best, peace will put it out of her power for at least some generations to recreate the machine which originally inspired, and was ultimately to make effective, her militaristic religion. In other words, Germany now perceives that in its ultimate essence the war has been a fight between an invincible army on the one side and an invincible Navy on the other, and that it is the invincible Navy that must win. This is the fundamental idea behind the German Chancellor's recent speech in the Reichstag. It is for this reason that he puts in the forefront of Germany's programme that the destruction of British "navalism" is from henceforth the cardinal point of German policy.

Where, in seeking this object, is any help to be sought outside of Germany? Even to German intelligence, any hope of inspiring distrust between the Allies must now seem chimerical. But President Wilson has given a warm welcome to those aspirations for the "freedom of the sea" which sound so strangely when uttered by German tongues. If it is a choice between a domestic admission of failure on the one hand and finally antagonising the only Power that, after the war is over, may prove a makeweight against the sea might of England, Germany will probably elect for the former. It is, after all, the lesser evil of the two, even if there were not other and substantial reasons for desisting from a course which hitherto has brought no military advantage. But, as we now know from Mr. Balfour's letter, there are very substantial other reasons. And what Mr. Balfour has told us of the losses of German submarines, Mr. Palmer in an interesting account of a visit to the Grand Fleet is now allowed to confirm. And the French statesmen who were of the party add their testimony to it. It need no longer be doubted that Germany has lost submarines faster than she can build them. The campaign may then have to be given up simply because it cannot continue, and for what it is worth a virtue may be made of necessity.

Short, then, of one of those acts of incredible folly of which German statesmen may at any moment be guilty, the expectation is that the case of the *Hesperian* will not be allowed to interfere with the course of the diplomacy initiated on August 27. With the surrender to America there will be undoubtedly a stronger effort than ever to make peace. The fundamental purpose of this effort will be to hamstring the sea power of this country. It is to this that all the talk of "freedom of the seas" is directed—a subject I will discuss on a future occasion.

A. H. POLLEN.

IN PRAISE OF MAURICE BARRÈS.*

By F. Y. Eccles.

THE faithful readers of Maurice Barrès, abroad as well as in France, knew beforehand where to look for the worthiest expression of the French conscience at a supreme crisis; and for my part, since the war began, I have missed very few of his articles as they appeared from day to day in a Paris newspaper. Here, reprinted in a volume which I hope will be widely read in Great Britain, is a first series of them, covering three months of the campaign—the months which, for the surprise, the suspense, and the sharp turn of fortune, must to the end stand out as the most dramatic in our memory. These pages (including now a careful concordance of events) have the value of a document and the attraction of whatever revives the intense alternative of hope and fear. But vivid and veracious records of the public anxiety are to hand from a hundred sources. What dignifies such informal paragraphs and lifts them above their obvious dependence on the news or the mere rumours of the hour, is, I think, the strong sense of immemorial issues which pervades them, and a constant appeal to the historic personality of France. Each of the allied peoples brings to the common purpose the forces drawn from a separate past which necessarily colours our particular conception of the stake. Think of it: the same Barbarian, once hirsute and now spectated, for perhaps the twentieth time is trampling the fields of Gaul. For the French this is, in one aspect, but another phase (the last?) of an assault and a resistance perpetually renewed; and in the last resort their confidence is justified by a reasonable reading of their history. "France has always been the land of awakenings and recommencements." Barrès is exceptionally qualified to remind the world and his countrymen of that, not by genius only but by the share he has had in the great rally of national sentiment which during the last few years prepared the French for their ordeal. To judge by the spiritual curve of his career in letters he was sure, of all men, to find the words that were wanted just now, when deeds alone seem to count, but the mind of nations is still hungry for the words that mirror and inspire their effort.

His Literary Career.

Perhaps—for his name is certainly better known among us than his writings—it is not superfluous to glance back over the road Maurice Barrès has travelled since first he startled a delicate public with the petulance and irony of his *Culte du Moi*. Eight and twenty years ago, no one could have predicted (least of all himself) that the disdainful stripling who descended upon Paris from Lorraine with a fresh talent for agile phrases and a half-serious profession of egoism, was to discover gradually a wonderful "healing power" and by and by become the very voice of concord and discipline among his people, of abnegation and the will to endure. At least the vogue of those early writings tended to restore the supremacy of moral interest in fiction over the pathological obsession of the realists; and under all the fatuity of a literary posture, who could miss the residual sincerity of a search—rare enough in a generation lured by the prestige of amiable sceptics—after certitude and a motive to live for? But a course of self-dissection pursued under the public gaze really implied the cruel need of friends. His hero, Philippe, does not get far before he finds that his most intimate predilections and dislikes have their roots deep in the past, that he belongs body and soul to a genuine human group, and that a long series of buried ancestors still govern the affections and the very reason of the living. Almost

from the first Barrès has associated loyalty to the native soil with the remembrance of the dead. Sometimes, especially in his sentimental journeys, it merges curiously in a rather feverish melancholy which recalls the old Romantic dalliance in graveyards. The landscapes he prefers are all ennobled by the humanity beneath; but "I have found a discipline," he says somewhere, "in the cemeteries where my forerunners only rhapsodised."

New Ways of Thinking.

To disdain formulas and give the rein to a vagabond curiosity was only the first step towards self-knowledge and the discovery of his most durable affinities. New ways of feeling and thinking were what he sought in travel (the pretext of several enchanting volumes), in poetry and music, and even in politics: but only because choice, however instinctive, involves experiment. The bankruptcy of systems which seduce the intellect without engaging any hereditary sentiment seems to be the moral of an early book of fiction which turns on revolutionary theories. But when he wrote it Barrès had already made his first excursion into public life, and taken part as a follower of poor Boulanger in what he calls a "Gallic tumult." That episode, in a vigorous and exciting trilogy, *Le Roman de l'Energie Nationale*, appears as an abortive attempt to assert the permanent French interests against the babblers and pettifoggers whose wrangling thwarted the counsels of national defence. At any rate, the story of the six young men from Nancy is a splendid vindication of "home-rootedness," or local piety, as the foundation and preservative of sane patriotism.

The point of maturity for his doctrine as well as his genius is fixed by the appearance of *Les Amitiés Françaises*. In this "introduction of a little Lorrainer"—his own son—"to the emotions which give life its value" the true function of Maurice Barrès is apparent: it is, in a word, to guard the continuity of the French tradition, in morals and thought and art. And those who can judge best say that his mastery of his language is most absolute here. Even a foreigner can feel sure that if he had written nothing but that grave and thrilling Song of Confidence in Life with which the book ends he would have added substantially to the treasures of French prose; and that the civilisation he exalts was never more magnificently defined.

Tenacity of Alsace.

But since that, he has given us the admirable narrative of his Greek journey, which has a chastening virtue of its own; and two moving stories of the lost provinces; and in *La Colline inspirée*—a masterpiece of psychological reconstruction—he has chronicled the fortune of a very curious schism. The tenacity of Alsace lives in the figure of the soldier whose heart is so French under a German uniform, and Colette Baudoche in her pathetic loyalty resumes the uncontaminated grace of Metz. A respectful sympathy—no more, but no less—for the faith of his fathers marks, in the other work, his scrupulous treatment of a theme which might so easily have become a scandalous pretext. It is evident, of course, in the last substantial volume of Maurice Barrès, which pleads with eloquence and discretion for the decaying rural churches of France.

And now the war has laid upon this great writer and great patriot the duty, which is his especial privilege, of cementing with good words the "holy concord" of French minds often bitterly opposed in the long peace, of encouraging the sedentary, and of bearing witness before the world to the high resolve of the young generation which his writings have done so much to fortify.

* *L'Âme française et La Guerre*.—I. L'UNION SACRÉE. Paris: Emile-Paul frères, 1915.

Oh! this was not a literary opportunity, and (though I know that years ago he served a long spell of journalism with unflagging zest) I imagine that, were the cause less, the task of daily improvisation must be a little ungrateful to so fastidious a pen. These articles are only a small part of his active contribution to the effort of his country. They were written in the intervals of other business: visits to hospitals, to his native province and the front, the various calls a Paris borough makes upon its deputy (this is his ninth year in Parliament), and the service of many subordinate causes—notably the housing of refugees and provision for the disabled. But with what a modest ease Barrès traces the impressions of the day upon a background of habitual reflections! This book is full of wise and vivid counsels, dictated by a strong sense of responsibility and the power of language for good or ill. How nobly he speaks of the dead—of Jaurès and Charles Péguy, and his colleague, Albert de Mun; how much humour and good humour there is in the fragments of talk with all sorts of people; above all what a just comprehension of the cause, the mission and the dignity of his nation!—Reprisals?

We should do wrong to disown our race and sink to the level of our assailant. You and I may say and think sometimes that we should treat these people as they treat us. But if it comes to the point, and we have in front of us a creature helpless to do mischief, we shall feel incapable of taking advantage of our power. The chivalrous soul of France is stronger everywhere than the spirit of retaliation.

Unfaltering trust in the leaders and the men of the French Army, the certitude of recovering the lost provinces, inspire every page. There were premature hopes, false news, a pressing danger: they are duly registered. But the reader who turns to the articles written in the dark days of the great retreat will not be

disillusioned. In particular Barrès does justice—no more than justice—to the firmness of the common people of Paris.

Two qualities strike one particularly in these pages. One is their sobriety of tone, the appeal to common sense, the absence of idle rhetoric and selfish lyricism. If there is an exception, it is a stirring rhythmical passage in which Barrès evokes the future.

Writers, tear up the unfinished page, and poets, leave your song, though it were in the middle of a strophe and however faithfully it portrays your soul. Nay, throw a hasty farewell to your heart of yesterday. When you return from the Rhine, you will have risen so high on wings so strong that you will surpass your dreams, even as the eagle outsoars the nightingale. Fate carries us onward. The masters have done with teaching, and you with your happy hands shall grasp the miraculous fruit, formed without our knowledge in what we mistook for barren years.

The other note is the note of conciliation. Read what he has to say to Gustave Hervé; or read his letter to a mayor on a rare occasion when, even in united France, a shameful survival of partisanship prompted some petty injustice; and you will acknowledge his tact.

Under the author's name for the first time, along with his Academic title, stands another—"President of the League of Patriots." It was but three weeks before the war broke out that Maurice Barrès was chosen to succeed Paul Déroulède at the head of this federation of Frenchmen which kept alive the flame of hope in the depressing years when civil quarrels and humanitarian gush had almost persuaded a proud nation to forget its mutilated frontiers. Who so well as Barrès could fill the place of the singer of Tyrtæan songs, or so well translate the certitude of his faithful League that that gallant spirit is somehow still present to share the sufferings of to-day and the victory of to-morrow.

ITALIAN AND GERMAN IDEALS.

By L. March Phillipps.

IF we could have stood, fifty or sixty years ago, on some Alpine point of vantage betwixt Germany and Italy we should have been witnesses of the chief spectacle of modern Europe—the simultaneous evolution of two great new nations. Swiftly and by the same degrees we should have seen them develop, each drawing to itself the loose fragments around it, each rising in organic unity and definite outline, as rival mountain peaks lift themselves into the sky.

Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen.

The very details of their growth are extraordinarily similar. In either case the end in view—the confederation of a number of petty independent principalities suffering under various forms of local tyranny into a single nation—is identical. In either case a single, northernmost State is chosen to be the instrument in the work of unification, and the policy of this State is welded by a Minister of exceptional insight and strength of character, drawing after him a well-meaning but doubtful monarch. Frederick William is Victor Emmanuel; Bismarck is Cavour. Even the obstacles in the way are the same. Both countries have first to deal with the occupation or opposition of Austria, and by so doing accomplish half their task; and both have next to overcome the jealousy of France and so complete it. It is not often that such a likeness in human affairs offers itself as the shepherding into a single fold of the German and Italian States by Prussia and Piedmont respectively.

Watching the process of growth taking place under our eyes, the outward resemblances would be the first we should notice. But what if we had looked within? What if we had questioned the thoughts and ideals which these new nations were bringing into the world,

the spiritual and inward purposes which were drawing them together and which, in after years, they would stand for and champion? We should have found, had we made that closer investigation, that the inward contrast was equal to the outward resemblance. To impose her own ideals on the Empire of her construction, to govern with the sword what she had built with the sword was Prussia's unshakable determination, and the thwarting and stifling of every liberal instinct which sought a union on constitutional lines was the indispensable means to its attainment. Union implied, as Prussia saw it, the sacrifice of the idea of liberty by each component State. All hope abandon—at least all hope of liberty abandon—ye who enter here, might have been inscribed over the portals of German unity.

On the other hand, in Italy the idea of liberty was the very motive and inducement relied upon to carry the work of unification through. It was the cement which held every brick of the structure in its place. Piedmont stood for liberty as staunchly as Prussia stood for autocracy. Even in the days of reaction following the abortive rising of '48, when Austria was re-established and every petty tyrant crept back to persecute patriots and quench the last sparks of freedom—even in those evil days Piedmont had been true, and Victor Emmanuel, staunch when every other Prince turned traitor, had ratified the free government which his father had founded. "Italy must make herself by liberty," Cavour had said, "or we must give up trying to make her."

It would be impossible here to analyse or even to name all the consequences which have flowed from this inward spiritual difference, but one such consequence which has profoundly influenced the feelings of surrounding nations and the world at large I would specify. The reader will observe that the Prussian point of view

is essentially personal. It connotes the rise of Prussia and the military might and ascendancy of Prussia, and these are issues which, of course, intimately concern the Prussian people. But they do not, save as they seem to threaten, affect others. They are not a common ideal. The good that Prussia preaches is a Prussian good, not a universal good in which all can share. Its nature is concrete and individual, not abstract and universal. The means it has used have been as mundane as the ends it has sought, and by degrees its whole imperial design has become impregnated, in all its motives and expedients and ideas, with that essentially materialistic flavour which we have learnt to associate with Prussian achievements.

Prussia's Limitations.

And this being so—the designs and ideas of Prussia being thus personal to herself and of service to herself only—it has followed that nothing she has done has for a moment quickened the imagination and thrilled the soul of humanity. The German Empire under Prussia's guidance has made wonderful progress and achieved extraordinary results, but in the whole process of the construction of German power and pride there has been no episode and no word spoken or written which has had a wider than German significance. Not a thought, not an act in the whole work, has for an instant touched the heart of the world as those thoughts and acts touch it which illumine the high principles common to the human species.

From that level of thought and action let the reader revert for a moment to the noblest of Meredith's heroines, in whom, indeed, the very spirit of renovated Italy is incarnate, and to her followers, the leaders of the national movement in whom were instinct the idealism and poetry which, whatever some of us may think, are the inspiration of all that is finally enduring in the lives of nations. The thoughts and actions of Italian unification touched in this way the genius of a foreigner precisely because they were a matter of universal concern. And they were of universal concern because they vindicated the beauty and the value of a principle vitally important to the human race. From the first the spiritual forces in the Italian enterprise are the dominant forces and lift the whole drama to a level where material considerations scarcely count. Had we to choose the moment in the Italian adventure most full of assurance for the future we should choose no moment of triumph but the "splendid dream" of '48. There are few episodes in all history so high in sentiment, so pure in their spiritual quality. It failed? Well, it is the fashion to say so. It broke itself upon Austria's discipline and the resources of organised warfare. But it put the final result past doubt. It revealed the spirit in which Italy acted. Novara made Magenta certain.

Love of Liberty.

Therefore it is that, among all who love liberty, Italy herself is the more loved because of her services in that cause. In England the love of Italy is native. The thoughts of all of us are apt to recur, with an affection sometimes amounting to longing, to her scenery, her mountains and cypresses and terraced vineyards. Often we picture the white curves of Alpine slopes, seen from the plains or the blue level of lakes, brooding, like the white breasts of swans, as Meredith said, over the olives and grapes of Lombardy. But our affection is not due entirely to her scenery, nor even to the art of her cities. Beneath these outward attractions there exists the consciousness of an inward affinity and sympathy. Italy has fought for freedom, has ranged herself with the Powers which are the sworn champions of liberty; and over and above that has enriched the cause of liberty with a gift which is her own.

For this she has done. Each of the three Western nations has contributed something of its own to the common ideal. France has made liberty rational, England has made it practicable, Italy has made it

beautiful. I shall not be held to be depreciating our own achievements if I say that Italy's efforts on behalf of liberty suggest to us ideas which our own experience fails to suggest. The spirit I have spoken of as animating the Italian Revolution—the spirit of aspiration and pure idealism—is not native to England. The genius of our race, essentially practical, usually restricts itself to so much of an ideal as can be turned into immediate action. Moreover, in England all parties and all classes have more or less co-operated in carrying on the same constitutional work, and in consequence our progress has been for the most part of a deliberate and methodical kind, involving not so much the exercise of heroic and imaginative gifts as a mild practical perseverance in the affairs of daily life. But Italian aspiration has been faced with apparently insurmountable obstacles, both as regards the armed forces of the foreign invader and the resistance of tyranny and despotism entrenched within her own borders. Only by an ebullition of purely spiritual sentiment and self-sacrifice could she hope to overcome such material impediments. She made, however, the effort. She rose to the occasion, and by so doing she has revealed the beauty and poetry and romance of liberty in a way that is a revelation to all of us. The history of Italian unification not only attracts, as I have said, the world's attention because it deals with a principle of worldwide significance, but it attracts also the world's admiration and gratitude because it invests that principle with an added beauty.

Fifty Years Ago.

The events we have been considering happened fifty years ago. The rise into organic form and unity of the German and Italian kingdoms belongs already to the records of past history. Nevertheless those causes are to-day living in their effects. The middle years of last century were an epoch of frantic debate in which nation by nation argued out and settled for itself the question whether it would be for liberty or against it. In no case was the decision then arrived at reversed. Germany, its aspirations after freedom thwarted and stifled by the iron Prussian will, accepted Prussian dominion, and became the willing instrument of the Prussian military and autocratic tradition. That was decisive for Germany. Her choice placed her definitely on the side of reaction and the nations that were pledged to reaction, just as Italy's choice placed her definitely on the side of the group of nations pledged to freedom.

Henceforth, in spite of superficial quarrels and alliances, the place of the two nations in Europe's great quarrel was assured. Germany might fall out with Austria on the question which of them was to lead the reactionary forces. Italy might be drawn by diplomatic manœuvres into a quasi-alliance with the Germanic Powers. Nevertheless, as the day drew on which was to decide the issue between liberty and physical might, all lesser engagements yielded and gave way. That issue was paramount. It penetrated to the core of life and vitally affected the spiritual and intellectual outlook of Europe. No other consideration or motive mattered in comparison with this, and accordingly when the moment of final decision came it was in obedience to their conviction on this issue that the nations ranged themselves. The reader remembers the gathering torrent of public enthusiasm in Italy last spring which swept away like straws political intrigues and triple alliances and all other hindrances to Italy's fighting. That was a great national ratification of a decision arrived at fifty years ago.

Messrs. William Clowes and Sons have just published "Germany at a Glance," a little interleaved volume designed as an aid to German map-reading. Courses of the rivers, details of the mountain ranges, &c., are given with the names of towns and important places in the localities mentioned, and one value of the book is that it enables one to locate towns not mentioned on certain maps, while the interleaving admits of the insertion of smaller towns and villages from detailed plans. The book is published at 1s. 6d., and will be found very useful in the study of German maps.

THE DARDANELLES IN HISTORY.

By Andrew Wishart.

THE old crest of Achi Baba, the last mountain top at the south end of the Chersonese or Thracian Peninsula, that now surveys the movements of the modern Dreadnought and has glimpses of the furtive and elusive submarine, has often in remote times witnessed the ponderous clash of the many-banked triremes. When Greece, in the exuberance of her vigour, threw out emigrants to settle on foreign shores, her colonists founded City-States after the model of Athens.

Beginning where Turkish territory now begins on the coast of ancient Thrace, we may trace on the shore the spots where the modern overlies the ancient. The Maritza, which now divides Bulgaria from modern Turkey, is the ancient Hebrus, the Thracian river, on which Orpheus was torn to pieces by the Bacchantes who threw his head into the stream. At its mouth is the town Enos—the port of Adrianople. Coasting the land, right shoulder to the sea (as we shall do all along), we pass the mouth of the River Melas (now the Saldatti or Scheher-Su), which of old gave its name to the bay (Melas Kolpos—Black Gulf), now called the Gulf of Saros. Of Lysimachia, once splendid and prosperous, called later Hexamilium (now Ecsemil), the ruins may be traced at Bulair (Playari) just midway in the narrow neck or isthmus, of which the west shore is now called Yenikli Bay. But on all that west coast of the long southward-jutting promontory we find no place of note in classic story. The lack of notable towns on this coast is probably due to its being steep to the sea and rocky except at a few spots.

Old Mastusia.

The southern extremity, the old Mastusia, is now called Helles Burnu or Cape Helles (formerly also Capo Greco), and just east of it lies the fortress now Sedd-el-Bahr, marked in the Admiralty map of 1844 "63 guns." Beside it is the beach of Morto Bay, where the British troops landed. In the name Morto we may perhaps recognise a bit of the old name for the adjacent harbour Panormus. A little further east lay the town of Elaeus, famous for its temple to the hero Protesilaus, but also noted in naval story. In 411 B.C. an Athenian squadron escaped from Sestos and found refuge in Elaeus, and six years later when the battle of Aegospotamos finished the Peloponnesian War, 180 Athenian triremes arrived here only in time to hear that Lysander was master of Lampsacus. Here, too, Constantine's fleet was moored in the Second Civil War, 323 A.D., while the fleet of Licinius, one of the Roman Emperors—there were four at that time—was anchored nearly opposite off the tomb of Ajax (In Tepe) in the Troad.

Turning north-east now and entering the Hellespont (the Dardanelles), the strait that separates Europe from Asia, we come to the Narrows at the point Kilid-Bahr. Here it was that Mahomet IV., in 1659, built one of the two famous castles (the other at Channak opposite) which got the name Dardanelles. About three miles round this head lies Maidos (strongly fortified today), believed to represent the ancient Madytus. As far again brings us to Sestos, to which Leander swam from Abydos on the Asian side, a feat repeated by Lord Byron, whose own statement is: "The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one." Next comes Aegospotamos (the goat's river), where Lysander, the Spartan leader, defeated the Athenians in a naval battle, 405 B.C., only three out of 120 Athenian ships escaping. Just where the Straits widen out into the Sea of Marmara (of old called Propontis as being the ante-chamber to Pontus

Euxinus, the Black Sea) lies Gallipoli (Kallipolis), an important trading town that now gives its name to the whole peninsula.

The Third Crusade.

Here the armies of the third Crusade, in 1190, embarked for Asia Minor under Frederick (Barbarossa), the first of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, who, after making himself practically master of Germany and Italy, in this last enterprise perished in a small stream in Cilicia.

Returning by the Asian coast southwards the first place of note we find is Lampsacus in Mysia, nearly opposite to Gallipoli. As a Greek settlement it knew all the vicissitudes of fortune; fell into the hands of the Persians at one time, then joined Athens, later revolted from her, then had to fight against the attacks of Antiochus of Syria, and latterly was in alliance with the Romans. The modern Lamsaki or Lapsaki has no remains of antiquity, but probably stands very near the site of the ancient Lampsacus.

Nearly twenty miles farther down stood Abydos, perhaps now the modern village of Aidos or Avido. Here the strait narrows, and here Xerxes placed his bridge—or, rather, bridges—of boats to transport his troops across to Sestos, B.C. 480. If the breadth of water here be taken at a mile, then 360 vessels at an average of 14 feet would span the space. The second boat-bridge lower down is said to have employed 314 ships. Abydos was burnt by Darius, and afterwards taken by the Persians and again by Philip of Macedon.

Tomb of Ajax.

The promontory now called Nagara Burnu at the north end of the Narrows on this side seems to have had no name recorded in classic times, but about four miles south of it is the site of one of the Dardanelles castles. The place is now fortified, and known as Channak-Kalessi. Of it, and of Kilid-Bahr opposite, we are sure to hear much in the immediate future. The location of the classic Dardanis or Dardanium is more to the south near the Cape Kephez-Burnu (Point Berber).

About twelve miles farther south than Kephez in a direct line, though more if the curve of the bay be followed, we come to the jutting points formerly called Rhoeteum, now In-Tepe. Tepe is a common name in the country for a mound and is supposed to be a corrupted form of the Greek word *taphos*, a sepulchre. In-Tepe marks the tomb of Ajax. Between In-Tepe and the modern Kum-Kaleh is the most famous bit of shore in the world. Here the Greek fleet lay during the siege of Troy—ancient Ilium—of which the site is now generally identified with the modern Hissarlik lying about three miles inland between the Scamander and the Simois, two rivers world-famous but now disguised under their modern names, the Mendere and Dombrek-Su. The former is but an adaptation of the ancient appellation. This stream is also called the river of Bunarbaschi, from the name of the town higher up its course. Excavations made at Hissarlik between 1870 and 1894 disclosed traces of elaborate stonework and yielded a mass of treasure, and have brought scholars to reckon the Homeric ballads almost as historical records rather than legends.

The headland Kum-Kaleh at the very entrance to the Straits and pointing north is marked in the 1844 map as a fort of 64 guns. Outside and facing the open sea about one and a half miles below Kum-Kaleh lies Yeni-Sheher, a town on a point of the same name which is held to be the ancient Sigeum. A mound on this promontory was venerated as containing the body of Achilles. A town grew up round it called Achilleum. Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and Germanicus all visited this tomb. The mound is still visible.

NIGHT WARFARE.

By Pathfinder.

BEFORE discussing the future of Night Warfare it will be necessary to consider : (1) the growth and development of rapid night marching and the ability of all ranks to find their way at night with ease and accuracy ; (2) the development and future of aircraft.

As an aeronaut in Ladysmith during the siege, I had plenty of opportunities to foresee the great power which aerial reconnaissance would have over warfare in the future, and that it would force armies to move and fight more and more under the cover of darkness.

When subsequently serving in the Western Transvaal, I frequently accompanied Colonel Benson, who was on Lord Methuen's Staff, upon long night reconnaissances, and we found that most Colonials, Basutos, &c., were quite at home at night, whereas men from the British Isles appeared quite helpless in the dark. Colonel Benson was the officer who led the attack at Magersfontein, and he told me about the great difficulties of attacking when the direction, &c., was dependent on two or three individuals with a compass. If we Britishers could only get the same power of finding our way at night which most Colonials possess we foresaw it must have a far-reaching influence on night warfare.

Secrets of Uncivilised Tribes.

On my return to London in 1903, I went through a six months' course at the Royal Geographical Society under Mr. Reeves, the chief instructor, and we endeavoured to discover the secret of how all uncivilised tribes never lose their way at night. I had previously found out from natives that they instinctively used the same biggest lights in the heavens from which they got their bearings. At that time, to get a star's bearing a sextant with logarithm or other tables were an absolute necessity for most Europeans. Many of the highest navigating authorities, including Captains Nansen, Scott, Armitage, Blackburn, and Smith, took a keen interest in the problem, but it was not until about 1906 that we were able to get the bearings of the biggest stars without the help of any instrument or book. They were got mechanically with the help of the orthographic projection of a sphere—Mr. Reeves's astronomical compass originated from this method.

In 1909 I got into communication with Captain Blackburn, the nautical adviser to the New Zealand Government, and with the help of his A.B.C. tables we easily worked out the position of heavenly bodies and then practised the scouts of the regiment in rapid night marching. At the end of that year we commenced to make a calendar giving the true bearings of the largest stars in the heavens for every month and hour of the night, for use in Indian latitudes. The system was fully explained in "Marching or Flying by Day and Night," published by Rees of Regent Street.

Several regiments tested the accuracy of this system and they found it almost perfect, the only disadvantage being that it was necessary to have the time-table of direction stars with you when engaged in night operations. In 1910 the editor of the *Cavalry Journal* had asked me to write an article on "Aerial Reconnaissance in War," in which I endeavoured to point out the great influence aircraft would exert in the future. He then asked me to send an account of our researches and discoveries up to date in the solution of the problem of "How to find your way at night." With the help of Mr. Reeves and Captain Blackburn, we completed a time-table of direction stars for latitudes N 20 to 35, and the system was tested at the Staff College, Quetta, and the Cavalry School, Saugor, with excellent results. They found it was possible to move accurately at any pace you like and that there was no difficulty whatever

in recognising the direction stars, and they reported that the system was a most eminently sound one. We had still not got it absolutely perfect, for it was necessary to have the time-table of direction stars handy, unless you had a very good memory and could remember the bearings on half a sheet of notepaper thus :

Simple Bearings.

This difficulty was got over by noting beforehand the bearings on half a sheet of notepaper thus :

1st August. Altair, lat. 50. 8 p.m. $\overset{120}{\text{EIN}}$ 9 p.m. $\overset{135}{\text{EIN}}$

So, with the help of a watch, you only had to look at the star and it gave you your true direction. Authorities then pointed out that private soldiers very often did not have watches, and if these watches were very wrong, the bearing would also be incorrect.

In 1911 Captain Weatherhead, Naval Instructor, R.N., brought out a little book, with a foreword by Sir Robert Ball, in which he tried to solve the problem by (1) marking a Pole; (2) transit of a known star; (3) by simul transit stars.

In 1914 Sir Douglas Haig wrote the foreword commending "Marching or Flying by Night," without a compass, with time-table of direction stars, for India, to the notice of officers and men, which was a further encouragement to get the system perfected before the European war-cloud had burst. But fate decreed otherwise, for the time-table for Europe was only completed by the end of 1914.

I was invalided from France in 1915, and as so many officers and men at the front had profited by the simple use of the heavens in the retreats from Mons and Antwerp, as well as on other occasions, the value of the system, if we could only get it perfect, became apparent to all ranks.

After giving three or four public lectures I found young boys and quite uneducated people could recognise certain stars at sight after a few nights' practice, and one boy also noticed when looking through the tables in "Marching by Night" that many direction stars had almost identical courses. It struck me that if you only use a few easily recognised stars that have similar courses and bearings throughout the night, the private soldier would be able to recognise these just as easily as the boy of ten, and the following was the solution to the problem which had taken so many years to perfect.

A Natural Method.

The natural method to find your way at night is from the heavens, and if you get into the habit of looking at the following guiding stars you soon know their paths and positions, and where they rise and set.

It will not only be a fascinating pastime and amusement when out at night, but you will find it exceedingly useful, and after a short time you have no difficulty in finding your way.

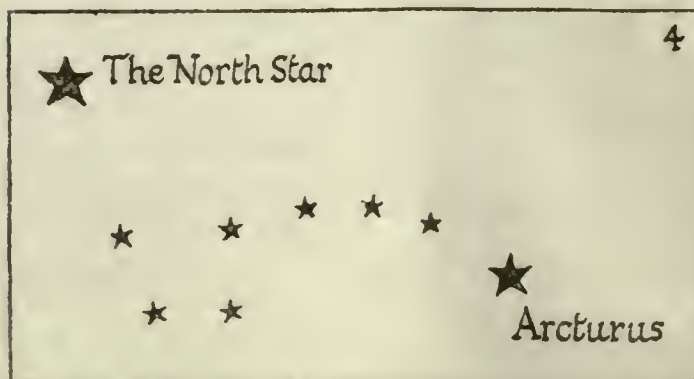
Stars rise eastwards and set westwards, so if you face the rising stars your shoulders then point north and south. Get behind any object, such as a building or tree, and you will easily see whether they are rising or setting. Should you only catch a momentary glance of one of the direction stars hereafter mentioned, you can obviously at once know your direction, and can find your way at night, without a map, watch, or compass, as follows :

On a fairly clear night suppose you arrive in a motor-bus at an unknown town in January, prior to an attack by your regiment. You have no idea where you are and must rely solely on the heavens.

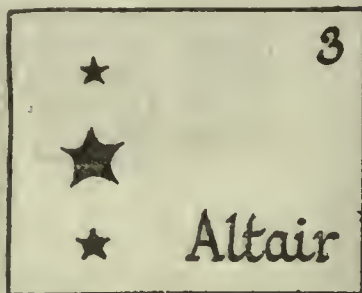
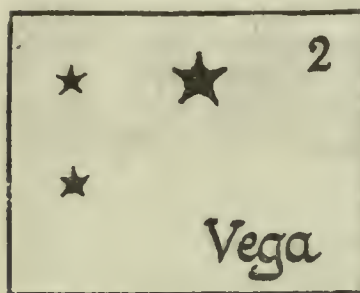
You look up as you are advancing, and see Regulus rising, so you know you are going about east. After



some time you are wounded in the shoulder, and want to get back to the dressing-station, which is somewhere near the place you got out of the motor-bus. Turn about with your back on Regulus, and your right shoulder on the North Star, and you will be going about west, towards the dressing-station, with Vega as a guide setting in the north-west.



It has been frequently predicted by well-known authorities that the armies best trained in night-fighting would be victorious in a European war, and now that troops can be made night-perfect how will warfare be influenced? All reports agree that—



Again, in June you are sent on a message eastwards. You see Altair halfway up in the heavens, which gives you south-east. Half-left from Altair will give you east. After a while it becomes second nature to judge your bearings at sight. If the buttons down the front of your coat are towards the North, or other direction stars, your right or left breasts give you roughly half a right or left angle of 45 degrees from the star, and your shoulders a right angle. The stars mentioned in the little book are exceptionally large ones, and easily identified from planets, which do not twinkle, and each has its own distinctive appearance and colour.

It is a very simple matter to pick them out, and then it is only a question of a little practice to know their courses. You can easily see when one of the direction stars is full up if you get behind a tree or building. You will then see it rising from the earth, or settling towards the earth. A quicker way, however, is to draw a rough line with your eye from the north through a spot immediately above your head. If it is not on that line it is *not* full up, and you can judge your bearing accordingly. You soon also get to know the appearance of the heavens at various times and seasons. For instance, Altair is rising in the east as Regulus sets in the west, and conversely. Again, Altair is full up when the giant star Arcturus (at the tail of the Great Bear) is setting westwards. As Vega sets N.W. Castor takes its place about N.E. As Altair sets Orion takes its place in the east. A calendar giving the true direction of the largest stars in the heavens for every hour and month of the year, with a very simple star-chart, is given in "Marching by Night," but for ordinary rough work the following will be sufficient, and if you take the smallest trouble to learn them by sight, you cannot lose your way at night if any of them are visible.

When no stars are visible there are three ways by which you know your direction :

1. By knowing the features over which one of your direction stars pass and where they rise and set.
2. Direction of wind and clouds.
3. Westwards is lighter than eastwards for the earlier part of the night.

The North Star is practically always due north. With your left shoulder on the North Star you roughly face east, and your right shoulder points south. With

your right shoulder on the North Star you face west,
and your left shoulder points south.

If there are any clouds about it is very hard to distinguish the North Star. The following will be visible on a fairly clear night, and will give you your bearings in England and similar latitudes.

It has been frequently predicted by well-known authorities that the armies best trained in night-fighting would be victorious in a European war, and now that troops can be made night-perfect how will warfare be influenced? All reports agree that—

- (1) The ability to find one's way at night has a far-reaching influence upon men's fighting efficiency, because it removes the helpless feeling most Englishmen have in the dark and, consequently, it gives all ranks confidence and self-reliance when engaged in night operations.
- (2) No one has any difficulty in recognising the key-star Altair, and then it is only necessary for the men to have an occasional look at the heavens to become night perfect.
- (3) Men will not be so liable to fire in the wrong direction and it greatly facilitates intercommunication, trench-digging, &c. Wounded men, able to walk, can get to the dressing-stations without losing their way.
- (4) It is a great help to the stretcher bearers in bringing back the wounded.

Other obvious advantages could be enumerated.

To sum up, armies in a few years' time will be able to move almost as easily on a starlit night as in daylight, and most of the effective fighting will be done at night. But why is this night work forced upon armies of the present day? The answer is the development of aircraft. So let us briefly consider their future.

No movements by large bodies of troops can be made on a fairly fine day without "the eyes of the Army" rendering a correct report of all concentrations, and it is only under cover of darkness that troops can be assembled without the enemy knowing full details of the movement. At present the primary duty of aeroplanes is reconnaissance, which, up to date, can only be done satisfactorily in daylight, but in a very short time we shall see the new battle-aeroplane perfected.

Its champions claim that this protected air-cruiser will be immune from direct rifle fire and only a direct hit from a shell will bring it down. At comparatively low altitudes they will be able to soar over troops and observe their every movement as well as being able to assume a strong offensive with bombs and machine-gun fire.

It is hard enough to hit a grouse with a scatter-gun flying at, say, sixty miles an hour; a direct hit with a shell on a protected air-cruiser at an altitude of, say, 1,000 feet would be, to say the least, extremely difficult.

The Zeppelin is forced to be a night-bird because—

- (1) It is a comparatively easy mark for artillery in daylight.
- (2) It cannot be easily attacked by the hawks of the air (aeroplanes) at night.

At present aeroplanes are well-nigh helpless at night unless they have specially prepared landing-places, but this difficulty is not insuperable, and directly it is surmounted we shall see the heavier-than-air machine champion of the night as well as the day. But they will never be able to carry out an effective reconnaissance in the dark, and so important fighting and concentrations must take place at night, and consequently the troops best trained in night warfare will be victorious.

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ONE PENNY

INCOME TAX & NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—Under this heading I have recently, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, laid before the public a suggested reform in representation and taxation in connection with the obligation of universal national service. With your kind permission, I wish now to bring my suggestion to the notice of a more diversified class of readers, who may be sufficiently interested in the question to spare a quarter of an hour.

The main feature of my proposal is briefly this: That every person who pays income tax shall be entitled to vote for a representative in the House of Commons, and no person who does not. It is based upon the principle that participation in the power to elect those who, through their representatives (the Ministry), govern the country and dispose of its revenues is not an absolute right of anybody, but depends on the condition of direct, conscious, and personal contribution to that country's interests. As will be seen, it is *prima facie* worded, and intended, to include women, and, at the same time, to exclude some men who now possess the franchise. But, as I do not wish at once to shelve the question by complication with that of the female vote, I propose for the present to confine the application of the principle above stated to men; and, obviously, to that class of men who are now entirely exempt from the payment of income tax on the ground that their income falls below £160 a year. I believe that a large majority of the lodger voters and a considerable portion of the occupier voters enjoy this exemption. But I must admit that I cannot produce definite statistical proof. When I have applied for information on this point to political economists, who have usually hitherto belonged to the so-called Liberal Party, I have been met with the evasive answer, evidently intended as a moral slap in the face, that "the poor pay already a great deal more than their share in the way of indirect taxation."

Who are "the poor" I will not stop to inquire. I will only say that, in my own opinion, the term is far more correctly applicable to the struggling member of the middle class than to the labourer who has no "appearance to keep up" and gets his children educated for nothing. Nor do I propose to inquire in how many cases the claim to this exemption is truly supported by fact. I will assume that this claim is generally made *bonâ fide*.

Now, of all the reasons that have been given for this exemption of low-class incomes, the most satisfactory one, to my mind, has been the difficulty and expense of collection. Against it, the distinct temptation to duplicity and dishonest subterfuge is, to some minds, a strong objection; but this, no doubt, applies equally to persons of every rank, who are required to declare their income as not above a certain amount, and to every item of income which cannot be mulcted, as most can, at its source.

My proposal is intended to utilise the present machinery of registration for the franchise by making the entry of a voter's name to depend, in lieu of its present complicated conditions, upon a new and comparatively simple one—adult age, a moderate amount of continuous residence, and proof, either of the payment of income tax, or of the fulfilment of a certain alternative of personal service to the nation, within the previous year. The qualifying payment of income tax is to be calculated on a minimum assessment at an assumed or imputed income of, say, £80 or £100 a year. But this might be reduced further if it can be satisfactorily shown that there is really any large class of artisans who do not earn, in the whole, so much at least. My only condition is that it must be a real income tax, not reduced to nonentity by the trick of differential rates, but perceptibly rising or falling with the general expenditure of the country, and borne, in their due share, by those who have part (and that no inconsiderable part) in directing that expenditure.

The alternative to be allowed is simply that national service, which appears to me unnecessary, will certainly be expensive and is by no means sure to attain its object, if that object is anything beyond the creation of a staff of Government employees.

The contra suggestion here made depends merely on the assumption that, while comparatively few are too poor to make the small money contribution required, every man has at any rate a pair of hands and a headpiece, which might be employed in some service, military or otherwise, for his country, in return for the security and protection that is afforded him, if nothing else, by a settled government.

The amount and character of the services required in

matter of detail rather than principle. We need not fear any deficiency in the former respect, to judge from the instructions just issued by the Local Government Board for the taking of the National Register. Provision ought, in my view, distinctly to be made for the case of women workers; but I avoid entering upon that question at present.

When speaking just now of the new Government Register, I have been betrayed into language which I rather regret. But I fear that, in spite of all its good intentions, this Act, unless followed up by measures very unlikely to be taken, even by this Government, will be left, after all, dependent on pure voluntarism, and will cause us, meanwhile, the great expense entailed by that besetting sin of democracy—the multiplication of small jobs. Not that I would impute to our recent leaders any particular indifference to large ones; but I do not want to rake up the past. My present object is certainly not to make trouble. I therefore refrain from dilating on the gross injustice of the super-tax (of which, I fear, we must be content to avail ourselves for many a year to come), or of the present management of direct taxation generally. I would turn to the brighter side, and point out the hopes, which may fairly be entertained, from opening up such a new source of revenue as I have ventured to suggest.

For one thing, it would clearly give an opportunity for lightening the indirect taxation on necessities, which does undoubtedly press, at the present time, very hard on people of small means, and yet leave a substantial remainder to meet, in some degree, the awful drain on our resources which, according to all appearances, must for some time go on increasing.

On the other hand, paradoxical as it may seem, I believe that the mere giving to those, who now have it not, a perceptible share in the interests of their country, even in the way of bearing its burdens, might do something to create a spirit of patriotism and mutual helpfulness, different from that of some, who are willing to utilise the dire necessity of their Motherland for purposes of private gain.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Cambridge, August, 1915.

E. C. CLARK.

RUSSIAN LITERARY ART.

THE latest addition to Messrs. Constable and Co.'s Russian Library, "The Sweet-Scented Name, and Other Fairy Tales" (4s. 6d.), by Fedor Sologub, forms evidence of the many-sidedness of Russian literary art, in which interest is so rapidly awakening in this country. Sologub, who ranks among his own people with such writers as Gorki and Dostoevski, brings to his work a lightness and brilliancy that is in strong contrast with the studious solidity of the Russian writers whose work has been recognised, hitherto, by a British public.

This volume of short stories is noteworthy for the absence of that perpetual sombreness which marks such writers as Gorki and Dostoevski, and there is, too, little trace of the bitter cynicism from which Tcheckov gets his artistic effects. Some of these light fantasies, notably the first three, are as delicate and fine as anything that Hans Andersen gave us, and in the page and two-page sketches which occur farther on in the volume is a sardonic wit that, revealing the deep thinker, gives us new views on old statements common to Anglo-Saxon and Slav. Not that Sologub is all fantasy and wit, for in "The Lady of the Fetters," "The Herald of the Beast," and two or three other stories in this volume, he equals Tolstoi at his grimmest, though these are not by any means the most sombre of Sologub's stories.

The volume as a whole, however, is representative of the many sides of its author; in every sketch is art—not art for art's sake, but with a purpose. The translator and editor, Mr. Stephen Graham, has been careful to preserve the spirit of the original work, and has also, by judicious selection, revealed new aspects of contemporary Russian literature.

The third edition of Messrs. Gale and Polden's *Guide to Official Letter Writing*, price 1s. 6d., has just made its appearance. It deals fully with the method of composing official letters and regimental correspondence, gives hints on composition and punctuation, and on spelling and the meanings of common military terms. The inclusion of the publishers' complete catalogue adds considerably to the bulk of this book, and, for the hard wear that copies of it are likely to incur, a more substantial binding would be an advantage.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A LITERARY REVIEW.

"A History of the Japanese People, from the Earliest Times." By Capt. F. Brinkley, R.A., with the Collaboration of Baron Kikuchi, Illustrated. Encyclopædia Britannica Co. 11s.

Years ago Lafcadio Hearn threw the glamour of an exquisite style upon the social life of the Japanese, and Professor Chamberlain and others have done important spade-work in the field of research. But Captain Brinkley has done more than any other Englishman to instruct us in the history of our Far Eastern Ally. Such work as he has produced in the ten volumes of his "Japan and China" and in the eight hundred packed pages of the history before us could not, indeed, have been accomplished if other labourers had not preceded him. But those other labourers were, for the most part, Japanese; and Captain Brinkley, with some assistance from Baron Kikuchi, has gathered the fruits of researches pursued by Japanese scholars during the last thirty years. The result is a complete scientific history of Japan from pre-historic times down to the end of the Russo-Japanese War.

Covering so vast a subject in comparatively small compass, Captain Brinkley obviously had to choose between a record of bare facts and conclusions and a generalised sketch like Lord Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." He rightly chose the former method. Though his brief discussions of Japanese literature and thought show us, as his other books have shown, that he can use the broader and more illuminating method when he thinks fit, he is here concerned with the first essential—the facts. Discussion, generalisation, ornament may follow later. The present work is marked by compression and literary severity.

Less than a generation ago the world was astonished at the sudden emergence of Japan into the position of a great first-class Power—and not merely a great military, but also a great civilised Power. Many persons felt that there was something almost uncanny, even ill-omened, in the arming of a far-Eastern nation with all the weapons of the West; they suspected some deep duplicity of the Orient masquerading under the guise of civilisation, and equipped only with its more deadly mechanism. As we read Captain Brinkley's history the surprise at the rise of Japan disappears, and gives place to a different kind of surprise—namely, that this nation had not dawned upon us in all her strength at least two hundred years ago. It is scarcely too much to say that Japan has been the Britain of the Far East for the last two thousand years. Two thousand years ago, indeed, she was already a self-developed nation, when we were still unheard of. As we were influenced by Roman Christendom, so she was influenced by Chinese Buddhism, but less drastically. Just as we had a Protestant Reformation, so she also experienced a revival of Shintoism, which modified Buddhism. As our society, our institutions, even our religion, have their roots in Anglo-Saxon England, so Japan can trace her national character to pre-Chinese influences.

Evidently we cannot begin to understand the Japanese until we realise that, deeply as they have been influenced by Chinese religion, philosophy, and art, they are a race wholly different from their great neighbours. The early legends and mythology of the Japanese, with their animism, their delight in vivid personal deities, contrast with the enfooted mysticism of the Chinese. The ancient religion of the Japanese was *Kami*-worship, and the *Kamis* seem to have held a position analogous to that of the gods and demigods of the Greeks. The first objects of national worship were a supreme being, the Goddess of the Sun, and two producing deities, Izanagi and Izanami, who, as a Japanese writer says, "created this country" and divinely appointed the Mikado to rule over it.

Thus for many centuries after the Emperor Jimmu, who is attributed to the seventh century B.C., it seems that the sovereign held, actually as well as nominally, the supreme position in the State, and that divine authority was on his side. In the first thousand years of so-called prehistoric Japan the nation was becoming consolidated and acquiring military prestige abroad. Towards the end of this time two influences are to be noted—first, the growth of the great aristocratic families, and, second, the influence of Chinese ideas, which in the sixth century A.D. led to the official recognition of Buddhism. Captain Brinkley points out that Buddhism weakened the Crown: "That the Buddha directed and controlled man's destiny was a doctrine inconsistent with the traditional faith in the divine authority of the Son of Heaven." From this time onwards the power of the aristocratic families steadily increased, while that of the Mikado diminished, and was to all intents and purposes superseded by that of the *Shogun*, or chief general. Japan became a feudal nation, and its political history is the story of constant strife between the great nobles, diversified by the occasional supremacy of a great Shogun, or by a patriotic war against Korea or Mongol invaders. Martial prowess was the national ideal, and the virtues of the model knight—courage, loyalty, discipline, self-possession—the virtues of *Bushido*—fell short only in the qualities of pity and gentleness from the Christian conception of chivalry. The young were instructed in "literature and arms," which together fostered "decorum" and hardihood.

It must not be supposed that the Japanese policy of excluding foreigners from the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth was the result of narrow-mindedness. At first the Portuguese were welcomed, and the Jesuits made many thousands of converts. The great Shogun, Ieyasu, sent envoys to Europe, who reported that Christian countries were plunged in barbarous religious wars and profound fanaticism. For us there is irony in the reflection that, whilst freedom of conscience had always been tolerated in Japan, the fanaticism of Christianity was intolerable to her princely rulers. Foreigners, therefore, were excluded until it was discovered that they were masters of a necessary instrument—an instrument which a great military nation could not do without—guns and armaments. It was the argument of the big gun which persuaded the Japanese to give up their feudalism, their isolation, their knights in armour. They had the men, the organisation, and the patriotism; they needed only science, engineers, and guns to become a first-class modern Power. It is this kind of equipment alone which, in the eyes of the civilised world, entitles a nation to qualify as "first-class." China has not yet learnt the lesson.

"Salute to Adventurers." By John Buchan. Nelson. 6s.

Mr. Buchan has recently acquired a new distinction by his thrilling, not to say romantic, history of the war. We pointed out that he wrote of the war in a style reminiscent of that which he uses in his historical novels. Here we have another example of his adventures in fiction. "I am concerned with doings, not thoughts," says the hero, who tells his own story. Assuredly he keeps the ball rolling. From the first moment of his introduction, when he is taking what should have been an ordinary walk into Edinburgh, to the time when he engages with lawless Colonials in mortal combat with treacherous foes in Virginia (about two hundred years ago), he is plunged in thrilling and dangerous affairs, from which, with much braggadocio, much courage, much heroism, he emerges safe, happy, and in love. Mr. Buchan has moulded his style upon Stevenson. We can catch the very phrases of David Balfour. We can see the strut of Alan Breck. The mannerism, needless to say, is sheer artifice, but with such skill in keeping up a tale of breathless adventure and excitement Mr. Buchan can banish irritation and set our minds on dauntless heroes, fierce American Indians, and fair ladies. That is an art not to be despised.

"Serbia: Her People, History, and Aspirations." By Woislav M. Petrovitch. Harrap. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Petrovitch, an attaché to the Serbian Legation in London, is a student profoundly versed in the history, literature, and folklore of his own country, who also has the gift of writing in a strong and idiomatic English style. Not long ago he produced a fascinating volume of "Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians," and has promised a similar volume of Serbian ballad poetry. In the meantime he has been at work upon this study of the history and political ideals of his country, which presents in brief compass and in an attractive narrative just those facts about Serbia which thousands of English people to-day must be anxious to learn. He tells in graphic chapters of the early Empire of the Serbians, of their subjection to the Turkish yoke, the struggle for independence under the first Karageorge, the rise of the Obrenovitch disaster, and the return of the present prosperous régime. He explains the origin of the first Balkan war and the incidents which led to the second deplorable war between Bulgaria and her Allies. He concludes with an attractive account of the national customs of this most engaging and virile people. His book throughout is singularly free from that fierce partisanship which is a characteristic of so many

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Balkan writers, and only on one occasion does he give way to an excusable exaggeration about the first Balkan war, when he minimises the importance of the Bulgarian engagements in Thrace, and asserts that the main Turkish armies fought at Kumanova. This is an error. But in the main, both on the historical and the modern sides, the book is absolutely reliable and a very lucid statement of Serbian history, politics, and ideals.

"The Origin of Artillery." By Lieut.-Colonel H. W. L. Hime. (Longmans.) 6s. net.

Colonel Hime is not informing us about high explosives and 42cm. guns, but is taking us back to the earliest origins from which modern artillery descended. The invention of gunpowder, therefore, is the centre of his inquiry. There is an impassable gulf fixed between the military epochs before and the epochs succeeding the invention of a missile propelled by an instantaneous explosion. The ancient Greeks were experts in the use of such horrors as burning sulphur, charcoal, pitch, incense, &c., and "Greek fire" became a commonplace of ancient warfare. The so-called "sea-fire" used by the Greeks of Constantinople in the seventh century A.D. was, the author conjectures, a calcium phosphide mixture squirted from a syphon. But not until the thirteenth century, he insists, was gunpowder invented or used in any country. He brings reasons to show that Arabs, Indians, and Chinese did not invent anything of the kind. It was Roger Bacon, an Englishman, who discovered gunpowder, and described the ingredients and their proportions in the cryptic anagrams of his book "De Secretis." "He was driven to employ cryptic methods by fear of the Inquisition."

Colonel Hime tells of the invention of cannons by a German monk in 1313, their manufacture in Ghent, their use at the battle of Crecy, and many interesting facts about fire-arrows, fire-pikes, rockets, round-shot, &c., down to the time when shells were first used at the siege of Gibraltar (1779). The book embodies long and accurate research, and, scientific as it is, reads like a romance.

"The Political Economy of War." By F. W. Hirst. Dent. 5s. net.

Mr. Hirst calls his book "the political economy of war," but it is more especially concerned with the political economy of the present war viewed in the light of the greater wars of recent history. He considers from a scientific point of view some of the searching financial questions which are perplexing the man in the street to-day. If the countries at war seem to be comparatively prosperous now, that is because "an immense factitious stimulus is given to labour at the time"; but "when that stimulus is withdrawn (after the war) an augmented quantity of labour is left to compete in the market with a greatly diminished quantity of capital." He considers the cost of armaments in peace time, and quotes a calculation that "the European working man of the present day has to work a whole month in the year to defray the cost of war and armaments; and in most countries he has to work a week or two longer to pay interest on national debt." He considers the case of armament firms, and points out that "war is the ultimate aim of private armament firms," and that "there is a large class which has a direct pecuniary interest in war." He considers the question of indemnities, and points out that Japan found it cheaper to waive an indemnity from Russia rather than continue the war to exact it. War debt, war finance, debt conversion, and the particular effects of the present war—here is a multitude of profoundly important questions which Mr. Hirst broaches with expert skill.

"The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G.C.V.O." Edited by A. M. Pooley. (Nash.) 10s. 6d. net.

From Mr. Pooley's introduction we gather that although the family of the late Count Hayashi was strongly opposed to the publication of these confidential memoirs, the Count himself had definitely intended that they should be published. In any case, Mr. Pooley may be congratulated on bringing off a journalistic "scoop," and producing a book full of interest for English readers. The Memoirs were written at various times between 1902 and 1903, and the most significant pages give the whole history of the negotiations for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, carried on between Hayashi, as Japanese Minister in London, and Lord Lansdowne. There are one or two outstanding features of these negotiations which are important. In the first place, there seems to have been some idea in the air that Germany might become a partner in the alliance, which would thus have become a triple alliance. Secondly, and more important, Japan was evidently wavering between an agreement with Great Britain and an agreement

with Russia: Hayashi, as a strong Anglophile, was sent to London. In the course of the negotiations he was much disturbed to hear that Count Ito was on his way to St. Petersburg, possibly, as it was feared, to sound the Russian Government as to the alternative terms which she might offer. This project, however, was nipped in the bud: "I do not think," says the Count, "that our Government behaved well over it, especially in regard to sending Marquis Ito to St. Petersburg whilst I was negotiating with Lord Lansdowne. He ought not to have been sent whilst the negotiations with Great Britain were in progress. . . . She (Japan) has, indeed, won the support of Great Britain, but she has lost the respect of Russia and of other European countries."

It will be seen that the Count writes with great frankness; that he is not afraid of handling diplomatic secrets. The whole history is of great interest, and shows us very clearly one aspect at least of Japanese diplomacy a dozen years ago.

VERSE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

OMAR, Hafiz, and their fellows owe much of their popularity in these days to the skill of their translators, who have given us not so much the literal rendering as the original thought in English—which is a totally different thing, as appears from recently-published literal translations of Omar's quatrains. Much the same task of rendering the original thought has been accomplished in this slight volume of the poems of the Moorish King ("The Poems of Mu'tamid, King of Seville." John Murray, 1s. net), whose life itself was almost an epic tragedy. His verse is not epic; his love-songs have all the fervour and passion of his race, while his lamentations in captivity are not altogether free of the note of self-pity.

Still, while it is impossible to define what constitutes true poetry, there is no doubt that these verses—many of them—contain it. There is ringing music in "The Faith of the King," which alone renders the volume worthy of note, and in every poem, however slight, is imagery and colour. One may quote from "The Fountain"—

The sea hath tempered it; the mighty sun
Polished the blade. . . .

and regret that space does not admit of further quotation. Though his works were far fewer, Mu'tamid might claim the place in Moorish Spain that Hafiz held in Persian poetry and find few to dispute the claim.

Has Mr. Gilbert Chesterton been inspired by these Eastern poets? The question suggests itself on passing from this small volume to his slim book of verse, "Wine, Water, and Song" (Methuen, 1s. net), which has just been published. One meets the same curious blending of pleasure in the good things of life and of mystical joy in the Hereafter. For example, take that little poem "The Rolling English Road."

The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road:
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire.

It ends in this characteristic way:

For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen,
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green.

Once one begins quoting, it is difficult to forbear. All but one of these poems have appeared before, and there is hardly one which does not contain some haunting phrase, couplet, or quatrain which will pass into common use. It ends with "Who Goes Home?" Fortunately for Mr. Chesterton's reputation as a truth-teller, it has already been published, otherwise no one would believe him were he to state the plain fact that this splendid *Vale* was written before the war:

Men that are men again; who goes home?
Tocsin and trumpet! Who goes home?
For there's blood on the field and blood on the foam,
And blood on the body when Man goes home.
And a voice yaledictory . . . Who is for Victory?
Who is for Liberty? Who goes home?

A little shilling manual that ought to be in the hands of every non-commissioned officer is the *N.C.O.'s Pocket Book*, issued by Messrs. Forster Groom and Co., of 15, Charing Cross, S.W. From map-reading to the construction of entrenchments, and from infantry drill to military engineering, this little volume condenses within its covers practically all that the N.C.O. needs to have at his finger-ends either in peace service or when campaigning. The same firm is responsible for the production of *Tactical Notes*, another shilling manual dealing with the first principles of tactics and extremely useful to the junior officer. Both these volumes are well compiled, and the value of each is enhanced by a comprehensive index, which enables one to turn up the various departments of each subject treated on without difficulty.



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THE WEST END

The Queen, whose lively interest in any movement which concerns the children of the nation is well known, has expressed her warm appreciation of the effort being made to present a children's motor ambulance for the benefit of the Belgian Field Hospital. Prince George, to whom Messrs. Nelson's "The Children's Story of the War" is dedicated, heads the list of contributors, who are drawn from the young readers of that publication.

Her Majesty with Princess Mary recently motored from Windsor Castle to Cooper's Hill, in order to see the Belgian orphan children who are being entertained there by Lady Cheylesmore.

Lord and Lady Ailesbury have been with their children at Savernake Forest, Lord Ailesbury, who is in the Wiltshire Yeomanry, having been at home on short leave. Their eldest child, Lord Cardigan, is now in his twelfth year. Deene Park, in Northamptonshire, on the death of the late Lady Cardigan, passed to Lord Ailesbury's first cousin, the son of Lord Robert Bruce.

Lord Halsbury, who has celebrated his ninetieth birthday and is still sound of body and mind, comes of a family with whom longevity is a habit. Giffards, who attain to full age, almost always pass the three score years and ten limit. They have been settled in Devonshire since Norman days, and Burke mentions that the name means "Liberal." Lord Halsbury still holds two offices; he is Constable of Launceston Castle and High Steward of Oxford University.

In the days of Mr. Gladstone we used to hear much of the amusements and recreations of the Prime Minister; latterly this curiosity has gone out of fashion. But Mr. Asquith has at least one hobby in common with his old Chief—a genuine love for the classics. And they say that with him a favourite form of recreation is to translate Kipling's "Barrack-room Ballads" into Greek verse. "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" in the style and manner of Aristophanes should be excellent reading for scholars.

Lord and Lady Wimborne have been touring in the west of Ireland where they have received a most hearty welcome. Lord Wimborne is doing very well as Viceroy of Ireland. His love of sport has made him many friends among all classes of society; he is easy to get on with, and people like him. Lady Wimborne is also popular.

Last week I spoke of the memories that in these days cluster round the Ritz; it is true of most of the fashionable hotels. Almond's in Clifford Street is singularly favoured. It was in this hotel that Lord Roberts passed his last days in England. In years to come, when the greatness of that little man is even more realised than now, Almond's will ever be regarded with reverential respect from this very fact. I understand Branchini intends to commemorate this episode in a worthy manner.

Fashionable "first nighters" assembled in force at St. James's Theatre for Sir Arthur Pinero's *The Big Drum*, which may be said to have opened the winter theatrical season. Lady Parker, Lady Lister-Kaye, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, and Lady Randolph Churchill were present, also Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Squire Bancroft, and Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson. The play had a good reception, though opinion was divided whether or not Philip Mackworth suited Sir George Alexander. By the time these words are in print, *The Big Drum* should have shaken down into a success. There is nothing about the war in it—not directly, but the Filson family are obviously closely related to not a few persons who at present are busily engaged on war schemes.

The Saturday previously a new American play had been presented at the Vaudeville. It was called *Kick In*, though it had nothing to do with football. But there is such a tremendous lot of go about it that the general

effect almost suggests a "scrum." The language is amazing; it is the English tongue, but certainly not "the English tongue that Shakespeare spake." Yet it is well worth listening to, and the play itself is exhilarating. Let me heartily commend it to those who want mental relaxation of a stimulating character.

When it was announced that France had forbidden the exportation of her wines to these islands, those who knew anything about it felt sure there was something wrong. So it was quickly proved. England is a good customer of French vineyards, and could ill do without their produce. It is a pity claret is not more commonly drunk, being the wholesomest of alcoholic beverages. As everyone knows for some years there has been a scarcity of vintage champagnes with the result that prices have risen. Before the war, quite a big demand had been established for sparkling Moselles. That is finished; the sparkling wines of Saumur have taken their place.

The Saumur wines lack the character of vintage champagnes, but otherwise they are admirable. Say what one will, the host of even the simplest little dinner party does like to pour into the glasses of his guests golden wine that sparkles and bubbles at the brim. Look at the grill room and restaurant of the Piccadilly Hotel, among the most favourite places for entertaining in the West End. There will be between two and three hundred bottles of Saumur drank there nightly. Think what that means for those districts in France which yield it.

The possible abolition of the half-sovereign is causing consternation in youthful circles. For generations this little bit of gold has been regarded as the correct avuncular tip, where the sovereign is beyond the means. Silver has been disdained, but if there are no half-sovereigns who knows but what uncles in the future may stoop to half-crowns. Mr. Harold Cox now proposes to abolish half-crowns. Oh! Mr. Cox! You reformers will leave poor men no way of proving they are gentlemen. Don't you know the social difference between a man who hands over a mean half-dollar, and he who presses into the palm the lordly half-a-crown? HERMES.

❖ THE BUYERS' GUIDE ❖

By PASSE-PARTOUT

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a post-card addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

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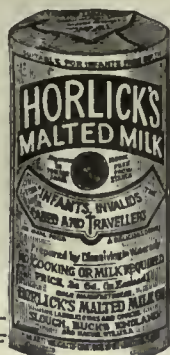
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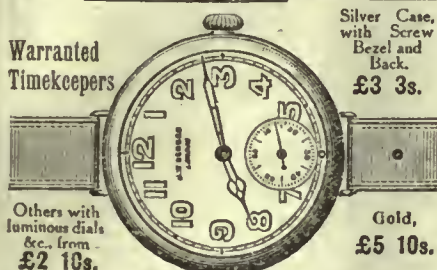


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A REPLY TO CRITICISM.

IT has been the constant policy of this paper to avoid controversy of any kind, both because the matters it deals with are best examined as intellectual propositions and because the increasing gravity of the time is ill-suited for domestic quarrel.

I none the less owe it to my readers to take some notice of the very violent personal attack delivered by the Harmsworth Press some ten days ago upon my work in this journal. I owe it to them because I should otherwise appear to admit unanswered the depreciation of my work in this paper, but, still more, because the incident would give the general public a very false impression unless its cause were exposed. I will deal with the matter as briefly as I can. It is not a pleasant one, and I doubt whether the principal offender will compel me to return to it.

I must first explain to my readers the occasion of so extraordinary an outburst on the part of the proprietor of the *Daily Mail*. I have become, with many others, convinced that a great combination of newspapers pretending to speak with many voices, but really serving the private interests of one man, is dangerous to the nation. It was breeding dissension between various social classes at a moment when unity was more necessary than ever; pretending to make and unmake Ministers; weakening authority by calculated confusion, but, above all, undermining public confidence and spreading panic in a methodical way which has already made the opinion of London an extraordinary contrast to that of the Armies, and gravely disturbing our Allies. They could not understand the privilege accorded to this one person. I therefore, to the best of my power, determined to attack that privilege, and did so. I shall continue to do so. But such action has nothing to do with this journal, in which I have hitherto avoided all controversy.

The gist of the particular article in the *Daily Mail* of September 6 was that in the mass of work produced by me in *LAND AND WATER* during the last thirteen months I had upon at least one occasion regarded an enemy offensive in the West (last spring) as certain to take place; whereas, as a fact, the great enemy offensive was delivered in the East. To this error in judgment upon my part was added a number of lesser charges, perfectly just for the most part, showing how in this place and in that I had overrated one factor or underrated another.

The article also contained much foolish and irrelevant matter, such as jeering at my former service for a few months in the French Army, and allusions to the writer's personal acquaintance with the Carpathians, the Gallipoli Peninsula, and, I think, the Chinese coast. In none of these matters does he seem to have a quarrel with me. I am, therefore, not called to speak on them unless it be to assure him that I envy him so wide an experience of travel.

There is in such an indictment as this nothing to challenge, because I would be the first, not only to admit its truth, but, if necessary, to supplement the list very lengthily. To write a weekly commentary upon a campaign of this magnitude—a campaign the facts of which are concealed as they have been in no war of the past—is not only

an absorbing and very heavy task, but also one in which much suggestion and conjecture are necessarily doubtful or wrong, and to pursue it as I have done steadily and unbrokenly for so many months has tried my powers to the utmost.

But I confess that I am in no way ashamed of such occasional errors in judgment and misinterpretations, for I think them quite unavoidable. They will be discovered in every one of the many current commentaries maintained upon the war throughout the Press of Europe and even in the calculations of the General Staffs.

Nay, I will now add to the list spontaneously:

In common with many others, I thought that an invasion of Silesia was probable last December. At the beginning of the war I believed that the French operations in Lorraine would develop towards the north—an opinion which will be found registered many months later in the official records recently published. In the matter of numbers my early estimates exaggerated the proportion of wounded to killed, while only a few weeks ago I guessed for the number of German prisoners in the West a number which subsequent official information conveyed to me proved to be erroneous by between 17 and 18 per cent. I long worked on the idea that the line from Ivangorod to Cholm was a double line—a matter of some importance last July. I have since found that it was single. The total reserve within and behind Paris which decided the battle of the Marne was, I believe (though the matter is not yet public), less large than I had suspected, and the figures I gave would rather include the Sixth Army as well as the Army of Paris. A few weeks ago I suggested that there was difficulty in moving a great body of men rapidly across the Upper Wierpz. Yet the movement, when it was made, might fairly be described as rapid. At any rate, the aid lent to the Archduke came more promptly than had seemed possible. I certainly thought, though I did not say so in so many words, that the capture of the bridgehead at Friedrichstadt would involve an immediate and successful advance by the enemy upon Riga, and in this opinion, I believe, no single authority, enemy or ally, differed. What has caused the check to the enemy advance here for ten full days no one in the West can tell, nor, for that matter, does any news from Russia yet enlighten us.

And so the list might be continued. Such errors in judgment, greater or less in degree, will always accompany my work because it is no more than an attempt to give week by week, at what I am proud to say is a very great expense of time and of energy, an explanation of what is taking place. There are many men who could do the same thing. I happen to have specialised upon military history and problems, and profess now, with a complete set of maps, to be doing for others what their own occupations forbid them the time and opportunity to do.

In this occupation I shall continue. Errors will, no doubt, slip into my work in the future as they have in the past, but so I hope will appear, in larger proportion, the accurate study of maps and the detailed explanation of movements which is what I believe my readers expect of me.

H. BELLOC.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

IN order better to illustrate and understand the present nature of the Russian retreat, I propose to make a particular examination of this operation from the creation of the salient at Grodno to the attainment of the lateral railway line which is for the moment the principal objective of the enemy.

I propose, that is, to examine, as a whole, and then in detail, the last phase of the retreat covering not quite a fortnight in time. The full examination of this will occupy more than one week's notes. I must carry those of this week down to the Pripet Marshes—that is, to include all the Northern and Central operations—leaving over till next week an analysis of the Southern.

When such an examination is completed, we shall be in a position to grasp the rate at which the enemy's advance is proceeding, the elements of the enemy's advantage, the nature and efficacy of the Russian resistance, the measure of the enemy's success, and the character of his immediate objective.

We shall not be able to decide what his ultimate object may be for the very simple reason that he does not know it himself. The higher command of no force proceeding so tentatively and amid such "groping," as it were, can look far ahead.

We shall not, therefore, be able to repeat with the confidence too often heard in some sections of the Press that the enemy proposes to menace either the Russian capital, or Moscow, or Kiev, or proposes to stand at last on the defensive along the line he has gained. The whole thing is a number of successive hypotheses which are still hypotheses only in the enemy's own mind, but the immediate objective and the method of reaching it are clear enough.

The immediate objective, then, is that north-and-south railway line of communication which runs from Riga in the north upon the Baltic, through Dvinsk (Dunaberg), Vilna, Lida Junction, and so right south to Rovno, and thence to Lemberg. To obtain possession of this line is what the enemy obviously desires at the present moment, and is also at that present moment not far from attaining.

This avenue of communication from Riga to Lemberg is not, of course, one single system. There is no "Riga-Lemberg line." Parts of it are single-line railways running through almost deserted marshy country. Short sections of it are busy double lines of railway with plenty of shops and rolling stock. Other sections are intermediate between these two types. One short portion, that between Dvinsk and Vilna, is a sector of the great international line between the capitals of the Russian and German Empires.

But the continuous communication from Riga to Lemberg is strategically one thing. It is true



that our ally, in his retirement, would destroy such a line as thoroughly as possible. But you cannot altogether destroy, especially in flat country, a piece of engineered communication. Its trace is laid out, its embankments, where these are necessary (and through the marshes they are

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everything), are not susceptible of rapid demolition. All save some half-dozen of its bridges can be quite quickly reconstructed. In a word, the capture of a modern railway line, especially in such a country as what was, of old, Lithuania, and under the political system of the modern Russian Empire, where railways are so few, is, in spite of all the destruction that can be effected by retiring troops, of capital importance.

Why is the possession of this line—Riga to Lemberg—of such value to the enemy, both positive and negative?

Positively it is of value because it furnishes him with the chief, and almost the only, opportunity he will have for moving troops and munitions *from one part of his front to the other*, from north to south, when he shall propose or if he shall begin the invasion of Russia proper. To have such an advantage is obviously a thing of capital importance in modern war. The reasons that a railway is essential to modern armies need not be repeated, and it is equally true that upon such an immensely extended front in territory so vague, and in front of an enemy whose munitions and equipment have passed their lowest point and are growing, the power of rapidly reinforcing any threatened sector is essential. Had no such line been traced and surveyed, no such embankments made, no such viaducts thrust out to the river crossings as those discovered upon the line from Riga to Lemberg, it would be absolutely necessary for the Austro-Germans to construct some such line if they desired to prosecute a successful advance eastward. In a word, the possession of this railway is a necessary part of the enemy's ability either to advance further into Russia with the winter or even to stand on the defensive.

Negatively, the occupation of the line will

similarly disadvantage our ally. Once it is in enemy hands, the Russian armies necessarily fall into separate sections for the very plain reasons set forth in these columns last week. The supply of the forces in the field would then depend upon three great divergent lines of railway corresponding respectively to Petrograd, Moscow, and Kiev (with which latter town may be coupled Odessa). The lateral communications from north to south, once this main Riga to Lemberg communication is lost, are both ill-connected to maintain a united front and also stretch that front beyond tenable limits as a continuous line, as is apparent from the accompanying Sketch II., reproduced from last week's issue.

If the enemy can obtain, as a whole, this artery of communication Riga-Dvinsk-Vilna-Luminieck-Rovno-Lemberg, he will still possess the power of going forward, grievously and increasingly hampered as this has been during the last four weeks. Supposing him to have acquired communication by sea to Riga (a task the difficulty of which I shall not attempt to judge, but leave to others who better understand such operations), then, remembering how excellent a railway system concentrates from all Austria upon Lemberg, we may justly regard this line as a sort of pipe fed at both ends and amply munitioning and reinforcing all the armies fighting in front of it and to the east.

The full possession (not merely reaching here and there) of the line Riga-Lemberg is, then, the immediate objective of the enemy.

Next let us recapitulate the factors of the enemy's advantage which are now common property and on which all military opinion in Europe is agreed.

The Austro-Germans have upon this front a very large superiority in the munitionment of their artillery, and especially of their heavy pieces. That is the first point. They can produce such munitionment at a rate far higher than the Russians. Next they have in equipment—which means, for practical purposes, rifles—a similar superiority. In small-arm ammunition, supposing the rifles to be present, both parties are equal enough. In machine guns the enemy has an enormous superiority over the Russians, even greater than his superiority in heavy artillery. And this last form of superiority is due to two things. First, his own far superior power of production in machinery; secondly, the fact that a retiring force must always lose great numbers of machine guns as well as rifles in the rearguard actions which defend trenches to the last moment. Of personal superiority in the type of troops used there is no trace. Upon the contrary, it would seem that the Austro-Germans have less good fortune when there is a corps-a-corps, and that most of the Russian successes in the prolonged rearguard actions that have been fought have depended upon a personal superiority of the Russian over the Austro-German soldier.

Under these circumstances, it is clear what the nature of the enemy's advance has been.

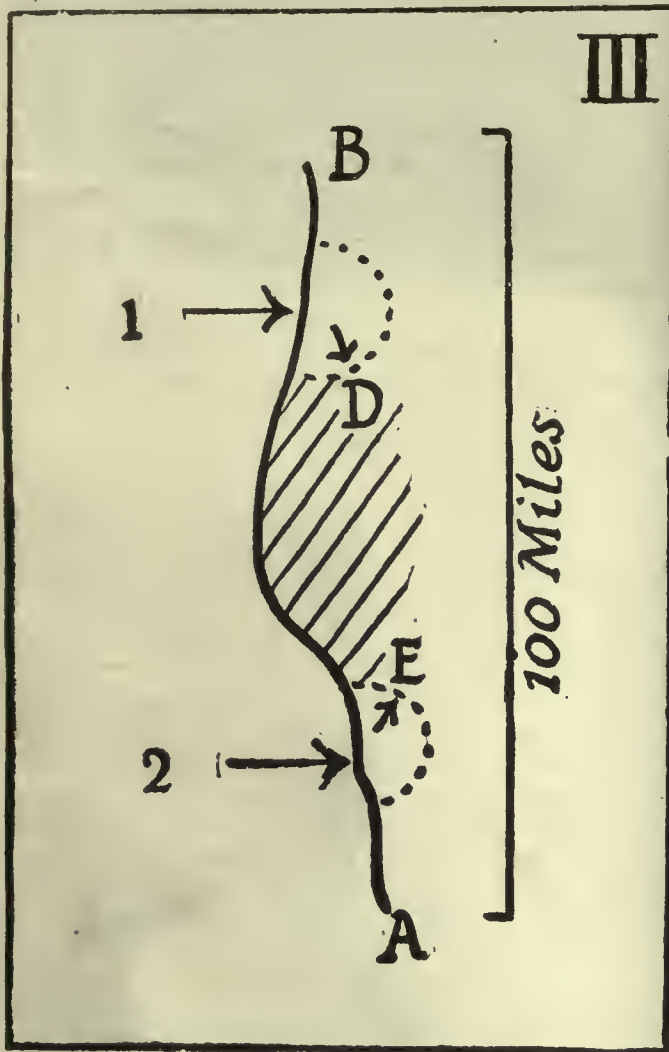
He can always at certain determined but restricted points and at certain intervals of time compel a Russian retirement by the concentration there of his heavy artillery, and by the checking of the local Russian counter-offensive with a vast numerical superiority in machine guns. I say "restricted" points and "at certain intervals of time" because, as we shall see, you can only bring



up big guns in such a country by comparatively few roads and railways, and because in between each action they require some days for re-accumulating ammunition. In the last stages of such a movement the enemy always loses great numbers of men. For, however thorough the artillery preparation, he must at last launch his infantry, and when he does so he meets the one form of munitionment in which the Russians are his equal. For there is a sufficiency of rifles to provide for these local actions.

The enemy being thus able, with his vast superiority in heavy artillery and in munitionment, to compel a Russian retirement on any one comparatively small front, is also able to achieve this effect in more than one place.

If he finds a sector of the Russian line extended irregularly as from A—B, over, let us say, 100 miles of front, he is always able, wherever there are hard roads and railways, to concentrate his superiority in heavy artillery in one or two small areas, as along the arrow 1 and as along the arrow 2.



As a result, the Russian line is bent back upon either of these points, as is the dotted line in Sketch III. The result is the creation of a salient or bulge in the portion shaded upon the above sketch.

It is within the power of the enemy to create a salient of this kind whenever and wherever he chooses, subject to certain modifications to be dealt with in a moment.

Now such a salient being created, it is obvious that if the enemy's advantage could be rapidly pressed, the enemy, by striking still further against either side of the neck of the salient, as up towards E and down towards D, may hope to cut off the men and guns within the salient, and to achieve, locally, at least, a decision. He may hope,

with such rapidity of action, to destroy an army. It is a simple point underlying the whole of the Austro-German operations in Poland and frequently made in these columns.

Such has been the method of the enemy, without one single exception, ever since the first hurried Russian retreat stood at bay on the San River on May 12, but particularly since that day, June 21 last, when, having failed to pierce the Russian Armies and divide them, he turned north from Lemberg and made one attempt after another to envelop portions of the retiring Russian forces.

Why has he hitherto failed to envelop any portion of them whatever?

To answer that question we must consider those modifications of the phrase "whenever and wherever he chooses," to which modification allusion was made above.

The enemy, with his superiority of heavy artillery, its munitionment, and every mechanical appliance, can, indeed, create a salient thus whenever and wherever he chooses, but the word "wherever" is limited by the presence of hard roads and railways, and the phrase "whenever" is limited by the necessarily slow accumulation of heavy shell for the use of the great pieces and the necessarily slow movement of the same pieces.

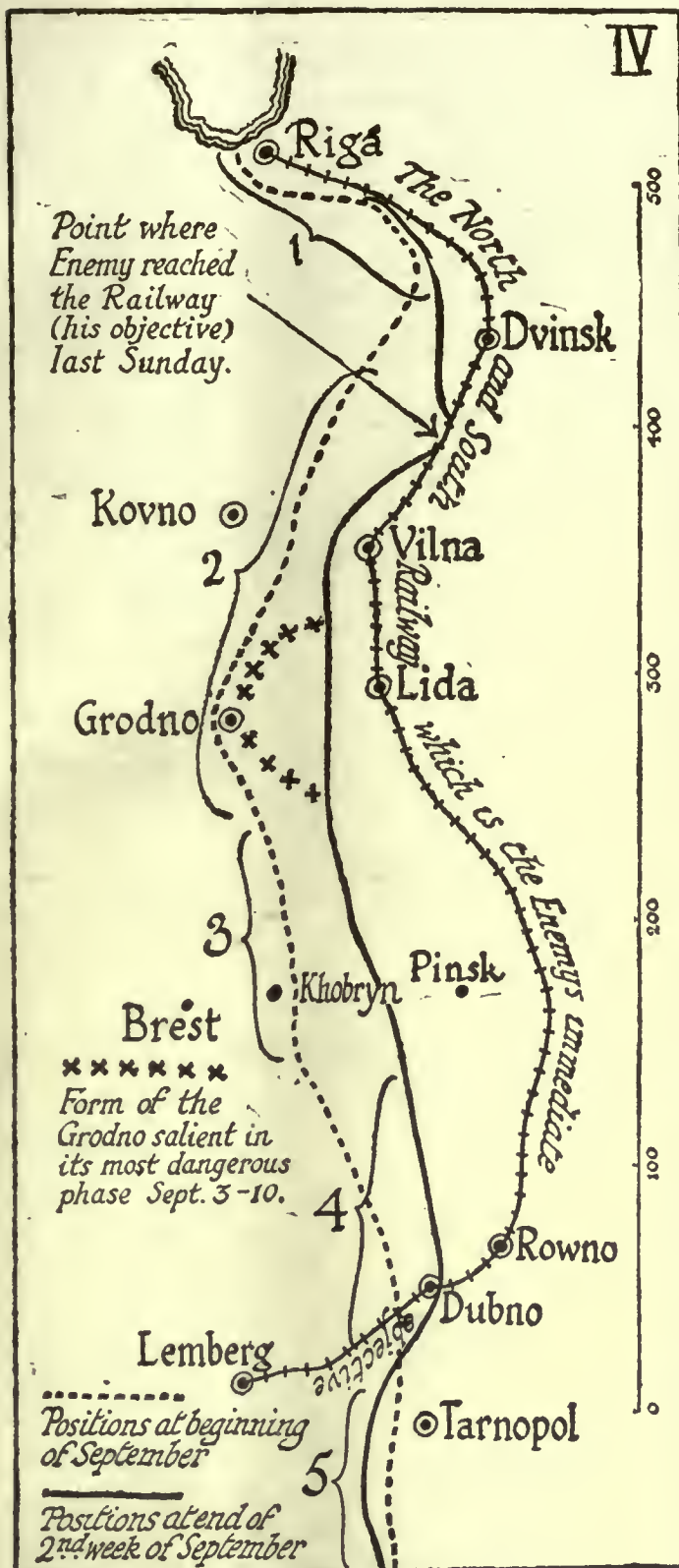
Sooner or later the enemy will bend in the Russian line in front of the arrow 1 and the arrow 2, and will create a salient between the two so long as the arrow 1 and the arrow 2 are each provided with roads and railways.

But those words "sooner or later" are the essence of the business. An excessive dependence upon artillery is paid for in the coin of time or "mobility." It is a truth which every student of the Polish campaign, worthy of a moment's consideration, has insisted upon throughout the Press of Europe, no less in the enemy's Press than in that of the Allies: that the German game has all along been a gamble upon the advantage of absolutely immediate effect locally from a superiority of heavy artillery, as against the uncertain and perhaps excessive tardiness with which troops dependent upon such artillery might advance. If the former outweighs the latter, they win. If not, they lose.

Hitherto in every case where the Germans have attempted to create a salient during the last three months—that is, since they turned north from Lemberg, and behind it in the third week of July—they have succeeded. They have created such a salient. But also hitherto in every one of their attempts to cut it off at the neck they have failed.

Let us now turn to the examination of what has been achieved in the first two weeks of September.

A fortnight ago, at the beginning of the month, the general line of the enemy was that shown by the dotted line on Plan IV. It ran just in front of Riga, included Kovno, but not Grodno, and ran down nearly north and south, east of Khobryn, and so to the Roumanian borders. A fortnight's effort has modified this line so much as to put it into the shape and position expressed in the same Sketch IV. by the full line. That is the measure and the mark of the two weeks at the end of the Polish campaign. At its broadest point the movement is one of forty miles eastward. At its narrowest point—as, for instance, in front of Riga—it is zero. [The belt covered



as an average is about twenty miles—that is, it has been at an average one and a half miles a day.

Upon the same sketch it will be seen how far this advance has come to the control of the lateral railway, which is expressed upon the sketch by the usual convention.

Now this advance has been achieved in the combined effect of what are, roughly, five operations. I do not mean by thus sub-dividing them that five groups of armies have been involved. Only three groups of armies have been involved upon either side—the Northern, the Central, north of the Pinsk Marshes, and the Southern, south of the marshes. But I mean that if we are following the groups of operation, the locally co-ordinated movements, we find five such groups. They are to be tabulated as follows:

(1) The movement against Riga.

(2) The movement for the isolation of Vilna, which includes the attack upon the railway between Vilna and Dvinsk, the creation of the Grodno salient, and the attempt to annihilate the Russian Army within that salient. This second section is far the most important, because it is here that the lateral line Riga-Lemberg has first been reached by the enemy (in the course of Sunday, September 12), because it is here that the greatest point of peril arose to our ally, during his retirement from Grodno.

(3) The third sector has a very simple task (and one to which much less men and guns are allotted). It is that of keeping up with the more northern movement, and of backing up the attempt to cut off the Russian armies to the north by pressing forward as fast as possible along the rare roads and the single railway to the north of and through the marshes. With these first sections I deal this week, leaving over till next week the following:

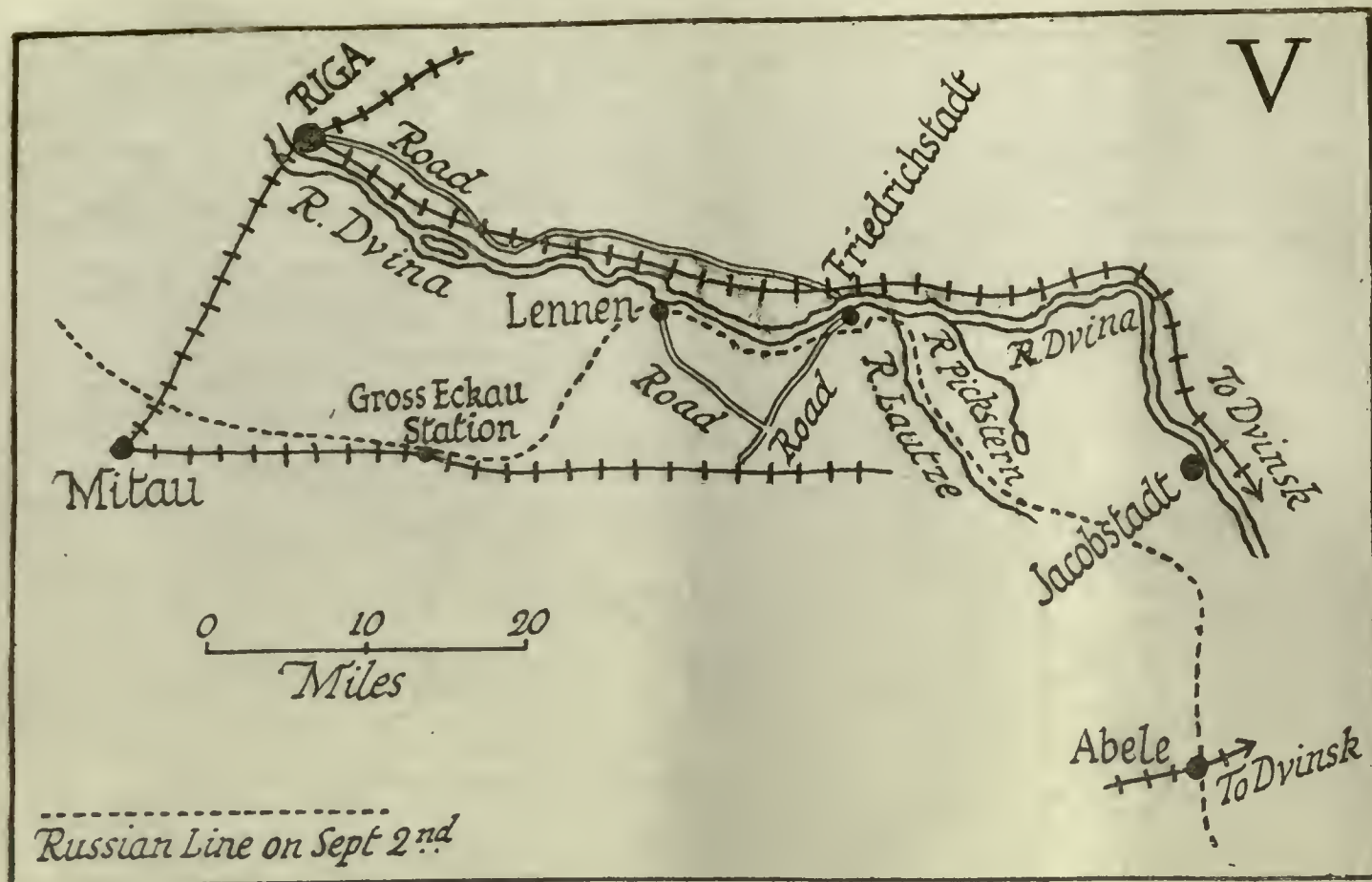
(4) A fourth sector concerns the advance along the Kiev railway, and the approach to, and attempt to seize, Rovno and the junction just beyond it, which is essential to a control of the whole railway from Riga to Lemberg.

(5) Finally, the fifth section concerns the front just north and south of the town and railway junction of Tarnopol and the lines of the Rivers Sereth and Strypa, parallel tributaries of the Dneister.

I have in the above Sketch IV. put down the line as a whole, dividing it into its sectors, and I will next deal with each sector one by one.

The operations as a whole may be thus co-ordinated. A thrust in the extreme north towards the beginning of the month, threatening the sector between Riga and Dvinsk, coupled with a fairly rapid advance between Vilna and the marshes, produced a salient at Grodno—a salient to which the Russians were more tied from the fact that the evacuation of Grodno proved apparently longer than they had expected. This salient having been produced by the enemy's action, every effort was made to cut off the Russian Army round about Grodno by applying the most violent pressure to the north-east, and south-east of that region, but the effort failed, and the Grodno army, like so many others in this Polish campaign, was saved through the immobility imposed upon the enemy by his very advantage in the heavy artillery upon which he absolutely depends. Meanwhile, as we shall see next week, to the south of the marshes, Mackensen's force was trying to create yet another salient by pressing the northern part of the Russian line there back eastward, until the centre should bulge out. He would thus compel the retirement of the whole, and put it for some time in jeopardy. But the Russians were able here to effect a counter-stroke. They struck hard upon their left in front of Tarnopol and north and south of that town, put out of action and nearly destroyed a whole German army, corps, which included a reserve division of the Guards, and also defeated upon the Sereth larger Austrian bodies which had the task of there containing them.

This local southern success accounted for the strength of something like a division in enemy prisoners, nearly all the heavy guns of one German division, but only nineteen field pieces. It has to some extent been followed up, but not very



far, apparently because the advance of Mackensen on the north would have rendered a further Russian move westward in the south perilous.

I.—THE RIGA SECTOR.

In this sector came the earliest and the least expected of the enemy's successes during the past fortnight, but also that which has for reasons not yet known to us halted without further development.

At the opening of the month the Russian lines defending Riga lay as in the above Sketch V. They ran, to the south and west of the town, about twenty miles in front of it, as in the dotted line of the accompanying Sketch V. They did not control the lateral railway, which runs from Mittau directly eastward, but they came near to it until just after the station of Gross Eckau, then bent up northward again, covering and holding the bridge head of Lennen (there is here no regular bridge, but most probably a pontoon bridge), and also the more important point of Friedrichstadt, standing on the left bank and united by a bridge to the further shore. A little beyond Friedrichstadt comes in from the south into the River Dwina the little stream called the Lautze. This obstacle was held by the Russians, and formed the continuation of their line, which ran on southward roughly parallel with the Upper Dwina and covered Dvinsk. Immediately south of Jacobstadt, about two days' march away, is the village and station of Abele, through which a road and railway pass on the way to Dvinsk. This station and village was held by the Russians.

In this sector the enemy attacked in force at Lennen and Friedrichstadt on September 2, and, as always, by the superiority of his heavy artillery he compelled the evacuation of both those bridge heads. It was universally expected that, thus commanding the passage of the river, and therefore the railway and road uniting Dvinsk and Riga, the enemy would immediately proceed to get



astraddle of that railway and road and to close in upon Riga. Ten days have passed, and he has not yet begun such a movement.

At any rate, all his efforts have been directed against this flank position since he reached Friedrichstadt and Lennen. He compelled a week ago the retirement of the Russian line from the Lautze to the parallel smaller stream of the Pikstern, and at the moment of writing the last news (which is that of Sunday, the 12th) records his advance in force against Abele.

II.—THE MOVEMENT FOR THE ISOLATION OF VILNA, INCLUDING THE GRODNO SALIENT. (PLAN VI.)

The movement began here with operations to the north-east and south-east of Grodno before that town was thoroughly in the hands of the enemy.

It was upon the 2nd of the month, just at the time of the big attack on the banks of the Dwina, near Riga, that, in spite of the Russian counter-



offensive, with heavy street fighting, Grodno was occupied, and for a whole week later the big bulge roughly defined by the rivers Niemen and Merezanka, a district badly provided with roads and full of marsh and forest, was the district wherein large forces of the Russians were held, threatened upon either flank with envelopment, and only with difficulty disentangling themselves. Even as late as September 10 the enemy, who had pushed along the railway from Olita to Orany, was unable to master the whole course of the Merezanka River, while the southern horn of his envelopment fighting to reach Mosty could not master the little River Ross, and was still fighting upon the front Ozery-Skidel. Skidel, on September 10, changed hands repeatedly, but it seems to have been lost on the 11th—at any rate, on the 12th it was fully in the hands of the enemy. But meanwhile the Russian forces in the salient had got safely away, the eight days or so following upon the evacuation of Grodno being the most anxious moment of the great retreat since the threat to the salient of Przemyśl three months before.

While this hammering at the front of Grodno and round either end of its salient at Orany and Skidel was proceeding the enemy was also attacking the line from Vilna to Dvinsk, and approaching the town of Vilna itself. It was here that he was making most directly for his main objective, the railway communication between Riga and Lemberg, which passes through Dvinsk, Vilna, Lida, &c.

Already, by September 7, the enemy was attacking in force the town of New Troike, which stands upon an isthmus between the two lakes, a day's march west of Vilna. He did not, and apparently has not yet, or had not last Sunday, forced the passage. But, by September 10 he was everywhere within a day's march of the railway between Vilna and Dvinsk, and attacked with especially large forces along the road from Wilkomir to Svientsiany. All this advance through the district north of Vilna, and particularly the advance in force towards Svientsiany, is the more difficult to understand from the fact that the whole region is a mass of small lakes, comparable to the Masurian district. At any rate, by Saturday night, the 11th, or Sunday, at latest, the advanced cavalry of the German thrust here had reached the railway. On Sunday night the Russians were still holding Podbrozie Station. On Monday, or Sunday night, the railway between Dvinsk and Vilna was reached at a few other points by the enemy's horse, and the railway communication, therefore, between Riga and Lemberg, for the complete mastery of which all this advance was designed, was attained, and Vilna is cut off from the north.

III.—THE ADVANCE IN THE CENTRE AND THROUGH THE MARSHES.

The third of the five sectors we are studying comprises the command of the Regent of Bavaria, and the extreme left wing of the forces under Mackensen. It has been the task of the forces in this third sector to advance more or less in line with the forces to the north, nor have they met with the same resistance as has been offered in the critical fighting elsewhere. Their progress can be briefly recorded.

In the first days of the month, by the 3rd, simultaneously with the occupation of Grodno, the cavalry had got as far east as Kartuskai-Bereza, and the Russian forces on the north were rapidly falling back to get into line, and had already reached Volkovis, while the extreme left of Mackensen was at Antopol, upon the line through the beginning of the marshes from Brest to Pinsk. It will be seen that the advance on to Kartuskaia had proceeded further than anything to the north or south of it. The Russians to the north fell back under the threat of this advance to the south of them until they reached the line of the River Zelianka (a tributary of the Niemen), which they were still holding upon Sunday, the enemy fighting for the possession of the railway and road crossing at Zelva. A similar fight was going on at the same time for the point of Roshany, much higher up the water, where the great main road from Brest to Slonim crosses the river. As the advance along the Pinsk railway had not got further than Drogitchin, or a little to the east of that point, the whole line was here by Sunday night fairly straightened out.

It is worthy of remark that the advance has not yet seriously penetrated into the marshes. It is as yet only on the eastern edge of the really bad region. This district, it is true, operates as hardly against the movements of our Ally as it does against those of the enemy. But my point is that the effect of the marshes in thoroughly separating the northern from the southern operations, and the all importance of the obtaining of the railway, which cuts them from north to south, and is the sole means of connecting the southern with the northern armies, has not yet matured.

So much for the main theatre of operations, the northern one with which the first three sectors are concerned. Space compels me, as I have said, to postpone until next week the consideration of the two last, south of the marshes, including the details of the Russian success west of Tarnopol, possible, but doubtful, development of which we shall be better able to judge in a few days. I say "possible but doubtful" because it does not seem likely, with the pressure exercised on the northern part of the southern Russian armies—that is, upon their right wing—that the left wing in the extreme south will risk pushing much further forward, even though it has had so great a success in front of Tarnopol.

H. BELLOC.

NOTICE.—*The Editor of LAND AND WATER is willing to consider suitable contributions, provided they are typewritten. Prose articles should run to, say, 1,500 words. All MS. must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. Every endeavour will be made to return rejected contributions, but the Editor cannot accept any responsibility.*

"Belgium and Germany" is the title of a volume which has been compiled by M. Henri Davignon, and published by Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons, in order to place on record in an easily available form the full story of the horrors which Germany has perpetrated in the luckless country whose neutrality she had sworn to defend. This publication, which only costs sixpence, contains the actual texts and documents dealing with these hideous crimes. Hearsay evidence is excluded, and the original documents from which these extracts have been made are all in existence. The volume contains many photographs; its evidence is irrefutable.

THE ZEPPELIN PROBLEM.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE week has been altogether barren of any news of naval events. The American position has been complicated by the recall of the Austrian Ambassador, still more so by the German Note on the *Arabic*. It almost looks as if the "incredible blunder in statesmanship," which I suggested last week might at any moment change the position, had actually occurred; but the issue is still uncertain. As is not uncommon, there have been many rumours of impending naval events in Europe, but it will be time enough to attach importance to these when we have something definite to go on. Meanwhile Londoners have learned something about war in the air that they did not know before.

War in the air has certain characteristics that it shares only with war at sea. Its instruments of aggression, airships and aeroplanes, can, like battleships and cruisers, appear off their enemy's positions entirely unheralded. Thus by air and by sea there is a faculty for strategic surprise that hardly exists on land at all. The fact that such attacks can *generally* be anticipated does not rob the *particular* attack of the element of the unexpected. Every town in the South and South-East of England within a certain radius of the German aerodromes may, when the weather is favourable, expect an attack from the sky. Any East Coast town is liable to be the victim of another fast cruiser raid. And the Germans, no less than ourselves, know that every town from Emden to the Danish border may some day be bombarded by the Allied Fleets and made a point of disembarkation for an invading army. And this is a piece of knowledge that may be the chief factor in deciding them not to risk their Dreadnought Fleet in the Baltic. For that matter, the Turks knew when they started on their Egyptian expedition that it was open to us to try to cut them off, either by an attack on the coast behind them or by an assault on the Dardanelles themselves. The risk of such a counter-stroke was ignored, and in all probability because it was felt that a naval attack pure and simple would be harmless, and that it was unlikely Great Britain possessed the resources for inaugurating a military invasion on any useful and effective scale.

The raid on London on Wednesday last was no exception to the general rule. No one expected a raid at that moment, and no one expected it to be any more effective than in fact it was. The capacity of an airship to inflict damage is undoubtedly extraordinarily small compared to that of a warship.

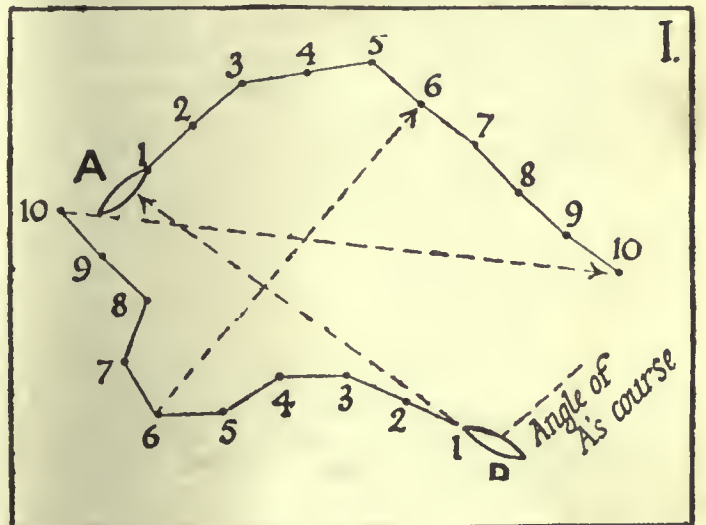
Handling guns to bring down aircraft is not quite so simple a problem as it seems, and we shall all have far greater confidence in the future from the knowledge that Sir Percy Scott is now to take over the air defence of London. So far as it rests with gunnery, it could hardly be in better hands. Sir Percy is above all a great practical solver of difficulties. But he is faced by quite new problems, and it may prove interesting

to examine what they are when targets move freely through the air.

FIRE CONTROL ON WATER AND IN AIR.

In naval long-range gunnery two quite distinct problems have to be solved. The first is to procure the right aiming of the guns, the second is to make certain that the right range is on the gun when it is rightly aimed and fired. It is no use solving one problem unless the other problem is solved also. Good aiming with the sights at the wrong range is just as futile as bad aiming when the sights are right. It is to Sir Percy Scott more than to any single man that the Navy owes the fact that the first of these two problems is satisfactorily settled. He has always been a generous advocate of the inventions of others.

Sketch I. will remind the reader what the elements of that problem are. A, a target ship, and B, a firing ship, are seen to be manœuvring freely. They are travelling at different speeds and on different courses, and each changes course during the ten minutes that the sketch represents. Assuming B's aiming to be accurate, he can only keep A under fire if he ascertain A's movements exactly, ascertain his own movements exactly, and then integrate the two, so that all factors arising from movement



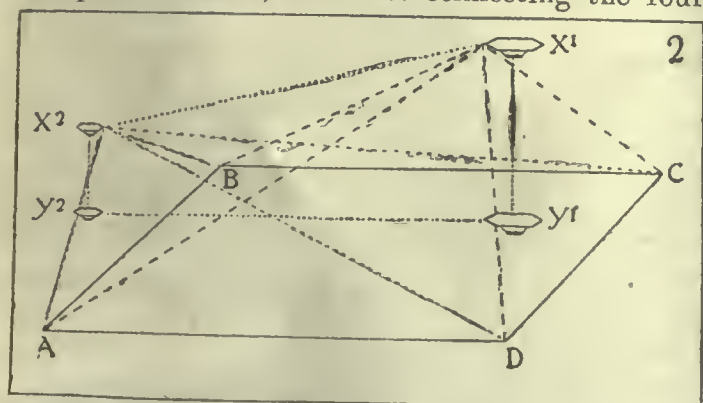
shall be eliminated. If the movement factors are gone, the problem of hitting A from B is obviously exactly the same as if both ships were stationary. It is a question, not so much of good range finding, as of the skilful observation of fire. Such observations are possible at sea, because the shots that miss the target strike the surface of the water, send vast fountains into the air, and so, for an appreciable time, leave a definite record, whose relation to the target can be judged, and the error in range ascertained. To mark the difference between the actual shot and the desired range, an observer is posted at the furthest possible point from the gun, which, in a

ship, means at the highest possible point on the mast. And, unless the range is extreme, the conditions of visibility poor, or the line of sight is obscured by smoke, extraordinarily accurate results can be got by spotting. The difficulty, then, in naval gunnery is not to find the range, but to keep it once it is found, and this difficulty exists because the problems of movement can only be solved by machinery that is, unfortunately, extremely costly.

The problem of engaging a target in the sky is, in many respects, of a totally different character. In certain aspects it is simpler. At sea *direct* hits have to be made at very great distance. In firing at aircraft, it is not direct hits that are sought. All that one aspires to do is to burst a shell as nearly as possible at the right distance from the target. It is like the difference between shooting with a rifle and shooting with a shot-gun, for the bursting shell sends a scattering charge, either of bullets or of fragments, in an ever-enlarging pattern. No such *perfect accuracy of aim* is required, then, for air warfare. Again, no *integration* of the movements of the firing-point and the target is required, because the firing is done from a stationary gun. But otherwise the problem is almost infinitely more complicated. Unlike a ship, aircraft do not move only in one plane, and their speed may be three or four times that of the fastest ship. Hence they command far greater *differences of speed* and a far wider freedom in the *choice of courses*. The air target may, then, be at any range, be going at any speed, on any course, and in any plane; and it is certain to be travelling in a different plane from that of the gun. These facts create great complications. The target being in a different plane from the gun, for instance, one range scale is no use. The elevation of the gun will vary, for the same range, according to the positions of the target. For instance, at 2,000 yards, the gun would be aimed point-blank at the target overhead, but at an increasing elevation, as the target got lower to the right or to the left. The maximum elevation would be if the target were in the same plane as the gun. But this is a small matter compared with the difficulties which arise from the aircraft's speed, the difficulties of ascertaining its course, and the difficulties of observing fire.

A PROBLEM IN THREE DIMENSIONS

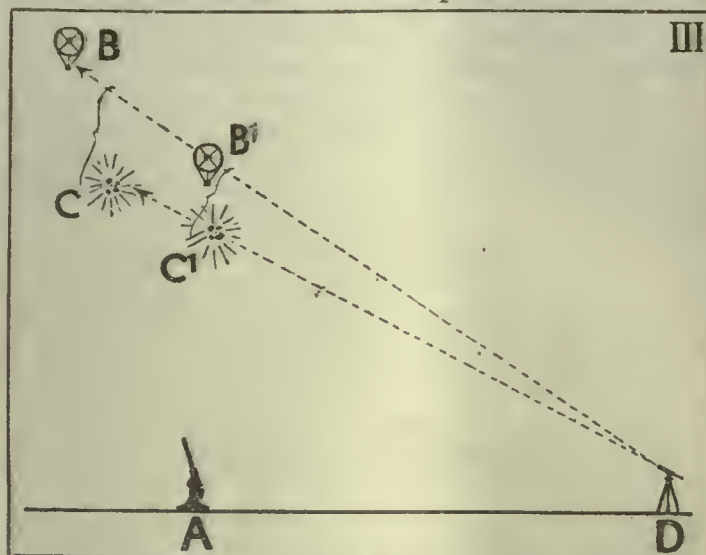
A glance at Sketch II. will show the reader some of the characteristics of the problem. If the spectator supposes himself to be standing in the plane ABCD, the lines connecting the four



angles of the plane with X1 and X2—two successive positions of the Zeppelin—will show by the two solid figures the relationship of the target's course with any point in the plane. Its

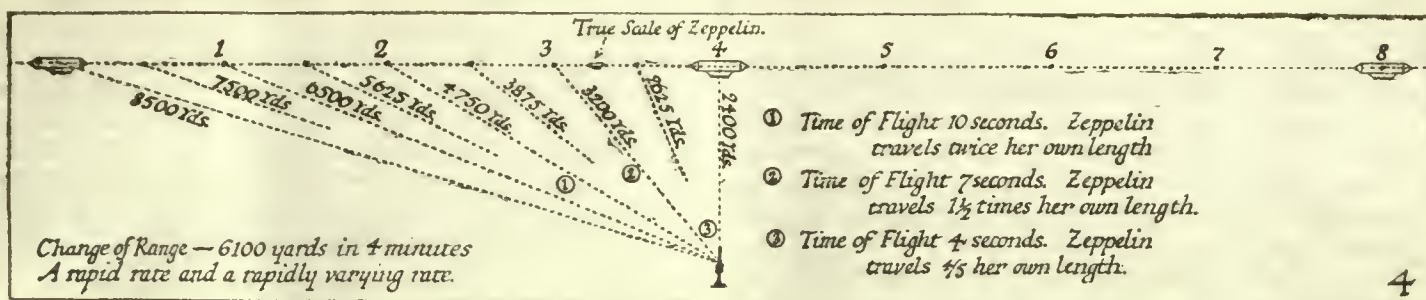
line of flight is X1 to X2. Perpendiculars dropped from each of these points show its relative course plan-wise, Y1 to Y2. To the mathematically minded, these figures will suggest the character of the operations necessary for finding the Zeppelin's course and speed, and the range and change of range for successive shots. The two chief difficulties that arise in trying to get a practical solution from the target are, first, those that grow out of the fact that the observation of fire is of quite a different character from spotting at sea, and next from the immense speed at which the range and deflection angles change.

Sketch 3 will bring it home to us that spotting by a single observer does not help at all. The shot that misses the sea target hits the water as we have seen, and marks its place; but the shot



that misses an aircraft hits nothing which is visible. The only way to record the position of the shot is to employ a time fuse and to mark the position of the burst. If, in Sketch III., a shot is fired from the gun A at the Zeppelin B and the shell bursts at C, the man at the gun will see the explosion immediately between his eye and the Zeppelin. It will be impossible for him to form any opinion at all as to how near the target it is. But the observer at D can see the gap between C and B and can suggest a correction. But supposing a Zeppelin, instead of being at B, was at B1, and the shell had burst at either C or at C1, or, indeed, *anywhere* along the line of sight DC, the result of the observation would have been exactly the same, so that the observer D cannot, by himself, make any more useful correction than an observer at A. Observation, to be effective, then, must be made from *several* points. And it is clear that as the Zeppelin may be at any position with regard to A, the gun, the observers will have to surround A, so that for every gun or group of guns there will have to be at least four groups of spotters.

When this difficulty has been got out of the way, we have to face another arising from the immense speed which airships possess. The diagrams 4 and 5 will perhaps bring home to the reader how intricate this problem is. I have assumed that the Zeppelin has a speed of 2,000 yards a minute—that is just over 60 miles an hour and less than 60 knots. It is supposed that it passes a gun at the lateral distance of 1,000 yards, i.e., the perpendicular dropped from the Zeppelin to the ground would be at that distance from the gun position at the shortest range. The Zeppelin is supposed to be 6,000 feet up in the air, and to travel in a straight line. It will be



seen that it will pass from a range of 8,500 yards to 2,400 and out again to 8,500 in the course of 8 minutes. There is, then, a total change of range of 6,000 yards in each 4 minutes. In the first four the range decreasing, in the second increasing. In the first minute the rate of change is about 2,000 yards a minute. A glance at the sketch will show that the amount of the range, and hence the rate, varies in every half-minute during the run. Now, remember that the

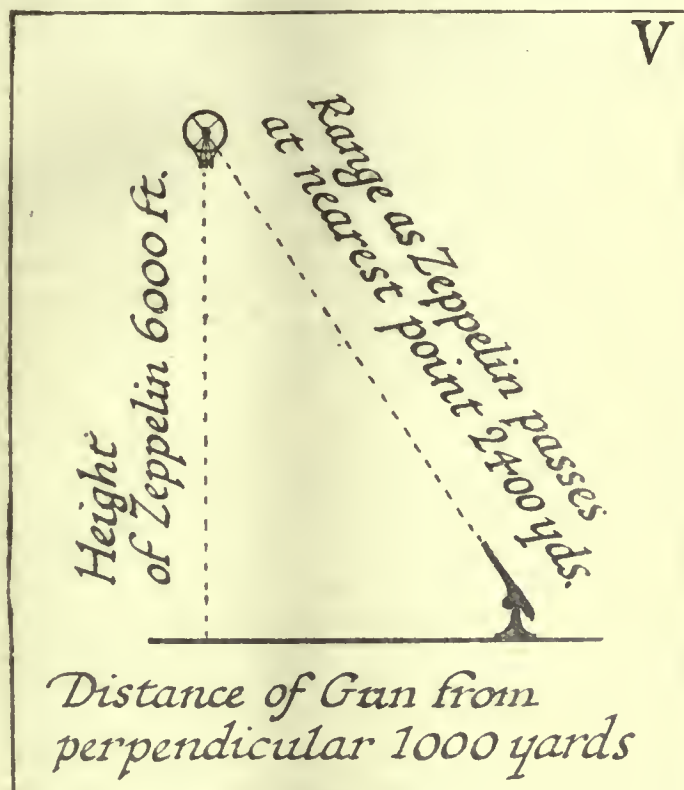
range in this case has not only got to be set upon the sight, but it has also *upon the fuse*. The infinite complications of the procedure can then be judged from the fact that, supposing in four minutes we wish to fire a shot every 15 seconds—not a very high rate of fire—we should have to get 16 entirely different settings, with *unequal* successive alterations, both of the sights and of the fuse. There is no rough-and-ready way by which this can be done.

An inspection of the sketch will also show the difficulties that arise from the movements of the target while the shell is in the air. This is the problem of deflection. If we suppose the Zeppelin to be 500 feet long, and to be travelling 2,000 yards—that is 6,000 feet—a minute, it is obvious that she will go her own length in five seconds. Assuming the time of flight of the projectile to be as stated in the sketch, it will thus be seen that the point of aim will have to be a varying number of lengths in front of the target, as the Zeppelin proceeds upon her course. How are these changes of range and deflection to be obtained?

THE ONLY WAY—AND ITS COST.

The elements obviously depend upon observations, computations, and calculations, and to make the results useful, there must be perfect communications with the guns. The *rapidity* with which *exact* results must be supplied makes it quite inconceivable that these operations should be carried out solely by visual, mental, and manual operations. Human processes are both too slow and too liable to error to be, in point of fact, of the slightest use.

A. H. POLLEN.



THE EMANCIPATION OF RUSSIA.

By L. March Phillipps.

ONE of the most valuable assets on the side of the Allies to-day is the unquenchable determination of the Russian people to persevere in the struggle, whatever may be the sufferings it entails. This, as we so often say, is a popular war in Russia, a national war. The fighting of Germany is an act into which the Russian population is pouring spontaneously its whole energy and enthusiasm. All political parties have been united by the present war. It has obliterated strikes and riots, has rallied to the colours exiles and democrats, and has called forth throughout the length and breadth of the land demonstrations of devotion and self-sacrifice which eloquently and pathetically demonstrate the trend of public sympathy. If ever there was a war in which the hearts of the people were engaged it is the present one. This it is, indeed, which makes Russia so redoubtable a foe. She is not highly equipped. Modern armaments and their application to war are a fruit of intellectual culture, and, Russia being in this respect backward, her armies incur the penalty. But in depth and intensity of her popular convictions and in the numbers of the masses

by whom those convictions are shared Russia possesses compensating weapons of her own which make her a valuable ally and a patient and formidable enemy.

If, then, we would appreciate the forces operating in the present war here is one which very directly challenges our attention. This earnestness of the Russian people is marked already as a determining factor. It is exactly of the quality necessary for the display of Russia's natural forces. To suffer but to go on, until her slow-gathering armies and vast spaces exhaust the enemy's initiative, is evidently Russia's ordained policy, and to the success of it the one thing necessary is the power of the nation to endure. To this, therefore, we return. What does this popular determination of Russia's to fight Germany to a finish mean? What are the causes of so remarkable a resolve? For it is remarkable. Ninety per cent. of the Russian population are peasants, and it is not often that a peasantry (especially a backward and illiterate peasantry like the Russian) troubles its head about foreign nations and foreign politics. All the more strange is it that a hundred million Russian peasants should in this quarrel

with Germany be moved by just such a rapture of earnestness as inspired the hosts of the Crusades in their great spiritual campaigns of eight hundred years ago.

How then shall we account for, how explain, this implacable instinct of hostility? The answer to the question will be discovered in the past relations between Russia and Germany, but not so much in their political as in their intellectual relations. Russia and Germany have stood to each other for the last two centuries as pupil and teacher. The semi-barbarism of the Dark Ages, which lingered on in Russia long after the Renaissance had awakened the intellect of Europe, was by degrees penetrated by a European culture received mainly from the hands of Germany. It was to Germany, owing to her geographical position, that the task naturally fell of transmitting Western ideas Eastward. It was her mission to hand on to the barbaric nation the ideas and intellectual culture which, emanating in the first instance from Italy, had overspread the European nations. In a word, Germany was called upon—or, rather, Prussia was called upon, for it was under Prussian auspices that the Russian policy of Germany was developed—to introduce the Renaissance to the Slav race.

It was an enormous opportunity. We all know the immense prestige which the position of teacher of a higher culture gives to the more advanced nation. We know how Athens in this way conquered Rome, and how Italy at one period in our history almost as completely dominated the thought and taste of England. Germany, conveying to Russia her own version of Renaissance culture, was greeted with a humility and respect natural to the simplicity of the Slav people and proportioned to the depth of the intellectual twilight in which they were immersed.

Prussianising Russia.

It would be impossible here to enter into an account of the Prussianising of Russia. It has been to an extraordinary degree systematic and persevering and has extended over a couple of centuries. Its operations have had two objects—namely, the control or direction of the Russian Government and the prosecution of a system of peaceful penetration of Russian territory. The latter scheme has been enforced with particular energy during the last few years. Great tracts of Western Russia have passed into the hands of German colonists. Between two and three millions have acquired land in Russian Poland alone, where, acting in concert with a Germanised Government, they have received, in connection with the acquisition of property, the endowment of schools, and other matters, extraordinary privileges. Moreover, it has lately been shown beyond question that this extensive colonising scheme has been under the supervision of the German Government and has been carried on with a kind of military discipline and even, it would seem, with the co-operation of the military authorities and intelligence department, under whose guidance the colonists were distributed to points of vantage, there to carry on the work of military pioneers by sending in intimate reports and plans to headquarters, as well as by accumulating stores, constructing gun emplacements, and effecting such preparations generally as could be undertaken without arousing suspicion. Occasional hunting parties offered opportunities for German officers to visit these colonies to receive information and issue instructions. We have it from both Russian and French sources that these expedients have proved of great advantage to the progress of the German armies.

But what, far more than this, has determined the estimation in which Germany is held by the Russian people has been the fact that she has used her great political influence steadily and strenuously to strengthen the bureaucratic, or official, system of government, and to stifle the national aspirations of the Russian people. If the tragedy of the Russian situation consists, as assuredly it does consist, in the oppression of the

emotional and spiritual instincts and aspirations of the Slav race under a solid phalanx of official administration we must remember that it is to Prussian teaching and example that this has been mainly due. If this is what for generations has been breaking the heart of Russia, nothing is more certain than that the cause of the evil is the success with which Prussia instilled her own autocratic tradition into the Russian Government.

Blind Submission.

Remembering, as we must, that Russia's own blind submission under Prussian tuition has been responsible for her exploitation and has again and again enabled Prussian diplomacy to use the Russian influence and Russian arms for its own selfish ends—remembering this, we must admit that Russia in her European dealings has suffered from terrible ill-luck. It was ill-luck that she should be moored cheek by jowl alongside the German, and particularly the Prussian, people. It was ill-luck that, looking as she naturally would to the horizon where intellectual light was dawning, she should find that light dispensed to her by Prussia, and her own confiding ignorance delivered into the hands of the most materialistic, most selfish, and most ruthless of modern nations.

This is the point I would leave to the reader's consideration. He must figure Russia, semi-barbaric, un-instructed, living into and through the centuries of the Renaissance scarcely aware of the intellectual ferment that was taking place, but at last, dimly conscious, stretching out her hands for guidance, and eagerly craving instruction in the new knowledge which so evidently contained the elements of a superior civilisation. The spectacle of Russia at this moment is not without its pathos, and it is with something of a revulsion of feeling that we discover, as the spider springs upon the fly, Prussia hurrying to take the occasion by the hand. Prussia as the interpreter of ideas! Prussia as the evangelist of the Renaissance! Prussia as the child of light! The humour of the situation receives a yet more satiric edge from the concentration of purpose with which Prussia herself set to work to wring the last ounce of profit out of so unique an opportunity. Reflecting on the consequences which ensued, one is in doubt whether to wonder most at the insatiable appetite of the aggressor or the inexhaustible docility of the victim.

Slow Absorption.

A community like the Russian, vast and unwieldy and little given to conscious thought, absorbs a new idea slowly and is enlightened by degrees. It has taken Russia a great many years to discover the real motives and character of the nation in which she had reposed so implicit a trust. She is, however, now at last making that discovery, and she is making it with a completeness and thoroughness proportioned to its slowness. She is awakening, as a nation and a people, to the nature of the opposition she has had to struggle against and to the origin of the impediments which have been placed in her path. Duped, exploited, overreached, her confidence betrayed, her national hopes outraged, Russia has reached the conviction that the ejecting of the German element is the condition of her own health. Moreover, she has reached and holds that conviction, not as a matter of conscious and superficial knowledge, but as a slowly acquired, subconscious instinct. The body, when a foreign and discordant element is introduced into it, makes its own interior efforts, unprompted by reason or the mind, to cast forth the poison, and it is in a somewhat analogous fashion that the energies of all Russia are concentrated to-day in the supreme task of ridding itself of the poison of Prussianism. The convulsions and huge rumblings which startle the world are no more than the internal accompaniments of such an effort. At the same time, it needs only to observe the nature and origin of the malady to be sure those efforts will continue until they have achieved their object.

THE GROTESQUE IN MODERN WAR.

By J. D. Symon.

WHEN the present conflict claims its Vernet, its Meissonier, its de Neuville, its Detaille, what shall the battle-painter of the future (we do not mean the Futurist painter) do with the new and hideous accessories which modern warfare has thrust upon his sight? Genius, it is true, can mould any material to its will, but it seems as if some problems had been presented which can be solved only by omission. Old wars, so late even as the Russo-Turkish of 1878, were still full of glitter and colour; the very rags of long campaigning held some picturesque traces of ceremonial parade; the plume, the hussar's floating sleeves, the flying sabretache kept the rhythm of war alive; the soldier made a gallant figure to the eye amid the grime and smoke of the hot engagement, and the brush of Delaroche could dwell with loving fidelity on the dust-stained uniform of Napoleon. The man was still paramount; he had not been lost behind a utilitarian disguise. It is this disguise that now confronts the battle-painter with a task that will try his skill to the uttermost. In some instances it may make him almost despair.

Very curious is the pictorial history of this intrusion, a by-product of the scientific spirit. It began as a forecast, which has been verified almost to the letter. The fount and origin of the innovation, however, was literary; the pen gave the pencil the first hint of the strange thing to be. When the fantastic imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells peered into the future and saw mankind arming itself with the weapons of advanced science, the first blight fell upon the colour of war.

Visions Fulfilled.

Entered 1900 and its hurrying changes. Speed became an actuality, then a commonplace of life; the motorist stood before us in his odd costume, raised a laugh, and then ceased to be remarkable. Followed the conquest of the air, with further realisations of the Wellsian dream. We had begun to live in the pages of an Utopian picture-book. A little earlier, while flying was still something of a question, the same author had pushed Tennyson's wild surmise of aerial navies a step nearer fulfilment.

What the poet adumbrated the novelist wrought out in minute detail. Perhaps his fable gave the Teuton encouragement to persevere, so convincing, so terrific was Mr. Wells's bombardment of New York. Half an hour's bomb-dropping utterly destroyed Broadway and brought the city to submission. As yet, no such complete success has attended aerial warfare, and the expert doubt its possibility. We shall know later. But one thing is fulfilled—the grotesquerie that has come upon warfare, its colossal engines, its long-distance destruction, its approximation to a Titanic laboratory, duly fitted with its infernal stink-chamber. The frightfulness of the Martians' methods has been to a great extent paralleled by the crumbling of cities under modern ordnance.

The modern scale is too great. If man be the measure of all things, as the Greeks held, then there must be a limit to his weapons. He seems to have let his warfare get out of hand. Fighting is no longer relative to the physical frame and personal prowess of man, as it was, in the purest sense, at Troy, and so remained, in effect, down even to the days of an efficient, but now puny, artillery.

There remains, certainly, the bayonet charge, which may, when all is done, reassert the legitimate scope of combat, as between man and man, and, perhaps, at length, to decide the issue. But there, too, the combatants, that drab host, whose only tinge of colour is their own life-blood, have been forced into a strange disguise by the demon of misapplied science. Look at the first photographs of our soldiers equipped, at bitter need, to meet the impersonal fiend of poison gas, and restrain, if you can, a cry of "Ichabod!" for the gallant

splendours of the ancient fighter. The helm of Hector, the shield of Achilles have been brought into sorry contempt by the wiles of the Teuton professor. Man, when he stands up to his fellow-man, should not cut a comical figure. Our gallant boys, equipped with respirators, might be mistaken for some less dignified troupe of Christy's Minstrels. But over it all the indomitable spirit of Thomas Atkins triumphed. When called to face the camera in his respirator, he had his retort of eternal fitness, and did the goose-step.

Right Irony.

That joke of Thomas Atkins's was just the right irony for a situation forced upon him by a nation of barbaric savants, whose chief academic sport is a duel fought by swordsmen in padded trappings which make them more grotesque even than the goggled motorist or airman. We have not hitherto seen the true inwardness of the German University duel. It starts into strange significance now. A *Kultur* supported on beer-competitions, the Berserker orgies of *Kneipe* and the *schlägerverein*, has brought forth Krupp, poison gas, and the rape of Belgium. By their fruits ye shall know them. They have exalted war to its utter degradation. Where would Homer find to-day a lovely epithet for arms and armour? We have not yet fully realised the squalor of the modern field.

That noble phrase of the "Iliad," "the bridges of war," whether it may mean the ground which divided the two lines of battle or the passage to be crossed between them (commentators differ on this point), would to-day find its parallel in a less splendid metaphor. Rent with shaft and pit, where horrors fester, the field would now be more aptly described by some such phrase as "the kennels of war." The sense of free space has gone. Fighting has become for the most part a game of moles. Everywhere the fine *élan* of the attack is meanly hampered. The more credit, then, to those who still carry it through against such obstacles, very trying to the spirit. More trying still is that other hard condition of modern war, the struggle against a far distant, invisible enemy. If our men have allowed themselves one grumble, and only one, it has been that some have returned wounded without ever having set eyes on a single German. A man likes to see what he is hitting, and to see the man that hits him. Otherwise he feels sold. Plainly, the scale is too vast, the machine is out of all proportion to the user. Which is absurd.

Nowhere An Escape.

Nowhere is there escape from the grotesque. The armoured motor-car and the armoured train, with their sinister grin of loopholes, are purely forbidding. The fort of to-day has little to tempt the painter. The ship of war, though changed, is still splendid, but chiefly because the lines of her hull cannot be wholly wrested away from the likeness of a ship. Her armament is a horrid excrescence, not as in the old days, an auxiliary to her picturesque *ensemble*. Not hers the majesty of the *Victory's* open ports with her guns run out for a broadside. In proportion as a devilish ingenuity has discounted the physical strength of man in warfare, so his engines have declined from grace. Milton noted the beginnings of the evil when he dreamed that Essen factory of Hell in his Sixth Book. For that the only remedy was for the hosts of Heaven to tear up mountains and hurl them on the fiends. To-day those who are on the side of the angels are driven figuratively to similar tactics.

The time is not yet, but one day, looking back, we shall marvel at the grotesquerie of it all, and weep for its degradation of arms and the man. We shall wonder, too, that the whole hideous and ludicrous nightmare did not dissolve in inextinguishable laughter.

A NIGHT MARCH IN FRANCE.

By An Officer.

ONE more day has come and gone in that trench life which is the normal existence of so many men these times. All the morning the sun shone placidly—and most people slept—and in the afternoon our guns began a concert which reached a crescendo about four o'clock. The enemy replied, but in a minor key, and it seemed rather doubtful whether either side did the other any damage in particular. Then, as the bombardment was dying down, there arose a thunderstorm accompanied by lightning and mighty gusts of wind and rain, through all of which the guns boomed continuously. Finally the setting sun peeped out upon a wet world, and all the khaki folk came swarming forth from their dug-outs and shelters like so many rabbits from their holes. It was packing-up time. For as soon as it should be dark we were to move out of the trenches into billets.

All the small litter that had accumulated during five days was now thrown upon the fires, the dug-outs were cleared of their contents, and the men began to get dressed. And what a collection of things some of them had—all their worldly goods! Some of them carried sandbags full of valued trifles and others were decorated at every point of vantage so as greatly to resemble a Christmas-tree. Once ready, they formed up in file along the support trench, only the sentries remaining on the watch, and awaited the arrival of the relieving party.

Silence was enjoined—no smoking. Dusk had not long fallen when stealthy footsteps were heard approaching along the road. Presently the familiar muffled forms of the soldiers appeared, each figure showing momentarily against the sky as it clambered into the trench. One by one they filed in and silently took their places alongside our men. When the sentries have been relieved and the incoming officer-in-charge shown the results of the work done on the trenches, wire entanglements, and parapets, we begin to move out in the same silent way. First along a deep ditch half-full of water, then behind a stout sandbag breastwork which presently crosses the road. Much encumbered with mud and weeds, in places it is a mere pathway. To-night we have the advantage of a deep blue gloaming, accompanied by a light veil of mist rising from the ground. Not a shot is fired, though everybody takes care to hurry along in small groups.

The fields lie dark and uninviting on either hand. The white skeleton of some ruined building which may have been a cottage or a farmhouse stares out of the gathering darkness. The ground rises slightly and presently we are at the cross-roads, where numerous bodies of troops, just relieved like ourselves from the trenches, are moving this way and that. Here the company is formed up and told off, while the remainder of the battalion with the transport takes its place in rear. As soon as possible the column moves off in fours, and the men light their cigarettes and talk. It is now pitch dark. Little can be seen on either hand but a foot or so of mud. But suddenly, as we emerge from the houses on to higher ground, a great glare in the sky ahead confronts our eyes. In the midst of it, though far away, one can discern through the various obstacles of distance a suggestion of bright flames leaping upward.

Evidently it is the village of — burning, set alight no doubt by the bombardment of the German guns this afternoon. For they had been firing at long range, and it was hard to tell what their objective might be. As we advanced so the glare in the sky became broader and broader and presently we could distinguish the bright spot of flame in the centre of it where the fire actually was.

At this moment we ran into a great body of troops. Halted along the road they were in column of route, long lines of infantry, guns, and transport. As may be supposed, the narrow country byway and the cross-roads

further on were terribly congested, and it was all we could do to make any headway. Mounted orderlies were constantly riding down the column shouting to "Make way! make way!" while staff motor-cars and transport wagons occupied a great deal of space. We pushed on by fits and starts.

For we had run into part of the Canadian Division marching down to the trenches for the first time. To-night they would go into billets just behind the trenches and to-morrow take up the line which they afterwards so gallantly held.

All this busy scene with its kaleidoscopic effects of bronzed faces—dark and almost Indian some of them—and strange dialects, horses, guns, vehicles, and men was lit up magnificently by the glare of the burning village. I have often thought that Detaille or Verestchagin would rejoice could they have recorded such scenes as these, the little incidental cameos of war. They would have painted the faces half-turned, showing the full and rounded profile so typical of the Canadians; the smiling faces, the faces set and grim, the tired, mud-stained faces in endless succession from front to rear; they would have made a feature, perhaps, of the men on horseback whose figures—the rifle slung across the back, the collar of the great-coat turned up—were silhouetted picturesquely against the red glare on the horizon; they would have shown the artillerymen grouped around their guns, and the long wet streaks in the muddy road, the tall upright poplars here and there, and beyond all the brilliant spot of flame where the homes of the peasantry burned.

It was a picture with an historic significance not soon to be forgotten, although at the time there was much cursing among the soldiers on account of the delay in our journey "home." "Hullo! kiddo," said the Canadians, and much chaff passed between the two bodies of men. By degrees we threaded our way through the columns of troops which were converging from various roads, and were then held up by an almost interminable train of motor-lorries, whose brilliant headlights dazzled the eyes. Once beyond these, we could swing along again, and the men broke into their favourite marching songs: "Who's Your Lady Friend?" the song about the high road and the low road, "On the Mississippi," and so forth, alternating with the eternal question, "Are we downhearted?" and the inevitable answer, "No." Always ahead of us, nearer and nearer, beckoned the burning village, so close now that we seem to be walking into it until presently we turn sharp to our right down a side-road.

Half a dozen friendly pipers from a Highland regiment come out from their billets playing a complimentary air on their bagpipes; and so we march in to supper and bed.

A useful shilling handbook for military men has been just brought out by the Aldine Publishing Company on "Revolvers and Pistols and How to Use Them." The author is Mr. Frank Bonnett, who mentions in his introduction that his primary object was to bring together the more important particulars of all single-hand firearms, and also to embody hints which may be of use even to practised pistol-shots. The manual is carefully compiled, and contains a great deal of most useful information, and is illustrated by diagrams.

What is the best Fountain Pen for Active Service? Opinions will differ, but all admit that the new military model of the Onoto, which Messrs. Thomas de la Rue have just placed upon the market, is most difficult to beat. It can be obtained from any of the big stores, or from stationers or jewellers. When closed, the Onoto is a sealed tube. There is no fear of the ink spilling, and it fits comfortably into the bottom of the regulation tunio pocket. And it only costs half a guinea in black vulcanite, and is always sent out filled with ink ready for use.

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THE CHIVALRY OF INDIA.

By E. Charles Vivian.

"**M**AHARAO RAJA is a descendant of Rao Deva Bango, who founded Bundi in 1342 A.D., wresting it from the original Minas, and, according to tradition, lineally descended from Anhul, or Agnipala, the first Chohan." This sentence is taken at random from the chapter concerning some Rajput rulers in the volume by Thakur Shri Jessrajsinghi Seesodia,* which may be regarded as an authoritative and historic document of the great Rajput race. And, in this one sentence, there is sufficient to show that our Indian allies in the fighting line, whom our enemies affect to despise as barbarians, have a history beside which that of a mere Hohenzollern is a sporadic, unconsidered growth. Long before a Hohenzollern had attained the little dignity of Margrave in a semi-barbarous Brandenburg, Rajput princes had their written laws of chivalry; when the barons in Rhine castles were slitting throats for pastime there was a nobility in Rajputana that followed such rules of life and conduct as modern Western civilisation has never excelled.

The *Mahabharata*, the great epic poem of the Rajputs, enacted centuries ago that "a king should never desire to subjugate the earth by unrighteous means, even if such subjugation should make him sovereign of the whole earth. What king is there that would rejoice after obtaining victory by unfair means? A victory stained by unrighteousness is uncertain and never leads to heaven. Such a victory, O bull of Bharat's race, weakens both the king and the earth." And Jessrajsinghi, himself a Rajput, adds his testimony to the antiquity of the race. "The Rajput States," he says, "have existed as long as any memory exists of an Aryan race in India, far back beyond the time when Alexander the Great was opposed on the banks of the Ravi."

If evidence were needed in support of the claims of the Rajputs, it might be sought in the architectural monuments of Rajputana, where, contemporary in origin with the golden age of Grecian sculpture, may still be seen such works as have never been excelled in any civilisation. It might be sought in the writings of Rajput sages, in the very history of India itself. For many centuries the arts of peace had no better exponents than these people, whose laws are older than those of Solon or even of Lycurgus, whose civilisation is coeval with that of ancient Egypt.

But, although skilled from the earliest historic times in peaceful arts and crafts, the Rajputs are essentially a fighting race. The institutes of Manu, the ancient Indian law-giver, divide society into four classes. The first is that of the Brahmins, or clergy, responsible for the spiritual welfare of the people; the second is that of the Kshatriyas, or warriors, temporal guardians and rulers; the third class is that of the Vaishyas, or commercial population; and the fourth is that of the Sudras, servants and labourers by heredity and tradition. The Rajputs are lineal descendants of the Kshatriyas, in a country where heredity counts to an even greater extent than among the comparatively recent aristocracies of Western Europe, and their claim to rank among the oldest ruling dynasties is incontestable.

There are few more stirring stories in the military history of any people than that of the Rajput defence of Chitor, the stronghold of the race, against the great Moghul conqueror Akbar, who commanded the siege of the fortress in person. Four subsidiary forts had first been reduced, when Akbar settled in earnest to the siege of Chitor. Finding direct attack of no avail, the Moghul advanced his earthworks to the very base of the great rock fortress, "actually paying a gold mohur for every basket of earth used in the protective earthwork thrown

up to enable his men to approach the walls of the fortress. Finally, the imperial forces succeeded in laying two mines under the walls of Chitorgarh; 120 maunds of powder (9,600 pounds) were used in one, and 80 maunds (6,400 pounds) in the other. One of the mines was fired, with the result that a bastion, with a large number of the Rajputs, was blown up.

"The Imperial forces rushed forward, and in their turn were blown up by the second mine, which was late in exploding. The shock was felt at a distance of eighty to ninety miles around the fort." Even then the assault failed, and when the commander of the garrison fell by a shot from Akbar's own musket, Pratap of Kailwa, a youth of sixteen, assumed command and conducted the defence with the skill of a veteran. Pratap's mother, fearing lest humane motives should influence her son, "commanded him to put on the *saffron robe* and to die for the honour and glory of the Seesodias like a brave Rajput. But, surpassing the Grecian dame who illustrated her precept by example, and . . . armed and mounted and accompanied by her son's young bride, descended the rock of Chitor, lance in hand, and died heroically charging the Imperial forces."

The epic story of the defence and fall of Chitor is told in full by Jessrajsinghi Seesodia, in this book that recounts the history, the chivalric legend, and the characteristics of the Rajput people. Himself a member of one of the proudest branches of the race, Jessrajsinghi is mindful of the benefits that have accrued to his people and to all India from British rule, and, in view of German slurs on the standing of our Indian allies in the field, is insistent in the chivalric ideals and lofty traditions of the Rajputs. Reason and history are with him. Honourable warriors from antiquity, Rajputs in the Flanders fighting line can afford to ignore mere German sneers; but British indifference to the history of other races renders the publication of this book more than acceptable, since it establishes beyond dispute the right of the Rajputs to fight beside or against any people of Aryan stock, by virtue of their principles of life and loyalty.

For fuller understanding of Indian, and especially Rajput, life, the reader may be referred to Jessrajsinghi's book on his own warlike race, a work which presents, also, the history and traditions of the Rajputs, their arts and their beliefs. The fact that the author intends to devote half the profits from the sale of his book to the Indian Widows' Fund is only in accordance with Rajput tradition, and the book itself is a fitting memento of a race of honourable warriors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"The North-West Amazons." By Thomas Whiffen, F.R.G.S. (Constable and Co.) 12s. 6d. net.

From perusal of such a book as this, one gains some idea of the complex anthropological problems of the Amazon basin, and the immense difficulties attendant on any study of these problems. The book is concerned with only certain tribes, notably the Boro, Witoto, and Andoke, inhabiting an area in the vicinity of the Japura and the Apaporis rivers, and including the western part of the notorious Putumayo district. From careful observation the author deduces that these tribes are not degenerate, but gradually evolving to a higher state of civilisation. Working in these upper waters of the Amazon basin, he virtually supplements Bates, Wallace, and other students of the main and more westerly rivers; his tour included a search, unfortunately futile, for traces of the ill-fated Robuchon, for which he received the thanks of the French Government.

Bates's own story is not more interesting than this. It is evident, though of course not stated, that the author brought to his work not only the skill of a trained investigator, but rare and infinite tact, and the result is an extremely detailed and valuable account of the tribes con-

* "The Rajputs, a Fighting Race." By Thakur Shri Jessrajsinghi Seesodia, M.R.A.S. East and West, Limited, 21s. net.

cerned. Its value is enhanced by the changing conditions of life in the area studied, and by the migratory habits of the tribes among which Captain Whiffen travelled. Here a phase of savage life is permanently recorded so fully as to make the record one that will count among serious anthropological and philological works. The numerous drawings and photographs that are interspersed throughout the work add greatly to its interest and value, giving, as they do, an excellent idea of the people, their crafts, and their surroundings.

"The Jacket (the Star Rover)." By Jack London. (Mills and Boon.) 6s.

In many of Mr. Jack London's writings it is hard to say where his always vivid realism ends and his fantastic romance begins. Again and again he writes from his own much-lived experience, and passes beyond it in grim flights of imagination. Most of it, of course, was sheer fantasy; but he made the fantasy seem true. And that is what he has done in this gruesome story of "The Jacket." Perhaps we are not expected to believe that he has given us an authentic account of a California State prison. No doubt Mr. London, who knows almost every kind of man, and loves the bottom dog, has been acquainted with criminals and ex-convicts. But such superb cruelty as he here attributes to the warders of the prison, to the doctor, to the gaolers almost without exception, and such magnanimity, strength, and character as he gives to the three "incurables" among the prisoners, are presumably mythical. No horror so extreme is recorded in Dostoevski's authentic account of a Siberian prison more than half a century ago. Sufficient, therefore, that we find here one of those realistic-fantastic backgrounds, dear to Mr. London, for the tortured spirit of Darrell Standing. Standing is condemned to solitary confinement. He is hungry and thirsty. He is laced tightly in the strait "jacket" for days and even weeks of excruciating agony, and the only human intercourse he enjoys is that which he and two others carry on by tapping their feet according to a secret code.

In these torments of the "jacket" Darrell Standing learns the art of letting his body "die" and disengaging his spirit. Stored up in the subconscious cells of his memory is the recollection of his past lives, and he succeeds in remembering and re-living his previous incarnations. Here we have just the kind of theme in which this ingenious author excels. He makes the most of it. He takes us back again and again into ancient days, each time restoring his hero, with a start, to the worst time he has known—the present time. In this grim, ingenious, fantastic novel Mr. London is at his best.

"The Secret Son." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Methuen.) 6s.

Once again Mrs. Dudeney has given us a book which brings home the conviction that she is the finest and most powerful English woman novelist of to-day! Certainly there is none other, excepting Mrs. Edith Wharton, whom we could put on a higher plane, and Mrs. Wharton is an American; and if we rank her higher, that is only because she has a wider range, because she has skill in a greater variety of themes, because she knows more tunes. Mrs. Dudeney seldom takes us far from the Sussex villages which she knows so well. She is best when she is telling us of the cottagers, or the farmers, or those in higher station who bestow their patronage upon the poor. Almost invariably, also, it is the gruesome, sordid side of this country life which she reveals, and the hard beauty of the Sussex Downs and the occasional smell of the sea only serve to emphasise the bitterness of this cheerless life. Thus there is one persistent note which runs through all her short stories and novels, almost too bitter, too squalid, too cynical to be tragic. She shows us passion, strong, upheaving passion, but she does not show it with that infinite tenderness which makes the love tragedies of Thomas Hardy soothing and appealing; but rather with a sort of savagery, a kind of reckless cruelty, letting us know not only that it is to be fraught with disaster, but that it is somehow hollow in itself.

Every page rings true—too true, the cynical might say. The story is that of a girl who yields to the persuasion and the promises of the young squire and is seduced by him; who, when she learns the vanity of those promises, agrees to marry a man of the village, Morris Wiston—he had been bribed with money, with a house, and a farm. Afterwards Wiston and Nancy find that "there was something between them that made for mating." She found that she had it in her "to make a fine art of love," and he, with his "Spanish-looking head, scornful and passionate," who "had taken money for her first, and who had loved her afterwards so much that he could not bear to take love upon the tenure which he held of it," had put an end to it all and drowned

BOOKS BEING READ

Published by MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

THE HISTORY OF TWELVE DAYS: JULY 24 TO AUGUST 4, 1914.

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"Mr. Headlam has written an exceptionally full, clear and able analysis of the diplomatic negotiations during the twelve momentous days before Great Britain entered the war."—*The Times*.

"Nothing better on this subject has appeared."—*The Spectator*.

RUSSIA AND THE GREAT WAR.

By GREGOR ALEXINSKY. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net. [Second Impression.]

"M. Alexinsky is full of information and unexceptionable views generally of the most enlightened character."—*The Times*.

"We recommend all those who under-value, not merely the Russian contribution to the war, but the importance of Russia's political association with western democracy, to read this book."—*The Nation*.

THE SOUL OF EUROPE.

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE MILITANT NATIONS.

By JOSEPH McCABE. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net. [Second Impression]

"There can scarcely be a more fascinating study in connection with the war."—*Daily Graphic*.

"Mr. McCabe has written an illuminating and valuable book."—*The Standard*.

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INTERNATIONAL LAW AND THE GREAT WAR.

By COLEMAN PHILLIPSON, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D. With an Introduction by Sir JOHN MACDONELL, K.C.B., LL.D. Demy 8vo, cloth, 15s. net.

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A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN THE GREAT WAR.

By LOUISE MACK (Mrs. Creed), Author of "An Australian Girl in London." Illustrated, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

"As full of excitement as any romance."—*The Sunday Times*.

"There is no questioning the enthralling interest of these pages. Distant as are the events described, there is a freshness, a vivacity about this book that is irresistible."—*Evening Standard*.

THE KAISER: HIS PERSONALITY AND CAREER.

By JOSEPH McCABE, Author of "Treitschke and the Great War." Cloth, 5s. net.

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"Mr. McCabe's account of the German Emperor's career is excellent."—*The Morning Post*.

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himself in a well. The son whom she had borne was not her husband's, but the squire's, and Mrs. Dudeney carries on the story till the son is grown up, and in his life the tragedy is repeated. Nancy, grown old, lives to be reviled by him, to see her son's wife-reproducing the same misery which she had suffered.

It is out of the character of this woman, Nancy Wiston, that Mrs. Dudeney creates the central interest of her story. Nancy had demanded excitement, "a constantly racing pulse." She had to pay for that excessive demand upon life. "She was so alluring sitting there; she was so queenly . . . until she spoke." That is the sort of touch which Mrs. Dudeney cannot resist. "For the common people did not come well through the test of mirth." She was strong, defiant, self-willed, capable of heroic passion, capable of complete disillusion. She loved the home among the bare Downs, and the sharp autumn winds. The best chapter in the book is that which describes how Wiston and Nancy came to this home of theirs. They thought of the old cottages in which they had been born; but here, in this fine farmhouse, "Nancy drew in her breath; she stared with delight at gaudy roses on the papered wall, at a neat grate which had been fitted, filling in the open fireplace." But Wiston drowned himself in the well; and Nancy's mother sniffed round. "These old women who were past love, they were terrible—in their knowledge, their intuition, their total lack of pity."

The story itself has in it something of the terribleness and the pitilessness of those grim old women. Its humour is sardonic; its pathos is bitter. But it is life, clearly enough, though it is the seamy side of it, unrelieved. The characters are vividly alive. The horror is sordidly true. The outlook is endless and sinister. The man, at the last, goes out—the second Morris. "Them women," he says, "must settle things for themselves."

"A Defence of Aristocracy: A Text Book for Tories." By Anthony M. Ludovici. (Constable.) 10s. 6d. net.

Though Mr. Ludovici calls his book a "text book for Tories," we do not think that the majority of those who call themselves Tories to-day will welcome him with open arms. They may agree with him in his hatred of trade and industrialism, and even join in his tirade against Puritanism. They may think it odious that peers of ancient lineage should marry actresses, and they may agree that an aristocracy should have duties no less than privileges. But they can hardly feel flattered by his wholesale condemnation of the aristocrats of to-day, or willingly accept the burden of training, sacrifice, mental culture, benevolence, and omniscience which he imposes upon them.

Most of us who have given any thought to the matter will readily agree that for years past there has been "something rotten" in the state of England—and of Europe—and of civilisation. We agree that it is a rare thing for fineness of heart and brain to find a place among the practical rulers of the nation. We know that the industrial revolution was allowed to sweep over this country, and to produce a scramble for wealth, the building of ugly towns, the creation of a squalid and poverty-stricken class of labourers; and that there were none among our rulers who had the foresight and the will to divert history. We may agree with him, then, in desiring that the world were otherwise, and we need not dwell upon his judgment that the "garden" of England (but *when* was England a garden?) was transformed into "a home of canting, snivelling, egotistical, greedy, and unscrupulous plutocrats, standing for a foundation of half-besotted slaves."

The aristocrat whom Mr. Ludovici desires is not exactly the aristocrat of Nietzsche (though the author has written books on Nietzsche). He is to be a modified superman, very near, perhaps, to Plato's "philosopher-king," a man with gold in his composition, nurtured by his peers, the true benevolent despot. This, indeed, is precisely the sort of man we ourselves have desired to see in authority, but we have never seen a whole race of him, whole generations of him, produced and reproduced in history, not even in that ill-governed Empire which the author holds up for an example, the Empire of China. Mr. Ludovici's aristocrat is the artist *par excellence*, the "man of taste," the "man who knows," the "superior man" (Confucius), whose virtue it is to set a "good tone" in a nation.

When Plato was laying the foundations of his ideal republic, he was wont to ask two questions: "Is it desirable?" and "Is it possible?" Mr. Ludovici fails to show that such a caste of men can be perpetuated in a governing

class. We may safely challenge him to produce one instance in history to show that a dominant aristocracy does not either degenerate into oligarchy or lose its dominance. And, if possible, is it also desirable? We admit that we were moved by his remark that there are some fine persons for whom most of us would willingly perform any services, even the most menial. But—and note that he aims at nothing less than the ideal—he forgets that wisdom and benevolence are not substitutes for experience. Members of a ruling caste could not have such experience of the needs of men in other circles of life as those men have themselves. But we agree with him that they may know what the nation needs better than the demagogue knows it. Mr. Ludovici's book, though it is very opinionative, arbitrary, and unequal, is enriched by evidences of wide reading, and is stimulating, vivid, and clever.

INCOME TAX AND NATIONAL SERVICE

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make a slight correction in my letter as appearing in your impression of September 11?

By what I think must have been the omission of a line, I am made to speak of National Service as being unnecessary, &c. It was the proposed *Register* for National Service of which I was speaking.

In a line below the short paragraph referred to the word *contra* should be *contrary*.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
Cambridge.

E. C. CLARK.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the letter of Mr. E. C. Clark on Income Tax and National Service. While agreeing with him that it is theoretically just that only those should vote who make a direct, conscious, and personal contribution to the country's interest, I think it is impossible in practice to be so logical. Life is not so simple as our reformers would wish us to believe.

Mr. Clark suggests that those having £100 a year and upwards should make their personal contribution through Income Tax and those having less by personal service to the State. Such a proposal would, in the first place, put the stigma of poverty on personal service, and it would also widen the gulf which already exists between the wage-earners and the rest of the community by establishing a legal distinction between them. In this aspect Mr. Clark's proposal is in its essence Prussian—a development of the class distinctions set up by our Prussian Insurance Act—and therefore to be avoided as an evil thing. It is odd that even while we are fighting Prussianism our reformers should be so continually seeking to introduce its worst features over here.

Mr. Clark says he will not stop to inquire "who are the poor," but it is surely essential to any scheme of reform to know this. The poor, in our industrialised England, compose the majority of the people, and, although many of them are enfranchised, they cannot, strictly speaking, be considered citizens in the full sense of the word, since, owing to the insecurity of their condition and their general poverty, they must receive State aid in the shape of money doles if their lives are to be human.

From these people, in part supported by the State through free education, free meals, old-age pensions, and so on, it would be absurd to extract either a money tax—although Mr. Harold Cox is busily advocating such a proposal—or a State contribution of labour, since all their earnings and the whole of their labour are not yet sufficient to provide the means of life. We have created an enormous system of expensive officials to administer subsidies to the poor, and it would be ridiculous to create another set of officials for the purpose of recovering the money from them again. The fallacy of Mr. Clark's theory really lies in the fact that he does not see that a labour contribution is, in effect, a money contribution, and that if it is unjust to impose a money tax on the poor, it is equally unjust to demand the sacrifice of their time. Have not our American friends taught us that time is money? Finally, even if it were possible to impose a graduated State contribution in the shape of an income or labour tax calculated to satisfy the most pedantic theorist, it would not be possible during the war to repeal all indirect taxation. But, unless this were done, and we could make an entirely fresh start with Mr. Clark's clear-cut system, we should be merely asking the poor to submit to the burden of a theoretically just direct tax in addition to the theoretically unjust indirect taxes which they already pay.

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THE WEST END

The King and Queen enjoyed their visit to the West Country. Although Their Majesties were fully occupied every day, the tour was something of a holiday, for the weather was perfect, and they are very fond of visiting new places, the Queen being especially interested in any city or house possessed of historical associations.

Prince and Princess Christian have appointed Captain Augustus Frederick Liddell to be Comptroller of their Household, in the room of Major Evan Martin, C.V.O., resigned.

Lord de Freyne, who is shortly marrying Miss Victoria Arnott, younger twin daughter of Sir John and Lady Arnott, only succeeded his half-brother in the title a few weeks ago. Their father died just two years since, leaving a family of nine sons and three daughters. He was personally extremely popular in Ireland, especially on his own estates; nevertheless, he was the object of much abuse. The late Lord de Freyne, who fell in action this summer, never took his seat in the House of Lords. Although the peerage has been in existence only a little over sixty years, the present peer is the sixth to enjoy it. This short-lived record is still more remarkable when it is remembered that one of the number, the fourth Lord de Freyne, held the title for forty-five years.

I was present at the inaugural meeting of the Russia Society at the Speaker's House in the Palace of Westminster some months ago. A more successful affair of its kind was never held, the beautiful oak-panelled dining-room

being packed choc-a-bloc. This Society has since then been doing excellent work in familiarising our people with Russia. Mr. Bernard Mallet, Chairman of the Education Committee of the Society, has just written a circular letter pointing out that the Russia Society (its address is 47 Victoria Street) is prepared to recommend reliable Russian teachers (ladies and gentlemen) as well as lecturers. Most of the Russian teaching in this country has hitherto been given by Germans, which accounts in no small measure for the prejudiced view we have held of Russian affairs. It is high time that these distortions were abolished.

Lord and Lady Stafford have left Meretown House for Swynnerton Park, Stone, Staffordshire, which will in future be their permanent address.

The autumn rose show of the Royal Horticultural Society is always one of the sights of the year. It takes place at the Society's Hall in Vincent Square to-day (*i.e.*, Thursday), and is sure to be largely attended. Gardening is one of the pursuits of peace which war has least affected, which is only right, for our gardens are not merely a healthy recreation, but have their distinct purpose in the scheme of a mobilised nation. I have been told that among British prisoners of war, a favourite device for wiling away time is to plan out their gardens at home, and my friend Mr. Goodyear, the eminent florist, has invented some delightful Japanese miniature gardens (the main features of which are movable) for wounded and convalescent officers who delight in them. They can

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915

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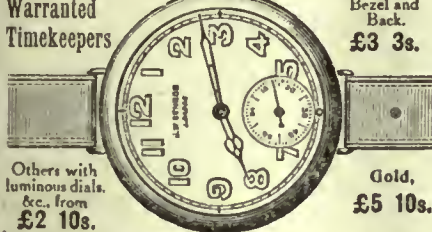


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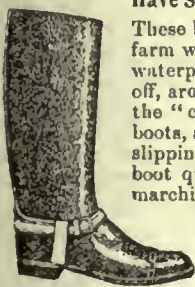
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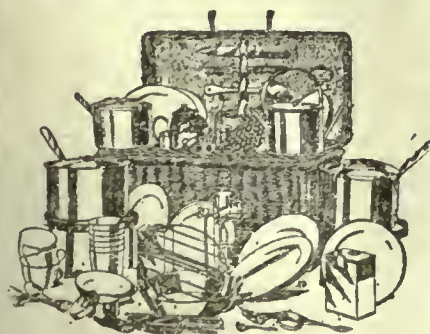
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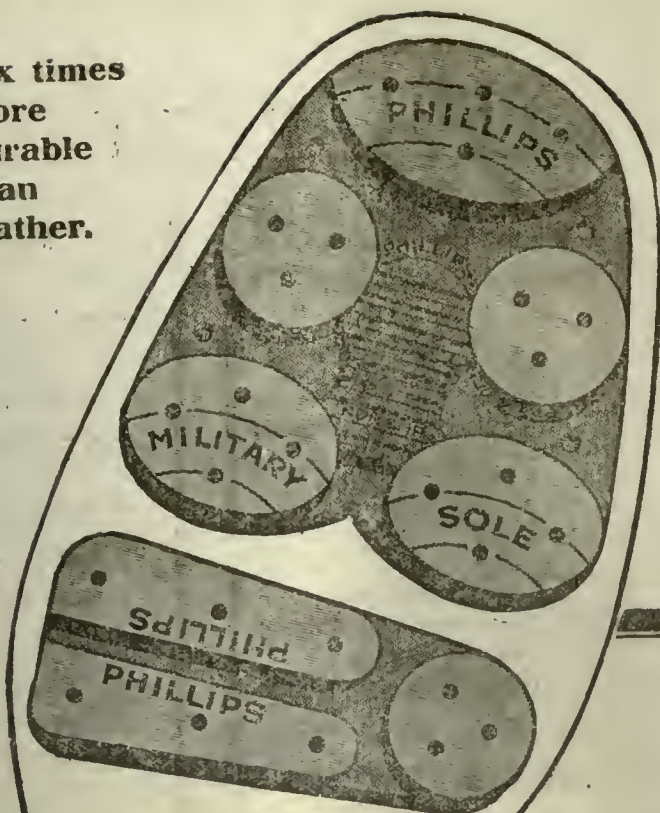
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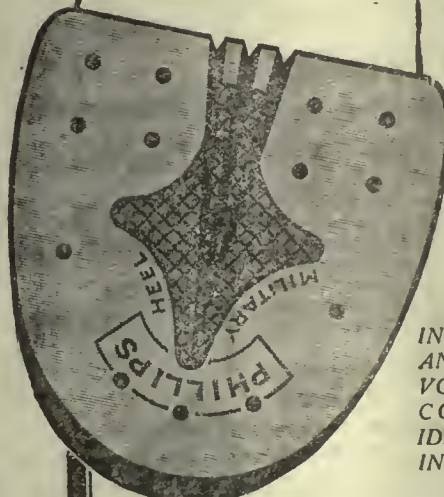
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THE RETREAT FROM VILNA.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

BY far the most important news of this week so falls that it has reached no conclusion at the moment these lines are written. The Russian armies are (or, rather, *were* on Saturday and Sunday, to which days the Tuesday communiqués refer) retiring from the salient of Vilna. A judgment based upon the map and the nature of the enemy's action to the north inclines one to decide that the retreat will be successful, and the enemy's whole object, the cutting off of these forces, denied him. But at the moment of going to press—on Tuesday evening—nothing certain is yet known.

It is probable that we shall have such a conclusion confirmed before these lines are published; but the analysis I am here occupied upon must be concluded by the late afternoon of Tuesday, September 21, and at the moment of writing all we know with regard to the retreat of the Russian armies in Vilna salient is the gravity of the problem it presents.

For we are dealing with a march of sixty miles. And the last Russian rearguards were only out of Vilna and falling back along the Minsk road in the afternoon of last Saturday.

As will be seen in a moment, when we come to analyse the elements of the situation, the last units of the Russian forces within the salient could hardly be extricated earlier than Tuesday, the day upon which these words are written. Should the Austro-Germans be successful in cutting off any large portion of the retreat, we might hear the unfavourable news at any moment; but the complete accomplishment of a successful retreat, should it be achieved, must be a matter of some days.

All we can do, then, with the information before us at the present moment, is to state the nature of the problem and the only two possible solutions which it presents. One of them, the envelopment of even a portion of the Russian armies, would form the first real strategic success of the enemy on the Eastern front in all these months. The second would be a failure no less marked, and perhaps convince the enemy that his whole effort had failed.

But for the news that will tell us which of the two solutions has been arrived at we must almost certainly wait until these lines are in print.

THE SERIES OF SALIENTS AND THE ENEMY'S FAILURE TO ENVELOP IN EACH CASE.

The conditions under which the Vilna salient, with its threat to the Russian army, was produced are those repeated perpetually in this campaign.

They are the sole strategical conception of the enemy.

It has been insisted upon over and over again in these columns as the deciding factor in the Polish campaign that the enemy's superiority in equipped numbers and munitions permits him at certain rather distant intervals, the length of which is determined by the rate of bringing up heavy shell, to push back the Russians upon any selected short sector.

If he chooses two such sectors at some distance one from the other, say, fifty or one hundred miles apart, he will there determine two retirements and will leave behind each a bulge or salient in the line. This operation is but a preliminary. His object is not merely to make the Russians fall back, though this has a political value which we will discuss in a moment. His object is to destroy, as much as possible of the Russian armies. In a mere slow retirement, followed by a mere (and equally slow) advance of the enemy, an army is not destroyed. It loses heavily, but then so does the advancing force. Strategically, therefore (apart from all political effect), it is the business of the pursuing party, not simply to occupy territory, but to *envelop* or to *scatter* as much as he can of the retreating party.

In the case of the Russian armies, spread over a space of 800 miles, there can be no thought of a single general envelopment. The hope of scattering them has also ceased to exist since it failed between the Dunajec and the San four months ago. There remains the chance of partial envelopment. The enemy, at intervals, longer than he would like, but inevitable from the immobility imposed by dependence upon heavy artillery, uses his superiority in that arm and its munitionment to strike on two sectors fairly wide apart, and create a salient—that is a “bulge”—between them.

This first step accomplished (and he can accomplish it virtually at will), the second step, which is the gist of the whole operation, begins. He tries to cut the neck of the salient, striking down from one side, and up from the other, and thus to isolate by envelopment—that is, surrounding—the men and the guns within the salient.

This is the one manœuvre open to the enemy, in the Polish campaign, because he has not better men or better generals or better mobility or better handling of troops or arms or better *anything*, except superiority in the number of his rifles and of his heavy pieces and their shell. He cannot hope for success upon any other lines than these partial envelopments, and upon these lines he has attempted to succeed over and over again, and

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hitherto he has always failed. The bodies of men and guns within the salient have invariably escaped him, and in their deliberate retirement have inflicted on him losses approximately equal to those suffered upon their own side. The examples of these Austro-German failures are familiar to all readers of this journal.

Counting this last one of Vilna, they are five in number.

They begin on May 13 with the creation of and attempted envelopment of the salient at Przemysl. For a fortnight the enemy fights furiously, throwing away men without regard to numbers, to cut off that salient. He arrives at last at a stage where the neck of the salient is only twelve miles broad, and when the shells from his heavy guns are dropping upon the only railway by which the material, stores, guns (and many of the men) from the Przemysl salient can be evacuated. He issues to the European Press as he prepares to enter a statement that he will shortly give an account of the booty captured within the salient. He gives no such account, for there is none to give. On June 1 he enters the salient and finds it absolutely empty. Very small rearguards have been left to cover the last units of the retreat. Some of these he captures—wounded; but within the bulge of Przemysl, which he has been fighting a fortnight to obtain, there is nothing—no guns, no stores, no men.

Three weeks later, the beginning of a similar situation before Lemberg melts away because the Russian evacuation of that place called for less time. The enemy has begun his dent on the north of Lemberg; he is still fighting to create one on the south, when, on June 21, the Russians retire and straighten out the line.

With the last week of June a third attempt on a much larger scale is begun.

More than a third of all the enemy forces in the field attack the line from Ivangorod to Cholm. Simultaneously, as this attack develops, a good fourth of his armies begins to strike upon the line of the Narev, and there is created the great salient of Warsaw. The whole of July is taken up in the attempt to narrow the neck of that salient with sufficient rapidity to envelop the great mass of the Russian armies within it. We all know what happened. The Russian armies escaped absolutely intact; the neck of the salient was defended with a sufficient power of resistance to forbid its being cut, and when the line was straightened out and the salient had ceased to exist (by the middle of August), the third and greatest of these manœuvres had again failed.

After a long interval, a smaller salient, the fourth, was created once again round Grodno. The enemy pushed in to the north of that town over the Niemen, to the south of it along the Bialystok-Slonim railway. Again he had hope of cutting off the troops within the bulge so created, and again, in the first days of September, he found that he had failed.

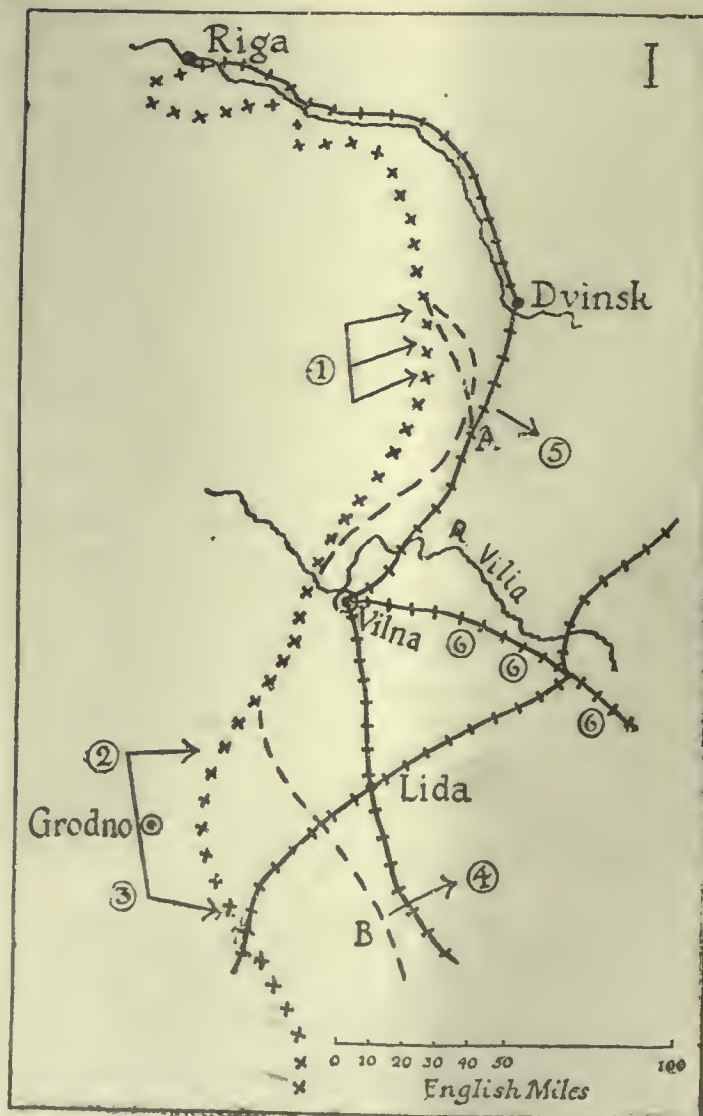
Now, in the last two weeks he has created the *fifth* salient, the *fifth* in the series of manœuvres every one of which has hitherto failed; every one of which has cost him a heavy toll in men; every one of which, when it fails, condemns him to a further progress eastward, and leaves him without a decision; every one of which means, on an average, nearly a month in the dwindling asset of

time and at least a quarter of a million men out of the dwindling asset of numbers.

This fifth salient—that of Vilna—presents novel features advantageous to the enemy, and also has developed into a shape equally advantageous to him. In other words, the opportunities for the Russians to achieve once again in the salient of Vilna during these days the feat they achieved so often in the earlier part of the campaign, are more restricted, the peril more acute. On the other hand, if the Russians should succeed (as everything now points to their doing) in bringing their armies out, the strategical discomfiture of the enemy will be proportionately great. It is probably his last opportunity of creating such a situation. Because, when he shall possess the whole line, Riga, Dvinsk, Vilna, Lida, Baranovici, Lunminiec, Rowno, Lemberg, on which he is advancing, the country opens out before him, communications diverge, and he will no longer be attacking a continuous chain of positions, but separate armies, his own armies equally and necessarily separated more and more if he goes forward.

It would be too much to say that if he fails at Vilna he has failed in his last big chance of the campaign, because prophecy of this kind is impossible in war. But it is true to say that if he fails at Vilna he would himself regard the failure as much the worst in all this series of strategical failures, which has marked his slow advance through Poland during the last four months.

Let us turn now to an analysis of the salient, showing how it was produced, and in what shape



It stood last Saturday and Sunday—the last days of which I have news as I write.

CREATION OF THE SALIENT OF VILNA.

A fortnight ago, on Wednesday, September 8, the German positions and the Russians facing them from Riga, right away down to the marshes, correspond roughly to the chain of crosses on the foregoing Sketch I.

No definite salient had been produced, but the tendency to the creation of one was apparent in the fact that pressure was being exercised, not evenly along the whole of this front, but with a special intensity in the three regions marked by the group of arrows at 1, and at 2 and 3. 2 and 3 may be regarded as one common movement, undertaken in two fields; while 1 proceeded in three parallel movements, all directed towards the town of Dvinsk and all in touch.

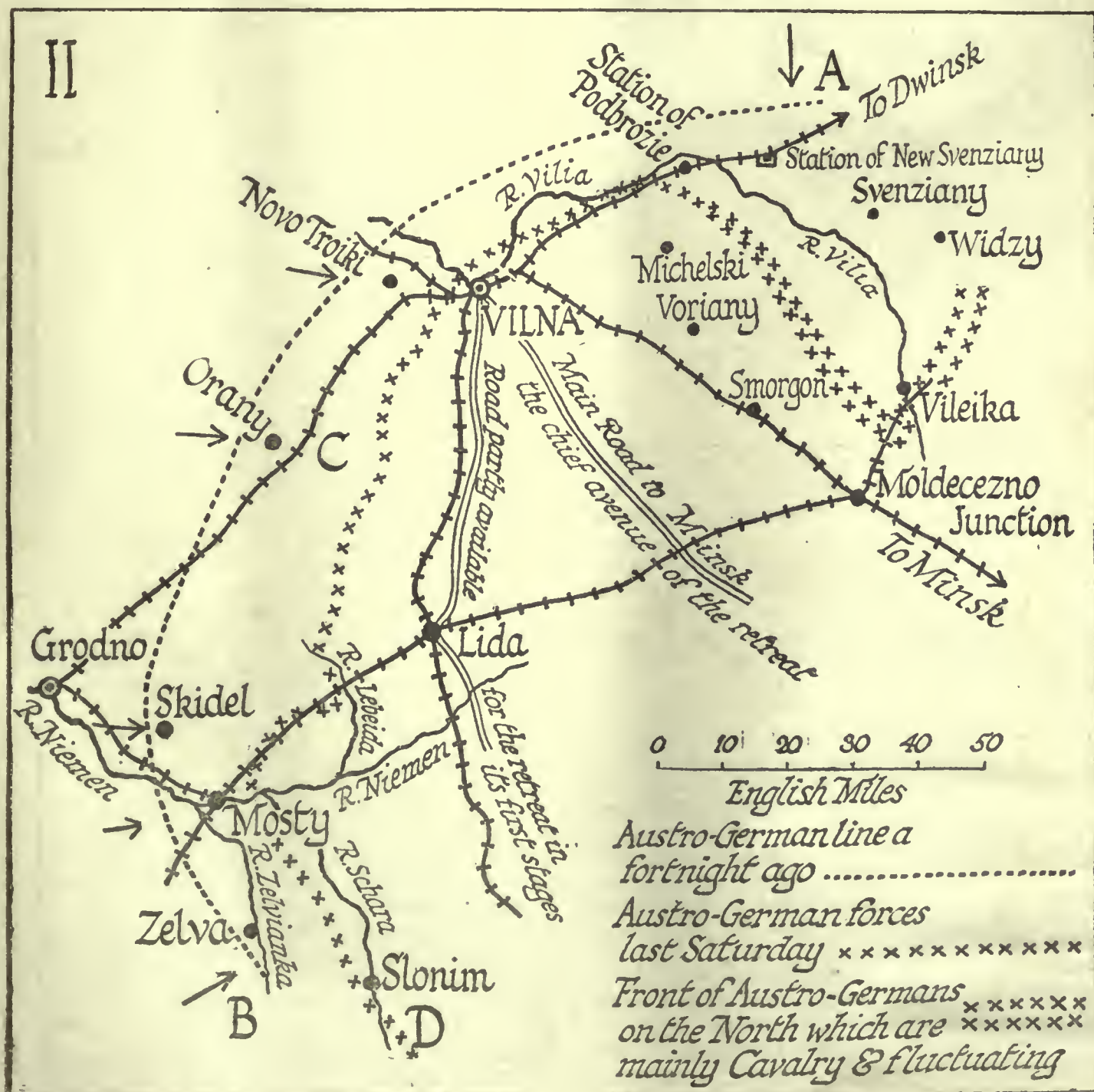
It was clear that if the pressure along the group of arrows 1 reached the Dvinsk-Vilna railway, while the pressure represented by the arrows 2 and 3 should approach Lida, a salient would be created round the town of Vilna. Supposing, for instance, the pressure of these two groups—the

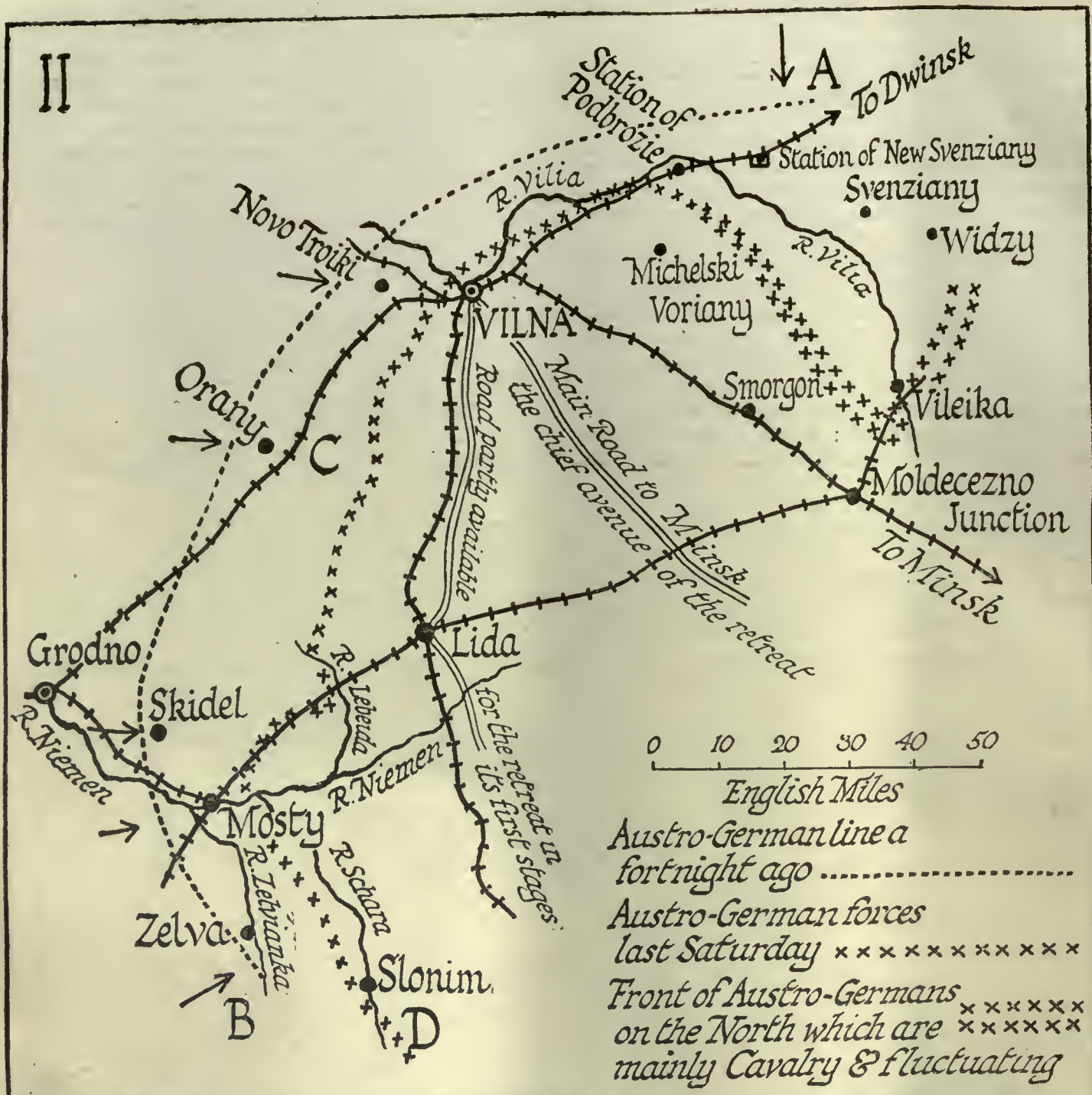
first at 1, the second at 2 and 3—reduced the line to such a shape as that indicated by the dashes, the salient would already be in process of formation, and a neck would have begun to appear, stretching from the point A to the point B.

It will, further, be apparent that if the continuous progress of the enemy cut the railway below Lida along the arrow 4, and the railway from Vilna to Dvinsk along the arrow 5, and the advance were to continue, the salient would get more and more pronounced, while the opportunities of retirement would be confined to the line marked (6)—(6)—(6).

This is not exactly what happened, as we shall see. The salient was created. In its last stages—that is, by the end of last week—it had reached a very acute form; but this form was not that of the obvious original German plan. It did not cut the railway at 4 in time, while on the other hand it developed—in a peculiar fashion to be described in a moment—a very great extension on the north much beyond the point A, right down to the railway (6)—(6)—(6).

At any rate, our starting point is that a fortnight ago (on September 8), after the fall of Grodno, the creation of the salient round Vilna was being attempted by the enemy, or, in other





words, he was beginning to try to envelop the Russian armies within the sector of Vilna. Let us see by what steps he proceeded towards the accomplishment of this task.

On Friday, September 10, and all through Saturday, September 11, large bodies of the enemy began to exercise peculiar pressure against that part of the railway from Vilna to Dwinsk which comes just beyond the crossing of the River Vilia. Meanwhile a similar heavy fight was being fought for the possession of Skidel, which changed hands more than once during the day and to which the Russians clung with great persistence. At the same time an attack of some violence, accompanied by the use of poisonous gas, was taking place against the defile of Novo Troiki, between the two lakes which stand a few miles west of Vilna itself. German forces were fighting to obtain, but had not yet entered, Orany. To the south, the Austro-Germans had not yet reached the Zelvianka River.

The reader will perceive by following, upon Sketch II., the points mentioned, that the Austro-German forces as a whole at this moment swept in a great quadrant round the salient of Vilna, following roughly the line of dots shown upon that sketch, from A, in the north-east, to B, in

the south-west. But the heavy work was being done at the points where arrows are marked distributed along that quadrant.

Upon Sunday, the 12th, and Monday, the 13th (that is, a week ago), two things happened which modified the salient for the worse from the point of view of the Russians. First, our Ally withdrew from Skidel, and the whole Austro-German line came some miles further eastward, passing in front of the railway junction and bridge over the Niemen at Mosty, following the Zelvianka River, and in places establishing pontoon bridges across that stream. Secondly, on the north, the railway from Vilna to Dwinsk was reached by the Austro-Germans in several places beyond the stream of the Vilia, notably at the station of New Svenziany. The Russians at this point fell back on to the station of Podbrozie, and, in general, lined the banks of the Vilia.

It was upon this day, Monday, the 13th, that the shape of the salient must have convinced the Russian command that the moment for the full evacuation of Vilna had come, and it will probably be found, when the details of the retreat are obtainable, that while, of course, the stores, materials, machinery, &c., of Vilna had long ago been removed, upon this Monday, the 13th, began

the retirement of the main body of troops from the extreme of the salient.

Two days later, upon Wednesday, the 15th, it was apparent that an altogether novel menace was developing towards the north. Great masses of Austro-German cavalry were pouring over the region of Svenziany and Widzy. Their rate of advance was so rapid that it was already apparent from the communiqués, though nothing had been said as yet of the presence of this new feature, that the troops must be mounted troops. The Russians have since estimated their numbers at about 40,000 sabres, accompanied by 140 guns. They swarmed all over this district on the Wednesday; occupied Widzy on the Thursday, the 16th, and came on Friday last to Vileika. The local effect and character of this great cavalry raid from the north will be discussed in a moment.

That it was possible at all was due to the fact that the separation of the Russian armies into three groups is already accomplished, and that, while the troops defending Dvinsk and Riga will in future depend on the main line to the capital, the central armies from Vilna to the marshes will fall back on Minsk, and its main central railway from Moscow. The third group is that to the south of the marshes, and depends on the main Rowno-Kiev line and on the Tarnopol-Odessa line. It was through the gap between the first and second

group in the south of Dvinsk, that the cavalry raid of last Wednesday, the 15th, poured.

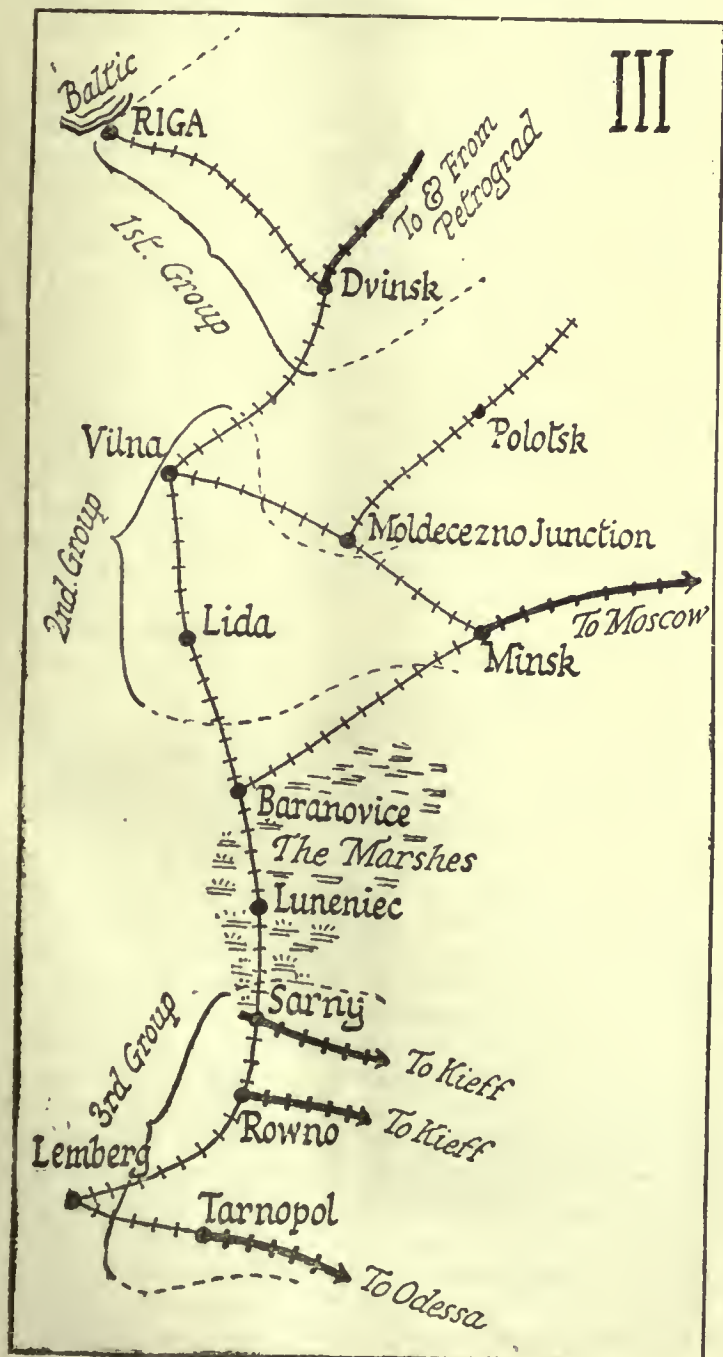
Meanwhile, the other horn of the enveloping crescent had got east of Orany, and had crossed the railway somewhere about C, in Sketch II., thirty odd miles south-east of Vilna.

The Vilia line had been forced both above and below the town of Vilna; the enemy marching rapidly from Skidel had reached, and was being held upon, the line of the little River Lebedia, not much more than a day's march in front of Lida, and had reached, though not yet crossed, the line of the River Schara, to the south.

On Friday, the 17th, while, as we may presume, the retreat southwards and eastwards from Vilna was in full swing, the fords of the River Vilia between the station of Podbrozie and the town of Vilna were all of them crossed by the enemy, fighting was still proceeding along the Lebedia. But the enemy had got a bridge across the Schara just south of Slonim, much at the point marked D.

On the evening of that day, then, Friday, the 17th, we must regard the German posts as occupying something like the line of crosses on Sketch II., the irregularity of the line being due to the fact that everywhere violent fighting was going on. We must be careful to remember that the forces which had made the salient so very acute by their rapid advance on the north were cavalry. And all that part of the line of crosses indicated on Sketch II. by a double set of crosses was for the most part composed of that fluctuating arm. If the Germans had been able, by some miracle, to put upon the double line of crosses to the north full bodies of troops composed of the due proportion of all arms, and in numbers equal to those present upon the rest of the salient, the thing would have been done—the Russians within the pocket would have been doomed. For, as is apparent from Sketch III., Minsk is the only direction for the retreat, and the railway to Minsk would have been permanently interrupted, and forty-eight hours later the road as well. But, of course, this very rapid advance on the north was only possible because it was undertaken by horse, and the limitations of that kind of operation are well known. A great cavalry raid, finding an open gap in which to work, can cut communications and can play the devil with the district through which it passes, but it cannot solidly establish itself, and it is subject to retirements as rapid as its advance. It cannot attack and defeat great bodies of infantry in its neighbourhood; and these great forces of cavalry, though forcing suddenly so bold a dent into the salient of Vilna, did not menace the retreat in the fashion that it would have been menaced had troops of all arms been present in the same positions. What it *did* do was to threaten, for two days, in a degree which is still somewhat obscure, the railway from Vilna to Minsk.

Now, I repeat, it is on Minsk—or, rather, on the region of Minsk—that the retirement of the Russian troops from the salient of Vilna must take place. If the reader will turn to Sketch III. he will, as I have said before, see why. All the central group of Russian armies must fall back upon, and be dependent on, the great main line from Moscow and Central Russia to Minsk. They have no other avenue of supply upon which to retire. The great cavalry



raid, therefore, though it did not directly menace of its own force this northern flank of the Russian retreat from Vilna, did (in a degree which, I repeat, is still obscure) threaten for two days the railway communication between Vilna and Minsk, which communication would be very valuable or essential (the event will determine which) to the safe conduct of the retreat.

If this railway be cut, the only line remaining for use is that through Vilna and Lida southwards, but this line can only support the retreat for a part of its effort, the main direction of the retirement being not south, but south-east. Further, this line from Vilna to Lida and so southwards (which is a section of the great north and south avenue of railway communication from the Baltic to Lemberg, which the Austro-Germans are aiming for as their first direct objective) was already closely menaced by the enemy's advance.

Last Saturday, September 18, the enemy entered the town of Vilna.

He found the town itself—as he had found Warsaw and Brest, and every other place he had occupied in this fashion—worthless to him strategically; politically it is another matter.

All material had been removed, all stores, all machinery, and all men. But the frustration of the enemy's military object in the town of Vilna itself was not, any more than the corresponding frustration of his object in front of Warsaw, the end of the business. There still remained the great salient, and everything turned upon how far the main bodies of the Russian troops had proceeded southward and eastward along the road to Minsk; how far the cavalry menace to the Minsk railway had hampered them—for on the railway they must depend as well as on the roads—how far the pressure on the two flanks of the salient was being resisted.

Upon these elements—every one of them unknown at the moment of writing—depends the solution of the problem. The point where the neck of the salient is narrowest (or, rather, was narrowest upon Sunday last, which is the last day of which we have news) was from the neighbourhood of Moldececzno Junction to the railway crossing of the River Lebeida, in front of Lida. For on last Sunday the Austro-German cavalry was lying in front of Moldececzno Junction, Smorgon, and Voriany. How near it was to these three points we cannot tell. The Russians report that the day before, the Saturday, they had beaten off the enemy cavalry from Moldececzno Junction itself, and the Russians were clearly holding their own with a rearguard at Michelski.¹ Further, the fluctuating character of this cavalry occupation of country was emphasised by the driving the enemy out of Widzy, which he had occupied for

four days. The narrowest part, then, of the neck of the salient, from the river crossing at Lebeida, somewhere just in front of and to the east of Lida, to the Moldececzno station, was not far short of eighty miles. And that is a broad gate through which to draw off even the numerous forces which the Russians had been keeping within the Vilna salient for a fortnight past. Nor is the region to the south and east difficult. The roads for the retirement are sufficiently numerous. A great main causeway leads straight to Minsk. I repeat, the chances of a successful withdrawal are greater than the chances of disaster by envelopment, and *if* the successful withdrawal is accomplished, the enemy has again—and for, perhaps, the last time—thrown away his thousands for empty territory and nothing more. *Strategically*, he will have failed again.

THE POLITICAL ASPECT.

So far, I have only been following the strictly military side of all these operations. I must now consider, for a moment, the political side, because the political effect of war is inextricably mixed up with its mere strategics.

Let us get our minds quite clear upon this distinction, lest amid the interests of purely military problems we should underestimate the political side of the matter as grossly as the alarmed opinion of certain uninstructed contemporaries exaggerates it.

A belligerent Government and its commanders are not only justified, but are compelled to consider, not only the destruction of the enemy's armies in the field, but also the influencing of those authorities which ultimately give orders to the armies, and of that public opinion upon which such authorities in the last analysis depend.

All this second sort of action we call political. Supposing, for instance, that by some miracle the Austro-German commanders and Governments could make the great mass of English men and women feel what those few men feel who are now struck with panic, avarice, despair, or any other of the baser passions making for a disastrous peace. Suppose they could extend this corruption to the great mass of French men and women, of Italian men and women, and of Russian men and women, they would create a state of affairs in which the Allied Governments would vacillate and break down in their effort; and though the Austro-Germans should not have achieved one single decisive victory in the field, nor have any prospect of achieving such, yet by that political miracle they would have achieved their end just as surely as though they had broken the Western lines or enveloped a group of Russian corps. They would be able to determine a peace which left them with their present occupied foreign territory as an asset for bargaining, with their fleets intact, and with reserves of men still in being.

Now, though the enemy cannot work these miracles, yet he can, and most legitimately may attempt to, achieve some part of their effect by operations which, though not amenable to purely strategical analysis, have their effect upon civilian imagination, and, therefore, upon the structure of his opponent's society. If it is foolish and a mark of ignorance, to regard the mere occupation of territory, or the entry into a dismantled town, as a thing of military effect, it is no less foolish to

¹ Here I must admit in a footnote, by way of digression an allusion to the German official reference to the fight at Michelski. It is a model of mendacity exactly calculated to terrify uninstructed opinion among neutrals and to support the newspaper campaign of panic on which the enemy so largely relies. The communiqué spoke of the Russians "trying to break out by Michelski" and failing to do so. The menace in such a phrase is vivid; but only to a man not using a map nor understanding that one "breaks out" of a pocket by its mouth, and not by rushing right into the enemy's arms and trying to get back into territory he already occupies. There was not a subaltern in the enemy's forces who did not know that the Russian action at Michelski was a flank action successfully holding off the pressure from the north while the main body retired. The official German expression was therefore deliberately aimed at ignorant foreign opinion. It is a point well worth noting.

regard such successes as insignificant to the course of a campaign. Speak of military operations as one does of a game of chess which hurts no one, frightens no one, and disturbs no one, and it does not matter a snap of the fingers whether the Austro-German line runs through France and through Russia, or through Westphalia and Brandenburg. All that matters is the relative disarmament of the two opposing forces. For the summing up of all strategic and tactical objective is the disarming of the enemy in a larger ratio than you are yourself disarmed by the effort, and the only purely military definition of victory is the disarming of your enemy in such a degree that he can look forward in the future to nothing less than a total disarmament, while you remain, in spite of your losses, still armed.

But not only to civilian, nor only to uninstructed opinion, to the organism of the nation and its vitality as well it makes a vast difference whether over such and such a space of time the enemy lines include national territory or no. Those who are invaded need to display rarer qualities, qualities far more difficult to maintain, than are needed by those not invaded.

The Austro-German occupation of Poland (which is now complete), the Austro-German advance, slow and visibly hampered, possibly nearing its term, on to the frontiers of Russia proper, means strategically nothing except in so far as that advance disarms our Ally more than it disarms the Austro-Germans. There is no natural obstacle against which the Russian armies can be thrust; there is indefinite space through which they can retire. They have behind them in mere numbers, if time be granted, an ample margin for recovering. But this continued advance, which is also an invasion, with its capture of populous cities, its ruin of vast countrysides, its torture and enslavement of those left behind, has upon the nation resisting and retreating a moral effect the degree of which we do not know. It has even upon certain individuals in other more favoured nations a moral effect also. We find the enemy calculating upon a disarray in the national organisation of Russia; we find him noting with pleasure and quoting widely by Government orders through his Press the panic which has fallen upon men of the baser sort in this country.

What the measure may be of the political effect achieved upon Russian society we cannot judge. We know that there has been a change in the higher command. We know that the new experimental Parliament of Russia has been prorogued for a couple of months at the most, and may be recalled at any moment.

That these effects of the invasion have had any reflex action upon the armies we see no trace.

It is not certain at the moment—I write that the retreat from Vilna has been successfully accomplished, but it is probable, as we have seen; and if it is so, then the armies so saved have passed through the severest possible test of discipline, endurance, and homogeneity. The disappointment and true strategical defeat of the enemy in his aim steadily pursued for two full weeks in this region will, in that case, be cruel and perhaps final.

We cannot, I say, measure the political effect of the enemy's advance on the Eastern front. We know that it exists; we see that it

has not affected the military situation as yet. We hope that it will decline. What we can do is to control, by public authority and through our own private wills, any corresponding political effect in this country. If, here, the one territory of the three great Allies not invaded, any insanity of fear be permitted, or any still baser motive of saving private fortune by an inconclusive peace, then the political effect at which the enemy is aiming will indeed have been achieved.

These things are contagious. We must root out and destroy the seed of that before it grows more formidable. If we do not we are deliberately risking disaster. But be very certain of this: That if by whatever lack of judgment, or worse, an inconclusive peace be arranged, this country alone of the great alliance will, perhaps unsupported, be the target of future attack.

As a mere military recital we discover that the enemy's great offensive through Poland, begun on April 29, has now, in the last week of September, failed, and failed, and failed. It has caused the retirement of the Russian armies. It has not broken them; it has enveloped no portion of them. If it has cost a little more to our Ally in men than to the enemy (which is doubtful), it has cost to the enemy, in proportion to his means—in men—vastly more than it has cost to Russia. If, as I am inclined to conclude, on this Tuesday afternoon, in spite of absence of final news, the retreat from Vilna has been decided in favour of the Russians, no more significant lesson has been afforded in all these months upon the Eastern front of the enemy's inability to win.

It is not enough to know these things as a proposition in mathematics, or as a problem in chess may be known. They must enter into the consciousness of the nation; and this they will not do if the opposite and false statement calculated to spread panic and to destroy judgment be permitted to work its full evil unchecked by public authority.

RUSSIAN OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTH.

I said last week that I would postpone to this issue a consideration of the sectors south of the marshes. What has happened here is chiefly important to our judgment from the inferences that may be drawn. The mere fact that the Russian armies have slightly advanced and that, therefore, their position has heartened the civilian opinion of their Allies is not in a strategical analysis of any particular importance. That advance has not been extended over any considerable belt of territory; it has been very wisely restricted, as will be seen when we come to the sketch of its ground.

The fact that a total of over 60,000 prisoners was taken is of more significance; the fact that 80 per cent. of the heavy artillery of one of the German divisions at work fell into Russian hands is again of importance, as is the further fact that two whole German divisions, including one of the Guard, were surrounded and completely destroyed. But more important than the numerical estimate of the success is, as I have said, the inference to be drawn from it. Which is that, while the Russians suffer from their present, and necessary, future division into three groups, each with its own independent supply and communications; while this system—imposed upon them by

the vastness of their territory, and the nature of their railway system—makes reinforcement of the north or south from the centre unobtainable, yet there is a corresponding advantage, which is that the enemy dares not allow any one of the corresponding groups to which the new Russian arrangement has condemned him from becoming too weak.

He would, if he could, throw all his strength into the north. He has, during the last two weeks, put forth, as we have seen, a prodigious effort with the object of encircling the Russian forces in the salient of Vilna. He has, as a consequence, and necessarily, starved certain sectors of the southern field; the Russians have immediately taken advantage of that situation, and the enemy has been compelled to reinforce, not only Mackensen's right, just south of the marshes, but even the pounded Austrian armies, which have been pushed back from the Sereth to the Strypa.

The details of the movements have been as follows:

There runs just south of the marshes the main railway from Kovel Junction to Kiev. At the junction of Sarny this railway is cut by the north and south line, the possession of which is the immediate enemy objective, and which runs from Riga, on the Baltic, right through to Lemberg, providing the sole lateral communication upon which the invaders can repose if ever they try to stand, and without which they cannot do anything but ultimately retire. Another railway from Kovel, which leads a longer way round to Kiev, and also to Odessa, runs south-westward towards Rovno, while the north and south, or lateral railway, after passing through the originally fortified point of Dubno, reaches Lemberg.

On the accompanying Sketch IV., only their courses south of the marshes are noted. To the south again, immediately beyond a narrow and dry watershed, you have the Sereth, a tributary of the Dniester, and the Strypa, another tributary immediately parallel and west. It should be noted that just south of the Dniester we come to the neutral Roumanian territory, which forms the end of the chain of positions through Poland. Lastly, we should note that Tarnopol, upon the Sereth, is a junction of great importance, because there unite at that point the main railway to the south of Russia, the Black Sea, and Odessa, and a lateral railway passing by the town of Tremblowa, and feeding all that last southern portion of the Russian front.

Once in possession of these elements, we can usefully study what has happened in the southern field.

The operations cover a fortnight. On Tuesday, September 7, a fortnight ago, the enemy menaced the junction of Sarny, beyond the Goryn River. Until he possessed that junction, he could not depend upon the ultimate linking up of his central and southern armies. At the same time, already in possession of Dubno, he was exercising pressure to the south of Rovno, hoping to turn the Russian positions there, and to compel the Russians to give up Rovno. When the Russians should have given up both Rovno and Sarny, the Austro-Germans would be in a position to link up all their forces by the use of the railway, as will be apparent from Sketch IV. Meanwhile, the offensive was also undertaken by the enemy against the line of the Sereth, especially upon the important junction of Tarnopol. At this point, to which the enemy rightly attached great importance, there were launched some 40,000 men of the German contingents, the third Guards division and the 48th Reserve.

What followed upon September 7 is well worth noting. The northern part of the Russian line was falling back, so that the whole of it ran on that Wednesday, September 8, from Kolki, south-eastward to a point between Dubno and Rovno, and so to the upper waters of the Goryn River. South of that stream it bent sharply west again till it covered Tarnopol, and then ran down the Sereth, covering Tremblowa, and so to the Dniester. It is apparent, therefore, that there was an indentation on the line in the Upper Goryn, of which bending an enemy free to manœuvre at will would have taken immediate advantage. But the enemy, is not free to manœuvre, inasmuch as he has pinned himself to his heavy artillery, the one arm his superiority in which permits him to advance. The bend did not correspond with the railway system, and before munitionment and heavy guns could be brought to bear upon it, the Russians, by a violent counter-stroke in front of Tarnopol, had upset the whole plan. They surprised and destroyed two German divisions in front of that town, and captured the greater part of their heavy artillery, which had, of course, been brought up and munitioned by the railway from Lemberg. Most of the field artillery got away. On the same day, in front of Tremblowa, between 2,000 and 3,000 officers and men were taken prisoners and a few guns. A few marches lower down, near the



The physical features of the ground south of the marshes are the three rivers, Stry, Goryn, and Slutch (a tributary of the last-named).

Dniester, and towards the end of the line, a local offensive against the Sereth was beaten back with the loss of about a thousand men taken prisoners and perhaps twice as many killed and wounded.

On Thursday, the 9th, these successes were confirmed and increased. Of the Austrians in front of Tremblowa, over 5,000 fell in the hands of the Russians, and the enemies along the whole front taken up to the evening of that day numbered about 22,000. By Saturday, September 11, Mackensen, in the extreme north, counter-attacked. He had obtained reinforcements and attacked the Russians on the Stry, near Kolki, in front of Rovno, and on the Upper Goryn. He was thrown back, and more prisoners were taken by the Russians; and in front of Tarnopol another round-up of Austrians and Germans between 4,000 and 5,000 in number. On that same day, Saturday, the 11th, the whole line moved forward from Tremblowa to the junction of the Sereth and the Dniester, and pursued the Austrians over the rolling country between the Sereth and the Strypa. By this date the total of prisoners along the whole of this southern front had approached 40,000. By Sunday, the 12th, both reinforcements and munitionments drawn from other parts of the Austro-German line had come up, and its effects were felt by the Russians, who none the less advanced slightly upon the Upper Sereth. But this reinforcement was local and did not affect the whole front. And on Monday, the 13th, there was a general Austrian retirement towards the Strypa. Upon Tuesday, the 14th, that river was reached, and the Austrians were driven across it in many places. Mackensen all that day was trying to relieve the Russian pressure in the south upon his allies by very vigorous attacks all the way from the Kovel-Sarny railway to the upper waters of the Goryn River. All the attacks were repelled, and he lost very heavily in men, including some thousands of prisoners that passed into Russian hands upon that day and the next. On Wednesday, the 15th, the Wednesday of last week, there was very little, if any, advance, but the advantage remained with the Russian forces, who were still taking prisoners and machine guns (which means that they were taking trenches) upon the whole front from the south of the

marshes to Tremblowa. We may take this day to be the end of the Russian advance. The enemy had received a sufficient reinforcement to check it, or its further prosecution would have been unwise because it would have led to no direct effect. On Friday last, September 17, one very vigorous counter-stroke was given along the north of the line, leaving another 2,000 or 3,000 prisoners in the hands of our Ally, a number of machine guns, but again no field artillery. While on the south of line, the Strypa, some bridge-heads across which were still held by the Austrians, marked the limit of the Russian advance. If we represent that advance on the map (as is done on Sketch IV. by the dotted line), and contrast it with the positions of a fortnight before, we shall see that the extent of ground covered is insignificant. Nowhere does it exceed twenty miles; in most places it is not five. But the moral of the whole thing is that the Austro-Germans cannot concentrate at will. The present dispositions along the Russian front permit of an immediate counter-offensive the moment any one sector on the enormous line is weakened by the enemy.

Nevertheless, it is true that the Russian dispositions are such as to prevent the enemy from throwing the weight of this enormous superiority into any one field, and these successes to the south of the marshes prove it.

H. BELLOC.

P.S.—As this article goes to the printer no official news has yet been received confirming the safety of the Russian armies. The German communiqué mentions the crossing of the Lida railway and enemy outposts to the east thereof, certainly of cavalry. The gap left between the foremost of these and the Minsk railway is still nearly fifty miles. The news refers to Monday last. An unofficial message from Mr. Ludovic Naudau has also come through to the effect that the retiring force is now out of danger. Mr. Naudau's dispatches carry a deservedly high authority and the newspaper he represents is now in patriotic hands. Everything, therefore, inclines one to accept this private message, but for full confirmation we must wait till the Russian communiqués arrive.

A PARADOX OF SEA POWER.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

IN his recent speech at the opening of Parliament Mr. Asquith put forward certain facts and figures of the position that might have been made the starting-point of an illuminating debate on national strategy. As a fact the discussion went little beyond a wrangle on the question of conscription. Sea-power, the clue to the position, came in for incidental mention only. Mr. Balfour, it is true, was called upon to explain the insufficiency of London's defence against aircraft—but this, after all, has nothing to do with the Fleet—and Lord Robert Cecil to correct a perverted reading of Sir Edward Grey's views upon "Freedom of the

Seas," which has everything to do with it. But it surely would have been worth while to have made it clear how it was that so great a gulf exists between our apparent military duties of to-day and the conception of those duties which most of us entertained little more than a year ago. That gulf has, in fact, been made by the completeness of our command of the sea.

The theory of national defence on which, before Armageddon was let loose, we had for years been nurtured, was based upon the physical fact that the United Kingdom was an insular Power, and, therefore, enjoyed certain immunities, such as only an island kingdom can possess. The chief of

them was that we were free for ever from the crushing weight of maintaining large armies, so long as we maintained a sufficient fleet. The theory, therefore, stipulated a Navy of overwhelming strength; a professional army small in numbers, but highly trained and perfectly equipped, for service beyond the seas; and, as a sort of reserve—should, despite the Navy, a military defence of these islands prove temporarily necessary—a partly trained but numerous Territorial Force. If we were involved in a European war, it would be for our Allies to supply the main land forces. Another theory, also, held the field, which gave coherence to the first. It was that, should war break out, the Powers would be so grouped that the superiority in numbers would be on the side of those with whom we should be allied. The supposition, then, that we could take part in a Continental war without possessing an army on a Continental scale seemed perfectly reasonable.

But the theory that the Russian and French numbers combined would be superior to the German and Austrian numbers was very soon proved to be entirely fallacious, and we have had to rectify this disparity.

It is one of the paradoxes of the present state of affairs that the possession of an invincible Navy—the corner-stone of the old theory—instead of freeing us from military obligations, has placed them on our shoulders. The sea, which we all looked upon as the main outwork in the lines of national defence, has, by the very scale of our naval strength, been converted into a conduit which makes this country one with the territory of our Allies. So absolutely is our sea supremacy accepted by the enemy that we have lost, in a military sense, some of both the advantages and the disadvantages of being an island. The more completely is the sea an obstacle to an enemy's invasion the more completely does it become an open road for the advance of our own armies. So far, then, from our great fleet having relieved us of the duty of creating and maintaining an army proportionate in strength to itself, it is precisely the fleet, and nothing else, that, by enabling us to use such a force, has imposed on us the burden of creating it.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

It is precisely when one recognises that our share in this war is in the strictest sense of words less in our own cause than in the cause of freedom and of right, and of all that civilisation stands for, that one regrets most that Sir Edward Grey should have been drawn into controversy over the "Freedom of the Seas." Without question, his letter on this subject has excited very genuine uneasiness and alarm. It seemed as if there were something in our sea-power he would willingly, if he could, disown. Much of the uneasiness and all the alarm should be dissipated by what Lord Robert Cecil had to say last week. But it still remains a mystery to the onlooker why we should ever have taken a share in this controversy at all.

For over a century—that is, since the Battle of Trafalgar—our command of the sea has been undisputed and indisputable. There is not a nation in the world that, in all this long period, can complain of any single unjust use of our sea-power. It is the existence of this sea-power and its moderate and civilised employment that alone

has saved civilisation in the last twelve months. Is what our seamen have won for us and humanity once more to be whittled away by lawyers? The whole controversy is to be deprecated, and upon several grounds. The Foreign Secretary surely did not fly his kite to conciliate or please Germany. There will be time enough to deal with Germany's wishes when Germany is beaten. As certainly it was not done to please our Allies, for France, Russia, and Italy all owe a debt to the British Fleet indistinguishable from our own. Was it done to please America? We have made many concessions, many derogations from our sea rights, to ease the strain of war to the traders of the great Republic. It may be wise and profitable to make further concessions still, so long as every such concession is without prejudice to our general rights, and on the distinct understanding that we are not bound by it as by a precedent. In the year of war the United States of America have been of great service to the belligerent Powers. The lot of prisoners has been improved; the miseries of Belgium assuaged. In a great war there is a manifest rôle for the kindly and humane intervention of a great neutral Power, and in every philanthropic respect America has filled that rôle nobly. America as a great neutral market is of incalculable value to all of us. And, both for her philanthropic and material help, America is entitled to very special consideration.

AMERICA AND THE ISSUES.

But the present is something more than a great war. The issues are neither national nor dynastic. The Old World is in arms to break or save the old civilisation. And on these issues America has not yet declared itself. In the invasion of Belgium, in the treatment of non-combatants, in the bombardment by sea and air of undefended towns, and in countless other ways, the Germans, from the very opening of the war, proclaimed themselves outlaws from the code that binds civilised peoples when they fight.

Mr. Wilson passed each offence without protest. It was not until Germany extended her atrocities from the land to the sea, and announced a policy which must result in indiscriminate murder, that America perceived that Germany's claim that her necessities overrode the rules of right and wrong would threaten American lives and American rights as no atrocities on land had done. And in due course there followed the outrages on American ships and American passengers, culminating in the murders of the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic*. The position to-day is that Germany has for two months been in receipt of an American ultimatum to which Berlin has not replied. That the American Administration has not treated the last *Lusitania* Note as an ultimatum and acted on it when the *Arabic* was sunk, has given an air of unreality to the threat which that Note contained. But it cannot be doubted that, however patient Washington may be, Germany will either have to yield or America must intervene.

Her position, then, with regard to the main controversy—Germany versus civilisation—is still undefined. This being the case, is it not premature to discuss the rules of war until we know for certain with whom we have to discuss them? For if America is driven into belligerency, its views of the use of sea power can hardly sur-

vive that condition unchanged. For that matter, it is very improbable that when the war is over the views that America will put forward will be identical with those she may feel bound to urge while still a neutral, with her traders clamouring for release from the trammels our sea-power must impose. So long as the war goes on, and the United States remain neutral, it is impossible for the Washington Government to concede anything to us in consideration of the fact that we are fighting for the sake of ideals which are quite as much American as British. But when the war is over things will be seen in their true perspective, and then, perhaps, the sea-power of Great Britain and the use we have made of it will not appear the terrible thing that German diplomacy represents.

UNITY OF THE ALLIES.

And, finally, is it disrespectful to the Foreign Office to suggest that all our controversies with America, either present or prospective, could be put on a plane far more advantageous to ourselves if, both in acting at sea and in defending that action diplomatically, we represented not ourselves alone but were duly and properly constituted as agents and spokesmen of all the Allied Powers? We have already seen that the obligation of the Allies to the British Fleet is identical with our own. No single one of them is likely to dispute our view of sea law. Many of our acts, no doubt, are open to question if they are viewed

solely from the point of view of their strict compliance with the code of law framed when the conditions of warfare were very different from what they are to-day. But it is no less certain that no single one of our acts at sea has been morally indefensible. Each act has had for its object a purpose exactly similar to that which dictated the action of the Federal Government in the war against the South. The war in which we are engaged has, certainly so far as Great Britain is concerned, no less high an object. Indeed, as we have seen, the appeal to this country has been on a higher ground even than self-preservation. Our interference with neutral trade and with enemy trade arises solely from our resolve that civilisation shall be saved, and that the freedom of countries too weak to defend themselves shall be secured. It is an object which every American, except a small and disloyal minority, enthusiastically applauds. When victory has finally crowned our arms there will be nothing in our sea record of which we need be ashamed or to which the great majority of Americans will be able to object. And in the meantime, as spokesmen for our Allies, as well as for ourselves, we put a stronger case to Washington. If the *Dacia* controversy was settled, as it was, by the critical action being taken by France, is it not certain that the whole question of sea-power in this war and after can be put upon a surer basis if the Allies act as one?

A. H. POLLEN.

THE BALKAN PUZZLE.

By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

THE Balkan puzzle, which still continues to exercise and baffle the ingenuity of contemporary diplomacy, brings to mind the fable of the lion and the mouse. Until the war broke out Balcania was a land upon whose destinies it would have been deemed wasteful to spend strenuous effort or devote concentrated thought. To-day it is well within the means of those petty States—nay, of a single one of them—to rescue their mighty protectors from an awkward plight. Hence the tardy and somewhat fitful exertions put forward by the Governments of the Entente Powers to restore to the Peninsula conditions which would end their mutual jealousies and revive the union of 1912. A twelvemonth ago it would have been a relatively easy matter to draw Bulgaria within the orbit of the Entente, if the members of that international concern had but exerted themselves proportionately to their influence and congruously with the hugeness of the interests potentially involved. But it is worse than useless to cry over spilt milk.

BULGARIA'S POSITION

To-day Bulgaria holds the key of the Balkan situation and of much else. Indeed, for purposes of the reconstitution of the League she is the Balkan Peninsula. For on the decision which will be taken in Sofia depend very largely the action or the quiescence of Greece and Roumania, and also the progress of the Eastern campaign in so far as it can be influenced by those States. And Bulgaria's decision—on what does it depend? That, to my mind, is the really crucial question, to which

many replies have been offered but no adequate answer. It looks as though it can be solved only by events. The Bulgarian Opposition assures the world that their country will take its place by the side of the Powers to which it owes everything it has and is, once its just claims have been satisfied by the revision of the Treaty of Bucharest. But the Government has over and over again affirmed that Bulgaria will keep neutral until the end of the war. The Premier has unofficially told foreign journalists that he is waiting only for the union of the "unredeemed" Bulgarians now under the sway of Serbia, Greece, and Roumania, and that once effected, his country will join the Allies. And King Ferdinand acts significantly in a different sense, but says nothing.

Misgivings have arisen that the King's persistent silence and symptomatic acts connote an intention diametrically opposite to that which the Government and the Opposition announce as desirable and, under the conditions mentioned, certain. A kindred view held by the initiated on grounds which it is inadvisable to discuss here is that Bulgaria is and has been tied to the Central Empires by obligations contracted a considerable time ago, but that their force is not considered by the Sofia Cabinet binding enough to stand in the way of an understanding with the Allies, if that happened to be to the interests of the country. Whatever may be thought of these conjectures, the Entente Governments have to act on the assumption that Bulgaria is free to strike up an alliance with either group of belligerents as she may deem fit. Bulgaria's demands turn upon territory in-

habited by people of her own race*, in the west, the south-east, and the south-west of her present boundaries. The districts in question became hers by right of conquest in the year 1912, and were forfeited to her ex-allies at the Conference of Bucharest through her own fault and the unconcern of the Great Powers. Between the behaviour of Austria at that Conference and Bulgaria's attitude towards the Allies since the opening of the present war there is a causal nexus which has been lost sight of by many politicians and publicists. Yet it is obvious enough. For, as it was to Austria's interests to weaken, not to strengthen, Serbia, she strove hard and perseveringly at Bucharest to preserve Macedonia to Bulgaria. And when, in spite of her exertions, the fateful treaty was ratified, she made a definite promise to King Ferdinand not to rest until she had restored to his country what that diplomatic instrument had taken away. And it was comparatively much. According to statistics which I have received from Sofia, Serbia then annexed a Bulgarian population of 604,344 souls and 596 schools; Greece incorporated 428,744 and 340 schools; Roumania 147,000 and 189 schools; while the Turks retained 135,656 Bulgarians and 59 schools. And all the schools, with the exception of those in Turkey, have since, it is alleged, been suppressed by the new masters.

ARGUMENTS PRESENT AND PAST.

Bulgaria now argues that before the Balkan Coalition can be revived the lands thus wrested from her grasp must be given back, and that that group of belligerents which effects this restitution will deserve and receive her gratitude. That was the task to which the Allied Governments and also the Central Empires addressed themselves from the beginning of the war, the former relying upon argument, suasion, and promises to be redeemed in case of victory, and the latter operating by means of bribery, blandishments, and extravagant offers of dynastic, as well as national, import.† But, so far as we know, neither side has as yet accomplished the feat. It is much less easy for the Allies, whose aim is to induce the various States to offer up heavy sacrifices and keep cheerful and good-natured withal, than for the Teutons, who can afford to crush Serbia and enrich the Bulgars at her expense.

The sequestered lands have a value for Bulgaria which they cannot possess for any other Balkan State. Not only are they inhabited by people of Bulgarian speech, but they constitute the only directions in which the frontiers of the Bulgarian kingdom can be extended in virtue of the principles recognised by the Allied Powers. On the east the Black Sea, to the south the Ægean, render expansion impossible. Northwards, beyond the Danube, extension is equally eliminated. Only in the west, south-west, and south-east can Bulgaria expand her territory and increase her population if the Allies contrive to mould the future of Europe. The other Balkan States are much better off, for they have grounded hopes that huge territories, now under foreign domination, will one day be theirs. Roumania expects Transylvania, Bukovina, the Banat; Servia looks confidently for-

* The question of race is contentious, the Serbs claiming the inhabitants as their own brethren. Judged by the dialect spoken, the Bulgars have a strong case.

† It is alleged that Germany has held out to King Ferdinand the alluring perspective of his becoming Tsar of Byzance. In this case Turkey would be compensated for her losses in Europe by the annexation of Egypt.

ward to the possession of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, and part of Albania; the Hellenic Kingdom hopes for the Islands, a portion of Albania, and a large slice of Asia Minor.

Moreover, all these peoples can afford to wait because the populations which they are eager to assimilate will meanwhile lose nothing of their national aims, strivings, or traditions, whereas unredeemed Bulgaria is becoming denationalised. It is further worth calling to mind that the lands now claimed by the Bulgarians were theirs in virtue of a number of treaties, including the alliance with Greece and Serbia (1912-1913) and the London Peace Treaty (1913). Lastly, it is urged that Serbia's argument in favour of the present redistribution of the conquered lands was drawn from the hindrances unexpectedly raised by the Austrians to her advance to the Adriatic. To-day that argument has lost its force, inasmuch as Serbia will now have an outlet of her own on the Albanian coast.

But for these considerations at first neither Serbia nor Greece displayed any understanding. Fascinated by the present, they were unable to concentrate their gaze on what lay beyond. Their two statesmen whom political vision and moral courage qualified to lead their respective countries—Pasitch and Venizelos—saw their efforts thwarted by influential parties which there was no constitutional way of paralysing. One of the stipulations in vigour between Serbia and Greece provides that the former country shall make no concessions to Bulgaria without the previous knowledge and assent of the latter, inasmuch as one of the contentious districts would, if conceded to Bulgaria, cut off Greece from Serbia. And M. Venizelos, questioned as to the consent of his Government to certain concessions, signified his acquiescence. He was even ready to go further in order to enable the Entente to offer Bulgaria an adequate inducement to forgive, forget and fraternise with her neighbours. That was the critical moment in the progress of the negotiations, and Venizelos's statesmanlike decision represented the most valuable service that Greece has yet had

The Undying Story, by W. Douglas Newton, just published by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons (6s.), is the reprint of the author's articles on the work of the British Army in France up to November 15, 1914. The narrative is vivid and the story is fairly complete; the author has specialised more on the deeds of units and men than on the tactical value of actions, and has been more concerned with events than with their causes and results. His book will be of interest to the multitude whose interest in the war is personal, and it also contains much that will be of value to the intending historian—in spite of the Copyright Act.

A feature of the recent Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition, in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, was the stand on which were displayed the exhibits from Messrs. John Barker and Co., of Kensington High-street, who have won the "Starkey" cup and the exhibition gold medal. In accordance with the specification of the competition certain cakes were prepared. They were beautifully finished. A wedding cake, costing £1 1s., was the first specimen. A decorated Christmas cake, weighing 6lb., took second place; and there were many others which are bound to be popular.

The British Commercial Gas Association, of 47, Victoria Street, a co-operative and advisory body representing the chief gas undertakings of the United Kingdom, issues each month a publication entitled *A Thousand and One Uses for Gas*, dealing with the practical application of gas in business and in the home. This month's issue describes the various possibilities of gas for the purpose of domestic hot water supply, from the point of view of the working man no less than of the dweller in Mayfair or of the "middle class" suburbanite; while folk in the country are not forgotten.

it in her power to render the Allies. But it was withheld by sinister influences. Since then the exertions of the Entente have been confined to Serbia and Roumania.

SERBIA'S SACRIFICES.

The difficulties in the way of the sacrifices asked from Serbia were enormous: sentimental, political, and strategic. For example, the Serbian Constitution†† lays it down that no Serbian territory may be alienated otherwise than by a vote of a Great National Skuptshina, which it is practically impossible to convoke at present.

Another impediment, international in character, derives from the stipulation between Serbia and Greece. But in spite of these obstacles Pasitch succeeded, by dint of extraordinary exertions, in obtaining a vote from the Chamber authorising in principle the alienation of territory. To what extent and under what conditions this Parliamentary warrant was issued is known only to the Governments concerned. But the main point is that, whatever turn Balkan affairs may now take, the responsibility for the grave consequences which continued dissension is sure to bring in its train will not fall on the heroic Serbian people. Bulgaria will have the necessary inducement to march against Turkey, and the Allies a touchstone by which to test the sincerity of the professions of the Sofia Cabinet. If the Radoslavoff Administration and the King still persist in quiescence, the Entente will know what to think of Bulgaria and how to adjust their attitude towards that country.

My own opinion on this aspect of the question, based on certain established facts, differs so widely from the belief professed in the Allied countries that I hold it over until the die has been cast.

The hopeful view of Bulgaria's straightforwardness adopted by the Entente was not shaken by the financial deal between Bulgaria and Austria which provoked lively comment a few weeks ago. Even the alleged conclusion of the Turco-Bulgarian accord has not shattered the faith of the Allies in Bulgaria's solicitude for her own vital interests. But it has supplied them with food for deliberation and forethought. Personally, I disbelieve the last chapter of the story of the convention with Turkey, and my scepticism rests on positive and trustworthy data. A draft treaty is certainly in existence, but it has not yet been signed. For those who, unlike myself, possess no substratum of fact on which to base this belief, the following consideration may prove helpful. Whether Bulgaria be really anxious to wipe out old scores and help to revive the Balkan League, or is fastened to the Central Empires by strong ties, it is to her interest to remain free, at least in seeming, until the Allies' proposal has been presented. For even if her decision have been long ago taken, she would still like to weigh the offer coming from the Entente, reject it as insufficient, and cast the responsibility for the consequences on Serbia.

DEALINGS WITH TURKEY.

But the circumstance that Bulgaria's negotiations with Turkey have come to a head, and that a Treaty is ready for signature, is significant. So, too, is the sudden dismissal of General Fitcheff from the post of War Minister. I know Fitcheff

†† Article IV.

personally, and I consider him by far the ablest man in Bulgaria. It was he who, as Chief of the General Staff and virtual Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, besought King Ferdinand to abandon his scheme of resuming the campaign against Turkey after the London Conference. And he is a statesman as well as a strategist. His views on the international situation and the opportunity, which it offers to his own country were characterised by good sense and sagacity. He was believed to be in favour of military action against Turkey, and his sudden dismissal at the critical turning-point is a symptom. Its significance is enhanced by the appointment of a successor who is an avowed friend of Turkey and was the negotiator of the draft treaty with Enver, Talaat, and Djemal, which is waiting to be ratified. That these misgivings are not wholly groundless may be inferred from the circumstance that the opposition parties in Sofia share them.

And the Parliamentary opposition is strong. Numerically it is almost equal to the Government party. In the country it possesses immeasurably greater influence. But it cannot make its power effectively felt unless the Chamber is sitting. Hence the leaders recently requested the Cabinet to convoke the Sobranje in a stirring manifesto which ended thus: "Inasmuch as the Government is not minded to take counsel with the nation and its legal representatives and it is impossible to warn the country from the Parliamentary tribune before it is launched upon a new adventure, we hereby protest against the mode of action adopted by the Cabinet, and we trust that the people will sustain our protest by intervening energetically in favour of the immediate assembly of the Chamber in an extraordinary session."

But the Premier Radoslavoff has refused to call the Chamber. And if his policy had its orientation towards Turkey and the Central Empires, that refusal would be wise. But hardly in any other case.

THREATENED ROUMANIA.

Meanwhile Roumania is threatened by Germany for refusing to forward munitions of war and gold to Turkey. Troops are concentrated near Vidin in larger numbers than usual, but not yet too large for a mere demonstration. Roumania's corn exports into Hungary have been stopped by the Dual Monarchy. A Press campaign against the Roumanian people has been inaugurated in Berlin, Frankfurt, Vienna, and Budapest. Military precautions are being pushed forward vigorously by the authorities of Bucharest, and excitement is growing.

To the question whether the Turco-Bulgarian accord has been decided upon in principle we have no clear-cut answer. Some of the tokens that suggest one have been enumerated. There is another: Ferdinand and his Ministers have one ardent desire—to rise on the crest of victory's wave. That consummation would fill them with intense joy. To that they would sacrifice the goodwill of the Allies and the affection of Russia. Well, they are fully convinced that it will fall to Germany and Austria to dictate the terms on which this war will be ended, and to redistribute the forces of "regenerate" Europe. The Central Empires will be the victors.

The Allies will do well to put their trust in themselves.

E. J. DILLON.

DRAINING A FRENCH VILLAGE.

By a R.A.M.C Sergeant.

OUR village here is a charming little place. Sitting in a half-mown meadow I can see it now beyond two fields—a few red roofs hidden in willows and aspens, its exquisite church tower and carved steeple standing up above roofs and trees. On my right is a line of aspens (in French, *peupliers de Canada*, and known colloquially as *Canadas*) marks the stream's bank and on my left are the two large barns and the orchard where we are billeted. Behind me an aged man and his wife are engaged in the difficult task of mowing that part of the meadow which has been wired over as an entanglement: they have been patiently at it now for some weeks, and the precious hay is loaded on to a wagon resembling a Noah's Ark, which is dragged by a cow. The cow grazes peacefully for hours while the wagon is filling.

Over this "pastoral" the baby swallows have been playing, strengthening their young wings for autumn flight; but now they have flown up into the air in a little cloud and gone off to their nests. A few fields away is the canal—the broad and stately waterway lined with giant *Canadas* that backs nearly the whole length of our line. The banks narrow to a bottle-neck at the swing bridges that occur every mile or so; there is only just room here for the large grey Red Cross barges to pass. These barges pass majestically at regular intervals during the day, attended by two steam tugs—one in front pulling and one behind prodding. The tugs are Thames or Humber vessels familiar to residents of Chelsea, and familiar voices are heard upon them.

Barges and Bridges.

When a Red Cross barge passes one of these swing bridges (that seem to be worked by children) everyone runs out of doors and hangs over the abutments and rails trying to look on deck. Our troops have entrenched this canal. In one cottage garden on the bank the owners have not been in the least disturbed by the changes, and have their crop of peas half at ground level, and half on the top of a dug-out.

Well, we descended upon this village about five weeks ago, nose somewhat out of joint, having told ourselves for some days that we were en route for the trenches. Two hospitals were set up, one in a school and one in a mill, both cleaned scrupulously and rendered spotless with whitewash. The divisional sick come here and a few cases of wounded. A few minor operations are done. Those of us who were not occupied with hospital work had plenty of work to do cleaning the camp, village, and neighbourhood. The villagers had had experience of English before, but not of that inquisitive zeal into their sanitary arrangements that presently became apparent. Their most secret cess-pits were invaded. Dogs who had been chained up for years in unspeakable dirty backyards were set barking. Cats and other things that had been buried for years in the friendly mud of the town sewer ditch were ruthlessly exposed. Mr. R., one of our officers, descended upon them every morning with half a dozen ruthless men in grey shirtsleeves, and a terror of a sergeant, whose broad back, red neck, and disapproving eye seemed to embody all the aggressive attributes of John Bull.

Some of the housewives at first tried to protest to Sergeant P., but it was no use. "*No compris. Compris smell,*" said Sergeant P., and continued digging in their backyards.

The town is drained by a ditch whose windings took some days to follow, and which seemed to flow uncertainly, sometimes one way, and sometimes another. This ditch received everything—and concealed it all in

its two to three feet of mud. It is supplied by a pipe from the river partly choked up. The first thing done was to double the supply of water. Then the inhabitants saw with alarm the water behind their backyards rising inch by inch, and those persons were specially alarmed who had their back doors and side doors opening on to a footboard across the sewer: the water rose upwards to their threshold, and swirled along, scouring out the mud of years.

Sluicing the Main Sewer.

Another unaccountable piece of work was as follows—the incredibly energetic English officers discovered a weir and a sluice some way down the stream below the village. This sluice used in normal times to be opened *once a year*, and the sewer ditch thereby drained dry for the purposes of inspection. It had a two or three foot head of water against it. But the officer and his sergeant went *every morning*, and, bending their two powerful backs, hauled up the sluice unaided, and watched with interest the débris of the village pass by in a turbid cataract into the river. This performance the officer used to term (in trenchant medical) "passing a catheter on the village." This caused the water to drop as rapidly as it had risen, and then complaints came from certain brasserie yards that their water had gone and they could no longer water their horses.

When the sewer had thus been swilled and emptied for several weeks the whole place was much improved, but Mr. R. at one time vowed that he went in danger of his life. He described to me a voyage of discovery he took up the more secret reaches of the sewer behind the backs of certain estaminets. Progress was difficult owing to the crumbling banks, walls eaten away, tin cans and green scum.irate faces peeped over yard walls and through larder windows, tongues were heard behind doors, and once a dog pushed his teeth through a gap in a hedge, snarling horribly.

An Autocratic Sergeant.

When the water was clean, or comparatively so, a new trouble arose over the question whether the inhabitants might continue to use it for what they deemed its natural purpose—viz., to throw into it their slops, their beef bones, and all and sundry. Sergeant P. declared they must not, and, for a brief period, endeavoured to force his will upon the community. Those who benefited by a back access could escape his vigilance, but many were obliged to reach the sewer down the man street. Then a sight for the gods was the spectacle of some irritable, perplexed, frightened housewife peeping out of her front door and waiting until Sergeant P.'s broad back had receded far down the street—then her dash with a pail of slops to the ditch and back again.

Sergeant P. was the man who made the famous remark about French people (whom he does not understand, and consequently does not like): "These 'ere people talk and talk, but I'm darned if they understand their own blooming language."

In his company I have collected names of flowers in the little gardens round about. Some of the names are cottage rather than classic. But we tried all we could to get them correct. Marigold, pansies and violas, begonias and petunias, small shrubs of fuchsias, geraniums, dahlias (Black Prince), stocks, candytuft, small snapdragons, nasturtiums, pyrethrum, chrysanthemum to come, thrift for borders, love-lies-bleeding—a spiky-leaved blood-red flower—thyme, pinks, and sweet williams.

From 20,000 Reports on the Curative Value of the Muller System,

which is advocated and used by Lord Alverstone, Lord Nunburnholme, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Ex-President Roosevelt, Sir Malcolm Fox, Sir William Crawford, J.P., Viscount Hill, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mrs. Alfred Illingworth, Alderman Broadbent, J.P., Rev. F. B. Meyer, and has also received Medical endorsement so weighty and complete as to leave no loophole for doubt as to its soundness.

Digestive and Intestinal Ailments.

Indigestion, Constipation, Headaches.

"Before commencing your exercises I was in a very bad state and had constipation. Now my digestion has become perfect, my bowels act regularly, and I can continue my studies the whole day without ever having headaches."

The "Wonderful System."

"The stomach can now digest anything. The constipation has entirely disappeared, and the same is the case with the rheumatism. The joints and the muscles are again as supple as in my twentieth year and the complexion as fresh. All this is due to your wonderful System. I am 51 years of age."

Stomach Troubles Cured in One Week.

"Through close application to office work for many years I became afflicted with flatulence, oppression of the stomach and indigestion. . . . After a week's practice of the Muller System I had got rid of all my stomach troubles."

After Indigestion for 20 Years.

"Indigestion had me in its claws for a matter of 20 years. Open air (two hours at least every day and as much more as possible), aided by Muller's breathing exercises every morning, has placed me in the happy position of being able to eat anything."

Marvellous Success in Five Weeks.

"If there is an elixir of life it must be the Muller System. It is not a system, it is a miracle, and that it works wonders I can prove! Five weeks ago I began with all energy to do the exercises. The success after this short time is marvellous, especially because for two years I have had a stomach trouble which it has entirely removed."

Young and Healthy at 76.

"I am now 76 years old. . . . Since I started to do the exercises in your System daily my digestion has been considerably better. I never now suffer from constipation, and I have grown more energetic in my movements. . . . Many ladies of my acquaintance ask me what I have done to look so healthy and youthful. My answer is: 'I follow the System of J. P. Muller.'"

Lung Complaints.

The Cure for Colds.

"Before taking up your System I was always having colds, but I have since thrown off all my woollen underclothing, and am simply wearing a shirt and no waistcoat, and have had no cold since."

"I am 65 years old . . . formerly very easily caught cold, but have quite lost that tendency since I began to use your System."

After Influenza, Bronchitis, and Pleurisy.

"For 5 years I have performed daily the 18 exercises of the Muller System, and the result is wonderful. In these 5 years I have had no illness, neither influenza nor colds. My lungs and my heart are now normal, and I am strong and healthy."

Asthma.

"I had contracted asthma and indigestion with general debility and other ailments in its trail. I commenced the Muller System and performed the movements regularly, with the result that to-day I have practically cured the asthma, from which I had suffered for about 6 years."

"Being troubled with bronchial asthma and sciatica, I was recommended by a doctor to take up your exercises, from which I have derived much benefit."

Uric Acid Troubles.

Sciatica and Rheumatism.

"Since practising your System I have been quite free from sciatica and every sort of

rheumatism, gout, and so on, and I feel now, at 52 years of age, much stronger than I did ten years ago."

Supple and Hardened after Rheumatic Fever.

"I owe you especial thanks, because from being a gouty boy weakened by rheumatic fever, with a narrow chest and susceptible to cold, I am now a young man who is more healthy and strong, more supple and hardened, than most people."

Muscular Rheumatism.

"I began at 57 years of age to do the exercises. The result has been the following: The rheumatism in the legs, arms, and shoulders I have quite got rid of. The long-standing asthma has been entirely cured by the breathing exercises, and the body become so hardened that now I never catch colds."

Obesity.

"When I started your System, three months ago, I was too stout, weighing 14 st., measuring 39 ins. round the waist. To-day I am 11st. 2 lbs., and 33½ ins. round the waist."

"I lost 17 lbs. in 7 weeks, and at 60 years of age I am as vigorous and healthy as it is possible to be."

"I am 53 years old, and formerly suffered from gout and rheumatism. . . . My present joy of life, not known for many years, is solely due to your System. . . . I have worked off superfluous fat to the extent of about 25 lbs."

Neurasthenia.

Delicate for Many Years.

"I came, a pronounced neurasthenic, to the University. . . . I was in delicate health for many years. . . . my nerves would not improve. . . . Then I commenced the Muller System, and soon afterwards I felt like a new man. . . . I consider your System the best of all hygienic, curative, and strengthening remedies."

Neurasthenia and Stomach Pains.

"I suffered from neurasthenia and acute pains in the stomach, but all that has now passed and my digestion is splendid."

Insomnia and Nerves.

"I have not had a sore throat since I began the Muller System. . . . Besides this hardening the System acts very beneficially on the nerves. . . . I have never slept so well as after the rubbing exercises. . . . Your system has produced appetite, sleep, regularity of bodily habit, joy of life and love of work."

Melancholia Banished.

"After only a month I felt very well, and now I cannot do without the daily bath and



A line drawing of a photograph of Boeghelberg's life-size statue of Lieut. Muller (Royal Danish Engineers).

exercises. . . . Sometimes I used to be quite ill from melancholia, but the System has helped me to get rid of this."

General Health.

Real Joy of Life.

"I am 51 years of age, and have done the exercises in the Muller System for three months. I feel very greatly benefited in health from it. I sleep well, the digestion is excellent, and the joy of life is a reality to me."

Gained Strength and Weight.

"I have been going through your exercises for about a year, and feel much stronger than when I started. I have gained 20 pounds in weight, and a much better development."

Improved Figure.

"I have worked at them steadily for 16 months, and my whole figure has altered in shape and my health is excellent."

Rejuvenated at 69.

"Though I am over 69 years of age, I feel quite a different and younger man from what I was four months since."

Much Benefit in Two Weeks.

"For a fortnight I have followed your exercises daily, gaining such benefit that I can safely say that I have never felt so well in my life. My heart, lungs, liver, stomach and kidneys are, thanks to the Muller System, in the pink of condition. I feel as hearty and as young as when I was a boy, and although working hard all day, I never feel weary or dull."

Never Too Late.

"I am delighted with the results of the Muller System, as also are the members of my family. Seeing that I am in my 79th year, I can fearlessly say that it is 'never too late to mend.'"

Personal Instruction.

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THE GENTLEMANLY TURK.

By R. A. Scott-James.

"THE Turk," said a traveller who had exhausted his vocabulary in abusing the other inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire, "the Turk is a perfect gentleman."

It seemed an insufficient description when one remembered certain painful episodes which no Turcophile could deny, episodes in which it is hard to discover either gentleness or gentility. Also we have known Turks not averse from the practice of bribery, and capable of that kind of prevarication which in this country is called lying. We have even known Turks—among them Enver Pasha—who have combined the cheap vulgarity of the West with an Hamidian aptitude for bloodthirsty intrigue. But I have known many who were likeable, humane and "gentlemanly."

I should like to think that the type was fairly represented by that dignified Vali of Adrianople who received me at his home in his capital. With the appearance of real regret rather than apology, he made amends for some trouble to which the gendarmes had put me on my arrival in his Province. He had sent his Director of Political Affairs to call on me, and excused himself for not having come in person. He showed me over every room in his palace, excepting, of course, those in the women's quarters, pointing out some fine carved furniture and some paintings, including several by his daughter, who was soon to be married; and told me why there are just 999 windows in the mosque of the Sultan Selim. (The Sultan, it appears, wanted to have as many windows as possible in his magnificent mosque, and the number selected seemed more numerous and more impressive than a round thousand.)

An Anachronism.

For us, in England, the Turk has long ceased to be wholly a creature of wild legend and mystery. To-day we are compelled to regard him as an anachronism which by a strange chance has survived among the body-politics of the world, an antiquity which some would preserve as they preserve ruined castles, which others would destroy because it is dangerous. For centuries the whole of Christendom has been at war with him. For centuries he was to us merely the "infidel," just as we were to him the "giaours." He was the barbarian who despoiled the capital of the Eastern Greek Empire, and drove from Constantinople the scholars who brought the Renaissance to us. His was the irresistible horde which swept across Hungary and threatened Europe at the gates of Vienna. Then the flood began to recede, leaving devastated regions to be reclaimed by Christendom. He was driven out of Hungary. The Greeks, the Serbians, the Roumanians, and the Bulgarians, each in turn threw off the yoke.

But for half a century he has ceased to be the universally dreaded "infidel." More often, in our modern tolerance, we speak of the "faithful" as if Moslems had the first claim to religious orthodoxy. For decades it was Great Britain's settled policy, established by Disraeli, to maintain the "integrity of Turkey," a phrase which implied that the Ottoman Empire was in danger of crumbling to pieces. It had become the "sick man" of Europe, and the average Englishman, shuddering at the atrocities denounced by Mr. Gladstone, thought of the "unspeakable" or the "incurable" Turk. At last, whilst many liked him personally because he was picturesque, almost everyone inveighed against him because he was incapable of governing.

But what, after all, is this Turk who has been held up, now as a terrible ogre like that "Black Douglas" whose name terrified children in the Middle Ages, now as a sick incompetent, now as a last refuge of the "faithful," now as an effeminate child of the harem? Or what is the relation of those unconquerable Osmanlis who followed Othman to the shores of the Bosphorus, and established the Ottoman Empire with its capital at Brusa, to the motley multitude of people called "Turks" to-day—people who include such diverse types as that dapper bravado Enver Pasha, that courtly diplomatist Hilmi Pasha, that sullen Anatolian private, with the shabby uniform and worn shoes, and that kindly, gentle, patient rustic who works for ever in the fields and is resigned to perpetual poverty?

The blood of the original Osmanlis has been diluted again and again. They were but a tribe of fighting men who established themselves on the ruins of a civilisation. They

multiplied by taking to themselves wives and concubines from the races amongst whom they settled—Greek maidens, Circassians, Armenians; and many women from more distant lands were taken captive and established in the harem; all the blood of the Levant soon mingled in the veins of this conquering race. It became impossible to distinguish between the descendants of the original Turk and those who perforce accepted the Moslem religion and the yoke of the Sultan. Millions of people who have little, if any, Osmanli blood in their veins call themselves Turks to-day; though there still exist within the empire many clearly defined Moslem races—the Arabs, for instance, and the Albanians—who cling to their own race and refuse to be absorbed.

Mixed Bloods.

But putting aside the Christians and certain clearly differentiated Moslem peoples, there emerged from this mixture of blood a type which we know as that of the modern Turk. It may be seen especially in the population of Stamboul, in Thrace, in Anatolia, and amongst the military and governing classes scattered over the whole Empire. It has acquired a common character through submission to the same system of government, through the observance of the social and religious code of Moslemism, and through the mere fact that it has been sharply distinguished from the less submissive Christians and the Jews.

The humbler Turk of the country districts is hard working, ignorant, and very poor. He is unenterprising, long-suffering, patient, and hardy. The menfolk are taken away for years of service in the army, where, till lately, their pay was long in arrears, and they were hungry and ill-clad. They are apathetic, kindly, easily pleased; they can endure hunger and hardship in war; they are very brave as long as they believe that Allah has willed victory to their arms, but they are apt to go to pieces under defeat. When their blood is up and the fighting spirit is in them they are as ferocious as they are reputed to be, especially against a despised Christian enemy. But it is unfair to judge them by their occasional cruelties. When a man is parted for years from wife and friends and put in a strange province; is allowed to be hungry, ill-clad, hard-worked, and unpaid; is taught to regard the Christian as a "Giaour" who immorally exposes the faces of his women; and is then armed with a loaded gun—the result, under the stress of violence, may be imagined.

Such are the rank and file of the men who are opposing us now in the Dardanelles. They are fighting-men, constantly engaged now against this foe, now against that, and they do as they are told. They will oppose us with splendid bravery and bloody ferocity to-day and they would be ready to be friends with us to-morrow. Above all things they would like to go back to their homes, to be left to till their fields or ply their trades, with leisure to sip their coffee at intervals and smoke their cigarettes.

European Influence.

But their destinies lie, under Allah, in the hands of the officers and the politicians, and these two classes have changed not a little in recent years. The change amongst the officers came not so much through European influences as through antagonism to them. Their pride revolted at the sight of Europeans riding about in their own country and interfering in their internal politics; they blamed Abdul Hamid and his system; they allied themselves with the politicals—the Young Turks—and overthrew the Hamidian régime. It was the worst element in the Young Turkish party which came to the front and ruled by pandering to the Army and terrorising opponents. In the hotbed of intrigue at Constantinople only the least scrupulous or the completely obscure could survive. It is strange that such a man as Enver Pasha should ever have come to rule an Empire. I met the man after the revolution, but before he had become the supreme autocrat that he is now. It was hard to believe that this neat, dandified little man had stirred the soldiers to a flame of revolt, that it was indeed he who had set up the standard of "liberty and fraternity." He learnt his manners in Paris and Munich. He learnt religion under those who retail Auguste Comte. A freethinker and a fop, a demagogue with the soul of a Robespierre, his true qualities were appreciated in Berlin.

THE TRAGEDY OF EUROPE.

By The Editor.

OWEN WISTER is one of the best known novelists in America. He wrote "The Virginian," which promises to be a future classic in the literature of the United States; it is a book for which many British readers have cause to be grateful, for it has carried them to a new world vivid with old humanity. Now he has brought out a little volume (Macmillan, 2s.) dealing with the war and entitled *The Pentecost of Calamity*, Emerson's couplet being quoted at the head of the opening chapter:

Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with flame the countless host.

There are in this country (and we respect them when we meet them) certain gentle souls who, amid all the carnage and horror that rages round them, still cling to their old ideal of "peace on earth, goodwill toward men." They are not political persons with axes to grind, nor yet faddists, but very earnest men and women who will not lightly forego their belief in the goodness of human nature, and who reproach themselves in secret for not entertaining towards their enemies the love which they hold should include all mankind. To these idealists do we particularly commend Mr. Wister's volume; they will find much to comfort them here.

He comes forward as an admirer of German ways and methods before the war. Not the least charming of his pages contain a sketch of the pleasant life at Nauheim in the early summer of 1914. "Everything was well planned and everything worked. I thought of America, where so many things look beautiful on paper and so few things work, because nobody keeps the rules. . . . In Nauheim everybody kept the rules. There was no breakdown, no failure." He and his fellow-countrymen were all struck with the contentment in the German face. It seemed to them the dominating note among the old and young of both sexes. One Sunday afternoon, on a chance visit to Frankfurt, the Opera House was entered; it was found to be full of children—nearly 2,000 between the ages of ten and fifteen. The little old opera "Czaar und Zimmermann" was given. The cost of each seat was sixpence. He learnt that it was an experiment to interest young school children in classic music.

Nothing can efface this memory, nothing can efface the whole impression of Germany; in retrospect this picture rises clear—the fair aspect and order of the country and the cities, the well-being of the people, their contented faces, their grave adequacy, their kindliness; and, crowning all material prosperity, the feeling for beauty shown by their gardens, and, better and more important still, the reverent value for their great native poets and musicians, so attentive, so cherishing, seeing to it that the young generation began early its acquaintance with the masterpieces that are Germany's heritage.

The end of this part of the story is told in these words: "It was on the 7th day of June, 1914, that Frankfurt assembled her school children in the Opera House to further their taste and understanding of Germany's supreme national art. Exactly eleven months later, on May 7, 1915, a German torpedo sank the *Lusitania*; and the cities of the Rhine celebrated this also for their school children."

"Nothing in the whole story of mankind is more strange than the case of Germany—how Germany through generations has been carefully trained for this wild spring at the throat of Europe which she has made." Mr. Owen Wister diagnoses the disease skillfully but in such quiet phrases. "Germany's mania," he says, "is analogous to those mental epidemics of the Middle Ages when fanaticism, usually religious, sent entire communities into various forms of madness." "With America and France war made way for independence, liberty, and freedom, political and moral; Ger-

many would establish everywhere her absolute military despotism." He states that "the case of Germany is the Prussianising of Germany," and gives his reasons in a few clear and succinct paragraphs. (The whole book, let us state here, can be read in a couple of hours.) Two or three illuminative anecdotes are given, of which the most remarkable is the following:

Like the bewitched dwarfs in certain old magic tales, whose talk reveals their evil without their knowing it, Germans constantly utter words of the most naïf and grotesque self-betrayal—as when the German Ambassador (Prince Lichnowsky) was being escorted away from England and was urged by his escort not to be so downcast, the war being no fault of his. He answered in sincere sadness:

"Oh, you don't realise! My future is broken. I was sent to watch England and tell my Emperor the right moment for him to strike, when England's internal disturbances would make it impossible for her to fight us. I told him the moment had come."

And so we arrive at the war itself, with all its death, torment, suffering, and untold misery. "But Calamity has its Pentecost. When its mighty wind rushed over Belgium and France, and its tongues of fire sat on each of them, they, too, like the Apostles in the New Testament, began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance. Their words and deeds have filled the world with a splendour the world had lost. The flesh, that has dominated our day and generation, fell away in the presence of the Spirit. I have heard Belgians bless the martyrdom and awakening of their nation. Frenchmen have said to me: 'For forty-four years we have been unhappy, in darkness, without health, without faith, believing the true France dead. Resurrection has come to us.' Every

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day deeds of faith, love, and renunciation are done by the score and hundred which will never be recorded, and every one of which is noble enough to make an immortal song." Could this eternal truth have been uttered more wisely or more beautifully?

Mr. Wister is evidently not satisfied in his heart with the attitude to the war which his own country has taken hitherto. He makes no reproaches, but in one place he observes: "To speak of the Old World and the New World is to speak in a dead language. The world is one. All humanity is in the same boat. America can no more separate itself from the destiny of Europe than it can escape the natural laws of the universe." Here we must close our review of this exquisite document. It is a book that is not only a pleasure but a duty to read. As the author clearly has sympathy with the Germany he knew in ante-bellum days, we feel we owe it to him to give this final citation:

If Germany's tragedy be, as I think, the deepest of all, the hope is that she, too, will be touched by the Pentecost of Calamity, and pluck her soul from Prussia, to whom she gave it in 1870. Thus shall the curse be lifted.

BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

"A Russian Comedy of Errors." By George Kennan. (George Allen and Unwin.) 6s.

Mr. Kennan deals mainly with the side of Russian life that is most familiar to British readers, the revolutionary side, including glimpses of life—existence would be a better word—in the great political prison of Peter and Paul and in Siberia. Here, however, is no attempt at emulation of the fat boy in making one's flesh creep, but a plain, common-sense recital of things seen and heard.

There is, for instance, an intensely interesting account of the escape of Prince Krapotkin, and there is also the history of a tiny republic established by the diggers in a Siberian goldfield, a remarkably successful experiment in representative government. The stories apparently form a judicious selection from a mass of available material, and the book, as a whole, is worthy of more than the passing interest generally accorded to volumes of its class.

"Guy and Pauline." By Compton Mackenzie. (Martin Secker.) 6s.

Although not so much of a prig as the poor hero of "Sinister Street," Guy is still a prig, and the disagreeable consciousness of this pursues us through the pages of this book, in which Mr. Mackenzie is gravely in danger of declining to a "precious" style of writing.

Setting aside minor problems of the book, it may be said that Guy, engaged to Pauline, tried to persuade himself that art—of which he was a very amateur exponent—was of more moment than life and love, and finally Pauline broke off the engagement—and broke her own heart. Paradoxically enough, although the story itself is so small, the book is an advance on "Sinister Street," and it is refreshingly free of the juvenile descriptions of the half-world which made that earlier work disagreeably sordid in parts.

It is clever, and would be more than clever if only Guy were not so priggish.

"Gloria, a Girl of the Veldt." By Charlotte Mansfield. (Holden and Hardingham.) 6s.

The plot of this story is commonplace enough, but it is not always the plot that counts. Gloria is interesting, and the author knows how to make all her characters interesting, while, above all, she has the gift of conveying atmosphere in almost equal degree to Olive Schreiner herself.

To one who has known South Africa the book will recall scores of little traits of the life of the country, and will recreate its scenes, not with tiresome photographic fidelity, but rather with the actuality and atmosphere of good drawing. Not that the book is all veldt, for there is enough of Gloria and her people, of that cute scoundrel Petrus Dutoit, and of Louis Martino to make a good story and one well worth perusal.

Miss Mansfield combines with a fitting reverence for the things of Nature a fine sense of psychological values; she attains her effects by simple methods and thereby makes them more telling. In Gloria she has delineated a character worth knowing, and in this story of "Gloria" she has produced a book that ought not to be missed.

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Now and again—generally at widely separated intervals—technical knowledge and literary power occur in one individual in combination with a desire to mark, by the published word, the progress and state of a particular science or sport.

In the remarkable and handsome volume, "Rifles and Ammunition and Rifle Shooting,"* we are fortunate in having such an ideal combination in duplicate. Of the two authors, Lieut. H. Ommundsen (now with the H.A.C. fighting in France) is known and admired throughout the British Empire for his extraordinary skill with the rifle, for his sound knowledge of the rifle and its shooting, and for his readiness and ability to place this knowledge at the disposal of those of his less fortunately blessed brethren who are also devoted to the rifle. The other, Mr. Ernest H. Robinson, is hardly less celebrated on account of his skill with the miniature rifle, of his ardent work on behalf of the miniature rifle movement, through which so many thousands of those now in the British Army became skilled shots before they became soldiers, but perhaps mainly by reason of his highly developed skill with the long range match rifle and of his researches, through that part of the sport of rifle shooting, into the deeper problems of the science of the subject.

Much could be expected from material that might be written by these experts for the benefit of others interested in rifle shooting, especially as Mr. Robinson, by reason of his connection with the literary profession, is so well adapted to convey technical knowledge in the best and simplest clothing of words. Those who, like the writer of this short review, have awaited the publication of the work with some impatience, have found their expectations more than fully realised.

The history of the rifle and its ammunition is dealt with in the first half of the work. The salient points of progress are taken—the rotation of projectiles by means of rifled barrels, the development of the breech-loader and the evolution of the present day military pattern bolt action, the adoption of the brass cartridge case and the gradual building up of the complete cartridge as we now know it, the reduction in diameter of the bore of the barrel and the lengthening of bullets and so on—and a few delightful essays are woven around them so that the story of evolution may be read and enjoyed, but nevertheless fully understood, without those frequent breaks away generally thought necessary for the study of the many individual models and types.

We are finally and gently led by way of a critical examination of modern military rifles in which the British Lee-Enfield shows up as the best in use in the Great War, to some speculation as to the weapons and ammunition of the future. The sporting rifle and its ammunition are dealt with in a similar but briefer manner.

The second half of the book is devoted to practical rifle-shooting, and it is here that the secrets of the skill of the masters are explained simply but in the minutest detail, so that they may be digested and put into practice even by the novice. There is, the authors tell us, nothing mysterious or wonderful about rifle-shooting—a dictum with which many may not be inclined to agree—but material enough is found for several chapters of sound advice on physical condition, trigger-pulling, eye-training, distance-judging, wind allowances, mirage, aiming, and other important points connected with the correct delivery of the bullet at the object to be hit. There is, besides, much of interest on British and foreign rifle associations, the care of the rifle, and the '220 practice rifle. There is also a chapter on simple ballistics. In the last named, the thoughtful rifleman will find simple and ingenious ways of bridging part of the worrying mathematics.

The book, which is copiously illustrated with 65 plates will, no doubt, take its place without dissent with those of Greener, Fremantle and Walsh, as a classic on the subject. Even those who are not rifle-shooters will find a lot to interest them relating to present day military rifles and their history, whilst to those who do shoot the work is indispensable mainly for the sake of the written word of two master riflemen on the practical part of the subject, and incidentally as a store of knowledge to which constant reference will undoubtedly be made.

* *Rifles and Ammunition and Rifle Shooting*, H. Ommundsen and E. H. Robinson. Cassell & Co., Ltd. 21s. net.

In *A Woman's Diary of the War* (Nelson and Sons, 1s. net) Miss S. Macnaughtan pictures the part that the woman plays behind the firing-line, and the picture is well drawn. The book is concerned more with the wreckage that war causes than with war itself, and its stories of the heroism of the wounded, its descriptions of the Belgian and French countrysides and men, are well worth perusal, implying rather than telling the fighting spirit of our Allies on the Western front, as well as that of our own men.

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THE WEST END

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary and Prince Henry, visited the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond, which has been presented to her Majesty by the Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute, and handed over by the Queen to the British Red Cross Society to be a permanent Home for totally disabled and paralysed Sailors and Soldiers. A more fitting site for this pathetic purpose could not have been chosen. It will be one of the great memorials of the war.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are now in Scotland with their children. The Duke is making an excellent recovery after his recent very severe operation.

Lord Derby has been down with influenza. Since his previous illness a few months ago he has had to be careful of himself, or rather he ought to have been careful of himself, for as a matter of fact he has worked as hard as ever. He is not only Colonel of five battalions, but also a Commodore in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and has won the reputation of being the finest recruiting sergeant in the British Army. He enjoys unbounded popularity in Lancashire. A firm believer in National Service he has set his face steadily against all agitation and been content to wait for superior orders.

Lord and Lady Duncannon's second son was christened at St. James's, Piccadilly, last week, and was called Desmond Neufize. It was in June, 1912, that Lord Duncannon married the only daughter of Baron de Neufize of Paris. Anglo-French unions have not been common in the British peerage, but in the future they will probably

occur more frequently. Lord and Lady Duncannon have now two sons, the elder was two last March.

The Anglo-French union which is most commonly referred to was the marriage of the fourth Marquess of Lansdowne with the eldest of the five daughters of Comte de Flahault-de-la-Billardrie; their eldest son is the present Lord Lansdowne. But the Comte de Flahault had himself married a Scottish lady who on the death of a cousin became Baroness Nairne in her own right, previously succeeding her father as Baroness Keith, so there was a dual connection between the two countries.

Mr. William Harris, of Ritz-Carlton fame, has returned from New York where he went on business some weeks ago. His friends are delighted to see him looking stronger and better than he has done for many months past.

To Bath many well-known people still wend their way. Recent arrivals at the Empire hotel include Hersey Lady Linlithgow and Lord Charles Hope and Lady Clementine Waring. Harrogate is also doing well; Lord Kintore has been there and Mrs. Lionel Guest.

M. Pierre Cartier, who has been on the staff of an Admiral of France since the war began, was in London last week. He is on sick leave, having been temporarily invalidated after a severe attack of diphtheria and is on his way to New York, for the doctors have ordered him a sea voyage. M. Pierre laughed at the idea of Cartier following Worth's example and closing their London house, especially to-day when France and Britain stand closer

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IDEALISM AFTER WAR

We have heard much talk about a "war to end war," and there have been a few theorists who have attempted to forecast the conditions of perpetual peace. Few of us can feel sanguine about so desirable an end, but all are now realising that when the Prussian system has been crushed and Europe is re-settled, it will be of paramount importance to seek to remove the conditions which make for war, and create conditions which make for peace. Mr. Hobson, idealist as he is, is very far from being a vain Utopian. His is one of those strong, active, fertile minds singularly equipped for such a problem as this. He knows the dangers and the follies of sentimental pacifism. He is an expert student of institutions, and equally a student of life. An exact thinker and a sane observer, he has just that elasticity supremely necessary for one who would appreciate the vast changes wrought by the war. He sees the old diplomacy bankrupt, mere pacifism discredited, treaties that have become waste-paper. By what method, after this war, can the perpetual menace be removed or mitigated? This he discusses in *Towards International Government*, a book lately published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin (2s. 6d.).

There are two schools of idealists who are to-day addressing themselves to this problem. The one thinks that the solution can be found by dividing up Europe according to the principle of nationality. If national and racial aspirations are satisfied, it is contended, one of the chief causes of war will have been removed. The other school—and to this Mr. Hobson belongs—believes that we must start at the other end; that we must break away from the limits of nationalism, and work towards an international government and an international habit of thought.

Old Diplomacy

Now all that Mr. Hobson has to say pre-supposes that we and other civilised nations must free international politics from that type of diplomatist who has endangered Europe for a hundred years.

At present international relations are determined by a controlling *personnel* whose ideas, interests, sentiments, and modes of dealing are utterly unfitted to express the needs or will of the nations which they mis-represent, or to work towards the establishment of permanently peaceful relations between nations.

Diplomacy is conducted in an atmosphere of estrangement, suspicion, or positive antagonism, and proceeds by intrigue, deceit, bluff or bargaining to seek a settlement which it may fail to reach and which, if it is reached, expresses either an unsatisfying and unconvincing compromise or the triumph of one party, the failure of the other.

From the old type of diplomatist Mr. Hobson urges that we have nothing to expect. We must set up institutions which depend on men representing the great popular interests and sentiments of their nations. He attempts to build on the basis of machinery which already exists. That of the Hague, he insists, has only proved impotent because it was insufficient, because there was no power behind it. He suggests that all the nations, or as many as possible, should agree to submit all arbitrable questions to an international Court of Arbitration, sitting permanently; and that they should agree to abide by its award.

Worthless Devices

But such devices for settling disputes are worthless unless there is some power for enforcing the verdict. This is the crux of the whole question. Mr. Hobson does not shrink from a bold leap of creative statesmanship in setting up a Permanent International Council composed of representatives from all the nations belonging to the League of Peace, a Council which should have executive and even legislative powers. This, in fact, though the author would shrink from the term, is nothing else than a world Parliament. It is true it does not trench upon the sovereign rights of separate nations, but it evidently reserves to itself the power to declare where sovereign rights end. It has no army of its own, but it can call upon the separate states to lend armies for its police work. It will have no power, presumably, of levying taxes, but it can proclaim an economic boycott, and insist on the principle of local autonomy.

These questions are too numerous, and too large, to be discussed within the limits of our space. Mr. Hobson knows that he is making big proposals. He knows that the traditional diplomat would laugh them to scorn. But will the peoples, after this war, permit their representatives to reject all such proposals? "The immensity of the need," he suggests, "will evoke the necessary will and the faith and courage to essay the large experiment." Students at any rate will be grateful to Mr. Hobson for the exactitude with which he has elaborated his proposals, and the general reader will find his book fruitful and stimulating.

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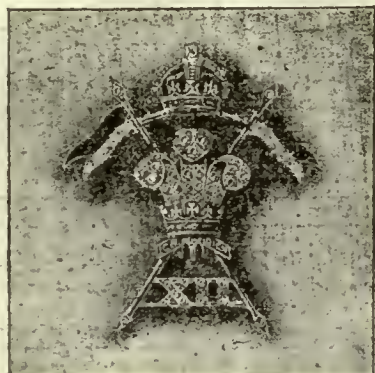
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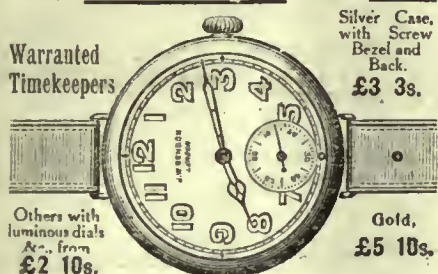
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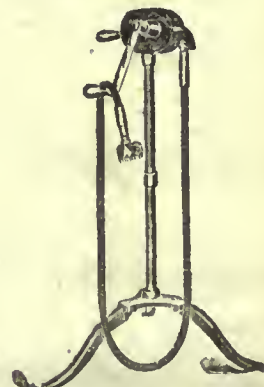
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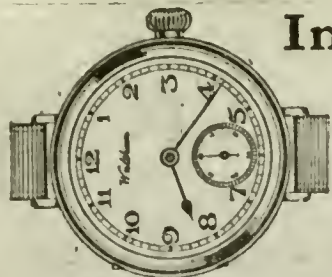
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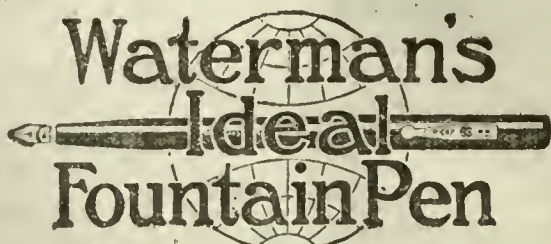
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THE GREAT OFFENSIVE.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

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In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE great offensive in the West, which was refused last June on account of the situation in Galicia, has begun.

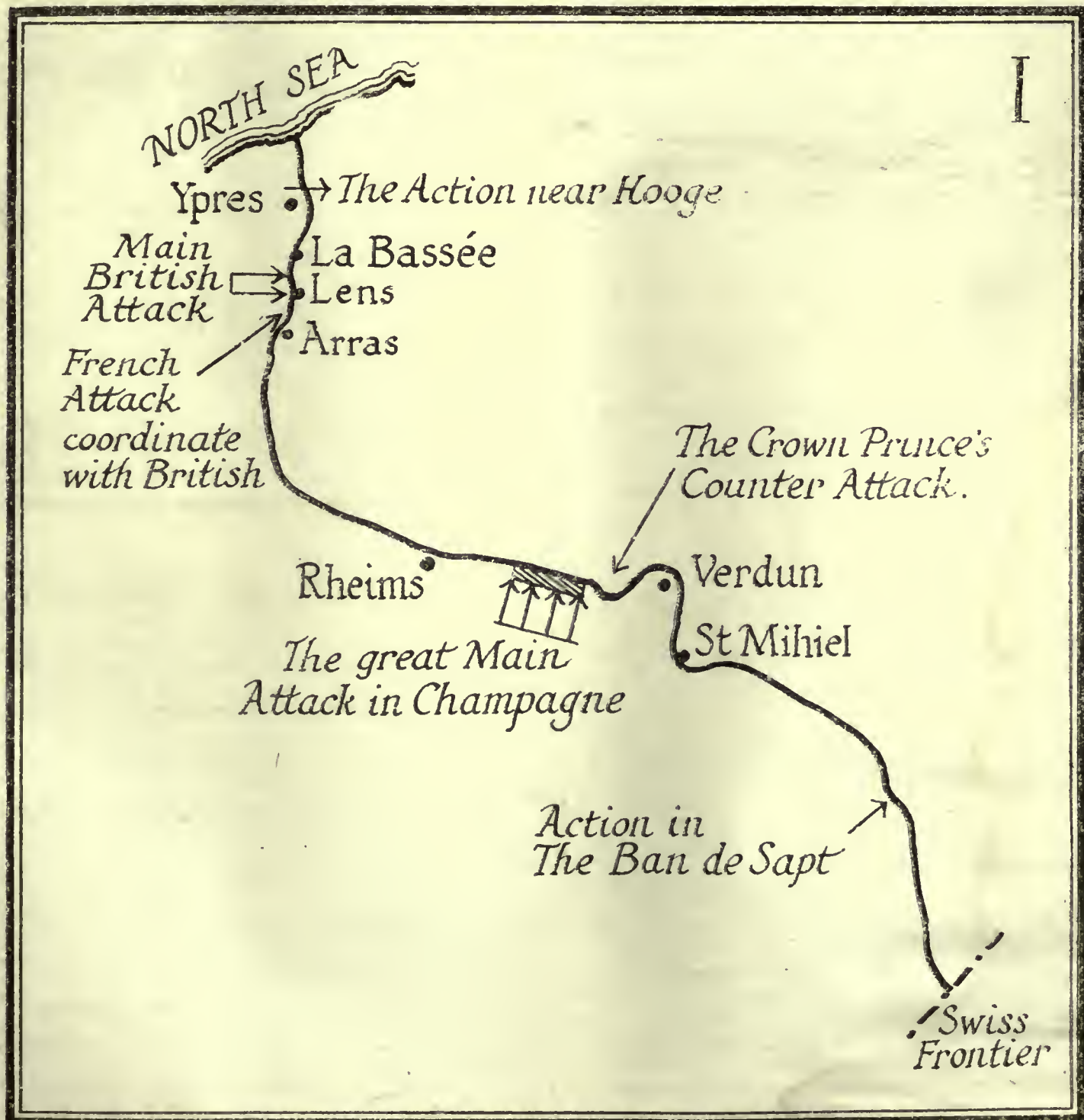
For some reason rather puzzling to a student of war, not a few authorities in this country, even among the instructed, imagined that the various offensive movements that had taken place in the spring and early summer were each of them an abortive attempt to develop the great offensive, and the belief that each had failed was an unfortunate aid to those who have made it their practice, for reasons of their own, to depress opinion in this country.

It should have been perfectly clear all through

what the great offensive would be, and how it might be distinguished. Its marks have been frequently repeated in these columns. It would be preceded by an intense bombardment throughout the line. It would open with attacks developed upon several distant points at once; the main attempt to effect a breach would be made over a sector, not of two or four miles, but sixteen or twenty. These were the three marks of a movement intended to be decisive. All three have been present this week in France.

After prolonged bombardment, a specially in-

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tense cannonade of three days was followed by five attacks—one before Ypres, one north of Lens, one between Lens and Arras, one north of St. Dié, at the Ban de Sapt, and a fifth, by far the largest, all across that open Champagne country which stretches from Rheims to the Argonne. The main blow here was delivered upon a front of a little under twenty miles in length—to be accurate, 28 kilometres, or 17½ miles, from the village of Aubérive on the west to the little town of Ville-sur-Tourbe on the east. It is this front to which we will have to pay special attention in the developments that follow.

The great offensive began, so far as infantry advance is concerned, with the early morning of last Saturday, the 25th. It continued throughout that day and on into the Sunday. By the evening of that second day it had established itself everywhere in front of the second line of the enemy's defence, save on the extreme ends in the Vosges and before Ypres. The British to the north and south of Lens, the French just to the south of them, north of Arras, the great main blow in the Champagne between Aubérive and Ville-sur-Tourbe, all did the work they set out to do; swept over the battered trenches of the first line, and found themselves at the end of their effort in front of the second.

With a few inconclusive reactions, local counter-offensives that did not develop seriously, that is the story of the two days. Rather more than 20,000 unwounded prisoners were taken, and, what is always the mark of really breaking a defensive organisation, even of the first line only, there was a considerable capture of field-pieces—thirty-three in this first part of the advance alone.

Before proceeding to examine the ground and the nature of the movements in detail, we shall do well to grasp what is being attempted, and how that attempt should be followed.

What is being attempted is, of course, no less than a decision. What is hoped for at the very best is the breaking through of the enemy's defensive as a whole—the separation of his armies.

Failing that (which, as it is the summit of what can be hoped for, is also what should be least expected), the attempt envisages the starting of a retirement, "the shifting of the enemy's defensive," which retirement, once begun, would be kept going indefinitely by a vigorous pursuit and by perpetual superior attacks at selected places, creating salients of the enemy's line and giving opportunities in envelopment. Failing that, a third result, less decisive, again, but momentous *under the particular conditions of the Western war*, is the goal of the offensive. It is the compelling of the enemy to modify his whole front; the forcing of him to fall back from the lines he has held and fortified for over a year to other lines behind, and in the process to lose men and material, to be shaken in moral, to know himself subject immediately to renewed attack, to look at the whole war henceforward from another standpoint than that of the past twelve months, to be in peril for his vitals, which, in the West, lies close behind his lines.

Such are the three superimposed victorious effects, from the greatest to the least, which the success of the great offensive connotes, and even the least would, under the particular conditions of this Western campaign, be amply worth the cost of the effort. The failure of the great offensive would be seen in the con-

tinued presence, after the effort had ceased, of the enemy in or very near to his old lines. The event is, of its nature, one that will not be determined for many days. No one can say while it is developing whether it is approaching or receding from success, for it is not mere occupation of ground, nor even captures of men and guns, that tell us this any more than it is mere blows or black eyes that tell us who is winning in a boxing match. In so vast a movement success, if it comes at all, appears at some critical moment towards the end of a somewhat prolonged and perhaps even struggle. It is not a matter of successive steps that can be each definitely perceived and followed by the observer; that stage comes only after the initial success of such an operation and during the retreat that follows.

Now in grasping the character of this particular great offensive in the West, the very first thing we have to guard ourselves against is an analogy with the corresponding Austro-German operation upon the Dunajec last April and May.

To use a metaphor, the task of the Austro-Germans on the Dunajec last May may be compared to the task of pushing back some obstacle, such as a statue which blocks an entry. The task before the Allies in the West may be rather compared to the fighting back of a living man who blocked the entry. And the reason for this contrast, the truth that makes the metaphor fairly accurate, is this: That on the Dunajec the Russians were known to be lacking in equipment and munitionment. They could not reply effectively to the first distant attack. All the work before actual infantry contact was a foregone conclusion. The Austro-Germans went into that fight with a Higher Command that was able to say to itself: "Here I have in front of me an enemy who can hardly touch my big guns—an enemy whom I can pound at will without any interference *until* it comes to the rifle work from the trenches. Even there his munitionment and equipment is so inferior to mine that this last 'shove' will almost certainly succeed, and if it does succeed he will not for some time after be able to check me. Indeed, I have a good chance of breaking right through him, because he has not an artillery capable of matching mine at all."

If the Austro-German blow on the Dunajec had failed, it would have failed because the very last stage of the operation—the close work with the rifle, and even with the bayonet—would have been more than the Austro-German masses could stand. There comes in the metaphor of the moving of a statue or any other such obstacle. Nothing stops you in your rush at it, and if you fail it will only be because, when you were once in contact, you find the task beyond you.

But the offensive in the West is undertaken against an enemy who, though locally inferior in numbers and upon the whole locally inferior in heavy guns, has ample munitionment, can add to these from great reserves at home, and meets that heavy artillery work which is the necessary preparation for a modern attack by reply of the same kind. All that such an offensive can hope to do is, by *some* superiority in distant bombardment, and by a *considerable* superiority in numbers during the actual attack, to take through a depth of two or three or four or even five thousand yards, a section of the defence, then to consolidate what he has taken, to withstand a

counter-attack, to bring up his heavy guns for the next piece of work, to renew the bombardment, hoping to maintain his superiority therein (which is not overwhelming), to attack again, and so on, pushing forward piece by piece until the whole depth of the defence is pierced. That is why the metaphor comparing it to fighting against a living man is accurate. The blows are met by counter-blows. They do not fall upon a body incapable of efficient reply, and the result is only determined by the excess of energy developed on one side over that developed in the other.

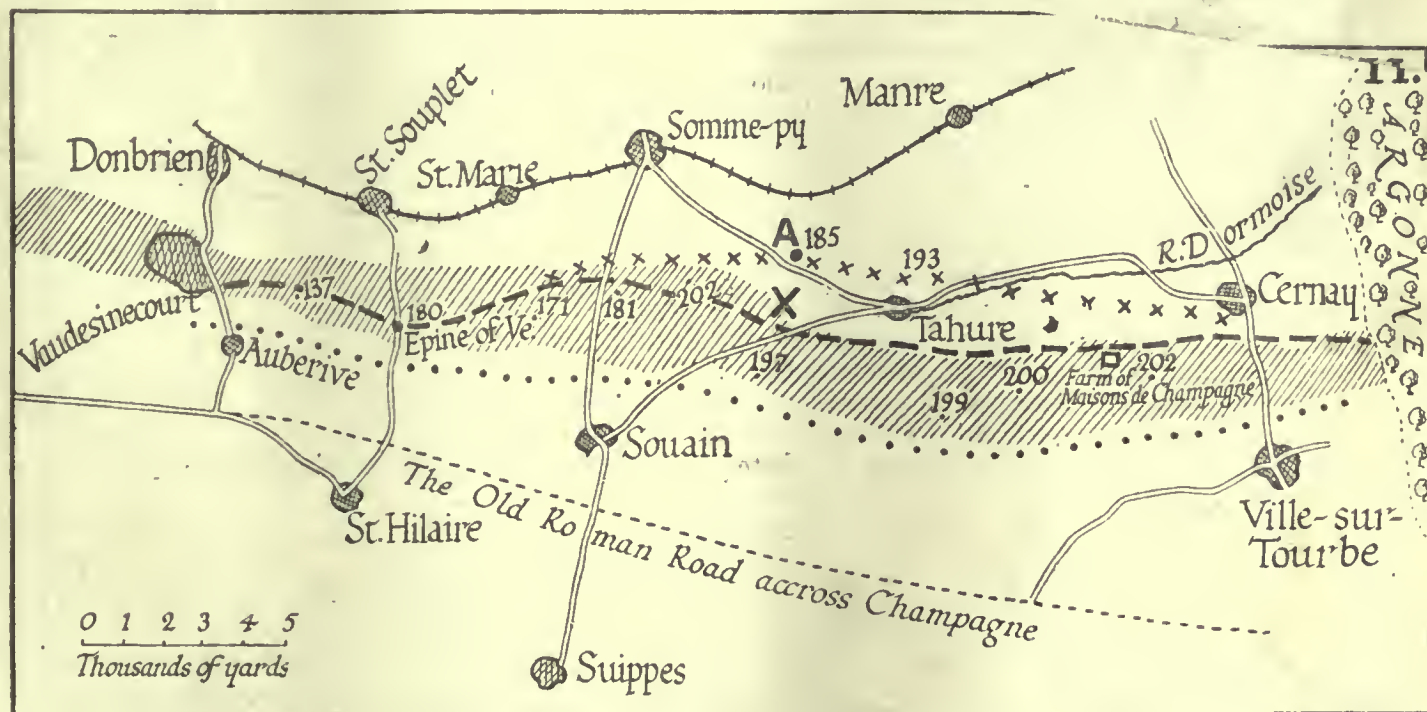
We must, therefore, watch this tremendous news of the next few days under a discipline of reserve, not expecting a continued rapid advance, which is out of the question and has, as a fact, not taken place, but expecting at the best a series of pushes which shall end in the full retirement of the enemy and, at the worst, a halt not far in advance of the line from which the first attacks were delivered.

Meanwhile, apart from the news we shall receive from our own communiqués, we shall do well to read the German communiqués carefully, not discounting too much their natural attempts to belittle the Allied successes or to enhance their own. We shall also do well, in reading those communiqués, to expand their brief phrases by the use of common sense and of analogy with past experiences. We shall note, for instance, in those

unwounded prisoners; the proportion of wounded and

sive north of Lens, next to the French offensive north of Arras, which was co-ordinated with it, and, last, to the minor work at the extremes of the lines before Ypres and in the Ban de Sapt.

On a front of 17½ miles, as we have seen, from the village of Aubérive to the market town of Ville-sur-Tourbe, the French advanced in very great force upon Saturday morning. The first line of the enemy's defence in this region follows for the most part a crest roughly defined by the shaded space in the above sketch. This ridge is not an even one, nor was the whole of it occupied by the German works. In places it had been seized by the French during their work last February, and has been held ever since. Generally speaking, its summits nearly reach, or just surpass, the 200-metre contour, above the sea, but the whole of this country lies so high that such a height only means a matter of 150 to 200 feet above the water levels of the little muddy brooks that run in the folds of the land. It is a country of chalk, but not of dry, turfy chalk, like those of the English Downs; rather a chalk mixed with clay, which makes for bad going after rain. It is the soil over which, further to the east, the battle of Valmy was fought, an action largely determined by the impracticable nature of the ground when wet. On the other hand, it is a soil that dries quickly. The country as a whole is remarkably open. There are no hedges, and the movement of troops is covered only by scattered, not infrequent plantations of pine trees and larches, which grow to no great height. From any



to rank and file in these, the German claims to prisoners on their side (which we know to be nearly equivalent to all those missing after an attack, dead and unwounded as well as prisoners), and so forth.

This said, we can now proceed to the details of the movement.

I.—THE CHIEF MOVEMENT IN CHAMPAGNE.

I will not take the movements in their geographical order, but in the order of their importance, beginning with the main French operation in Champagne, going on to the British offen-

one of the observation posts along the seventeen miles of line one sees the landscape before one as a whole. It is the very opposite of what is called "blind country." On the east, to the right of the French positions, there runs along the horizon the low, even-wooded ridge of the Argonne, which rises immediately behind Ville-sur-Tourbe. Far to the east, from the left, in clear weather one distinguishes the great mass of Rheims Cathedral rising above the town.

The French advance, starting on the Saturday morning from positions roughly those of the dotted line across the above Sketch II., had reached, by the Sunday, a line roughly corresponding to the line of dashes on the same sketch. It

had mastered the greater part of the ridge: in all the eastern half it has passed it; on the western half it was still forcing its way with greater difficulty—the narrowest portion of the advance being in front of the point called Epine de Vede-grange, an isolated building on the side road that leads from St. Hilaire to St. Sonplet, the broadest part of the advance being in front of Sonain, where the farm of Navarin was reached, and a point on the road from Souain to Tahure, marked on the sketch with a cross, just beyond the summit 197. This breadth was maintained all the way eastward, nearly to the Argonne; the farm Maisons de Champagne being held by the French right on the edge of the ridge above the shallow valley of the Dormoise River, which runs just to the north and below.

On Monday the French advance had at one point reached right up to Hill 185, marked upon the above sketch with the letter A, just beyond the road from Sommepey to Tahure, and was not more than one English mile from the railway, but, according to the German report, had made no further progress upon the road from Souain to Sommepey. Further east it had carried Tahure Village and had reached the height 193 immediately to the north of it. It is probable, by the way, that the French report refers to positions later than those of the German report, for the French report is, if I am not mistaken, that of eleven o'clock at night, and the German report that of the afternoon. It would seem, therefore, that on the Monday night sketch.

as do the must, not allow for any considerable French advance on the right or on the left, seeing that there is no mention of this in the French report, and that the German report emphasises the stationary character of the fighting on these extremes.

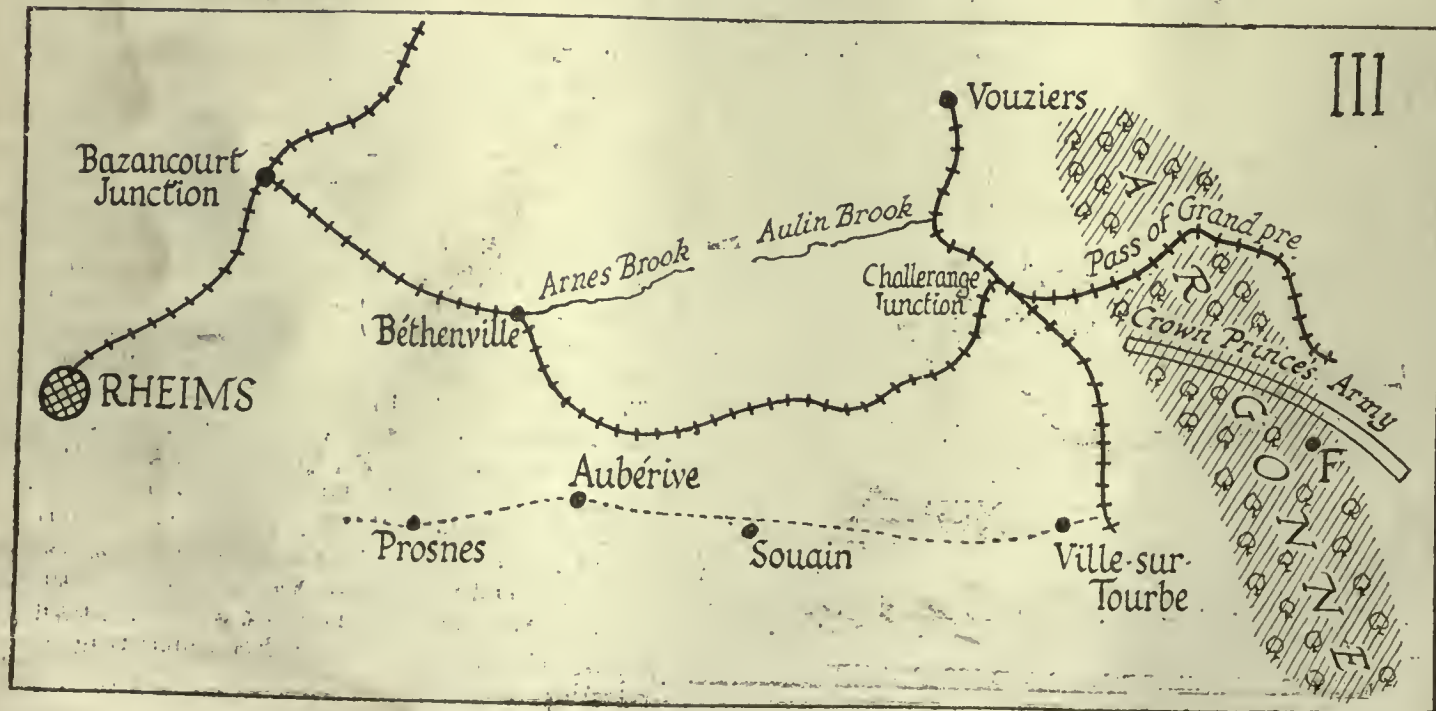
All this initial business of capturing the first group of defences on Saturday and Sunday was made possible by the work of the heavy guns. The second German line, which the French are attacking all this Tuesday as I write, just covers the railway line and the course of the Dormoise: holding the summits immediately above and to the south of that depression. It will, at the moment of writing this, be under the fire of the heavy

pieces which will have been brought up further north for the second stage of the operation, and should that second line be forced it is clear that the railway which runs behind and supplies the German front in this section will be attained.

It is the bringing up of the heavy artillery—a slow job, for it must be done by night, it must be followed by concealment, it involves the advancing of masses of supplies—which constitutes the stages of lull between the stages of attack in such an operation, or, rather, which imposes such lulls more than any other factor in the movement.

The importance of this lateral communication—the railway behind the German line—was, some months ago, insisted upon in these columns when the preliminary French work was being done in this district. This railway unites the Crown Prince's positions, in the Argonne and beyond, with the rest of the German armies and supplies the German front here with its shells and provisions and reinforcements of men. But we must not attach, after so many months, too much importance to this line, because the enemy will have been able in that delay, if he has seized his opportunities, to construct a subsidiary light line in such a fashion that the cutting of this principal railway will still leave him with opportunities of supply.

How this is possible the subjoined Sketch III. will explain. The French line, before the advance, ran as does the line of the railway line at Aubérive (and that is one of the reasons why the Germans here put up their stoutest fight and why the advance at this quarter was less pronounced than elsewhere). But the enemy has had an opportunity of building a railway during all these months from Bethenville to the junction of Challerange. There is a road following a brook valley, that of the Brook Arnes, and from thence above the heights to the Vouziers railway line. By a flat neck over eastward on to the sources of the Aulin brook is a very easy trace, and it is possible that we shall find the enemy to have taken advantage of it. In other words, the capture of the main railway line Bazancourt—Challerange anywhere between Bethenville and Challerange does not necessarily deprive the German front of its avenue of supply in this region.



Note that, following upon the big French blow upon the front Aubérive—Ville-sur-Tourbe, the Crown Prince attempted a diversion by striking once more in the Argonne, upon the flank, as he has struck perhaps fifty times without result in the course of the last winter and summer. The attack was launched up through the woods against the height of Fille Morte (which is just a big stone at a crossing of rides in the Forest), a point where he has attacked so often before. It was upon the classical model, poison gas, dense formations up the hill, four separate charges, a few yards of trenches occupied here and there, and that was for the moment the end of it. It has had no effect (up to the moment of writing) upon the operations to the west, and it probably will have none.

As this goes to press the evening's communiqué has come in to the effect that their second line in the Champagne holds firm. But that news refers to Tuesday morning at latest. We cannot know till after a far longer interval whether the second bombardment has sufficiently shaken the second line to imperil it.

II.—THE BRITISH ATTACK SOUTH OF LA BASSEE.

Meanwhile, far off to the north, the British had struck round and above the position of Lens, between that mining town and La Bassée. This main attack, delivered contemporaneously with the French upon Saturday morning, struck a front of ten to twelve kilometres—that is, from $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The British have here taken over a part of the line which during the winter and spring was held by the French. The attack was launched from Grenay (a village at the junction of the main railway from Lens to Bethune, and the cross line to

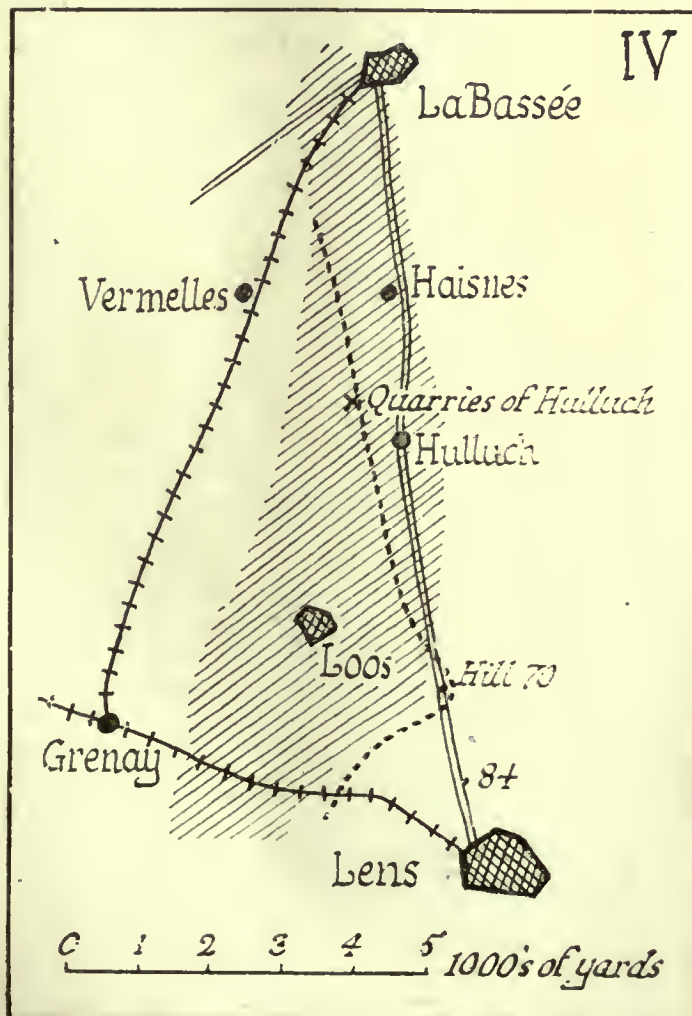
La Bassée) right up to and beyond the ruins of Vermelles, which the French had carried during the winter. It swept over the intervening belt of from one to 4,000 yards, which constituted the first main line of the enemy's defence, roughly indicated on the sketch by the shaded area, occupied the village of Loos and the quarries standing on the slope above the village of Hulluch—a success representing in depth very much what the great French offensive in Champagne had secured.

The western houses of the village of Hulluch were also held, as was the slight rise marked Hill 70, where the main road running south to Lens tops a ridge, not the highest before Lens itself (that position is only just outside the town at Hill 84), but still cutting the road and threatening Lens dangerously from the north. Such was the work of Saturday, and so far as one can gather from the communiqués, the extreme of the British advance corresponded more or less with the dots on the above Sketch IV.

The attack had the effect it was intended to have, and brought all the available enemy reserves on, forbidding their transference elsewhere. This counter-offensive by the enemy had already, apparently, towards the end of Saturday, retaken the quarries of Hulluch and pressed heavily upon the district just north of Loos. On the Sunday, the quarries of Hulluch were retaken by the British; Loos and apparently the point on the road at Hill 70 were retained, and all that the British line at that moment held, from the enemy's bringing up of reserves, was an indentation to the north of Loos, the village itself remaining entirely in British hands.

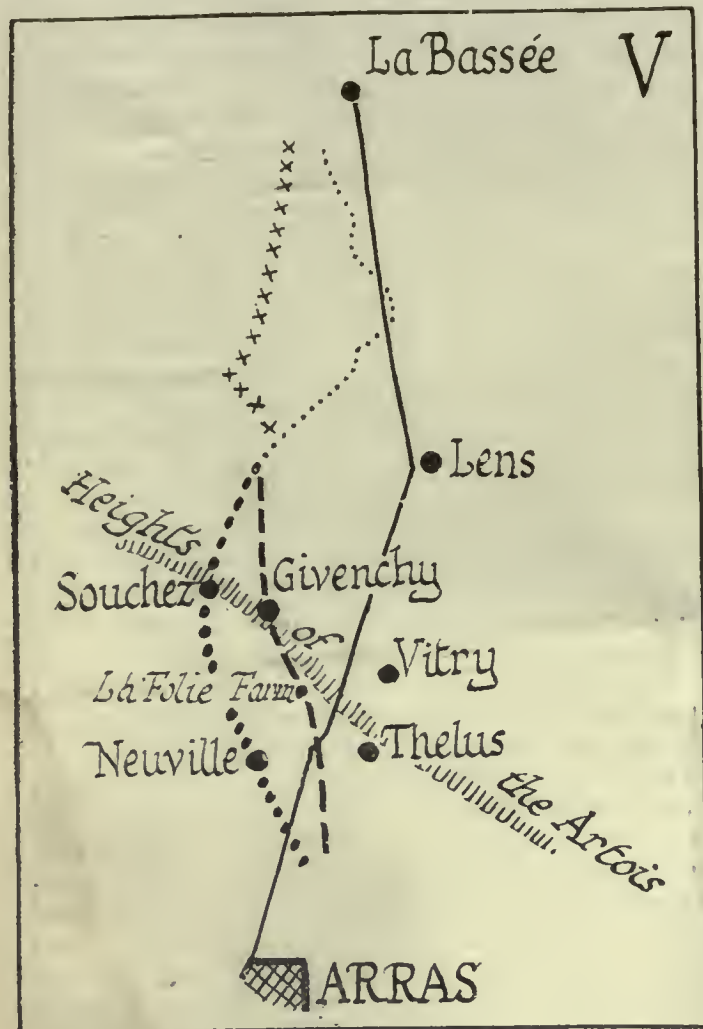
Monday saw a series of violent attacks by the still increasing enemy reserves at this point against the quarries and Hulluch, which, we hear in the Field-Marshal's dispatch of that night, were repulsed with heavy loss, while the advance on to the main road east of Loos continued. The British had by Monday evening captured fifty-three officers, 2,800 men, and eighteen guns, which increase in the somewhat later French report to twenty-three guns. The French on that same communiqué add for the Monday evening: "The total number of guns captured have not been counted, but amount to at least seventy, including certain of the enemy's heavy pieces." By that same evening the total enemy prisoners were perhaps as high as 25,000 men.

We shall do well to remark, by the way, the proportion of officers to men captured. It is roughly one officer to seventy men; that is, about half the normal proportion. Now, this may mean one of many things, remembering that the lists of prisoners on the Allied side refer to unwounded men. Two things immediately suggest themselves. It may mean either that local surrenders take place when officers have fallen wounded, or that the German forces are suffering from a dearth of commissioned command, supplying the place of regular officers by the temporary use of non-commissioned ranks. At any rate, exactly the same phenomenon is observed in the East. When the Russians give us a list of Austrian prisoners the number of officers is usually more or less normal. With the Germans it is often only half the normal. It is not a matter to elaborate, because many readers of these lines will have better information upon it than I, but it is worth remarking in passing.



III.—THE FRENCH NORTH OF ARRAS.

This big English advance north of Lens (which was aided by strong demonstrations north of La Bassée there pinning the Germans in front of them) had as an immediate effect the relieving of pressure in front of the French south of Lens, and the third of these operations, the French work between Lens and Arras, must therefore be read in connection with the British work just related, and the two must be followed upon one sketch, such as I have attempted here in Sketch V.



The towns of La Bassée, Lens, and Arras form a chain nearly, but not quite, bisected by Lens itself. The road uniting these three points is between seventeen and eighteen miles long, of which not quite ten run from Arras to Lens, and about eight from Lens to La Bassée. The escarpment, known as the "heights of the Artois," crosses this road perpendicularly in the neighbourhood of Vitry. Up to Monday night the British advance to the north had acquired a line roughly represented by the dots on the above Sketch V., starting from the line of crosses just behind. The French, having in front of them troops who could not be heavily reinforced on account of the British work that was going on to the north, advanced from their line behind the ruins of Souchez and Neuville, positions they had held since the business of last May and secured in the course of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—an advance not so considerable as the British, and falling just short of the main road, roughly corresponding to the line of dashes on the above sketch. The new line taken up was consolidated, but nothing more was done. The French had not got down

on to the plain from the escarpment called the heights of the Artois. Their furthest point was the farm of La Folie, westward of the main road. Unwounded prisoners taken in this French advance south of Lens numbered by Monday evening some 1,500.

IV.—THE BAN DE SAPT AND HOOGE.

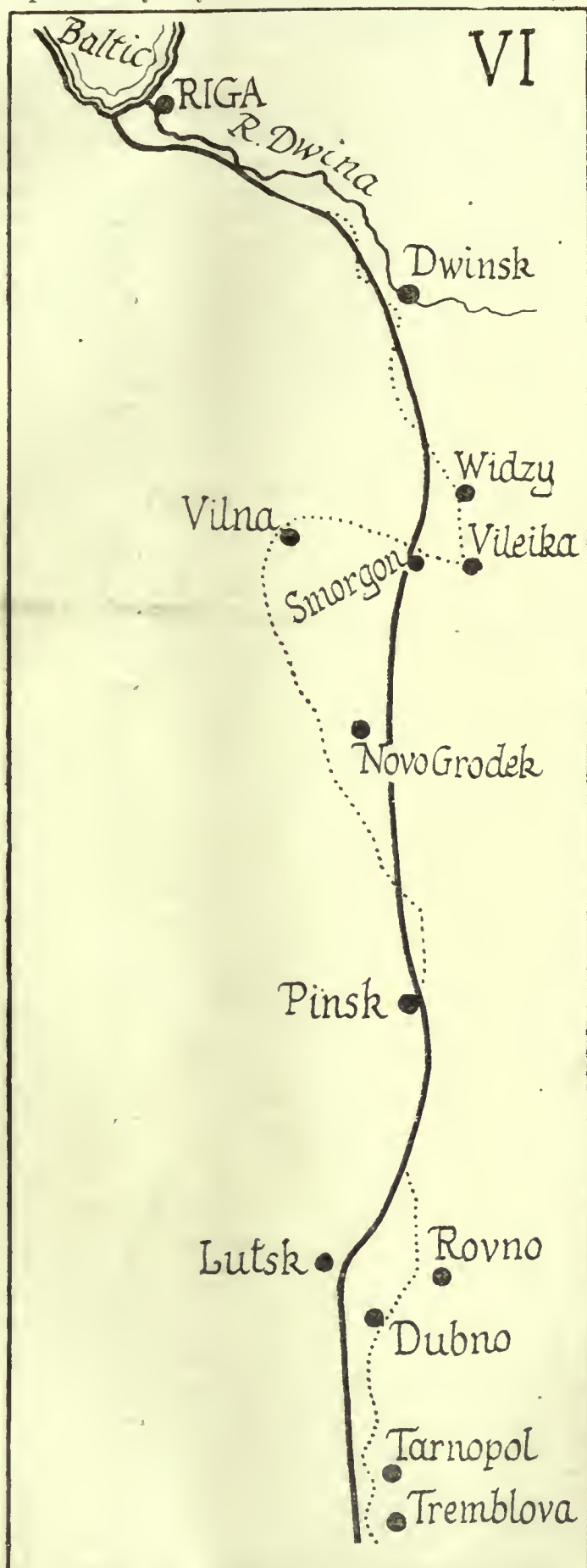
The work on the extreme of the line at Ban de Sapt, in the Vosges, and in front of Ypres by Hooge needs no detailed mention, because it was only subsidiary to the main operations. They marked no pronounced advance, but fighting upon a roughly stationary line, with sections of advanced trenches taken and retaken in the work before Ypres. The corresponding work 300 miles away, near St. Dié, in the Ban de Sapt, has been reported much more briefly, and we are given no details upon which to build. It is not even clear whether the ruined village of Launois, in front of which the French stopped in their big local success of two months ago (when they took 2,000 unwounded prisoners), is still in German hands, or no.

THE POLISH FRONT.

There is some danger lest in the much greater interest to us of the new move in the West, the situation in Poland should be neglected. I have no space to deal with it in any detail. But, roughly speaking, what has happened since the German failure round the Vilna salient has been a straightening of the line along the whole of the 700 or 800 miles, curiously persistent throughout the week. In other words, not only has the Russian position as a whole maintained itself, but the advanced portions of the enemy's forces have been thrown back in places, have been retired in others, after a fashion very puzzling to the student of the campaign at this moment. No doubt it means, in part, that the munitionment of our Ally is now upon a somewhat more favourable footing, though I do not think that this element should yet be too much emphasised. It also means, no doubt, that the enemy is, as Lord Kitchener suggested in his speech the other day, finding it more and more difficult to bring up his munitions as the season advances, and as he finds himself more deeply engaged in the wilder country east of the true Polish boundaries. It may also mean a lull due to the necessity for regrouping, and this provoked by the increasing pressure of the Russians south of the Pinsk Marshes, which is only now being met with any success by the enemy after three weeks of failure.

But to whatever cause or combination of causes the thing be due, its presence will immediately be appreciated by a glance at so simple a sketch as the accompanying one, which roughly indicates the positions now still held, as contrasted with those of about ten days ago. The Russians face their enemy in groups lying upon the full line of this sketch. Ten days ago the position was that of the much more tortuous dotted line which accompanies it. It is true that the very exaggerated point terminating at Vileika was due to no more than a vast cavalry raid which was thrown back within three days of its first development. But a falling back of the enemy in certain sections where it was more deliberate and

calculated has also been seen—notably north of Pinsk and south of the marshes in what is called the Volhynian triangle of Lutsk, Rovno, and Dubno. The persistent Russian advance here, which reached, touched, but apparently just retired from, the extreme point of Lutsk, has not been explained by any line of the communiqués upon



either side. The doctrine that it is due to the presence of Austrian troops rather than Germans is rubbish. On the contrary, the worst defeats sustained by the enemy here have been those in which German troops alone were engaged. The only place where heavy guns were lost (which is another way of saying the only place in which the

enemy was taken by surprise and his positions rushed at one stroke for miles) was that in which two German divisions (including one of the ill-fated Prussian Guard) allowed themselves to be overwhelmed, half of their number to be captured as unwounded prisoners, and half wiped out.

I suggest (but it is only a suggestion) that the strong and successful Russian work in the south is due to the fact that this group of the Russian armies has obtained its new munitionment earlier and in more rapidly increasing quantities than the rest, or perhaps an earlier and more rapidly increasing equipment, so that its new recruitment can be brought up in greater numbers, for we must never forget that the Russian forces are organised in three groups, each with its own basis of supply and its own railway artery—northern, central, and southern.

There is, in connection with this Eastern front, a good deal of talk about the bringing of men back westward to meet the new offensive in France. With regard to that, there are two things to be said. First, that the number of men who could be spared for such a purpose is strictly limited. The Polish adventure, largely political in character, condemns the enemy, until he shall get a decision, to keep those vast numbers, with their vast wastage, marking time in the mud of Lithuania, or advancing at their mile and a half a day. No continuous system of defence can at present be devised, and even if it could, it would demand by far the greater part of the men now occupied upon that doubtful offensive.

In this connection my readers may care to note an article in the American Press full of adulation for the enemy, which has appeared from the pen of a correspondent whose work is not unknown in the panic Press in this country. This article speaks of whisking "two million men" back and forth throughout the whole length of the Germanies, a feat only possible to the superhuman qualities of those who, to this country at least, are for the moment enemies. The whole thing is characteristic of the men who pretend to describe Germany for us (with suitable adjectives but vast admiration) in a section of the British Press, while in the neutral Press of America they praise the enemy openly and undisguisedly. I need hardly point out to the readers of this journal that, outside the detestable fiction of the sensational Press, nothing of the kind could conceivably occur. If ever, at the expense of some ten days or couple of weeks, the enemy has moved a corps or two through such a distance at one time, it is the maximum of his carefully detailed, but rather slow, way of going to work. The largest railway operation of this war was the admirably executed transfer of the entire British forces from the Aisne to Flanders in the space of, I believe, just under seven days. For some reason, unfortunately too easy to understand, the section of the Press to which I refer never reminds us of that: they prefer to ascribe imaginary miracles to the Germans.

H. BELLOC.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Lieutenant Eric Moulton, of the 6th Wilts Regiment, the son of Mr. John Moulton, chairman of Messrs. George Spencer Moulton and Co., Ltd. Mr. Moulton, who was killed in action in Flanders last week, was an expert in rubber as applied to motor tyres and a keen motorist. He was a grandson of Mr. Alexander Moulton, who started the manufacture of rubber at Kingston Mills, Bradford-on-Avon, nearly seventy years ago.

THE "KOENIGSBERG" AFFAIR.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

AN engagement to lecture in Paris prevents me, this week, from bringing any naval event under review that is reported later than the morning of Sunday, September 26. Two matters of moment are included in the news of the day: The apparent surrender of Berlin to Washington, and the renewal of the bombardment of Zeebrugge.

Dutch accounts say that no less than thirty ships took part in this operation; but we must beware of forming very sanguine hopes as to the amount of damage such bombardments can inflict. There are at Zeebrugge many points the subjection of which to high explosive shell fire would embarrass the enemy very seriously. There are, for instance, the lock-gates and the submarine depots in the canal beyond. There are, too, the heavy gun emplacements, the magazines, and so forth. But bombardments have to be carried out from distances so great as to make both the aiming and the control of the guns extraordinarily difficult. The story of the destruction of the *Koenigsberg*, which I comment on below, exemplifies both the difficulties themselves and the likelihood of misconception as to the effect produced. Until the operations against the Belgian coast began last year, neither the British nor any other Navy had had any experience of using guns under these conditions. What with the attack on Tsing Tau, the numerous engagements in the Dardanelles, the first and the second series of bombardments of Zeebrugge, there must now, however, be a vast fund of knowledge to draw upon, so that there is every reason to hope that bombardments will gain in effectiveness. But at its best and highest efficiency, the game of long bowls is a very chancy affair.

The Sunday papers repeat from New York an Associated Press telegram from Berlin, which is of the highest possible importance if its statements are to be believed. In effect it announces a complete German surrender to the American Note of July 25. As soon as certain final arrangements in the matter of the *Arabic* are completed, a definite acceptance of all the American demands—including compensation for those murdered in the *Lusitania* and other ships, and an undertaking not to sink ships without warning—is to be announced officially. As a sort of guarantee of German good faith—even Berlin, it would seem, realises that such a guarantee is required—the whole personnel of the German Admiralty has been changed. The question is, are these statements true?

Mr. Balfour, we know from his last public letter, accepted Count Bernstorff's verbal promises to Washington as a definite sign that Germany contemplated abandoning the submarine campaign, partly because its cost in submarines was so high, partly because the damage inflicted upon ourselves was so small, partly because the indigna-

tion of neutrals was taking an unpleasantly menacing aspect. The fate of the *Hesperian*, the indiscretions of Dr. Dumba and von Papen, and the sustained truculence of the German Press have, for the last few weeks, had the appearance of throwing the whole issue once more into the melting-pot. But two things are significant: As the appended diagram shows, there is no falling-off in the vigour with which the campaign is being carried on; and there has been no change whatever in the attitude of the United States. President Wilson's concession to the Germans, that they might with impunity send passengers and crews adrift in boats to drown or starve, if a great concession, was, at any rate, the last. How great a concession it was may be gathered from the accounts recently published of the experiences of the crew of the *Chancellor*; but, on the main point of visiting and searching a ship before destroying it, the President will not give way. Possibly the Germans at last realise that he will not.

Washington will, no doubt, continue to exercise such patience as is necessary to see the German Admiralty and Foreign Office through their last wriggles. One of these takes the form of awaiting proof of the commander of the *Arabic's* "innocence"; another, an alleged ability to show that the *Hesperian* was mined, and not torpedoed—though, on this matter Captain Smellie throws an entirely new light. Diplomacy, however, can always deal with details. The broad question of whether the United States are to remain friends with Germany depends not upon such disputed past incidents, but upon Germany's willingness to promise compliance with the code of civilised warfare in the future. The probability is that she will comply, and it looks as if we could take this last elaborate telegram from Berlin as intended to prepare America for the final surrender.

DESTRUCTION OF THE "KOENIGSBERG."

On July 13 last the Admiralty announced the destruction of the *Koenigsberg* in the Rufigi River by the river monitors *Serern* and *Mersey*, assisted by aircraft. Nothing further was published until, within the last few weeks, letters from officers in the squadron or on the monitors were printed. The discrepancies between these descriptions and the Admiralty's account are remarkable, so that the whole episode is worth examination. This is particularly the case because the earlier story was discussed as if it were a sort of military execution, a distasteful and inglorious business—as the destruction of an unresisting ship and the mere slaughter of gallant enemies must always be—and an operation that presented no technical difficulty, was unaccompanied by danger, and therefore reflected

no credit on those who carried it out. The fuller knowledge we now possess throws a very different light upon these proceedings. It appears to have been an operation as full of risk as the hardest could desire and as intricate and difficult an operation as can be imagined.

The *Koenigsberg* was built about ten years ago, displaced 3,400 tons, and was designed for a speed of about 23 knots. She carried ten 4.1 guns, three on each side, and two forward and



Mouths of the Rufiji River.

two aft, giving a broadside of five. She was manned by a crew of about 300. Her length was between 350 and 360 feet, her beam 44 feet, and her sides showed about 12 to 14 feet above the water line. She drew 17½ feet. These points are of importance.

At the beginning of the war she was known to be in the neighbourhood of Dar-es-Salaam. On August 6 she sank the *City of Winchester* off the Island of Socotra at the mouth of the Red Sea. Six weeks later she sank the *Pegasus* off the Island of Zanzibar, catching that unfortunate ship when she was repairing boilers and practically helpless. Shortly afterwards, early in October, she took refuge up one of the innumerable mouths of the Rufiji River. Why did not the *Koenigsberg* attempt a ravaging campaign upon the trade routes as did the *Emden*? From Zanzibar to Colombo is, roughly, 2,500 miles; her nominal radius of action was more than double this. Perhaps her exploit in sinking the *Pegasus* made her the focus of the attentions of several British cruisers. Be this as it may, she sought the safety of the river, and it became our business to prevent her escape, and, if possible, to secure her destruction.

The Rufiji River, as will be seen from the enclosed sketch map, has several mouths. Omitting the most southerly, and beginning with the Msala, there are in succession the Kiomboni, seven miles to the north, the Simba Uranga, four miles further on to the north-west, and the Kikunya, a further four miles on. Of these, the charts give the soundings of the last three only, and it would appear from these that a ship drawing 17 feet, even if lightened as much as possible, would not be able to get very far except at spring tides. But if full advantage had been taken of

the November tides the *Koenigsberg* might have been towed such a distance up stream that there would be no possible chance of her being engaged, at any reasonable range, by any ship of her own draught, and, therefore, power. Once hidden away in this labyrinth of streams and islands, it must have appeared to the Germans that she would be open to attack only by a force coming overland, with guns of sufficient weight to destroy the ship, or by boats furnished with torpedoes and dropping gear. The first was only a remote possibility so long as no determined effort had been made to conquer German South-East Africa. As to the second, very moderate protective measures on the banks, the construction of a boom, and the mining of the main channel, would have afforded complete protection. The Germans, then, probably thought that the ship was safe. But in so thinking they reckoned without the fear of ships armed with heavier guns than the *Koenigsberg*, but drawing only one-third as much water, to whom there might be a wide choice of entrances. The river monitors, purchased in the early days of the war from Brazil, to join in the attack on the Belgian coast, were exactly the craft for the situation. They were accordingly taken out to Mafia Island, and, after a month's special preparation—which, we may take it, included special means of protecting both the ships and the crew from shell-fire—and thorough practice in indirect firing with aeroplane spotting, all was ready for the first attack.

And here we come to the discrepancies between the Admiralty story and that recently published in the *Times*. The Admiralty dates the first attack on Sunday, July 4. The writer of the letter dates it July 6. The Admiralty story leaves the *Koenigsberg*, at the end of the first day's bombardment, powerless for reply, and, if not wrecked, at least incapacitated. The more detailed account shows the *Koenigsberg* receiving first one and then the other monitor on the 11th with rapid salvos of four guns at a time, and salvos that were as accurate as they were frequent. The discrepancy in dates is a trivial matter. What is the explanation of the Commander-in-Chief's estimate of what happened on the first day's fighting being so entirely at fault?

The Admiralty announcement was published on July 15, and one guesses the account of the proceedings of the first day was sent immediately after the monitors returned. Now these ships had had a prodigious doing. They had gone under way at 4.30 in the morning and were not out of action till 4.30 in the afternoon. They were practically under fire from the moment that they got within range at the mouth of the river until they were over the bar on their return. They had themselves been firing certainly for over six, and probably eight, hours. They made sure that five hits had been made on the *Koenigsberg*. Some observers believed they saw her on fire. This must have been a mistake. It illustrates the difficulty of judging the effects of shells. An interesting sentence in the fuller account seems to give the clue to it.

In describing the final operations of the 11th, the writer—an officer on board the *Serern*—tells us that shortly after the aeroplane had got them the range so exactly that salvo after salvo was hitting, the aeroplane was hit and came down. As the *Serern* now had the range, she

could continue firing a salvo a minute, and, in a very short time, explosion after explosion showed the destruction that was being effected. In half an hour the *Koenigsberg* ceased altogether to reply. A second aeroplane now replaced the first, and the *Mersey* took up the shooting—apparently from another station—thus giving the *Severn* a rest. The writer says: "We had done all the firing which had destroyed her. The *Mersey* only started afterwards. That was part of the plan. Only one ship was to fire at a time."

On the first day eight hours' continuous firing had left the *Koenigsberg*—in spite of some hits—so undamaged that, four days afterwards, she was engaging the monitors as rapidly and as accurately as if nothing had happened. If she had lost a gun on the previous Tuesday she had moved another across from the other broadside to take its place. The ship itself must have been completely undamaged. The accuracy of her fire makes it obvious that she could have had no list. Yet on the second day, the *Severn*, firing alone, reduced her to silence and to a burning wreck in half an hour. It was precisely because the *Severn* was firing alone that the thing was done.

Some months ago, in discussing the problem of how the battleships at the Dardanelles could engage the forts, I pointed out, amongst other great difficulties, the intricacy of the problem involved in correcting the fire of several ships simultaneously engaging the same target. For practical purposes the thing is altogether impossible, unless there is a separate observer for each battery or ship, and nearly impossible unless there is some method by which each observer can identify the shots of his own battery and employs some means of communication that reaches that battery only. If the two monitors were engaging the *Koenigsberg* simultaneously there is nothing at all surprising if the spotting broke down altogether. To begin with, the river in which she was moored—or more probably fast aground—could not have been more than 500 yards or so across. The whole of the surrounding country is mangrove swamp, jungle, and forest. It would, therefore, be almost impossible for the aeroplane to see the fall of any shells except those that fell in the water—i.e., that came quite close to the target. The aeroplane presumably would signal the fall of each shot the moment it was seen. But it would not be able to distinguish between the *Severn* shots and the *Mersey* shots, and the monitors would not be able to guess which of them was to act on any particular correction.

It looks, from the story, that the *Koenigsberg* must have been unlucky in not making more hits upon the monitors. One shell, it is true, was landed in the *Mersey* on the 6th; but on the 11th salvo after salvo fell all round the *Severn* without hitting. Some shells burst in striking the water,

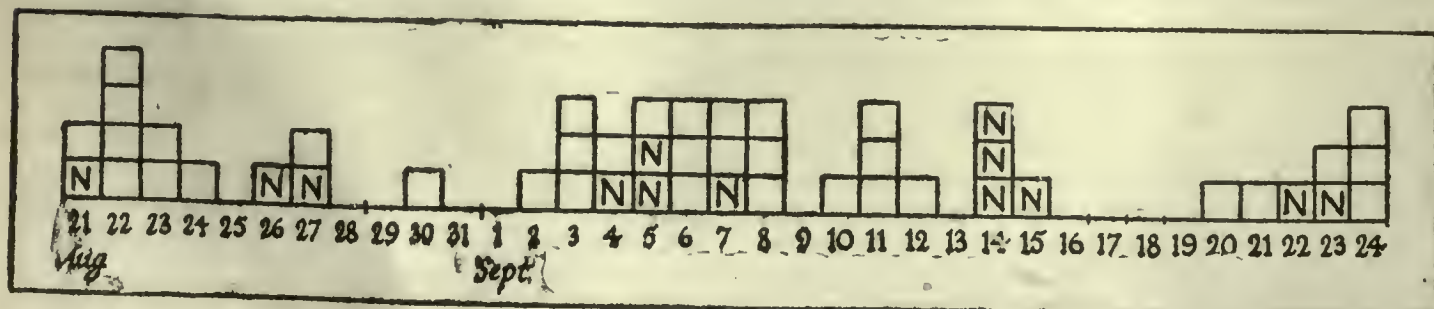
and sent showers of fragments on board. What is the explanation of shooting apparently as accurate as ours not meeting with an equal success?

The accuracy was due to the excellence of the arrangements for correcting her fire. The river reaches not within sight of the *Koenigsberg* itself were commanded by neighbouring hills, and observers on these could spot far more exactly than our observers in the aeroplane. The situation being what it was, the *Koenigsberg's* firing ought to have been—as, indeed, it proved to be—exceedingly good. That she did not hit was partly luck, partly due to the fact that a river monitor is a far smaller mark than a cruiser. Just as they draw only a few feet of water, so their freeboard is exceedingly low. The details of their measurements are not published, but it is unlikely that their length was within 100 feet of the *Koenigsberg's*, or the height of their sides within a quarter of what the *Koenigsberg's* would be, even when fully loaded and at sea. But if the *Koenigsberg* was aground, she may have been showing 30 to 50 per cent. more of her sides than she would do at sea. As a target, therefore, she may have been anything from four to five times as big as either of the monitors.

It is impossible to leave this episode, so creditable to all concerned, without asking for the name of the unidentified hero who was acting as observer in the first of the two aeroplanes that directed the firing on the 11th. Having signalled "We are hit; send boat," he continued, while the pilot was heading his machine for the water, watching the firing and signalling the position of each round exactly as if nothing had occurred. For all he knew, he might have been within a minute or two of eternity. It was a splendid—though far from unique—piece of nerve. Is it possible to suggest to the Admiralty that the public would be very grateful if the dispatches relating to these two engagements could be published?

THE SUBMARINE WAR.

Our last diagram showing the results of the submarine campaign was printed in the issue of August 28. That diagram showed that thirty-four British ships had been destroyed in thirty-seven days. One has to be added now for the date of August 20, making thirty-five, or a total less than one a day. In the same period thirty-three neutral ships and eight Allied ships were destroyed also. Our diagram to-day is from August 21 to September 24 inclusive, a period of thirty-five days, in which thirty British ships, five Allied, and thirteen neutrals have been sunk. The average of British ships still remains below one a day, which has been the rate since the middle of June. From the beginning of the submarine campaign, 184 British ships have been sunk—a little more than three every four days, ninety-four neutrals, and forty-four Allied. The Admiralty,



estimate earlier in the war was that there were 8,000 British merchant vessels in foreign trade, of which about 25 per cent. had been requisitioned for fleet and transport purposes. That would leave approximately 6,000 for the ordinary purposes of trade. Of these the Germans have sunk by cruisers, fifty-six; by submarines, 184, since the campaign opened, and four earlier than February 19; a total bag of 244—approximately 4 per cent. As the rate of increase of merchant shipping—even in these days when the building yards are crowded with Admiralty orders—exceeds the rate of destruction, the damage to the country's over-

sea service is a minus quantity. This, of course, is not to say that the loss of 244 ships, with their cargoes, and the sacrifice of between 1,000 and 1,500 lives are not matters of very serious moment. The point is that we can rely upon the sea for our supplies with the same confidence in war as in times of peace.

A. H. POLLEN.

MR. A. H. POLLEN'S LECTURES ON THE NAVY.

Mr. Pollen will lecture on the Navy on behalf of naval and military charities at: Cheltenham College, Oct. 2, 8.15; Trocadero Restaurant, after lunch, Oct. 3; South Croydon, St. Augustine's Hall, Oct. 6, 8.15; Downside College, Bath, Oct. 7; Clifton College, Oct. 8.

ECONOMY THROUGH TAXATION.

By Harold Cox.

BOTH at home and abroad the importance of Mr. McKenna's Budget as a great war measure has been fully appreciated. Foreign countries have realised, perhaps even more quickly than we ourselves have done, that the proposal to raise over £100,000,000 of new taxation in a full year represents a striking contribution from Great Britain to the cause for which she is fighting. Reasons will presently be given for thinking that even this contribution is not sufficient in view of the general financial situation. Nevertheless, it is, in comparison with previous efforts, a most courageous step, reflecting the highest credit upon its author.

The broad problem we have to solve is how to meet a war expenditure which exceeds at least tenfold any previous experience. In the current financial year Mr. McKenna estimates that the total expenditure of the United Kingdom will be £1,590,000,000. From that total must be deducted, however, certain items which cannot be regarded as true expenditure in the ordinary sense. There is an item of £423,000,000 for advances to foreign countries and Colonial Governments. Whether all of this will or will not be recovered in the future is a matter of speculation, but it would not be quite fair to treat it as an expenditure analogous, say, to the payment of our soldiers and sailors. There is another item of £36,000,000 for payments made to the Bank of England on account of the bills of exchange which the Government guaranteed last autumn as a means of relieving the commercial crisis. Here, again, it is possible that some of the expenditure now incurred may be recovered in the future. Thirdly, there is an item of £56,000,000, which Mr. McKenna somewhat vaguely described as being required for "food supplies and minor items." Apparently this refers to the purchases of sugar and other commodities made by the Government for re-sale to the public, and, if so, there ought to be a recovery, with or without a profit.

A STILL INADEQUATE REVENUE.

But even after all these three items are deducted from the estimated expenditure for the year, we are still left with the enormous total of £1,075,000,000. Of this £250,000,000 represents what may be classed as permanent expenditure—namely, our present civil expenditure, the interest on debt, and the normal cost of the Army and Navy

judged by pre-war standards. We are thus left with £825,000,000 as our purely war expenditure in the current year alone. In the South African war the highest figure reached in any one financial year was £68,000,000, or less than one-twelfth of our present rate of war expenditure. The revenue on the previous basis of taxation was estimated by Mr. McKenna at £272,000,000. His new scheme of taxation is estimated to yield in the current year, together with the revision of the postal rates, £33,000,000, bringing the total up to £305,000,000. Comparing this with the figure of £250,000,000 above given as our permanent expenditure, we see that the whole contribution out of revenue in the current year to purely war expenditure is still only £55,000,000, in spite of the tremendous volume of new taxation that has been added. Next year, of course, a greater yield will be coming in from the taxation now imposed, and the situation will be more satisfactory, unless, indeed, we find, as may be feared, that the growing war expenditure more than wipes out the growth of revenue.

THE BURDEN OF DEBT.

Evidently Mr. McKenna had this contingency in mind, for he was careful to warn the House of Commons that, great as are the burdens he is now imposing upon the country, greater still have yet to follow. It is to be hoped that his next proposals will not be so long delayed as the third War Budget has been. From every point of view it would have been better if the proposals which were made last week had been made six months ago. The comparative ease with which the huge July loan was raised ought not to blind the country to the danger of piling up debt at the present rate. A new loan will be required before Christmas, and it is most improbable that it can be raised at the same rate of interest as before. We must, indeed, expect that each new loan will entail some addition to the rate of interest, and, automatically, these additions will extend to the whole of the existing war debt, including that portion of our old National Debt which has been converted into War Loan. Thus the burden of the rate of interest upon the present and future generations goes on progressively increasing. Already it is estimated that the National Debt, on March 31 next, will reach £2,200,000,000, involving an annual charge of something over £100,000,000 a year. The highest figure ever pre-

viously reached was in the year 1815, after more than twenty years of war. On January 5, 1815, the total National Debt for the United Kingdom stood at £861,000,000, involving an annual charge of £32,646,000. This comparison gives some idea of the enormous pace at which the country is now adding to its liabilities. Already, indeed, the interest charge alone which the country has to face exceeds the total expenditure of the nation as recently as 1896.

THE INCOME TAX.

The steps taken by Mr. McKenna to meet these enormous liabilities are, on the whole, extremely well chosen. He was bound to raise the bulk of his revenue from the income tax. That has long been the main support of the Exchequer, and must increasingly become so. The income tax, though it still contains many anomalies, is, on the whole, the fairest of all taxes. Some of the anomalies Mr. McKenna proposes to correct. In particular, the unjust exemption of farmers from paying income tax, even when in possession of substantial incomes, is to be abolished, with an estimated gain to the Exchequer of no less than £2,240,000. An even bolder step politically is the reduction of the lower limit of the income tax, so as to make a larger number of citizens liable to income tax.

The great bulk of the nation will, however, still escape direct taxation. This is a political as well as a financial evil. Politically, it is unsound that the majority of voters should never be brought face to face with the responsibility of contributing directly in hard cash to the cost of the country whose government is finally determined by their votes. Financially, this continued exemption of the mass of the working classes from income tax has this disadvantage, that it imposes upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer the necessity of raising a large amount of revenue by taxes on articles of popular consumption such as tea and sugar. These taxes inevitably press more heavily upon the poorer wage-earners than upon the richer wage-earners, whereas a tax on income is by its nature proportional to the income enjoyed. The scientific way of dealing with the problem is by a tax on wages deducted by the employer week by week as the wages are paid.

TAXES ON IMPORTS.

As regards taxes on commodities, Mr. McKenna raises his main revenue from the articles which long experience has proved to be most prolific—namely, tea, sugar, and tobacco. He gets a little also out of cocoa and coffee, and may in a future Budget get more. Incidentally, he has broken new ground by putting taxes upon certain foreign manufactured commodities. The articles chosen are motor-cars, cinema films, clocks and watches, musical instruments, plate glass, and hats. As a means of raising revenue the only important items in this list are the motor-cars and cinema films, which together are estimated to yield in a full effective year £1,450,000 out of a total for the whole group of £1,950,000. The general defence for these new taxes is based upon the necessity for diminishing the volume of imported goods so as to reduce as far as possible the difficulty in which we now find ourselves of paying for our imports. That defence is excel-

lent, so far as it goes, but it does not cover the whole ground. It is a mistake to assume that it is only the consumption of imports that ought to be reduced in the present crisis. There is equally strong ground for urging, and so far as is possible compelling, a reduction in the consumption of home-made goods.

The great problem before the nation at the present moment is to provide enough labour and capital for carrying the war to a successful conclusion. To that end it is our duty to economise men and money in every direction. So far as we diminish the consumption of imports we diminish the necessity for employing labour to provide exports with which to pay for our imports; but it is equally true that so far as we diminish the consumption of home-made goods we set free labour, either to pay for our essential imports, or to provide munitions of war, or to fight in the trenches. For this reason it is undesirable that we should introduce any system of new taxation which might stimulate home producers to turn their attention to the production of luxuries, such as private motor-cars, rather than the production of munitions of war, which are at the moment the first necessity of our national life. When this consideration is borne in mind it will be seen that the new taxes upon imports, which may or may not be justified on their merits, ought, if maintained, to be supplemented by internal taxes wherever possible on the corresponding home-made goods, so that the total volume of consumption may be reduced.

TO REDUCE CONSUMPTION.

This question of reducing consumption differentiates War Budgets from Peace Budgets. In peace time the main object of a Chancellor of the Exchequer should be to raise revenue with the least possible inconvenience to the whole community. In war time—or, at any rate, in the present war time—he has not only to think of raising revenue but of reducing consumption. The inconvenience he inflicts upon the taxpayers of the kingdom, so far as it compels them to economise, is not an evil but a good. He is, therefore, justified in imposing taxes which may not be financially prolific, provided they compel reduction of consumption. In the case of the increased postal rates, both purposes are served. A net addition of £2,000,000 a year to the revenue will be obtained, and at the same time the reduction in the number of circulars sent through the post will set free labour badly needed for war purposes. At the same time, there rests upon the Government a further responsibility which has not yet, it is to be feared, been sufficiently faced—namely, the duty of reducing purely Governmental expenditure upon civil purposes. It is clearly unjust that the Government should organise thrift campaigns throughout the country appealing to individuals to cut down their private expenditure, that it should, in addition, impose taxes with the further idea of securing private economy, while at the same time no serious effort is made to secure public economy. With a little political courage many millions could be saved off our present national expenditure, with the double result that the financial burdens upon the nation as a whole would be reduced and a large amount of labour would be set free from Government offices for war work.

BLAKE'S SONGS OF BATTLE.

By Anna Bunston.

O Thou, to whose fury the nations are
 But as dust! maintain thy servant's right.
 Without thine aid, the twisted mail and spear
 And forged helm and shield of seven-times beaten brass
 Are idle trophies of the vanquisher.
 When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame;
 When the cries of blood tear horror from heaven,
 And yelling Death runs up and down the ranks,
 Let Liberty, the chartered right of Englishmen,
 Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
 Enerve my soldiers; let Liberty
 Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.
 The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains, but heavy;
 Their minds are fettered; then how can they be free?

TO read lines like these is like passing out into the starlit air. For it is in the essence of a classic to convey a sense of space, of calm strength, of inevitableness, and the classic touch so often sought, vainly sought, in our great Universities, in the monuments of Rome, and even on the very sod of Parnassus, was the familiar possession of the poor hosier's son whose chief library was the Bible, and whose travels took place in the dream world only. Blake, who was born in 1757, was a young man when the Americans fought for their independence, and he lived till Waterloo was an ancient tale, dying in 1827, but nothing that he heard or saw in his long life taught him to love war of which he yet writes so nobly. In one of his later poems he expressed this opinion:

Nought can deform the human race
 Like to the armourer's iron brace;
 The soldier armed with sword and gun
 Palsied strikes the summer sun.

He would have gold and gems kept for the plough, and cares nothing for the pomp and circumstance of battle, although the furniture of war was still picturesque when Blake wrote. What he is interested in is the courage, the self-sacrifice, the mental elation of men who challenge Death. That death means for all noble souls a joyful translation Blake was firmly persuaded, having seen the spirit of his beloved brother clapping its hands for joy of its release in the very moment of dissolution. Moreover, he had been assisted and guided by the dead brother and could never think of the grave but as he himself drew it, as the gate of life. So he would say on the eve of battle:

Bind ardent hope upon your feet like shoes,
 Put on the robe of preparation!
 The table is prepared in shining heaven,
 The flowers of immortality are blown;
 Let those that fight fight in good steadfastness,
 And those that fall shall rise in victory.

The hope that he holds out is not that of escape from a sudden, violent, and early death, but hope of the soul's speedy escape from "this prison house" of the body. Still Blake, in his drama "King Edward the Third," makes Sir Walter acknowledge, "Yet death is terrible, though borne on angels' wings." The following lines, intended as a prologue to the play, convey in the most masterly manner a picture of the horror of a battlefield, together with the thrill, the tension that make the horror awful rather than sordid:

Oh, for a voice like thunder, and a tongue
 To drown the throat of war! When the senses
 Are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness,
 Who can stand? When the souls of the oppressed
 Fight in the troubled air that rages, who can stand?
 When the whirlwind of fury comes from the throne
 Of God, when the frowns of His countenance
 Drive the nations together, who can stand?
 When Sin claps his broad wings over the battle,
 And sails rejoicing in the flood of death;
 When souls are torn to everlasting fire,
 And fiends of hell rejoice upon the slain,
 Oh! who can stand? Oh! who hath caused this?
 Oh! who can answer at the throne of God?

These pictures of Sin "clapping his broad wings," of the "oppressed souls" taking part in the conflict, and of fiends rejoicing over the slain, reminds us that, like Rossetti, Blake worked in two spheres. The lines quoted above might serve as a sketch for one of his own wonderful designs. Nor is it only when the subject is terrible that his verse has this pictorial quality. The minstrel in the victorious camp sings:

Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,
 Each one buckling on his armour; Morning
 Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,
 And Evening hear their song of victory.
 Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,
 Their daughters shall sing surrounded with shining
 spears.

Liberty shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
 Casting her blue eyes o'er the green ocean;
 Or towering stand upon the roaring waves,
 Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands;
 While with her eagle wings she covereth
 Fair Albion's shore and all her families.

One could not wish a better design for a drawing of the genius of Britain than that figure of Liberty looking out over the sea with open, friendly blue eyes and eagle wings for far flight and strong defence.

The wars which Blake knew were apparently caused by the folly of George the Third and the ambition of Napoleon, but while he hated ambition—

The strongest poison ever known
 Came from Caesar's laurel crown

—yet he could not believe but that ultimately the wrath of man should praise God. War was to him a discipline and a judgment. On one occasion, writing directly to Britons, he describes the Angel of Fate turning the lots with mighty hands and casting them out upon the darkened earth, and calls for preparation:

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn!
 Angels of Death stand in the lowering heavens!
 Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,
 And walk together on the clouds of heaven!
 Prepare, prepare.

Soldiers prepare! Our cause is Heaven's cause;
 Soldiers prepare! Be worthy of our cause:
 Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky:
 Prepare, O troops that are to fall to-day!
 Prepare, prepare.

Blake recognises that the soldier in action may be braced, thrilled, awed, rapt into something little less than an ecstasy, but he recognises, too, that for the citizen called from his home and family, for maids and mothers, for old men and young children, war is indeed a "red scourge":

The widowed virgins weep beneath thy shades.
 The aged fathers gird themselves for war;
 The sucking infant lives to die in battle;
 The weeping mother feeds him for the slaughter;
 The husbandman doth leave his bending harvest;
 Blood cries afar! The land doth sow itself!

That "the glittering youth of Courts must gleam in arms" can hardly have seemed, even to one so kindly as Blake, an unmitigated calamity. For Blake was no fanatic. He knew that not the fact of war but the spirit behind the war is the great matter. To-day probably his own mood, as that of many a brave soldier, would rather be that mood of Dagworth in his play:

I'll fight and weep, 'tis in my country's cause;
 I'll weep and shout for glorious Liberty.
 Grim War shall laugh and shout, decked in tears,
 And blood shall flow like streams across the meadows,
 That murmur down their pebbly channels, and
 Spend their lives to do their country service:
 Then shall England's verdure shoot, her fields shall smile,
 Her ships shall sing across the foaming sea,
 Her mariners shall use the flute and viol:
 And rattling guns and slack and dreary war
 Shall be no more.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

By An Officer.

UPON waking of a morning, the first sound that always came to one's ears was the sizzling of bacon in a pan. For me this sound will ever have a peculiar quality. A ray of light comes streaming in through the opening of the dug-out. It would be about nine o'clock. Captain J. is still asleep, breathing regularly. I turn over and, according to habit, indulge in a little leisurely contemplation previous to waking up properly. I remember how infernally cold my feet were in the early hours of the morning when I crept in to sleep. But now they are warm and comfortable, wrapped around with sandbags and covered over with a rug and great-coat. The interior of the dug-out is moist and clammy. It is also exceedingly untidy. For the coverings and equipment of my companion and myself are strewn about the ground, grievously intermixed with straw, mud, newspapers, books, notebooks, and ration tins. We have rigged up little shelves, each in his corner, upon which are set those smaller things, such as matches, pencils, &c., that are so apt to get lost. A candle stuck to the board by its own grease serves to illuminate the dug-out at night.

Breakfast is Ready.

Now a face is pushed in through the opening, a hand prods my lower extremities, and a voice says, "Breakfast is ready, sir." At the same moment *le capitaine* wakes up. Smith, the faithful cook and servant, begins to pass in the food and the knives and the tin plates. First a plate of porridge, most welcome, and milk in a dark green bottle. Then bread, and Belgian butter on a piece of paper, and marmalade from Piccadilly. Finally, steaming hot bacon and a poached egg on a plate. These we poise on the lap and eat voraciously. As you see, we don't fare badly.

Feeling like nothing on earth, we don't talk, but J. reads the *Westminster Gazette* and I have a copy of the *Weekly Times*. It is rather like being in bed when you are ill. Presently the cook produces some port, after drinking which we feel better, and one of us swears down the telephone for about a quarter of an hour. The field telegraph is useful in more ways than one; it acts as a kind of safety valve. Disentangling myself by degrees from the rugs and the coats and the sandbags, I crawl outside. There is a narrow passageway under the front parapet between our own dug-out and that of the servants. Here, as usual, Smith and Walter have lighted their fire, over which they are now crouching, eating their own breakfast.

I climb over this, and turn to the right into the fort, where a number of the men are sitting around smoking, mending their clothes, and cleaning their rifles. It is a sunshiny morning with a sharp little wind, and the country behind looks quite attractive with its fields and farms. There is no shooting or sound of war, since the Germans, barely eighty yards away, are doubtless as leisurely engaged as we. I exchange a few words with the artillery observation N.C.O. and take a look through the periscope, which, however, discloses nothing beyond the white facing of the enemy parapet showing here and there amid the irregularities of the ground. It is now about time to go down to the other end of the section held by the company, since in half an hour the Brigadier and C.O. are due to inspect it.

One of the chief penalties of trench life—though one gets used to it—is that one can seldom stand upright. Being somewhat above six feet in height, I have to bend low as I pass down the line. In places, too, the breastwork is lower than in others, and there are often bits without any protection at all. The whole section, which is bordered at the further end by a road, is about 500 yards long. At intervals of about 150 yards there are "forts"—i.e., small walled-in areas of ground contain-

ing a machine-gun emplacement or observation post. I creep along rapidly from one to another of these, since it is not advisable to waste much time in between.

Plank Bridges to Cross.

At one point there has not been an opportunity of building up sandbags, so hurdles have been put up instead, with the earth banked up behind them and a shallow ditch dug on the inside. There is more than one plank bridge to cross. About half-way along, after emerging from a muddy pit, the path dips down into a veritable maze of deep narrow trenches, boarded at the bottom, with numerous communication trenches running out from them. Here and there are open spaces where the fires are lit, and around these are the dug-outs, which make the place look like nothing so much as the exposed section of a rabbit-warren.

Through all these difficulties the Brigadier has to make his way—minus the gold lace, the red cap, and the Staff. For he, well known as a model of well-groomed smartness, is now just like the rest of us, clad in gum-boots and an old uniform without a hat. At other times this officer has been known to ride horseback down the road to within a few hundred yards of the enemy, red cap, aide-de-camp, and all; and, as it happened, not a shot was fired. The inspection does not take long, and presently we are back again in the dug-out, making arrangements for the following night's work. Reports and diaries have to be written up, and there is much telephoning to headquarters concerning the strength of the working parties about to be detailed. Then it is luncheon-time, which important event is preceded by an appetising whiff of cooking from the crackling fire outside.

After-Luncheon Sleep.

Luncheon is followed by a long and deep sleep, which, however, is apt to be disturbed on fine afternoons by the conversation of the guns. One wakes up with a start to find the ground quaking with their detonation, while "boom" after "boom" proclaims that an artillery bombardment is in progress. In the midst of it from the recesses of the next dug-out can be heard the business-like voice of the artillery N.C.O. reporting the result of each shot to his battery as it is shouted across to him by the observation officer with the periscope. Going outside, one learns that this affair has been in progress for an hour or more. Our own guns are just beginning to find the range of the enemy's fire trench. Almost yard by yard the observation officer brings them down to it, until presently a shell evidently lands right in the trench, the explosion being followed by a great upheaval of earth and stones, in the midst of which there sails upward a German's trousers.

During this time the air whines and whistles with the passage of the shells, and you feel almost surprised that you cannot see them hurtling through the air. Desultory rifle-shots puncture this monotony of sound, while British aeroplanes constantly come circling and whirring overhead. It is not long, either, before the enemy shells begin to burst not so far away, and the languid interest shown by the men in these proceedings is considerably livened when a common shell lands on the parapet a couple of hundred yards along, knocks it down, and blows a number of sandbags sky-high, without, however, doing any more serious damage.

As the afternoon wears on one loses interest in this little display of temper by either side, and the next entertainment is the persistent efforts of an enterprising sniper to knock down the telephone post above the dug-out. Probably he thinks he has spotted an extra large periscope. It is amusing to hear the bullets pinging overhead and smacking or flattening themselves against the parapet while we eat our tea comfortably behind it. Nor does the sniper, persistent as he is day after day, ever hit his mark.

JAPAN: YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

By Gonnoské Komai.

[Mr. Gonnoské Komai is a Japanese poet and author now residing in England; he gives proof of his conservatism by continuing to wear, even in London, the flowing robes of his native land.]

THE marvellous way in which Japan was able within the short space of one generation to cover the distance that separates bows and arrows from Krupp guns and submarines has gained for her in literature the name of the paradox among the nations; and personally I am not surprised that you wonder at us considering the slow calculating steps by which your own evolution moves. Yesterday we were to your fathers merely, well, a picturesque setting for a comic opera, and so we remained to the great masses of your people until first the Chino-Japanese and then the Russo-Japanese War revealed our strength to the world. Then you came forward and recognised us, and your Lord Salisbury offered us an alliance which the present war has brought into operation, and we are to-day looked upon as a Power with a definite mission in the schemes of the civilisation of the future.

It was a wonderful change, however, and even in Japan we wonder at its success beyond the wildest dreams of our early reformers; for, of course, there is no conservatism in Europe which can compare with the conservatism of Asia, and it meant many and difficult struggles between the advocates of the old régime and those of the new régime. It seemed as if prophecy was to take the place of experience. In addition, the pioneers had to face the opposition of the vested interests of the great nobles, whose privileges would, of course, become considerably curtailed by the reforms proposed. Only one thing saved us, in my opinion, and that was the wonderful patriotism of our upper classes, who laid all their rights and possession at the feet of the Mikado in the interests of the State.

An Outward Change.

At the same time the change was more outward than real, for the spirit of our ancestors remained exactly the same under khaki as it had been under the old coats of mail, though of course it had to be adapted to modern circumstances. For this reason we sent our Ambassadors to look round the world and make a report of the things they saw, and after that we followed them up with thousands upon thousands of students until we had a country as modern as the most modern in science, literature, invention and learning. Had we not followed the course not only would Japan, but in all probability China and the whole East, would have become a prey to Germany, which from the very first, had its eye upon us both.

In fact it is now believed in Japan that the Russo-Japanese War was engineered by Germany. I remember myself, when special correspondent of the *Times* in the Manchurian campaign, that we used to eye the attachés of the Fatherland among us with the greatest suspicion, knowing full well that sooner or later we should find ourselves embroiled with Germany. For we had never forgotten that Germany was the first after the Chino-Japanese War to snatch the fruit of victory from our grasp by making us give back Liaotung, whereas, had she really been our friend, as she always pretended she was when we hired some of her officers to train our armies, she would never have snatched Tsingtau from China.

But you must not think that we were actuated purely by the spirit of revenge in thus declaring war upon her. We had in view far more important plans. We knew that Germany, for instance, intended to make Tsingtau the basis of operations in China, and, if pos-

sible, raise the whole of the Celestial Empire up against us, so that it was really an act of self-defence; for everybody knows that the emissaries of the Kaiser had the Chinese Army in hand and in all probability they would have made it serve their purpose just as they made the Turkish Armies. Now the Eastern problem is difficult enough already, even for the Eastern, but the complications which German deals of conquest would introduce would reduce it to chaos; and no one had more reason to fear it than China, in whose interests we fought. And China will live to thank us.

The Teuton Danger.

We have seen quite enough of Europeanism to understand its value to Asia, but we have also fully realised its dangers if represented by the Teuton. The Kaiser was once pleased to issue a cartoon in which he depicted himself as the saviour of the Whites against the Yellow races. To-day we find the Whites not only disowning their champion but actually calling out to the Yellow races to help. And I may add we are only too glad to be able to do so, for we shall thereby be drawn closer together, and civilisation, instead of being merely the domination of one race or creed or caste will become, as it should be indeed, a composite synthesis of all that is best in humanity irrespective of hereditary bias. One must have been born an Oriental and be living in the West like myself to be able fully to appreciate all this means and how difficult it is to blend harmoniously the two opposing instincts of progress and conservatism which with us have developed to such a degree as to have become almost fanatical.

Looking at the struggle of the rival civilisations, therefore, we do so with the utmost anxiety and concern, for we fully realise that it is with the conquering civilisation that we shall have to adjust our own. And we would rather have one which we could assimilate and take in like that of France and England, and even our late enemy Russia, than one which would make us still more conservative than we are at present. For we are conservative, that you must never forget, even though we do build Dreadnoughts in Japan.

Freedom and Faith.

We have a great deal in common with you, but not all. The chaos that we see on all sides among your churches has anything but attracted us. We have the freedom of faith granted us in our Constitution; but we have no State Religion. We can imbibe all the essence of all the religions of the world without necessarily becoming converts of a particular denomination.

Our priests, whether of Buddhism, Shintoism, or of any other "isms," do not possess any overwhelming power whatever over the living. Excepting the famous "Zen" sect of Buddhism, we only invite them to look after the dead. We need not register ourselves in our Temples and Shrines. Almost all the fundamental ideas of the old classic literature of Japan, apart from those influenced from that of Chinese, are so permeated with Buddhistic doctrines that even the study of the "Utai"—the popular series of our favourite songs—is almost tantamount to the actual study of Buddhism itself; the Utai songs being really the application of the Buddhistic principles to life.

We love to read of some ancient warrior or Samurai loudly reciting the Utai under cloud-flecked moonlight, as he rolls gaily towards his home, fan in hand, from some great banquet, when a certain political opponent of his rushes from ambush to murder him—but our tipsy warrior is still able skilfully and calmly to ward off the mortal blow without ceasing his chant, coming out, as it were, from the bottom of his lungs.

WORKING MEN AND MUNITIONS.

By F. W. Jowett, M.P.

[The question has puzzled many, why working men, drawn from the very classes that have responded most willingly to the call for recruits, should have apparently displayed much slackness in the supply of munitions. In this article Mr. F. W. Jowett, Labour Member for Bradford, explains the position as it presents itself to working men.]

WHY is there all this trouble among the producers of munitions of war? The supply of munitions has been insufficient, yet in all the great munition-producing centres there is unrest among the workers which continually threatens to break out into open rebellion in the form of strikes or other expressions of protest not less detrimental to the work in hand.

The workers are blamed for the shortage. It is assumed, on the other hand, that the Government and the employers are doing their duty. But the workers deny that they are to blame, and they resent the assumption that the Government and the employers are doing their duty. It is not denied that some men have broken time without reason and that there are men who have broken time for drinking, but when it is argued that these evils are sufficiently widespread to account almost entirely, or to any serious degree, for the immense deficiency in the supply of war material, munition workers generally feel that they are being unjustly attacked, for they know it is not so. Men who have been working on munitions for months to the limit of human endurance—in front of the fiery furnace, swinging heavy hammers, or moulding heavy castings, with little or no break except for eating and sleeping—resent the sort of charges that have been made against munition workers most bitterly; and, inevitably, the result has been to make them less willing to work their hardest and more ready to protest against other forms of unfair treatment, to which, also, they feel they have a right to complain.

Growing Resentment.

Ever since last April, when the attempt was first made to throw the responsibility for the lack of munitions of war on to the workers, resentment has been growing among the men in munition areas, and as the charges have been revived from time to time it has struck root more deeply. The charges in question have been based in nearly every instance on reckless generalisations from evidence collected from employers or persons dependent on employers for their information.

Averages of the number of hours worked per week per man were given in a Government White Paper issued on May 1, which took no account of very important factors which, if they had been allowed for, would have made the averages show an altogether different result and one far more favourable to the men. No attempt was made, for instance, to ascertain how many hours were lost through sickness, through lack of material, through bad weather and other unavoidable reasons. Where pre-war conditions as regards time-keeping were given by way of comparison no trouble had been taken to show the extent to which men were employed who in normal times would not have been employed at all on the work they were then doing because of their age or for other disabilities.

The latest attack on the workers at the Trade Union Congress was based on certain isolated instances of alleged limitation of output, which were given as if they represented the conditions under which a large number of munition workers carry on their work. If the illustrations were only intended to show merely isolated instances of foolish perversity, there would have been no use in giving them as explanations for the shortage in the supply of munitions. Even as isolated local instances the illustrations referred to were immediately challenged by

Labour organisations, a thing which never ought to occur in these days when Trade Union leaders and the men's representatives are so anxious to help the Government and are so ready to associate themselves with the Government in the discovery and exposure of any breach of duty on the part of the men engaged on munition work. Under these circumstances there is no excuse for springing, by way of surprise, unverified cases of the kind mentioned at the recent Trade Union Congress and for founding thereon general charges of "slacking," which are reported through the length and breadth of the land. This is not the way to get more work done but less.

Freedom of Employers.

The ill-effect of the charges against munition workers has been all the greater on account of the comparative freedom with which their employers have been allowed to tyrannise over them and to make profit not only as usual but with an added percentage for war time. Working men who are paying 34 per cent. more on the average for all the things they buy on account of the war, and who are not at liberty to increase their wages to meet the extra cost by changing one employer for another, are asking themselves why the employers should be allowed to make any extra profit out of the war at all. Moreover, the workers are not ignorant of the fact that statements concerning profits made by munition firms are constantly being made public which appear to show that there are ways of evading the object of the limitation of profits section of the Munitions Act, and, consequently, it would appear that the amount represented by 20 per cent. extra profits is subject to considerable addition by means unknown to the public, but which are quite effective for the purpose of defeating the Munitions Act. In short, the provisions of the Munitions Act which purport to safeguard the public interest against the employer are not trusted by working men. They are regarded as mere capitalistic "bluff."

On the other hand, the provisions of the Munitions Act which affect the worker are drastic, and they are being pressed very hard by employers who quite openly stand to gain by doing so. The prosecutions now being reported daily show this. Men have been prevented by employers from going to work elsewhere, although the employers who prosecuted had failed to give the accused men full work. Apparently the only object in one of the cases reported was to keep men in reserve lest peradventure the employer should be afterwards short of men. Men have been prosecuted who have changed their employers with no other object than to get the regular Trade Union rate of wage. One firm the other day brought complaints against a large number of their men for losing time. Fines varying from 5s. to £3 were imposed, although the men who had lost time had done so by way of protest because the firm concerned would neither pay wages equal to the wages offered elsewhere nor allow their men to go elsewhere for higher wages which would willingly have been paid to them.

Munitions Tribunals.

The report of the proceedings at the Munitions Tribunal which tried these cases states that when the fines were imposed there was a scene of indescribable uproar. Men leapt to their feet shouting denunciation against their employers and declaring that the Court would cause a revolution by such findings. Before another tribunal a young man was charged with leaving a job at 20s. per week, out of which he had to pay 6s. a week travelling expenses. He had to start for his work at 4 a.m., and could not get back home before 8.30 p.m. The Court informed the employer he had a remedy under the Act against the firm who had given the man work nearer home. The cost of living constantly rises, and the

worker is unable to protect himself by changing his employer to increase his wages. Under the Munitions Act men are as firmly fixed to the service of one employer as if they had been branded as serfs. This bondage, let the reader bear in mind, is imposed on working people by an Act of Parliament which specially allows the profits of the employer to be increased in this time of war to the amount of 20 per cent. on his pre-war profits. But there are other considerations also arising out of the Munitions Act which are disturbing the mind of the worker just now and making him discontented. The protecting safeguards of his wages, which in times past have been maintained at the cost of many a strike, are being swept away. Employers are allowed by law to employ unskilled labour (so-called) to do work on which skilled workmen were previously employed. Rules and customs which have maintained a relatively high rate of payment for certain industrial operations are being steadily and quietly set aside. No record of these changes are being kept by employers, and the Government is taking no action to ensure the existence of such records for use when the war is over. In these circumstances is it likely that the workers concerned can place any confidence in the promise of the Government that the old conditions will be restored?

When the war is over and employers are competing with each other for ordinary business, the temptation to cheaper production will be great and labour disputes are certain to be numerous. The huge war contracts will no longer relieve the labour market of surplus labour, and large numbers of the unemployed will be men and women who in war time have been taught to do part of the work which used to be done entirely by skilled workmen. What the workmen are saying is that the Government should have taken over the munition establishments and should have associated the workers' representatives in the responsibility of controlling and

managing them. Rules and regulations made necessary by the clash of interests between workers and their employers would have been freely abandoned then, for the future would be less uncertain, and whilst war conditions still prevail, men would know that they work for the nation and not for the private profit of individuals.

The old practice of trusting to individuals who are in business for profit to supply all the goods and services required by the nation has shown up badly during this war. It has put extra profits into the pockets of speculators and enabled a small section of the community to hold up the nation to ransom. The working-class population is paying heavily in consequence in the form of increased prices, and the feeling among workers generally, as well as among munition workers, is that they are being made to pay unnecessarily. Munition workers who are being treated as serfs feel their position more acutely than other workers, and they are showing it.

This war has been the means of throwing considerable light on questions affecting the production and exchange of goods and services. The nation's requirements are clearly ascertainable, and the short and effective way of supplying them is for the Government to take the machinery, plant, and raw material available and apply the whole of it to the service of the nation. By neglecting to do this at the very beginning and persisting in its mistaken course, the Government has allowed the profiteer and the moneylender to take advantage of the nation's needs for their own private profit. This is the idea that the workers are getting into their minds, and the trouble among munition workers is due to this and to the senseless and useless tyranny, which is being put upon them by the Munitions Act, aggravated by wild and reckless charges made against munition workers, and which are regarded by them as insults added to injury.

BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

A LITERARY REVIEW.

"Victory." By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen and Co.) 6s.

A new Conrad book is an event, not only in fiction, but in literature, and this Conrad book, combining all the wealth of imagination of the earlier Conrad with the subtle analytic quality that was so evident in "Western Eyes," will rank very high among its author's works, though time alone can declare whether it will take absolutely first place.

In spite of the title—which, by the way, was decided on before war was even imminent—the book is in no way concerned with the present war. It is a story of the islands, of Axel Heyst, inscrutable adventurer, and of the girl Alma, member of a very third-rate touring musical company, whom Heyst took away from her sordid surroundings to a certain island in mid-Pacific, renamed her "Lena," and tried to understand her. Meanwhile Lena, having found the one man in the world, is busy in winning Heyst's love, the finer love of the spirit that every woman worthy of the name desires. The way in which she accomplishes this is the "Victory" of the title, but any reviewer who states the way in which she achieved her aim will be guilty of a crime against his craft, for no lover of good fiction ought to be deprived of the opportunity of reading this in the book itself.

In certain small things Conrad himself stands out from his work. For instance: "One could not refuse him a measure of greatness [referring to Heyst's father], for he was unhappy in a way unknown to mediocre souls." And again: "Man on this earth is an unforeseen accident which does not stand close investigation." These are passing glimpses of the author; but for the most part we forget the author in the book, which is as it should be. In reading, we are taken out into the pulsing atmosphere of the islands, with their little intrigues and strong passions, and in the colour and warmth of tropic sunlight and tropic darkness we watch the unfolding of a half-dozen characters, this done in the finely analytic manner of the later Conrad, and the main characters led through such a whirling blaze of action as made "Typhoon" a book of note.

In all the four hundred-odd pages there is not a word too much—the book is a fine work of art from a literary point

of view. The outstanding character is Lena, magnificently drawn, and inspiring not only sympathy but love; while Heyst, groping toward understanding of the first woman he has taken into his life, compels interest from beginning to end. Space alone forbids detailed mention of the remaining half-dozen *dramatis personæ*, of whom it may be said that each is a conscientious study on the part of the author. So far as fiction is concerned, it may safely be said that this is the book of the year.

"The Research Magnificent." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan and Co.) 6s.

"In this world one may wake in the night and resolve to be a king; and directly one has resolved one is a king." This sentence, spoken by Benham to his wife, seems to crystallise Benham, hero of *The Research Magnificent*. He believed in the new aristocracy, the need for rulers of mankind who can rule; he set out to fit himself for rule, and in that quest he died.

Taking Benham seriously, the quest was magnificent—as was the charge at Balacava. Neither, however, was practical. That the quest involved, almost necessarily, leaving his wife to her infidelity; that it involved a large carelessness of the details of life, are side issues so long as one takes Benham seriously. He began life, the book confesses, with—from the commonplace point of view—a lack of balance; he married, hastily and foolishly, a woman who needed from her husband the ultimate of companionship and sympathy, and then he left her to bear her child while he set off on a tour in the East that should give him realisation of the problems of rule. Throughout his life he was a theorist, neglecting practical things; lacking in some of the essential attributes of a man, he set out to be no less than a god, a perfect ruler, and in that he became, as the first page of the book confesses, ridiculous. The claim that he came near to the sublime is not justified by the context.

His own musings, toward the end of his quest, told him: "There is no rule of the world at all, or none that a man like you may lay hold upon." It was an inevitable but wrong conclusion, and it seems that since the day of *Tono-*

Bungay, in many ways the best of its author's works, Mr. Wells has passed to belief in extremely individualistic development. Benham is ridiculous because he attempted 'too much, and the author seems to sympathise with the man attempting to grasp all and spoiling the part that was his.

As for Benham's own claim to aristocracy, it is fully justified in the scene in which he confronts his faithless wife and her paramour—the best scene in the book. In the earlier parts, however, and notably in the description of Prothero, a very human and not unattractive character, the fibre of the book is essentially plebeian, the general outlook is the reverse of aristocratic. This is not due to the quality of the characters, but it is the quality of the work, which is that of a genius, but not of an aristocrat.

Two of Mr. Wells's novels, *Tono-Bungay* and *The New Machiavelli*, and especially the first-named, must be placed before this book in considering the works of a writer who at least cannot be ignored, since he ranks among the most brilliant thinkers of to-day and is possibly the most daring iconoclast among writers. This book is both brilliant and daring; the latter quality, in fact, is too much in evidence, for, bearing in mind the inevitable limitations of humanity, the magnificence of Benham's research is overshadowed by its impracticability, and thereby is Benham rendered ridiculous. But it is a book to read.

"Of Human Bondage." By W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann.) 6s.

Mr. Maugham, as a popular playwright, has necessarily learnt the art of compression. As a novelist he has now fallen in with the fashion of writing a book infinitely long, in which the hero is first seen as an infant in arms, is sent to a preparatory school and to a public school, and after various higher studies is then let loose in the school of the world. M. Rolland's *Jean Christophe* has become the model for novels of this sort. But whereas there were thousands of pages in M. Rolland's book, there are only 648 in Mr. Maugham's. But he certainly has the knack of keeping his story "on the move" with that sort of facility which has been rare since Alexandre Dumas ceased to write and charm. Philip Carey, with his club-foot and his sensitive disposition, is already interesting when he is getting into trouble with other boys at a cathedral school. He is becoming rather too much of a problem when, a little later in life, he is studying art, and law, and medicine, seeking a self-sufficient man's life for himself, and frustrating this healthy ambition by a tiresome habit of "taking up with" vulgar little girls whom he insists on loving to distraction. The last of these is too much for him. Socially she is a drawback. But he wants her, needs her, can be satisfied, as he thinks, by her; so he decides to abandon his career and marry her. And here we have those joybells which Mr. Maugham, in his most popular work, has taught us, irresistibly, to appreciate.

"Attila and the Huns." By Edward Hutton. (Constable and Co.) 6s. net.

In this brief sketch of a phase in the decline of the Roman Empire the author finds parallels with the present war, though not for one minute does he admit that civilisation of to-day shows signs of decline; it is rather that the methods of the Huns and those of the Prussians are so similar, but in some cases the parallels seem rather strained, as if the author had had to search for them. Apart from this the work, though brief, is concise and authoritative. Jornandes, Ammianus, Marcellinus, and others are laid under contribution in order to define the state of the Hunnish agglomeration, the conditions of Byzantium, of the western Roman Empire, and of Gaul. The best chapter of the book is that describing the battle of the Catalaunian plain, when the might of Attila was broken.

"Germany," says the author, "will perish by her 'Kultur' as certainly as the Huns did by their heathenism."

Indeed, in action they are identical and rest upon the same hopelessness." In the material sense Germany will fail as Attila failed, by reason of the vigour and superiority of a civilisation based on better conceptions of moral laws and on a truer understanding of individual rights and values.

Throughout the book opinions are expressed that raise contentions in the reader's mind. It is, however, a very interesting summary of an important phase of history.

"Barnavaux." By Pierre Mille. (John Lane.) 3s. 6d.

It has been said that Pierre Mille's work is like that of Kipling; but, except that the ideal old soldier in one army is very like the ideal old soldier in another army, there is no truth in the statement. Barnavaux is like Mulvaney—he is Mulvaney, with the addition of that touch of conceit compatible with the character of a very brave Frenchman but not permissible in any British character.

For the rest, here is Madagascar pictured as none other has succeeded in picturing it. Here are sketches of rollicking humour and of the grimdest tragedy—"The Chinamen" is the most powerful and impressive of any. Here, too, is true pathos, and great knowledge of various kinds of man. A book that, having read, one will not easily forget.

"Christian Derrick." By Beatrice Stott. (Chatto and Windus.) 6s.

The first half of this book, devoted as it is to the formation of the character of Christian—or Kit—Derrick, from childhood to adolescence, must be counted as a distinct literary achievement. It tells of the making of a misanthrope, and the finely limned portraits of figures in the sordid home, which set Kit permanently against women and against all but his art, remain in the reader's memory even after the end of the book has been read.

For the second half is not nearly equal to the first; Kit in the making is alive and real, but Kit the painter, misinterpreting his friend's wife, is wooden and unreal, as is the woman of the story. Had the level of the earlier chapters been maintained, this would have been a great book; as it is, it is an unsatisfactory though distinctly arresting and unusual story.

"A Tall Ship." By "Bartimæus." (Cassell and Co.) 1s. net.

One finds, in "Bartimæus'" stories, not so much of the reek of salt water as of the keenness and way of getting things done that is characteristic of British naval officers and men. Not that the salt water smell is absent; there is plenty of it in "The Day" and in "Crab Pots," the first and one of the best stories in the book.

Where all are good, though, it is difficult to make distinctions. Humour, pathos, and even tragedy, and a photographic reproduction of naval realities, combine to make this second volume of "Bartimæus'" short stories a worthy successor to "Naval Occasions."

In a little sixpenny booklet, attractively produced and published by *New Ireland*, of 13, Fleet Street, Dublin, Mrs. Victor Rickard has told the magnificent story of the Munsters at Etreux, Festubert, and Rue de Bois, and the manner of the telling is worthy of the story. The booklet, which is entitled simply *The Story of the Munsters*, is classic in its brevity, and, since none can fail to be impressed by the story the writer has to tell, is to be commended to all to whom the deeds of our Army are of any account.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

OCTOBER.

The 'Ligeance of the King': a Study of Nationality and Naturalization By SIR FRANCIS PLOGOTT (late Chief Justice of Hong Kong).

The Third War Budget. By H. J. JENNINGS.

More Leaves from a Field Note-Book. By Professor J. H. MORGAN (late Home Office Commissioner with the British Expeditionary Force).

National Service:

(1) The National Register and After. By Sir CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOPER, M.P.

(2) Compulsory Service as a Principle of the Constitution. By Sir HENRY BLAKE, G.C.M.G.

Resolute Russia. By ROBERT MACRAAY.

On the Providing of Work for Refugees. By EDITH SELLERS.

The Vatican and the War:

(1) The Pope and the German Atrocities. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Canon MOYES, D.D.

(2) The Pope, Orthodoxy, and the Allies. By R. B. C. SHERIDAN.

Wordsworth on the Revolution. By Professor A. V. DICEY.

The Poetry of Gabriele d'Annunzio. By ARUNDEL DEL RE.

Our Unseen Enemies and Allies. By A. P. SINNETT.

The Concert of Europe: A Plain Moral for To-day. By J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Military Aspects of a Frontier. By Colonel Sir THOMAS HILDICH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E.

Public Economy and National Education. By the Rt. Rev. Bishop FRODSHAM.

Ideals of Life and Education—German and English. By EDMOND G. A. HOLMES (late Chief Inspector of Elementary Schools for England).

Mr. Lloyd George and the War. By SYDNEY BROOKS.

London: Spottiswoode & Co., Ltd., 5 New-street Square.

A special excursion on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway system has been organised to enable people interested in farming to tour California this autumn. The visit will take in the Grand Canyon, Southern California, and the San Joaquin Valley, in addition to the two big World's Fairs at San Francisco and San Diego. Those who take advantage of this opportunity will leave Chicago on the 14th inst. and reach San Francisco on the 29th, and may return by any direct route not later than December 31. Visitors will be taken away from the railroads in motor-cars, where an opportunity will be afforded to visit hundreds of farms, orchards, and homes in the Golden State. The party will be under the personal guidance of the General Colonisation Agent; particulars will be willingly supplied by Mr. D. H. Drakeford, 60, Haymarket, S.W.

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It is not at this moment possible to reach the sufferers in devastated Poland, where the harvests are trampled into the mud and where rich and poor alike have seen their homes in flames; but the needs of thousands upon thousands of Poles uprooted from their native soil and carried into Russia before the retreating armies is so immense and terrible that if every hand in Great Britain were to give a penny to-day it would not suffice to save them from hunger.

When the retreating armies of Napoleon came Westward from Moscow, their track was marked by the dead bodies of men; the roads of Poland and of Lithuania are marked Eastward to-day by another trail—by the corpses of children in the ditches.

We beg you, although you yourselves are poorer than you were, to have pity on those who yet live and to help us to save them. All gifts of money or of things to sell on behalf of the Poles are gratefully acknowledged by the

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A Loan Exhibition and Sale of objects of interest concerning Poland will be open on OCTOBER 4th, and during the month, from 11 to 6.30, Saturdays from 11 to 2.

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The Hospitals at Roehampton (for Officers and men) have been recognised by the Directors General of the Navy and Army Medical Services as Base Convalescent Hospitals where Sailors and Soldiers (including men from our Overseas Dominions) are supplied with their artificial limbs and taught how to use them.

Eight hundred cases are now awaiting admission, and funds are needed for the erection and equipment of new Wards, which will shortly be opened.

This National work can best be judged by the results achieved and by the gratitude and happiness of these brave men on realising, that with the aid of the wonderful artificial limbs of recent invention, they will be able to obtain employment and make a fresh start in life.

With a view to their future employment and to provide useful occupation for the men while in Hospital, workshops fitted with model motor chassis, electrical appliances, lathes, &c., are being organised, with competent instructors. An Employment Bureau working in conjunction with existing Societies and employers of labour has also been established. Already a number of the men have secured good situations through its medium, and from the numerous offers received, it is hoped to find suitable employment for every man on his leaving the Hospital.

£50 will maintain for a year a bed to be named after the Donor, and it is hoped that donations of this amount will be forthcoming from many quarters—including Industrial Firms—to secure the provision of County Beds, beds for Naval, Military and Aircraft units, and also for men from our Overseas Dominions. Donations of smaller amounts will be gratefully acknowledged.

Donations and Offers of Employment should be addressed to—

C. H. KENDERDINE, Esq.,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer,

St. Stephen's House,

Westminster, S.W.

from whom forms of admission to the Hospitals can be obtained.

NEEDS OF THE NATIONS

By E. Charles Vivian,

Author of "The Way of the Red Cross," &c.

THERE is, probably, no more striking instance in history of the way in which the people of a nation have responded to a national appeal than the success of the Prince of Wales's Fund; to which all classes contributed in such a way as to raise a record total in a record time—and this at a point of commercial and political anxiety, of crisis in private as well as in public affairs. But the fund, great as was its conception and usefulness, has not by any means covered the field of national obligations. To the needy and suffering of our own country we must pay heed; it is a primary duty. At the same time, there are other needs and obligations not less imperative, and it is the object of this article to draw attention to some of these—volumes would not suffice even for mention of all—and to point the need for carrying on works which can scarcely be described as "charitable," since they are so much more than that.

Instances are not far to seek. Incontestably, Britain is richest of the Allies from the monetary point of view, and thus financially should give most. France has given her utmost in means and men, and, relatively to her resources, has suffered most among the Allied Great Powers set to destroy the menace to civilisation. In mere numbers of men, Russia has given most of all; lacking the means to transmute the vast resources of the country into actualities, Russia, giving least of material goods, has yet given all. It is for Britain, highly industrialised, wealthy, and untouched by such invasion as has befallen our Allies with land frontiers, to make good, as far as lies in the power of the British people, the material needs of nations on whom the full burden of war has fallen, and to whom the phrase "horrors of war" has such meaning as the people of an uninvaded island can only remotely conceive. And this is no matter of charity, but of duty; to these less fortunate peoples we owe, in some measure, the fact that our shores are still inviolate; our obligation to these peoples is only to be measured by our security—it is absolute and unquestionable.

Yet, in surveying these great and pressing needs, we must not lose sight of the poor whom we have always with us—the needs of our own country must not be neglected in the fulfilment of abnormal requirements. The first year of war has proved that the wealth of this country is abundantly sufficient to meet the claims of war and at the same time to maintain the normal works that must go on either in war or in peace. All that is wanted is that the people of the country should realise what is required of them; that they should be made cognisant of the works being accomplished at the present time, and of what is required of themselves in carrying on the care of the wounded, the support which is due from Britain to Allied countries, and the maintenance of permanent national organisations. While making no attempt to cover the whole field, the following pages are intended to convey some idea of the energies and needs of enterprises richly deserving of unqualified and constant support.

Polish Victims' Relief Fund.

While, in a general way, the sufferings of Belgium have been impressed on British people by reason of the proximity of Belgium and the opportunities of learning the story of Belgium at first hand, the fact that the devastation of Poland has been an even greater and more complete calamity is as yet hardly appreciated. In order to alleviate the suffering of Poland, nearly all of which is now occupied by a ruthless enemy, the Polish Victims' Relief Fund came into existence through the initiative of Mr. Paderewski. Its objects are to raise money for the relief of Poland's stricken

FOR OUR WOUNDED HORSES IN FRANCE AND THE DARDANELLES

THE R.S.P.C.A. FUND FOR SICK & WOUNDED HORSES

Chairman . . . H.G. The DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G.

THE ONLY FUND APPROVED BY THE ARMY COUNCIL.

From the INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF COMMUNICATIONS, Overseas:—

"I should like to inform you how much we appreciate the valuable assistance the Society has rendered. . . . The Veterinary Hospital is now in full use, and the Society may rest assured that the splendid facilities for treatment which have been placed at the disposal of the State, and the extreme care and forethought which has been shown in providing the same, will bring the reward of an increased number of animals made serviceable to the State and the alleviation of animal suffering under the trying conditions of war."

This Fund, AUTHORISED BY THE ARMY COUNCIL AS AN AID TO THE ARMY VETERINARY CORPS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, is helping to minimise the suffering of the horses, and to restore them to the effective fighting force. It is therefore doing a twofold work—humane and economic—and no charitable effort now before the public is more deserving of support.

£20,000 IS URGENTLY REQUIRED.

The Fund has erected complete Veterinary Hospitals for 2,500 horses, and is now building another A.V.C. hospital for 1,250 equine patients. Here the horses are treated with the latest scientific skill, and when operations are necessary these are all performed under anaesthetics. The hospitals include also recreation rooms and other provisions for the comfort of the necessary Army Veterinary Staff.

Send all donations to E. G. FAIRHOLME, Esq., Hon. Secretary, R.S.P.C.A. FUND FOR SICK AND WOUNDED HORSES, 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W. All cheques to be crossed "Coutts and Co."

Mr. TENNANT, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, in the House of Commons:—

"The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is the only Society recognised and authorised by the Army Council to collect funds for the provision of comforts for horses in veterinary hospitals. . . . The offers of other Societies have not been accepted."

F.-M. SIR JOHN FRENCH, in a message to the Duke of Portland, stated that he had

"received most satisfactory reports of the work done by the Society, and had no doubt that its efforts for the care of the sick and wounded horses would have a most beneficial effect in shortening the period of sickness."

It has, besides, despatched for the use of the British Veterinary Hospitals overseas, 27 motor and horse-drawn ambulances, 16 corn crushers and chaff cutters, combined with petrol engines, motor lorries for carrying fodder, besides thousands of waterproof and other horse rugs, halters, bandages, poultice, and brushing boots, and countless other veterinary necessities.

All this has entailed a vast expense which the generous Public has helped the R.S.P.C.A. to defray, but as the war continues, especially in view of the coming winter campaign, more aid will be required.

HELP OUR PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

"I was in prison and ye came unto me."

THE Royal Savoy Association urgently appeals for funds in order to continue the purchase and despatch of a weekly supply of necessities and comforts to relieve the sufferings of 500 British Prisoners in Germany.

In every instance great care is exercised to ascertain that only necessitous cases are dealt with; and to prevent overlapping, all names are submitted to the Prisoners of War Help Committee.

DEAR MADAM,—Just a few lines in acknowledgment of your parcel, which I received safely on June 22 last. I have been interned here since August 22, 1914, and you can guess what a treat it was to receive such a parcel from the Old Country. I am sure it must have cost you a great deal of trouble and worry to make up such splendid parcels. It seemed as though you knew exactly the things we need most, and I am sure your generosity to me—a perfect stranger as it were—will be a life-long remembrance. You may rest assured I and all my comrades here will be pleased when we can return home again. As you know, ten months is a long time to be parted from our wives and children, and those we hold dear; so we are looking forward with anxious hearts for that welcome word of peace. Again thanking you for your generosity to me, I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,
I — T —.

DEAR MADAM,—Just a line on behalf of my husband a prisoner of war interned at R—. Thank you for the kindness you have shown in sending him parcels of food. I only wish I could send him more, but I have a little girl to keep and myself, and we are only allowed 9s. 6d. a week. I send him one when I can afford it. Well, dear friend my husband wrote and asked me to thank you for what you have done for him. They are only allowed to write so often. Again I thank you, and hope you will have every success in life.

Yours truly,
J — B —.

Numerous postcards expressing deep gratitude are being received daily, and afford ample proof that the parcels sent out have safely reached those for whom they were intended. At the moment our list contains 400 names, including

200 DEEP SEA FISHERMEN.

THE PARCELS, VALUE 5s. to 10s., include everything that is known to be necessary for the welfare and comfort of the prisoners.

£1,000 is needed to complete the £6,000 asked for, and any amount, large or small, will be gratefully received by

Rev. HUGH B. CHAPMAN (Chaplain), British Prisoners of War Association, Savoy School, Savoy Street, W.C.

EDUCATION of SONS of OFFICERS FALLEN in the WAR.

Appeal to the Nation.

Commended by

**LORD KITCHENER,
SIR JOHN JELlicoe,
SIR JOHN FRENCH.**

THE Imperial Service College, the only one of its kind in England, controlled by a Council composed of Officers of the Navy and Army, carries on the excellent work of educating the sons of Officers of the two Services, both of Great Britain and of her Dominions, at a cost which meets, as far as possible, the circumstances of each individual case. The funds necessary for this purpose have been provided in the past, from time to time, by generous benefactors.

The Council now appeal to the public for a sum of money to continue and develop their work, and to enable them to educate the sons and descendants of the many Officers of the Navy and Army who have been, or may be, killed in the War, and whose families are left in straitened circumstances.

This appeal is supported by Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, and Field-Marshal Sir John French, who have written to the Council as follows:

*War Office, Whitehall, S.W.
29th December, 1914.*

*To the Council of the
Imperial Service College, Windsor.*

I consider the work undertaken by the Imperial Service College to be most valuable, and I sincerely hope that funds will be available to develop that work, and to provide for the education of the sons of officers who fall in the War.

KITCHENER.

*H.M.S. Iron Duke,
4th January, 1915.*

*To the Council of the
Imperial Service College, Windsor.*

I feel sure that there are few more worthy objects for our support at the present time than the Imperial Service College. The provision of funds for the work of this College affords a means of giving an education to the sons of officers who fall in the War, and I know of no better way of recognising the debt which the country owes to those who have given their lives for it.

JOHN JELlicoe.

*Head Quarters, British Army,
17th January, 1915.*

*To the Council of the
Imperial Service College, Windsor.*

The providing of funds for the education of the sons of officers who fall in the War is a work which has my whole-hearted support. Having been so closely associated with so many of these officers, it would be my dearest wish that their children, in case of need, should benefit by the education provided by the Imperial Service College.

J. D. P. FRENCH, F.M.

Donations, large or small, may be sent to and will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. J. CHAPMAN-WALKER, 25 Dover Street, W.; Col. A. W. MAYO-ROBSON, C.V.O., F.R.C.S., Lincoln House, Basil Street, Knightsbridge, S.W.; or Mr. H. PAGET, 15 Dean's Yard, Westminster, the Joint Hon. Secretaries.

millions, and to distribute funds to the greatest advantage by means of a general committee established in Switzerland. Acting in a neutral country, the committee has exceptional facilities for transmitting relief through Polish hands to all parts of the afflicted country. Russian charity is helping the relief committees of Poland in their great task of feeding homeless and starving refugees; but no help can pass from Russia to the country that the invader occupies. Grateful for the help already received, the fund, through Miss Laura Alma Tadema, the hon. secretary, appeals for more and yet more help, for the magnitude of its task is appalling; the list of the starving and homeless is without end. All gifts to the fund, large or small, are gratefully acknowledged by Miss Alma Tadema at the offices of the fund, 11, Haymarket, London, S.W.

Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals.

The scheme of these hospitals was originated by Mrs. Gwynne Holford and Mr. C. H. Kenderdine with the object of assisting men of both the Services who had lost limbs in the service of their country. At Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospital a man can be fitted with an artificial limb and taught how to use it under the best possible conditions and with the advice and assistance of eminent orthopedic surgeons. Numbers of sailors and soldiers disabled by loss of limb are constantly being discharged from naval and military hospitals and returning to their homes with their wounds recently healed and without the necessary arrangements being made for their future care and comfort. Such a variety of sad cases have come under notice that detailed mention of them is impossible, but the country owes these men a special debt of gratitude which must be recognised at once and to the full.

Two hospitals, with accommodation for about 225 cases, have been established, but the problem to be solved is far more grave than was at first anticipated, and temporary wards are being built to increase the accommodation to 400 beds. There are at the present time over 500 men waiting admission, and it is estimated that within the next few months over 1,000 sailors and soldiers who have lost their limbs will receive the benefits for which these hospitals have been established. These numbers take no account of amputation cases at home or abroad since June last.

The object of these hospitals, which is to fit the men treated to earn their living in the future, is one which especially appeals to the nation as a whole, for the losses that these men have suffered have been incurred in the service of the nation, which thus is their debtor. Any contributions to the funds urgently needed for carrying on the work will be gratefully acknowledged by the hon. secretary, Mr. C. H. Kenderdine, at St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.

War Library for Hospitals.

The War Library for Naval and Military Hospitals, started by Mrs. Gaskell, with the assistance of a friend, immediately after the outbreak of the war, supplies books and periodicals to all the naval and military hospitals as soon as their wants are made known and to ships on active service in home waters. With the sums collected the Committee has supplied at regular intervals more than 400 hospitals and hospital ships at home, eighty in France, and ninety in Malta and other places abroad, beside numerous smaller units. Voluntary workers relieve the Library of much of the expense of working, but funds are urgently needed in order to increase and carry on the work. Out of forty workers, only three are paid from the funds subscribed, and the Library is recognised by the War Office as a distributing agent. Funds are needed in order that the work may be maintained, and these will be acknowledged by the secretaries at Surrey House, Marble Arch, London, W.

Anglo-Russian Field Hospital.

The founding and fitting out of this hospital, which is intended to accompany the forces of our Ally, has been planned with a view to making the enterprise as widely representative of the British nation as possible. The names of Queen Alexandra, of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, of the Prime Minister, of Lord Kitchener, Sir Edward Grey, and many others representative of all parties and virtually all interests, prove that the scheme has already aroused national interest.

The need for the hospital itself is emphasised by Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador at Petrograd, who, directly referring to the scheme for its formation, states that "the Russian Red Cross warmly welcomes the proposal, and authorises me to say that it is not so much money, but a hospital equipped and staffed that it needs at the moment."

The reason for this is evident when the present condition of Russia is considered. At the best, Russia is far from being such a highly industrialised country as Britain or France, while at the present time some of the richest industrial districts are in enemy hands, and therefore useless to our Ally. Medical and surgical necessities, surgeons, nurses, and all the equipment of a field hospital must be secured in this country and sent to Russia ready for service with the armies. To send money, when the energy that money could purchase in normal times is already fully employed, would be of little use.

Thus the committee which is entrusted with the formation of the Anglo-Russian Field Hospital has been formed, in order to co-ordinate the efforts made in this country with a view to assisting the Russian armies. It is estimated that £30,000 will equip and maintain for one year the unit on a basis of 200 beds, which represents the first gift of the British nation to Russia under this scheme. It is hoped, however, that this will not

represent the ultimate limit, but that the scheme may be widely extended.

Professor Pares, the special correspondent with the Russian armies, expresses the need for aid very clearly. Writing with regard to this hospital, he says: "Several people have said to me that they feel quite sure we shall win this war because England is in it; but this is exactly the moment when such help will be most appreciated. I feel strongly that we should do everything that we can, when Germany's power is so impressive, to convince them that our co-operation is not only wholehearted but effective, and that is why I hope you will be able to go somewhere near the front where help is most needed."

This letter was written to Lady Muriel Paget, Honorary Organising Secretary, who, in company with Lady Sybil Grey, is going to Russia. It may be added that the Automobile Club has given a detachment of motor ambulances for work in Russia, to supply the means of transport for the wounded which is so sorely needed. Space permits only of this brief mention of the scheme.

It is hardly necessary to emphasise the extreme importance—we may say the national importance—of this hospital. Professor Pares, in the letter quoted, shows how such a gift from Britain to Russia will stand as an earnest of our desire to assist the nation that has done so much for us and that has borne the stress of war in a way not to be comprehended fully here in the West. In spite of the many claims on our generosity at the present time, it is no less than a national duty to see that this hospital is maintained, and its scope of usefulness even enlarged beyond that of the one establishment now planned and being sent out.

All information can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., 116, Victoria Street, London, S.W., and subscriptions sent there or to Messrs. Baring Brothers, 8, Bishopsgate, E.C. Cheques should be crossed Messrs. Baring Brothers and Company, Limited.

Have you answered
the cry of little
SERBIA
—the nation that is
doing so much for us?

WILL you help to repay our debt of gratitude by sending a little money to relieve the sufferings of this wonderful little nation devastated by war and disease? *Remember that, but for Serbia, the Germans would now be at Constantinople.*

Money never had such power to do good as to-day in Serbia. Doctors, Nurses, Surgical Appliances—veritably a crying need in that stricken land.

Have YOU contributed yet? Send your Donation to the
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Hon. Sec.: Mr. R. W. Seton-Watson, D.Litt.

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

**The Oldest and Largest Voluntary
Hospital for Children in the
British Empire.**

It is necessary now—more than ever
—to make strenuous efforts to save
the lives of the

Children of the Nation

to continue the welfare of the
British Empire

In the Future

and to prevent the present heavy
mortality of Babies under one year
of age.

This Hospital—the Mother of all
Children's Hospitals—appeals to all
for the help that is urgently needed
to continue its

National Work.

**£3,000 has to be raised this year if
the Hospital is to be kept
clear of debt.**

All Donations Gratefully Acknowledged.

JAMES McKAY,

Acting Secretary.

What the Blind Learn.

Nowhere is more splendid work being done for our wounded soldiers and sailors than at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, which has been converted into a school for the blind under the personal supervision of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. There are now one hundred men in residence there who have lost their sight in battle and are learning to be blind. Eight officers are housed at 21, Portland Place, which has been generously lent for their use by Sir John and Lady Stirling-Maxwell. Braille reading and writing are taught, also the special form of shorthand used by the blind, and typewriting. The industries pursued are carpentry, boot-repairing, and the making of mats, brushes, and baskets. Most of the teachers are themselves blind, so that the teaching is thoroughly practical. Since Mr. Pearson took over this beautiful villa, with its spacious grounds on the edge of Regent's Park, which was placed at the disposal of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee by the generosity of Mr. Otto Kahn, large workshops and buildings of one kind and another have sprung up around the house; and in the compound, as they would call it in India, instruction in poultry-farming and market-gardening is given. So excellent has been the teaching that already men, who could see as well as you and I less than a year ago but are now in total darkness, are leaving St. Dunstan's fully capable of earning their own living in one or other of half a dozen ways. The duty of the general public towards these brave men now begins. They must take an interest in their work and make a market for their wares. What is needed, once a blind man has learnt a trade, is a little commonsense sympathy and the knowledge that there is always a market for his work. Self-independence is one of the strongest traits in the character of the trained blind, and all they ask for is a fair field where they may work their life out happily for themselves and others.

Fund for Parcels for Prisoners of War.

The many relatives of men who are prisoners of war in Germany, in sending parcels on their own initiative, often fail to comply with the stringent regulations affecting this form of benevolence. In order to ensure that parcels shall reach their destinations without trouble, a fund has been established to deal with the business of proper packing and dispatch, under the auspices of the Countess of Bective and Lady Henry Bentinck. By means of this fund, anyone wishing to have parcels sent to prisoners of war, containing either food, underclothing, or comforts of any kind, can have the articles required to be sent packed in strong boxes and waterproof paper, and all necessary forms for transport to the German prisons supplied and filled in, by posting their parcels to the Countess of Bective or to Lady Henry Bentinck, at 53, Grosvenor Street, London, W., after which there will be no further expense to the sender. The ladies named will be very glad to receive contributions to assist in their work at the above address. In every case the name of the giver will be printed on the labels of the parcel (no writing being allowed inside it), so that the prisoner of war can acknowledge it to the giver direct.

Imperial Service College Trust.

The Imperial Service College, the only establishment of its kind in England, carries on the work of educating the sons of officers of the two Services, both of Great Britain and her Dominions, at a cost which meets as far as possible the needs of each individual case. The funds necessary for this purpose have in the past been provided by the generosity of contributors, and the Council now appeal to the public for means to carry on and develop their noble work. Donations to the work of the College may be sent to Mr. J. Chapman-Walker, 25, Dover Street, W.

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BLINDED AT THE WAR

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS who have lost their sight at the Front are being taught to be blind at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London. Here they learn to read and write in Braille, and to use the ordinary type-writer. They are taught to be Masseurs, Carpenters, Telephone Operators, Braille-Shorthand Writers, Cobblers, Mat Makers, Basket Makers, Poultry Farmers, or Market Gardeners. There are now more than 100 men at St. Dunstan's.

Contributions to enable the Management to provide type-writers and other expensive apparatus, and to pay the travelling and living expenses of those who come from the country to stay near by, are very gratefully received, as are presents of fruit, flowers, eggs, cigarettes and other little luxuries. These, or contributions, should be sent to the Secretary.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON,

Chairman—Blinded Soldiers' and
Sailors' Care Committee.

The WAR LIBRARY.

**Books and Magazines for SICK and
WOUNDED in HOSPITALS at
Home and Abroad.**

The WAR LIBRARY is supplying with reading matter the Hospitals for English Soldiers in FRANCE; the Hospitals in the MEDITERRANEAN STATIONS and in EGYPT; and the NAVAL and MILITARY HOSPITAL SHIPS; as well as a great number of Hospitals in England.

MONEY is urgently needed to meet the heavy expenses of carrying on the work.

*The Hon. Treasurer appeals earnestly for
contributions to be sent to him at—*

**The WAR LIBRARY,
Surrey House, Marble Arch,
LONDON, W.**

Indian Muslim Soldiers' Widows and Orphans War Fund.

Under the Distinguished Patronage of

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AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.
THE RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE, P.C.
HIS EXCELLENCY THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR AND MADAME INOUE.
HIS HIGHNESS AGA SIR SULTAN MUHAMMAD SHAH, AGA KHAN.
THE RT. HON. LORD READING (Lord Chief Justice).
THE RT. HON. THE EARL CURZON.
THE RT. HON. LORD LAMINGTON AND LADY LAMINGTON.

THE RT. HON. THE EARL CROMER.
THE BARONESS CROERSTROM (Madame de Adeline Patti).
LADY COLLEN.
THE RT. HON. LORD HEADLEY.
THE RT. HON. SIR J. WEST RIDGEWAY.
LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, ESQ.
THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY, M.P.
THE HON. AUBREY HERBERT, M.P.
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LAWRENCE CURRIE, ESQ.
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THOMAS JEWELL BENNETT, ESQ., C.I.E.
SIR ARUNDEL TAGG ARUNDEL.
LT. COL. SIR DAVID BARR.
S. S. THORNBURN, ESQ.
SIR WILLIAM OVENS CLARK.
SIR JAMES WILSON.
Etc., etc., etc.

"Let the rich man give according to his riches, and the poor man that which he hath."

Five Reasons Why You Should Help this Fund:—

BECAUSE, East though East, and West though West, the twain joined hands in death.

BECAUSE these Muslim Indian Soldiers left a warm Indian climate to suffer the rigours of a European winter campaign.

BECAUSE, although Muslim, they placed their British citizenship foremost and fought for the solidarity of the Christian British Empire.

BECAUSE YOU cannot permit the Widows and Orphans of these who have gallantly fallen to suffer.

BECAUSE "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Cheques and Postal Orders payable "Indian Muslim Soldiers' Widows and Orphans War Fund," and crossed "London City and Midland Bank," Law Courts Branch, and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, DUSE MOHAMED, 168 Fleet Street, E.C., to whom all communications should be addressed.

THE HON. RAJAH SIR MOHAMED ALI MOHAMED will undertake the distribution of the Fund in India through a Committee he is organising for the purpose.

Garrould's

To H.M. War Office, H.M. Colonial Office, India Office,
St. John Ambulance Association, British Red Cross Society, London
County Council, Guy's Hospital, &c.

HOSPITAL NURSES' SALOON. Complete Equipment of Nurses
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British Red Cross Apron, in stout linen

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Also Overall in blue-grey Cotton Cloth ... 7/6 "

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Felt, 5/6 post free.

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In Two Sizes:

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THE
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Made in
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CRUTCHES.
IN MAPLE POLISHED WOOD.
Special price, 4/6 per pair.
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Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital

MARYLEBONE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

Patrons: THE QUEEN and QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

1,800 Patients are admitted into the
Wards every year, and over 2,000
others are attended and nursed in their
own homes.

SINCE the outbreak of
War over 400 Wives
of our Soldiers and Sailors
have been granted free ad-
mission, and 700 others have
been granted attendance in
their own homes, free of
charge. Many Belgian and
other War Refugees are re-
ceiving similar benefits.

Upwards of £7,500 is required
annually for the maintenance of the Hospital.

Last year the Income fell short or
the Expenditure by £1,497.

**The Committee earnestly appeal for
Annual Subscriptions and Donations.**

ARTHUR WATTS, Secretary.

Serbian Relief Fund.

This fund, of which the Queen is Patroness, was
originated soon after the beginning of the war by Mr.
Bertram Christian and Dr. Seton Watson, the latter
of whom is one of the first authorities on Serbia and
the Southern Slav races, while Mr. Christian was
already the chairman of the Macedonian Relief Fund.
The committee formed to administer the fund is com-
posed of members who are either experts in Balkan
affairs or in relief work. Thus Sir Edward Boyle,
the first hon. treasurer of the fund, has long
been hon. secretary of the Balkan Committee, and
other members have in similar fashion been connected
with Balkan problems in many ways. Interest in Serbia
and the gallantry of its people has been so well displayed
in this country that the fund has been able to send out
five fully-equipped hospital units to Serbia, each con-
sisting of about fifty persons, forming a fully qualified
surgical, medical, and nursing staff. The first of these
units, under Lady Paget, played an effective part in
the suppression of the outbreak of typhus in Serbia.

The committee of the fund are now facing the
problem of organising general relief on a large scale,
under the superintendence of Sir Ralph Paget, through-
out those parts of the country which have been ravaged
by the war. The specially destitute condition of the
Serbian children whose fathers have been killed in the
war has been brought to the notice of the committee,
and a children's branch of the fund has been started to
establish, in co-operation with Madam Han, started to
of the Serbian Prime Minister, an orphanage in Serbia,
the money for this being largely raised by British
children. The committee's assistance is given, whether
in the form of material or medical aid, through British
hands, and in such a manner as to ensure that there
shall be no possibility of overlapping. But the needs of
this country are so great, and available resources so
small, that there is more fear of an absolute lack of
relief than of overlapping in the work. The Hon.
Treasurer of the fund will gratefully acknowledge
donations sent to 5, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.
Gifts in kind are gladly received by Mr. Carrington-
Wilde and Mr. Seton-Watson, at the same address. The
needs of Serbia are as pressing as they are little known,
and the fund is well deserving of support.

Systematic Distribution.

A voluntary organisation well worthy of support is
the War Supplies Clearing House, established in
November of last year to obviate overlapping and to
bring under one central control the collection and dis-
tribution of gifts for those fighting for civilisation and
for those wounded. The Clearing House is recognised
by the Board of Trade, and has free transit over the rail-
ways to the British Expeditionary Force and to ports for
the Navy. Being in constant touch with the requirements
of the various bodies appealing, the Clearing House is
able to divert to the best channel any article received.
Gifts for the troops and contributions for the carrying on
of the work of the Clearing House may be sent to the
hon. secretary at 110, George Street, Croydon.

The Church Army.

The work of the Church Army in connection with
the war is so well known that description of it is need-
less. The highest naval and military authorities have
expressed appreciation of the work, which has been of
inestimable benefit to our sailors and soldiers, both at
home and on active service. Few organisations are
better known than this, and none have surpassed it in
the work done with the means at disposal—work which
the men themselves appreciate to the full. The vast
extent of the work calls for ever-increasing support, and
contributions on behalf of active service work will be
gratefully received by the hon. secretary at Head-
quarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Feeding the Fleet.

Among the many grave and urgent matters engaging the attention of the Admiralty from the outbreak of the war, the personal well-being of our sailors has been one of the most important, and the feeding of the men has been recognised as equally essential with the provision of munitions. At the outset vegetables were not much missed by the men, but as time went on vegetable additions to the dietary became absolute necessities, and, in order to supplement official provisions, the Vegetable Products Committee was organised by Mr. E. Jerome Dyer, under the presidency of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and a very able and influential committee. So useful has been the work of the committee that Admiral Sir John Jellicoe wrote concerning it: "These gifts are very greatly appreciated by the ships' companies of the Fleet, and, in addition, the work done by your committee is undoubtedly helping to keep the men fit and well." Commodore Halsey, too (H.M.S. *Iron Duke*), described the work of the Committee as "a perfect godsend to the men of the Navy."

The Vegetable Products Committee has now upwards of 450 branches and collecting depots throughout the United Kingdom, the addresses of which may be obtained from Mr. Dyer, the hon. general secretary, at Alderman's House, Alderman's Walk, London, E.C., and the aggregate weekly supply of gifts sent by the organisation to the Fleet exceeds 220,000lb.

It is almost needless to add that the maintenance and management of such a work entails heavy expenditure, while the work itself has become an essential to the health of the Grand Fleet. The committee would be grateful for any assistance in the form of contributions to their fund, and such contributions should be sent addressed to Messrs. Jackson, Pixley, and Co., 58, Coleman Street, London, E.C.; or the Editor, *Daily Graphic*, Tallis House, Whitefriars, London, E.C. Acknowledgments will be duly published in the columns of that newspaper.

Help to Belgian Soldiers' Fund.

Shortly after the outbreak of war a large number of wounded Belgian soldiers were landed in England and drafted to various hospitals, where they were cared for with the same solicitude as our own wounded men. Unfortunately, these brave Belgians arrived with scarcely any clothing beyond that which they were wearing at the time, and, as a large number of them eventually returned to the front, a very serious problem arose as to the provision of suitable underclothing, to enable these men to withstand the rigours of a severe winter in the trenches. Happily, through the instrumentality of Madame Maton, the wife of the Belgian Military Attaché at the Belgian Legation in London, a committee was formed and a fund started with the object of supplying the wants of these men.

Thanks to a very generous response on the part of the British public to the appeals of the fund, it was soon possible to send men back to the trenches with a good supply of warm garments. Similar clothing was eventually provided for the Belgian volunteers who, responding so nobly to their country's call from all parts of the world, passed through London on their way to the front. In addition to this provision, large weekly consignments of clothing have been forwarded by Madame Maton to the front, and distributed among the soldiers.

The good work is still going on, but the needs of the soldiers are becoming greater with the approach of another winter. The committee hope to be able to continue their work, which must appeal strongly to all who follow the doings of the brave Belgian Army, fighting in concert with the Western Allies.

Any gifts of warm underclothing will be thankfully received at the Dépôt for Help to Belgian Soldiers, at 29, East Street, City Road, E.C., and donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Madame Maton, at 17, Eln Park Gardens, South Kensington, London, S.W.

CITY OF LONDON HOSPITAL — FOR — DISEASES OF THE CHEST

Popularly known as Victoria Park Hospital, E.

Patrons:

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

175 beds, of which twenty have been reserved for the British Red Cross Society, to accommodate men invalided from the Forces.

Amongst the general patients treated have been Soldiers and Sailors, including Belgians.

It is so unfortunate a time for the Hospital that the Committee, although desirous of doing nothing to hamper the success of the many special objects connected with the War, yet appeal for assistance to replace subscriptions unavoidably suspended by many City firms, &c.

It is evident that further assistance must be obtained in order to avoid a serious deficiency on this year's income.

Hon. Treasurer: Sir G. WYATT TRUSCOTT, Bt.

Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY & CO., Ltd.,
54 Lombard Street, E.C.

GEORGE WATTS, Secretary.

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A HOME FOR THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN of South-Western Railway Servants,

On whose Voluntary Contributions and those of the Public it is mainly dependent.

The only Railway Servants' Orphanage in the South of England.

£21 will support a child in the Institution for one year.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED

for maintenance of 140 Orphans in the New Home at Woking opened in July, 1909, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany.

Subscriptions and Donations gratefully received by the Secretary, The Orphanage, Woking.

Legacies for strengthening the Endowment Fund are earnestly invited.
£100 endows a cot.

FIVE GUINEAS ANNUALLY CONSTITUTES A LIFE GOVERNOR.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY FORCE

Enrols both "Military" and "Civilian" Members.

Uniform: Navy blue, fawn facings. Moderate cost.

Military Members train in Drill, Fire Drill, Marching, Scouting, Signalling, Cooking, First Aid, Shooting, etc., etc. Classes in the evening.

Civilians assist with Clerical Work, Sewing, Collecting for War Charities, and with the Force's Coffee Stalls, and are eligible for Classes.

SPECIAL WAR WORK.—Coffee Stalls and Clubrooms for Soldiers in lonely country camps or congested town districts.

Recruits, Regular Helpers, and Money Contributions Urgently Needed.

Among the Patrons are Lady Milman (President Coffee Stalls Committee), Lady Snell, Lady Bowater, Mrs. D. A. Thomas, Mrs. Cantlie, the National Political League, etc. Affiliated to the British Women's Patriotic League.

ENTIRELY NON-POLITICAL.

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Will you "adopt" a Soldier?

FUND FOR PARCELS FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

(The COUNTESS OF BECTIVE and LADY HENRY BENTINCK.)

The method is simple. You send 5/- either weekly, fortnightly or monthly, to LADY BECTIVE at

53 Grosvenor Street, W.,

and each 5/- will provide a parcel of necessaries and comforts for a soldier in a German prison who will know that the gift comes from you.

LADY BECTIVE welcomes enquiries and will send full particulars by return of post regarding this fund for giving practical help towards making things less hard for these unfortunate men.

Sensible War Service

If you send a subscription to

The SOLDIERS & SAILORS' DENTAL AID FUND,

36 Leicester Square, W.C.,

Every penny of it will be devoted to making men fit for active service.

NO SALARIES, RENT, RATES, OR TAXES ARE PAID FROM THE FUND.

1/- will supply one tooth.

5/- will supply a complete set.

Since its Foundation this Fund has dealt with over 5,000 men who would otherwise have been rejected or delayed owing to defective teeth.

AUTHORISED BY THE WAR OFFICE.
ACCEPTED BY THE ADMIRALTY.

DUTY AND DISCIPLINE MOVEMENT

PATRON.

Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE, Duchess of Argyll.

JOINT PRESIDENTS.

Her Grace the DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

The Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

CHAIRMAN OF COUNCIL.

The Lord ABERCONWAY, P.C.

This organization, now numbering over 4,450 signed supporters, has been formed to combat softness, slackness, indifference, and indiscipline, and to stimulate a sense of duty and alertness throughout the national life, especially during the formative period of home and school training, with a view to the raising of a race of British men and women unconquerable either in peace or war.

All those who sympathise with the above objects are requested to communicate with the Secretary, 117 Victoria Street, London, S.W., and to subscribe generously towards a widespread propaganda of the principles of the movement so greatly needed in this time of national stress.

National Food Fund.

H.R.H. the Duchess de Vendome, sister of the King of the Belgians, and M. Paul Hymans, the Belgian Minister, have expressed their unbounded appreciation of the work of this fund on many occasions, and hundreds of letters from the many patriotic societies supported by the fund have been received at its offices. The Belgian refugees, guests of this country perforce, have been largely supported by the fund, and the number of hostels, homes, and flats now supported by the fund is well over 600, inhabited by nearly 7,000 refugees. The need for more support for the maintenance of this work is urgent, and contributions to the fund will be gratefully received at its headquarters, 3, Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, W.

Dental Aid.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Dental Aid Fund, which has already provided dental treatment for no less than 5,000 fighting men, does work of such prosaic nature that the public are slow to recognise its full value. The average cost of the assistance rendered by the fund is £3 per man, and, as the whole of the work is being done by a voluntary staff, and the offices have been lent to the committee free of rent, rates, and taxes, every £3 contributed means another efficient fighting man. The fund has secured the approbation of the highest military and naval authorities, and its activities are limited only by the extent of contributions, which will be gratefully received by the hon. treasurers, Sir Herbert Bartlett, Bart., and Mr. Arthur Lucas, at the offices, 36, Leicester Square, W.

Women's Auxiliary Force

The main object of the permanent Force is to train women to be useful to their country, good citizens, and prepared for emergencies. The war work of the Force is the provision of coffee-stalls and club-rooms for soldiers in camps and in towns, entirely different from and supplementary to the recognised reading-rooms and recreation huts. Regular helpers and organisers are needed to extend and carry on this work, especially ladies willing to take charge of country stalls. Inquiries from intending helpers are invited at the headquarters, 40, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

Women's Service Department.

The Women's Service Department of the London Society for Women's Suffrage has provided emergency workrooms for women workers, established clothing depots, and in many other ways helped women whom the war has thrown out of employment and in other ways injured, while in addition to this it has done good work in training women for munition work. If the society had a fund at its disposal, its schemes of training to a patriotic end could be indefinitely increased, and they beg, with all the confidence of good work already well done and practical plans prepared, for help with such a fund. The national character of this Service Department, the national importance of the work which it is accomplishing, warrants the help of the nation in furthering the work. Contributions will be gratefully received at the headquarters of the Department, 58, Victoria Street, S.W.

Indian Muslim Widows' Fund.

This fund calls for help in this country because the men whose dependents it is desired to help placed their British citizenship before their religion and fought for the solidarity of the Christian British Empire. The main object for which the fund has been established is that the widows and children of these men shall not suffer through the patriotism of the men who have died for the Empire. Contributions to the fund may be sent to the hon. secretary, Duse Mohammed, at 158, Fleet Street, E.C.

Officers' Families Fund.

The Officers' Families Fund was originated by Lady Lansdowne and Lady Wolseley at the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899, and is intended to benefit the wives and dependent relatives of officers in the Navy and Army who, owing to the direct and unavoidable expenses that have resulted from the war, are in financial embarrassment, or in any other trouble. From the outbreak of the present war the aims of the Fund and its activities, under the able direction of Lady Hope, have been enormously enlarged; some of the main objects which it is furthering at the present time are hospitality to officers' wives and families, medical assistance, education of officers' children, the provision of clothing in cases where this is needed, and the giving of free business and legal advice.

In the provision of Hospitality to officers' families, the Fund, of which this especial department is under the sympathetic supervision of Mrs. Seymour Corkran, has had a multitude of offers of assistance—but at the same time it has been difficult to find places to fit all needs. This is in no way due to lack of generosity on the part of those interested in the Fund, but rather to a difficulty in comprehending the position in which the families of many officers have been placed by the war. What is needed at the present time is the use of small houses which would cost little to run, and, in cases where officers' wives are solely dependent on their husband's pay, would be within the means of those who use them.

In the matter of Medical Assistance, which is also under the charge of Mrs. Seymour Corkran, medical men, dentists, and nurses have rendered invaluable services, giving time and labour to cases which, without the assistance afforded by the Fund, would have been in sore straits, while Nursing and Maternity homes have also assisted the work in a manner beyond all praise.

The department of Education and Training, which is under the unremitting care of Miss Fardell, the Assistant Honorary Secretary to the Fund, is one of the most important sections, in that it is concerned with the training up of officers' children to the point at which they are able to begin life for themselves. Especially worthy of attention in this section is the offer made by the Council of the Association of Preparatory Schools, which is prepared to arrange, for the sons of officers serving in the war, special and almost nominal terms at the greater number of schools included in the Association. Boys must be recommended by the Committee of the Fund, and Mr. E. H. Parry kindly charges himself with the arrangement of details between the relatives of the boys and the schools concerned. The Headmasters' Conference also considers sympathetically any cases of recommendation for entry to Public Schools.

The department for the provision of ladies and children's clothing, managed by Lady Wilson, has proved a great success. H.M. the Queen, patroness of the Fund, has directed that some of the best articles sent in by Queen Mary's Needlework Guild should be given to the clothing department, which is housed, by Mrs. Albert Brassey's generosity, at 29, Berkeley Square; and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon has very kindly established a separate depot for men's clothing at 2, Albert Gate.

A sub-committee has been formed to assist officers and their dependents gratuitously with advice in the business worries that arise from the call of the Service, and this kindly project, of which Mr. Philip H. Freeman is hon. secretary, has been of inestimable benefit.

These are merely some of the activities of the Fund, which accomplishes one of the great duties incumbent on the nation in caring for the widows and children of those who have given life itself for their country. Such a work demands, in addition to the devoted work of those responsible for its organisation, heavy and continuous expenditure, and subscriptions in aid of the Fund will be very gratefully received either by Lady Lansdowne, or by Lady Hope, Hon. Secretary, at Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, W.

WOMEN'S WORK is a NATIONAL NECESSITY

WOMEN'S SERVICE

(London Society for Women's Suffrage, N.U.W.S.S.)

58 VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

gives Help, Training and Advice to

WOMEN MUNITION WORKERS

and other

VOLUNTARY AND PAID WOMEN WORKERS

For Government and other Work

ALL HELP AND ALL ENQUIRIES WELCOME

Royal National Lifeboat Institution

Supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

KILLED IN ACTION.

Those who wish to perpetuate the memory of the gallant death on the field of honour of a Husband, a Son, or a Brother, may, by presenting or endowing and naming a Lifeboat, provide a noble

MEMORIAL, MORE LASTING THAN BRONZE,

a living instrument for the saving of valuable lives and the means of maintaining among our maritime population the qualities of courage, endurance, and humanity which are the best characteristics of our race.

1,112 LIVES SAVED IN 1914.

OVER 52,900 LIVES SAVED SINCE 1824.

Three lifeboats were wrecked and 12 gallant lifeboatmen lost their lives in 1914. The lifeboats have saved 314 lives from H. M. Ships and other vessels torpedoed, mined, etc., since the outbreak of war.

Particulars of the cost of various types of Lifeboats can be obtained from GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A., Secretary, 22 Charing Cross-road, London, W.C.

LONDON ORPHAN SCHOOL

1813.

WATFORD.

1915.

(Incorporated as the London Orphan Asylum.)

Children of Commissioned or Warrant Officers who have lost their lives in the War will be received without election.

£17,000 needed for the maintenance of the 500 orphans of the necessitous middle class now in the School.

The Managers earnestly appeal for help, as there is a serious deficiency in this year's income.

ARTHUR P. BLATHWAYT,
Treasurer and Chairman.

HENRY C. ARMIGER, Secretary.

Office: 3 Crosby Square, Bishopsgate.

LADY (IAN) HAMILTON, wife of General Sir Ian Hamilton, Commander-in-Chief in the Dardanelles, writes as follows to Prebendary Carlile, D.D.:—

"I DO HOPE PEOPLE WILL SUPPORT

THE CHURCH ARMY,

AS I HEAR FROM MY HUSBAND HOW MUCH GOOD
YOU ARE DOING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Yours sincerely, JEAN HAMILTON."

Cheques, etc., for the CHURCH ARMY WAR FUND (which supports Recreation Huts and Tents for the Troops at Home and in France, Malta, Egypt, etc., War Hospital in France, numerous Ambulance Cars and Kitchen Car at the Front, Canteens for Munition Workers, Recreation Rooms for Soldiers' Wives, and several other War Efforts, should be crossed "Barchays, ac Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Duty and Discipline.

The Duty and Discipline movement was originated before the outbreak of war for the furtherance of patriotism—the patriotism that counts individual character as the only unassailable asset of and the ever-demandable duty toward the State. Its aim, so well responded to by representatives of every creed and class, is to enlist the aid of every thinking person on behalf of the organised spreading of their inborn convictions and daily practice of the same. Its secretary, at 117, Victoria Street, invites inquiries with regard to its aims and activities.

Hospital Needs.

Among the many institutions which have been adversely affected by the war, the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest is one that has a great claim on the community. It has suffered from the unavoidable suspension of the contributions from a number of City firms, and, whilst expressing their wish to do nothing which would hamper the successful prosecution of the war, the committee draw attention to the importance of adequate provision for the continued treatment of disease among the civil population. Subscriptions to the very necessary work of this hospital will be gratefully received by the committee, and should be addressed to the Secretary of the City of London Hospital, Victoria Park, E.

The Hospital for Sick Children, at Great Ormond Street, London, and Cromwell House, Highgate, has extended its services during the war for the treatment of both French and Belgian children, and at the same time has had abnormal pressure put on it by the fact that some of the hospitals in London have had to abandon or curtail their work among children. Although the expenses of maintenance are kept as low as possible without any sacrifice of efficiency, contributions are urgently needed for the carrying out of the work. Dona-

tions to the fund may be sent to the Secretary at Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.

In spite of the war, the work of Queen Charlotte's Hospital has been well maintained during the past year, and there has been a very considerable increase of the patients admitted and the number attended and nursed in their own homes. The only difficulty has been that of ways and means, and that is considerable. The committee, with considerable anxiety as to the future, earnestly trust that increased support will be forthcoming to enable them to meet the increased expenditure. Donations to the hospital funds will be thankfully received by the Secretary, at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Marylebone, N.W.

Care of Children.

Two institutions particularly deserving of support at the present time are the L. and S.W. Railway Servants' Orphanage at Woking and the London Orphan School at Watford. The former institution is supported in normal times by the voluntary contributions of members of the L. and S.W.R. staff, of whom over 3,000 are now serving with the forces of the Navy and Army, and the income of the Orphanage has seriously decreased since the beginning of the war. The latter has a family of nearly 500 children to support, these being drawn from the necessitous middle classes in all parts of the Empire. The welfare of the young is of primary importance to the nation, and aid will be welcomed by these two institutions, which are definitely furthering that end. Subscriptions may be sent to the General Secretary, L. and S.W.R. Servants' Orphanage, Woking, Surrey, and to the Offices of the London Orphan School, 3, Crosby Square, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

R.S.P.C.A.

The fund started by the R.S.P.C.A. for the purchase of hospital requisites for sick and wounded horses—the only fund of its kind approved by the Army Council—is now organised, as many readers will be aware, at the R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, S.W., under the chairmanship of the Duke of Portland, and is working as auxiliary to the Army Veterinary Corps, under the control of the War Office. Its aim is to augment the supply of medical stores, horse shelters, hospital and stable requisites, and to provide ambulances for the transport of wounded animals that are not sufficiently injured to necessitate their being destroyed but suffering from wounds that prevent their walking from stations to the convalescent farms. From the practical point of view, the work being done by the R.S.P.C.A. is a work of economy, from the point of view of humanity it is a necessary work. Contributions to ensure its continuance, which are urgently needed, may be sent to the hon. secretary of the fund, Mr. E. G. Fairholme, at the address given above.

Lifeboats and the War.

The part that has been played by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution during the war is hardly recognised as it ought to be, owing to the unostentatious nature of the work done. It is worthy of remark that the lifeboats of the Institution have saved 314 lives from H.M. ships and other vessels torpedoed, mined, &c., since the outbreak of war, while the total of lives saved in 1914 is no less than 1,112. The Institution is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and provides, both for the Navy and the mercantile marine, the means of maintaining among our maritime population the qualities of courage, endurance, and humanity which are among the best characteristics of our race. Particulars of the work of the Institution may be obtained from, and subscriptions for its maintenance sent to, the Secretary, Mr. G. M. Shee, 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.



WAR SUPPLIES CLEARING HOUSE

(CROYDON AND DISTRICT).

Patron—SIR T. VANSITTART BOWATER, BART.
(Ex-Lord Mayor of London.)

Patroness—GEORGINA COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Head Depôt & Offices: GEORGE STREET, CROYDON

Worked for 11 Months upon the lines recently
proposed by the Army Council.

A CLEARING HOUSE
FOR
GIFTS OF ALL KINDS
NEEDED BY
BRITAIN and HER ALLIES
ON LAND OR SEA,
FIGHTING, DISABLED or DESTITUTE.

**CONTINUOUS is THEIR EFFORT
IS YOURS?**

Nothing Too Large or Too Small.

20 RECEIVING OFFICES.

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**Fits the
Uniform
Pocket**

Actual
size
closed.

Onoto Pens are the only
standard 10/6 Fountain
Pens All-British Made
by a British Company
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Self-filling
Safety Fountain **Pen**

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THE ESSEX ARMY LAMPS

HEAVY BROWN LEATHER CASES
SPECIAL LONG LIFE BATTERIES



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THE WEST END

The King and Queen since they returned to Buckingham Palace have had their time fully occupied, most afternoons being devoted to visits to one or more military hospitals. Prince Henry is back at Eton; he is now in his sixteenth year, and Prince George, who will be thirteen in December, is at St. Peter's Court School, Broadstairs.

The Duke of Norfolk is anxious to thank all who have shown so kind an interest in his recent illness. He is deeply touched at the number of inquiries received, and the great number of prayers offered for him. He begs all who have befriended him to accept his warmest and heartfelt thanks.

The Duchess of Somerset will be glad to take charge of any parcels intended for wounded in the hospitals at Malta and at the Dardanelles. Small pillows, socks, sheets, blankets, and bandages are urgently required, and if sent to 35 Grosvenor Square, would be forwarded without any further trouble to those who contribute them.

A new Hope was born into the world last week, when Lady Linlithgow gave birth to a daughter. Lord and Lady Linlithgow's family is now a happily mixed quartette—two boys and two girls; the boys are twins and were three years old last April. The Hopes have always been noted for their large families, which gave point to the old story about the Scottish minister, who in the course of a sermon preached before the Lord Hopetoun of his day, chanced to ejaculate in dolorous tones: "The world is full of blasted hopes."

Lord Sidmouth's marriage with the only daughter of Sir Donald Johnstone, Chief Judge at Lahore, takes place at Simla on Saturday. It is seldom that peers of the realm are married outside these islands. The Duke of Bedford's marriage with Miss Tribe, daughter of the Archdeacon of Lahore, occurred five years before he succeeded his brother in the dukedom. Lord Sidmouth is the fifth to hold the Viscounty bestowed in 1805 on Henry Addington, who after having been Speaker of the House of Commons, became Prime Minister—a very unusual sequence of events.

Lord Hardinge of Penshurst would have bidden farewell to India just about now, were it not that his lustrum of office had been extended. He has suffered much since he has been in the East, and private sympathy has helped to check public criticism, for all his acts have not been uniformly wise. This summer Simla has been in a hubbub over the Viceroy's German bandmaster, whom Lord Hardinge has insisted in retaining. It is held to be a mockery for a German (he has just been naturalised) to conduct "God save the King" and other national airs that are almost in the nature of prayers. One result has been that Viceregal entertainments have been tabooed by all except officials whose invitations are virtually of the nature of commands.

This question of private sentiment towards those of German birth or upbringing will have to be faced bravely in every country sooner or later. It has been the custom not only in Britain but in Europe generally to accept the German resident at his face value, and so long as he personally behaved himself to treat him as an honourable man according to our notions. We are all paying cruelly for it. Now the question arises whether we shall continue to show tolerance in civil life to those who hold German principles and conduct their life according to them, merely because they are individually pleasant, industrious, or pathetic. This is a war between principles and ideals; it will have to be carried into civil life, else tolerance degenerates into cowardice.

Lady (Ian) Hamilton is the eldest daughter of Sir John Muir, a Calcutta merchant very well known throughout India. It was in the East that Lady Hamilton first met the distinguished soldier (then on the Staff of Lord Roberts)

who afterwards became her husband. Her father was largely interested in tea plantations. To-day the British Empire owes a heavy debt of gratitude to those Britons to whose enterprise is due the conversion of poisonous Oriental jungles into prosperous tea-gardens. Tea can be placed in London at 6d. a pound and leave the grower a fair margin of profit; it now pays a tax of a shilling a pound. Surely there can be no other product of general consumption that could bear a 200 per cent. duty without being crushed out of the world's markets.

The Birdwoods are a very well-known Anglo-Indian family, but until the General gathered laurels on Anzac's blood-stained rocks, the best-known member of the family, so far as the general public is concerned, was the veteran Sir George Birdwood, who possesses, besides encyclopædic knowledge and an intense love of his fellow-men, the pen of a ready writer. Lady Birdwood, the General's wife, is a daughter of Sir Benjamin Bromhead and a niece of the hero of Rorke's Drift. She bears the unusual Christian name of Gonville, which testifies to her descent from Edmond de Gonville who, in 1348, founded Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

Colonel C. G. Bruce, commanding 1/6th Gurkhas, whose name was mentioned in Sir Ian Hamilton's last despatch, is the half brother of Lord Aberdare. His military career has been spent chiefly in India and he has seen a good deal of active service in Burma and along the North West Frontier, including the Tirah campaigns. Colonel Bruce's mother was a great niece of Charles James Fox, and his father, the first Lord Aberdare, was born just two months before Waterloo.

Father Bernard Vaughan who has been staying with Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot at Derwent Hall, is, I am glad to hear, very much better.

The Spirit of France has been the subject of a fine article from the pen of a fine writer. It has been commented on by everyone who has had the privilege lately of seeing how France faces war. And not least amongst the ranks of France's admirers is the little group of dressmakers who, following their custom, have just returned with models from Paris. According to one of these, who apart from being a clever dressmaker is a cultured and charming woman of the world, the feeling of France is clearly expressed in the clothes worn there. The really well-gowned Frenchwoman is wearing as beautiful clothes as ever she did, but they are of a quietness and restraint which is nothing short of remarkable. The people who matter patronise nothing flaunting or even striking, and an air of delightful dignity is the result.

In town Rumpelmayer's tea-rooms in St. James's Street are a bit of Paris. Among the crowd there of an afternoon are always several French people. And you are sure to see a hat or a dress that impresses. M. Rumpelmayer is with his regiment in France, but Mme. Rumpelmayer stands at the head of the stairs and receives the 400 to 500 guests that assemble of an evening. All the service is by women, and it is admirable; there is a women's orchestra that plays uncommonly well. At Rumpelmayer's one comes to understand in a way hardly possible anywhere else in London the wonderful verve and courage with which French women carry on the family business while their men are fighting at the front.

Nearly everybody returning from Paris with models has included some restaurant frocks in their selection; this is absolutely necessary nowadays when the restaurant habit is stronger than ever. These Paris models somewhat cleverly convey the impression of a *décolleté* dress, and yet in reality they are hardly *décolleté* at all. The opening at the neck is frequently filled in with diaphanous folds of net or tulle. At the back the gown reaches the base of the neck, and more often than not there is a stiff wired collar of lace or tulle framing the back of the head.

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AND
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Vol. LXV No. 2787

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1915

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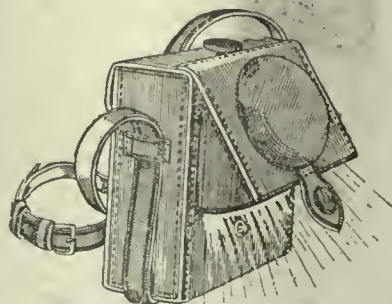
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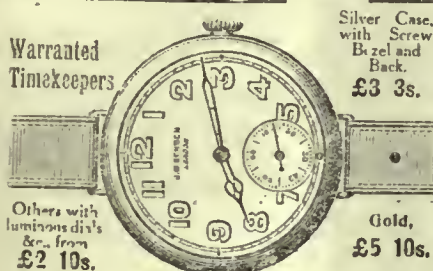
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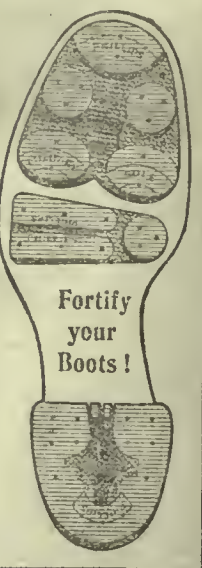
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THE THREE MAIN MATTERS.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

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In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THERE are three things before us this week in the great campaign. The first, and most important, is the position in the West; that is, the position in which the Allied forces find themselves after the first success of the great offensive, and its check or halt in front of the enemy's second line. The next is the curiously prolonged refusal or inability of the enemy to attain his end in Poland. This, even more than the situation in the West, has the character of a turning-point. The third matter is, of course, the intervention of Bulgaria.

Let us deal with these three main matters in their order.

I.—THE NEW OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST.

We may neglect, as comparatively unimportant, the minor features in last week's news upon this front. There have been a succession of slight advances on the part of the French in the Champagne, the most important of which was no more than the surrounding and cutting off of an impossible little enemy salient. This advance has not been made for the purpose of gaining ground, but for the purpose of consolidating an acquired position. The smaller French body in the Artois, north of Arras, has taken, and holds, the crest above Vimy.⁽¹⁾

The possession of such points has its chief value in the fact that it gives one observation posts. A height no longer dominates, in the old artillery sense. Guns are hidden behind it. But a height, especially one standing over a wide plain as does the escarpment all above Vimy stand over the plain of Douai, gives one a very decided advantage over the enemy in all heavy gun work. Those who have experience of the campaign in the Dardanelles, for instance, will agree that one of the chief advantages the enemy there has over the Allies is his possession of the crests from which he can correct all his fire upon the Allied positions. Had the Allies the same crests in their hands, they would be able both to protect the emplacement of heavy guns (at present impossible) and to correct the fire of these upon the works of the Narrows, at present largely inaccurate.

The British advance north of Lens has held all its gains, including the recaptured Hill 70 and the recaptured quarries of Hulluch, with the exception of the redoubt near Pit 8, to the northwest of Hulluch, which the enemy partly retook last Sunday.

But, I repeat, the interest of the situation in the West does not lie in these very small movements of the last week. It lies in an estimate of

the true position of the Allies and the enemy respectively for the next action.

In order to judge this, we shall do well to contrast what may be called the public, or popular, view of that situation with the aspect it must present to the commanders upon either side.

The popular view is, roughly, a summing up of the whole affair as a partial, but only partial, success in an attempt to break through. This is naturally called by the one side a preliminary success, though everyone on our side knows that the success was not decisive. It is naturally called by the other side a failure upon the part of the English and the French. Our Press emphasises the mere fact that we advanced somewhat and took men and guns. These papers insist upon the fact that the Anglo-French offensive has stopped in front of the second or third line of the German works.

Both sides speak and think of the thing as a blow delivered against an obstacle which cracked but did not break.

This general opinion must not be despised, for it reposes upon very obvious facts.

An impartial third party, not concerned with the art of war, and only knowing the news that had come to him and the positions on the map, would say, "The great offensive, delivering its main blow, had hoped at the best to get through, at the second best to shift the lines, at the third best to hold positions from which it would take action with greater power. It has failed in the first of these. It has hitherto failed in the second. Only the future will show whether it has succeeded even with the third."

But though this general and uninstructed attitude towards the situation reposes in this case upon plain facts, and is, therefore, worthy of respect, the commanders upon the two sides are certainly looking at the matter in a totally different fashion. The German Government publishes a so-called French Order of the Day (certainly not the General Order of the Day, for it is not French work; more probably a guess built upon notes found), and insists, for the encouragement of public opinion in Germany upon the fact that the extreme success hoped for in that Order has not yet been reached. The French and English dispatches point out with justice the extent of the success achieved, and are almost silent upon, or speak only in the most general terms of, the next step. The German Government, of the two, has been the least wise, for it has added to its popular description for the consumption of its citizens a few phrases that are childish—as, for instance, an increase of the English losses by at least 50 per cent., of the French, by a great deal more than 100 per cent.,

(1) The name of this village was misspelled as "Vitr" by a printer's error both in the map and in the text of last week's article.

and an estimate of its own total losses actually less than the number of unwounded prisoners in the hands of the Allies!

But all these things are frills. It would not matter in the least to the real military situation if either of the opposing Governments had published mere falsehoods. What really counts is the position which the commander upon either side has to face.

Roughly speaking, it would seem that this position is as follows:

The enemy took it for granted that his first line defence could not fall into the hands of the Allies. The proof that he took it for granted lies in this, that he held on to it with a force in men and in guns (and suffered consequently a loss in men and in guns) which would never have been used, and which would not have involved such a loss, had he been prepared for a retirement upon his second or third lines. To say that he suffered surprise is not accurate, but to say that he guessed ill both as to the exact moment of the attack and as to his own powers of resistance is accurate. He must have known that where a special concentration of artillery fire lasting uninterruptedly for three days had taken place, there an attack was being prepared. What apparently he misjudged was the exact moment when that fire would cease and the infantry would move and his remaining ability to bear such a strain. The proof that he misjudged time is to be discovered in the counter-attack launched by the Crown Prince on the other side of the Argonne. It is evident that this big move upon the part of the Crown Prince's forces was prepared and held in readiness as against the supposed moment when the French would strike. The fact that the German counter-move only got under way forty hours after the first French blows were delivered is irrefutable evidence that the enemy miscalculated his time. The fact that he misjudged *strain* is proved by the loss of one unwounded man a yard, and six guns a kilometre.

The Allied success, therefore, in grasping the German first position, putting out of action in two days 7 per cent. of the enemy's whole forces upon the Western line, and capturing 150 field pieces and some 25,000 unwounded prisoners, was due to the enemy's miscalculation. He miscalculated his power of resistance and he miscalculated the extent of the movement and the rapidity of our own concentrations. But the interest of the moment lies in this: that the enemy did not make a miscalculation which he may later correct. He miscalculated because the elements of calculation have generally been taken from him and remain absent.

For if we look a little deeper into the matter we shall see that these miscalculations were not an exceptional thing which better judgment next time may correct, but were the product of something essential to the whole situation of the war at this moment, which something essential is this: that the Western Allies can now concentrate more men, more rapidly, and (on account of their superiority in the air) more secretly, and accumulate more munitions for the service of more heavy pieces than can their opponent upon the Western front.

If this war were being fought upon one front alone, if Germany and Austria were only concerned with the Western Alliance, they would still have a very grave superiority in men, prob-

ably some superiority in munitionment, and a superiority in heavy pieces; but the war is being fought upon two fronts, *and the enemy has chosen to spend his energies throughout this summer, when those energies were at a maximum, which can never be reached again, in attempting to find a decision in the East.*

This is the capital mark of the whole situation. It has given to the Western Allies time to establish a superiority in all the essentials of modern war, and it is probable that the enemy has so engaged himself in the East as to make a retrieval of this position impossible to him in the West.

The study of war, like every other study, must be approached both in its largest lines and in detail by those who would master it. When in any science we are taking the largest outlines detailed criticism occurs at once to the reader. So it is here. This very broad statement would at once suggest to anyone who intelligently follows the communiqués upon the map and compares the omissions and claims of the two parties in the West during the last fortnight, innumerable exceptions and modifications—e.g., that the munitionment of the enemy is still heavily superior on the Eastern front to that of the Russians; that the enemy would appear within the last few days to have obtained the services of a new and most valuable ally; that the superior munitionment in the West is not as numerically overwhelming as was that of the Austro-Germans over the Russians in Galicia when they effected in four days upon the Dunajec the full work which the Allies in the West have only recently begun without yet carrying to a conclusion; that our losses, if inferior to those of the enemy so far in this offensive, must yet be considerable; that the enemy's counter-offensive within the last few days has been vigorous, and has shown its power to concentrate in considerable numbers after prolonged delay, and so forth. Nevertheless, the main truth is, I think, as that stated above. The whole war is now dominated by the fact that the enemy cannot, in the West, recover equality with the Allies: That he will, as time goes on, be in an increasing inferiority to him in men, in munitions, and in pieces, because his Eastern adventure thrust forward so far, still quite undecided, and apparently further than ever from a decision, strictly binds him.

There is in this connection a somewhat pathetic note in the enemy communication issued by the German Government to the world at large and its own citizens in particular. It complains that its enemies in the West had at their disposal the arsenals of half the world, meaning thereby that the control of sea traffic hitherto exercised by the Allies left open to them neutral sources of supply. There seems to be a sort of feeling that these conditions are unfair. But the enemy must remember that he only forced this great war upon Europe last year because he felt absolutely certain (and he had the best military ground for feeling certain) that he had a far greater superiority in his own hands *then*. It was not only overwhelming superiority in munitionment, it was overwhelming superiority in numbers; and it is also true to say that if, as the German Command tells us, the Allies have half the munitioning power of the world open to them, the enemy has the other half open to him. All indus-

trialised Europe—all save England and Lombardy and a very small patch of France—is in his hands. Look at a map on which metallic industry is specially marked, and you will see at once the enormous advantage in production of munitions which the enemy still enjoys. He has the machinery of all that is industrial in Poland and the most valuable territory of all for the purpose of metallic production, Belgium, and the iron fields and coalfields of Northern France. He has these huge resources over and above his own, which, even before the war, were upon a larger scale than of any other of the greater industrialised countries in proportion to population. In forcing the war as a war of machinery he must fight it under the conditions which his successes and reverses impose. He suffers the disadvantage of being unable to import shells, though he has been allowed to import cotton freely—and cotton he could not have got at all from within, whereas shell he can get. On the other hand, he enjoys the advantage which his successes by land in the earlier part of the campaign gave him, of being able to lay his hands upon nearly all the machinery of Continental Europe. The French alone, with a tenth of his original opportunities in machinery and skilled labour, are already producing not far short of half his total. Had he but the adaptability and creative energy of the French he would have been able, though cut off from American industrial resources, to improvise an immensely larger production of shell and of guns; he would never have lost, even in the West, the numerical superiority which has now passed from him. But he has not that adaptability and creative power. He never had. He preferred “efficiency” and “organisation,” and he must pay the price.

Granted, however, that he is unlikely to recover a superiority either in men or in munitions upon this Western front, there remains the factor of time.

The questions which the Higher Command is putting to itself at this moment and the questions which every student of the war is also putting to himself at this moment in connection with the Western front are these three:

“What proportion of the accumulated munitionment destined to the great offensive was used in this first blow?”

“In what delay will further concentration of men and a further accumulation of munitionment permit a second blow being delivered upon the same model as the first, and presumably with the same results?”

“When it is delivered, will its main effect be looked for in the same sectors as have already been attacked, or in new ones, and, if so, in what new ones?”

Now to those three questions an answer can only be supplied by the Allied Higher Command in the West. No critic or student can presume to answer them, or would if he could. For upon the inability of the enemy to guess the answer depends the campaign.

The answer must come in the actual development of the war, and only by that development shall we know in what further delay the next step will be taken and where.

But it remains true that the power to take this next step lies now absolutely with the Anglo-French Command; that the enemy has not remaining to him a power of counter-attack sufficient to

prevent it, unless he shall find some way of maintaining himself in the East without disaster and yet with lessening forces, and by transferring to the West from the East a margin of guns, shell, and men which he has hitherto found necessary upon the East.

II.—THE EASTERN SITUATION.

I say the Western Front is now the thing of the Allies. They can act when and where they choose, unless the enemy shall set large reinforcements free from the East.

But the state of affairs in Lithuania does not seem to promise anything of the sort to the enemy.

It is a very old story, and one pretty obvious from the map, that he could, if he would, have held with lesser forces, at a moment when he still had very large reserves, the line on the Vistula and the San.

I will not repeat the arguments with which my readers are fully familiar—the railway system of Poland, the tangle of the Masurian Lakes thoroughly studied and profoundly organised, the nature of the Vistula obstacle. All these made an almost perfect system for the purpose of defence.

The line from the Carpathians to the Baltic was a short one. It was capable of prolonged resistance, and it would have released very great bodies of men who were attempting a decision in the West. That opportunity the enemy refused. He refused it as long ago as last June. He preferred to go forward over the whole of Poland and into the marshes of Lithuania, because he was led by two quite separate objects. Each is possible. Both are difficult of achievement. The first was the military object of achieving a decision by dividing the Russian armies, or at next best, of surrounding some portions of them, or at third best, of wearing down the Russians by perpetual losses of men and rifles until Russia should no longer be able to go back to the attack. The second was the political object, of impressing Russian opinion by his advance so that Russia should give up the game and accept a separate peace—to which was added a secondary political object of impressing neutrals by that advance, in which latter he has been fairly successful.

Now the enemy, having determined last June not to accept the Vistula line, but to go forward, would seem to have condemned himself to an indeterminate offensive. It is certain that he cannot hold the line Riga—Lemberg in the fashion that he could have held the line of the Vistula. He may be able to put up a prolonged defensive against the very gradual recovery of the Russians, but it will be a defensive requiring very much greater bodies of men than would have been required by the holding of the Vistula line. He cannot merely entrench from north to south for three reasons. The first, that the nature of the ground forbids him to hold *continuously* in this fashion; the second, that he has not the communications and all the other conditions of an old and high civilisation to support such a system (as he has in the West); and, thirdly, that the climate and geographical conditions interfere with any such continuous line. He could hardly establish it, if he should begin to do so now, during the autumn rains. He cannot establish it at all if he waits for the frost.

And with all this there is the consideration

of effectives. Had he submitted to a defensive upon the Vistula line four months ago, he would have been in a position to pursue a summer campaign in the West with very large remaining reserves of men. But the four months have eaten very deeply into those reserves. We need not delay to estimate the exact amount of this wastage. Everyone in Europe who is seriously studying the campaign knows the round figures. They are, for the enemy as a whole, not less than half a million a month. Berlin and Vienna between them had to find drafts of at least that amount to fill their gaps during the severe fighting of the summer.

In a calculation of a totally different kind, in calculation of permanent losses, you get a minimum of certainly not less than 400,000. In a word, the decision to go forward in the East instead of standing upon his best line has meant for the enemy since June and the San River something round about two million men. A little less, perhaps, if you count only absolutely permanent losses, a little more if you count all the drafts he is compelled to call.

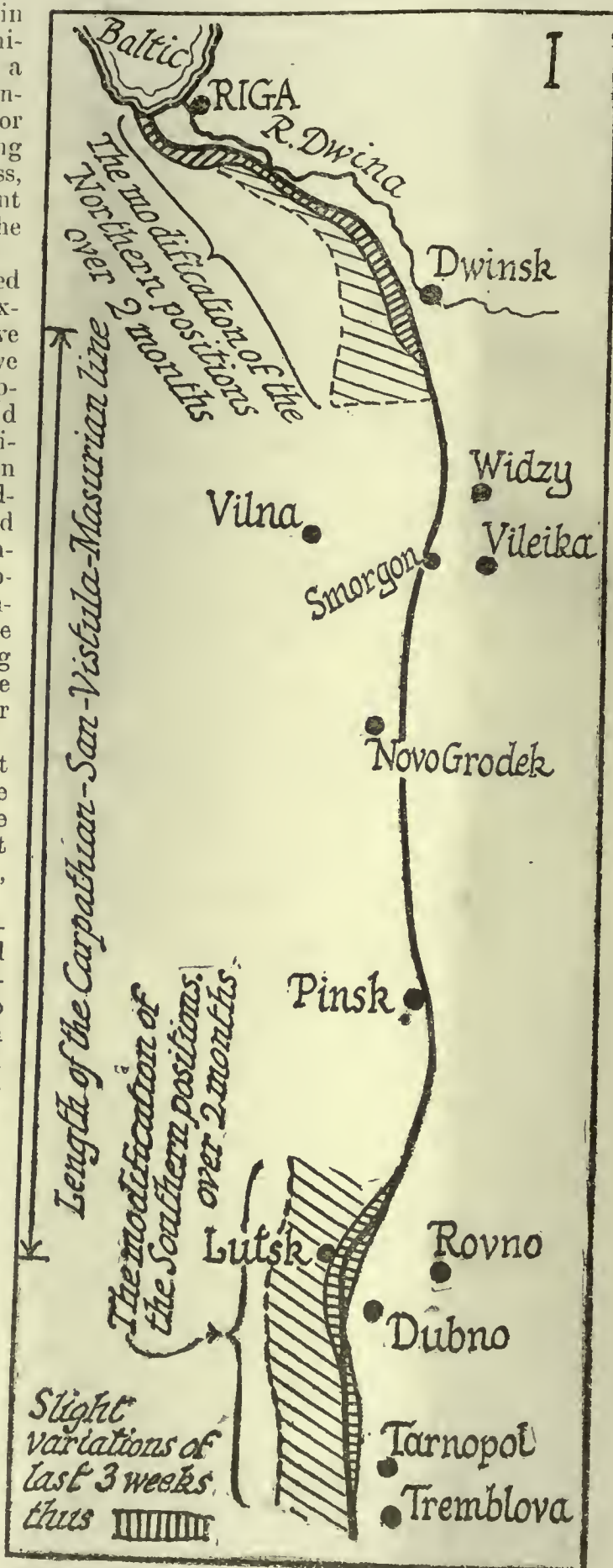
It is true that in this great effort, thus expended hitherto without a decision, he has inflicted extremely heavy losses upon the Russians. They have lost in men very nearly as much as he. They have lost in rifles more than half their original equipment. They can re-arm only with difficulty and slowly. The initial enormous superiority in munitionment which the enemy had upon the Eastern front is now gravely reduced, but it is still formidable. It is also true that by this continued forward movement in the East the enemy has profoundly influenced Bulgarian opinion. He owes to it probably the present attitude of Bulgaria and the indecision of Roumania. For what it is worth, he has frightened the less instructed civilians among the Western Allies, and singularly affected the Press of the New World. But I think these latter effects may be neglected.

His positive results in the East, then, are not negligible; but when we accurately estimate the cost at which they have been attained, I think we shall decide that the price was too high, and that the calculation he made is proving, or, at least, has hitherto proved, a bad one.

All this does not mean that Russia can undertake a great counter-offensive within any decided limit of time. No one can tell when such a counter-movement should be attempted save those who have before them the figures of the new Russian equipment and the munitioning of the original supply and its probable increase. That counter-offensive may be a matter of a few days more, or a few weeks more, or a few months more. No layman can pronounce an opinion of the least value upon the matter of the delay. He has not the data with which to measure it. But the facts are there to show that the recovery of a balance in the East is already possible.

Note, for instance, the prolongation of the situation upon the northern wing of the Austro-German advance and the fact that upon the southern wing there has been at one moment an actual retrogression which was only saved by the borrowing of men from other parts of the line and the halting of all movement there. There has been nothing like this marking of time in front of the Dwina since the corresponding turning of the Russian invasion from Galicia. The enemy was

already in Mitau and approaching the Dwina line in the middle of August. The taking of Kovno rendered a great advance on the northern, or left, wing of the enemy possible. We are now near the middle of October. It is true that he wasted a vast effort and no little space of time in the autumn to achieve a local decision round the salient of Vilna; still, he has been in front of the Dwina line threatening Riga and threatening Dwinsk for a full six weeks, and he is no further advanced. Here, in Sketch I., one may see how oddly stationary the two wings are. He was in possession of Friedrichstadt and the bridge-



heads above Riga nearly six weeks ago. He began fighting for the bridges of Dwinsk a month ago, and he is still fighting for them. The cavalry raid on to the Lida-Polusk railway, which was a last gambler's throw of the autumn, to encircle the Vilna salient, has broken down with very heavy losses—perhaps half its effectives—and the forces thus hurried eastward have fallen back. Lower down, through Baranowichy and Pinsk, through the marshes, the line stands unchanged. Lower down still, he has recovered Luck, but only just, leaving Rovno and Dubno still in the hands of our Ally; in the last section of the line down to the Bukowina, in front of the Sereth, the avenue of supply from Kieff and the southern depôts keeps the Russian line quite firm and even occasionally advancing.

By what new munitionment, or what new sources of energy in munitionment or in men can the enemy now hope to achieve anything final upon the Eastern line?

Prophecy in war is futile, but if judgment from known elements counts for anything, the answer to that question is that the enemy has no such source of new energy. He cannot increase his power of munitionment; he cannot increase his dwindling reserves in men. This is a plain piece of arithmetic which everyone throughout Europe knows, and no one better than the enemy's higher command. It is a piece of arithmetic which even extreme panic, recently seizing a portion of the Press in this country, has not permanently obscured from its readers: for elementary arithmetic is open to the meanest capacity.

One new force of energy, and one only, has the enemy any prospect of tapping, and that is the having upon his side forces hitherto neutral.

He has in this already obtained a certain success, for it seems certain, at the moment of writing (the afternoon of Tuesday, October 5), that the Government of Bulgaria have decided to enter the field against us.

I will conclude this by examining the geographical conditions under which this new force can work to our disadvantage.

III.—THE MILITARY SITUATION OF BULGARIA.

The strategical analysis of the Bulgarian position is, in its first elements, an exceedingly simple matter, which has occurred to everyone.

Bulgaria holds a bridge. Bulgaria commands the passage between two separated branches of our enemies. The Austro-German forces cannot reach Constantinople, what is left of Turkey in Europe and their Turkish allies as a whole, save with the aid of Bulgaria. They could if Roumania were willing to pass munitions into Turkey by railway through her neutral territory, but it is very much more than the munitioning of Turkey which the enemy is after. He wants a regular corridor through which he can communicate freely, passing troops in any number. The factory at Tophane outside Constantinople can manufacture enough shells to maintain the position in Gallipoli indefinitely and to prevent the opening of the Dardanelles. The enemy wants much more the opportunity for prosecuting his larger designs towards the south and east. The German Colonial Secretary has already spoken of an attack on Egypt and of a thorough reorganisation of the Turkish strength by a direct connection with Austro-Germany. Bulgaria alone can furnish that direct connection.

For the reader, looking at the general sketch map below, sees what has been universally recognised for the last six months. The frontiers of the Balkan States are now so drawn that unless Bulgaria enters the field upon the side of Austro-Germany there is no direct connection between our allied enemies: Turkey-in-Europe, with Constantinople as its nucleus, and Austro-Hungary.



But once let Bulgaria take the field and her forces, combined with the Austro-Germans, have only to break down the resistance in the north-eastern corner of Serbia to provide an ample open way joining all parts of the enemy alliance.

I say that these first elements of the military situation are obvious, but there are other less obvious elements, almost as important.

Note, in the first place, the nature of the railway trajectory whereby communications once open can be maintained. With Nish, the old capital of Serbia, in the hands of the enemy, the continuous line of Constantinople is in their power—another point as obvious as the first. But it is not only in their power—it is more defensible than any other of the great strategical lines upon which the present war has depended.

It so happens that neither in the east nor in the west has there been an essential strategic line unique to the provisionment of either party. It also so happens that with the possible exception of the railway running from the Pusterthal there has been no important line, let alone one unique in its own region, which is capable of permanent and prolonged defence all along its flank. But in the case of this all-important international line from the heart of Bulgaria to Turkey-in-Europe and Constantinople you have a geographical situation playing directly into the hands of the enemy the moment Bulgaria declares herself for Germany and Turkey. For the line runs through a sort of natural corridor, defended by mountains to the north and to the south. Beyond the point marked upon Sketch II. with the letter X, from that point eastward through Philippopolis and Adrianople, the line everywhere follows one valley until Adrianople is reached, and beyond Adrianople there is no danger of its being severed. The defences to the north of that natural corridor need not be considered until, or if, Roumania mobilises; and Roumania shows no sign of mobilising, for, as we have seen, it is the chief effect of the Austro-German advance in the east during the last four months—and almost the only one—that it has affected Bulgarian opinion so strongly, and that the Balkan States are now, so far as vague general sentiment is concerned, converted to a belief in the ultimate victory of our opponents (these words do not apply, as I shall explain in a moment, to certain political forces at work in Bulgaria itself).

But south of this corridor there exists a formidable wall, lending itself beyond most such natural obstacles to defence, and this wall is the wall of the Rhodope Mountains.

Without a contour map, even without one showing heights, one can appreciate what the Rhodope Mountains are by the absence of roads.

I have no personal acquaintance with the country, but I believe I am right in saying that there is not between the Roumanian frontier south of Sofia at the point marked A upon Sketch II. and the coast road from Kavalla through Gumuljina at B, and so up to Adrianople, anything along which you could drive a battery. Those of my readers who have visited this district and have here an advantage over me will correct me if I am wrong. Even at the point marked A the road is very doubtful. From Sofia to Jumaya it was metalled and workable in the last war; thence on the middle waters of the Struma there was, if I am not mistaken, before and up to the Balkan wars, a gap, marked in dots upon the sketch, in the heart

of the mountains; it was hardly a modern avenue of communication. At any rate the southern defences of this corridor are formidable. A successful attack against it, even if the Allies could lend a sufficient force to be superior to the Bulgarian forces here, would hardly force the wall of the Rhodope Mountains. For all the supply of an army there is no avenue of communication save the railway and road system which runs north from Salonika to Nish directly and in a roundabout way to Sofia. From Kumanovo over the Deve Bair Pass to Kustendil there is a workable road, and at Kustendil you find the railway which leads you down the water to Sofia. (Indeed this railway has recently been prolonged beyond Kustendil towards the frontier.) But this combination of the one road and the one line through very difficult mountainous country is not sufficient for any considerable attempt to turn the defensive line of the Rhodope Mountains.

The mention of Bulgarian numbers leads me to another point. We may be confident that Bulgaria will not mobilise more than that normal maximum of one-tenth upon which any nation can count as its main effort in time of war. We may be confident of this, because we have had the object-lesson directly before us for several years. As has been frequently pointed out in these columns, neither in the first nor the second Balkan wars, though Bulgaria was certainly putting forth her very utmost endeavour, did she arm and ration 10 per cent. of her population.

That population has suffered heavily by the two great wars through which she has passed so recently (there are but three new classes available). It contains elements which will hardly be called to the colours, as we know that many of the Mohammedans, for instance, were exempted three years ago, and we may safely count on a force no greater than 380,000 even from new Bulgaria, with its extended boundaries.

But that is formidable. Serbia cannot now put into the field two-thirds of such a force. Greece, with her newly-extended boundaries, could mobilise more men than she did in the Balkan wars, were these trained, which they are not, or were her military organisation already expanded to meet the new population (which it is not). As it is, she will not put into the field much more than half Bulgaria's forces.

The truth is that in all these steps there will always be one decisive last factor, which is the Roumanian army. Some in this country affect to

despise that force because Roumanian civilisation does not appeal to them. I have no experience of this moral factor, but we hear upon all sides of the excellent Roumanian military arrangements, and the factor of numbers is very striking. Roumania can put into the field more men than Serbia and Bulgaria combined, and perhaps as many men, or nearly as many, as Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece combined. Roumania has not moved, and she knows her own business. She has profited in the past by not moving until the last moment, and that success may still be in her mind, or she may be, as I have already suggested, influenced by the great political effect the Austro-German advance in the East has had upon all the Eastern States. At any rate, Roumania has not moved.

A POLITICAL NOTE.

But in connection with this there is another political element in the situation which we must not neglect. It seems to pay Bulgaria for the moment to enter the ranks of our enemies. She thus obtains, or believes she will obtain immediately, and not as a distant promise, that part of Macedonia which she regards as hers by right of nationality and language, and which the Treaty of Bucharest gave to Serbia. But are we sure that the King of Bulgaria, who is the active agent in this deal, has not ulterior ends in view?

I am now trespassing upon purely political

ground, where I have, perhaps, no right to tread. But I would make no more than a suggestion. May not the calculation be that, as the Austro-German cause has now but a few weeks to run before it begins to suffer embarrassment from a decline in effectives, a State situated as is Bulgaria, right between the two parties and holding the bridge, having obtained all it can while Austro-Germany was at the full, should wait till the approaching decline began and should then turn round and ask for the terms of the Allies?

Remember that Bulgaria would be *able* to do this, for its defensive powers as nature, combined with its own military organisation, has framed them, are enormous. Remember that the Bulgarian army, thrown from one scale into the other, after it has once taken the field, will be of very great consequence indeed. Remember that Constantinople will be in its power. And then ask whether a calculation of this kind may not have occurred to the intelligent and not very scrupulous man who holds his chief characteristics, not from Coburg or Bourbon, but from the dubious Kohary.

All the above is, of course, written upon the supposition that Bulgaria alone is inclining to the enemy's side; that Greece stands by her alliance with Serbia; that Roumania is at least neutral. But this is still, at the moment of writing, an hypothesis only.

H. BELLOC.

THE FLEET'S CO-OPERATION.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

IT added much interest to a first visit to Paris in war time, that it coincided with the receipt of the news of the great advance in the Artois and Champagne. The changes in the externals of Paris have been reported to us so fully that there was no element of surprise in finding that the reports were true. But I was not prepared to find the Allied capital take the news of the greatest military victory for 100 years so calmly, nor to learn that the acknowledgment was general that, but for the staying power which the British Fleet has given to Russia and France, but particularly to the latter, the twelve months' preparation of warlike apparatus, that has made that victory possible, could never have been made. I asked an eminent military authority if these successes, coinciding, as they seemed to do, with the collapse of the German forward movement in Russia, might not be considered the turning-point in the war. "In an immediate and narrow sense, yes," he answered; "but the real turning-point was when England declared war upon Germany last year."

The French have long memories. They do not forget that Napoleon—who beat every army in Europe—succumbed in the end, because time was on the side of those that had command of the sea. Had the German Army been sufficient in numbers, equipment, skill, and speed to gain an initial decision against either of the European Allies, ultimate victory would still have been impossible so long as Great Britain was undefeated at sea.

But the Germans have nowhere defeated their enemies on land, and have not even made the attempt to win at sea. For nine years after Trafalgar the forces of Europe could make no headway against Napoleon. When Russia and England combined against him, the end was inevitable. If this was the fate of the most successful commander in history, what chance has an army that *cannot* conquer against an invincible fleet to-day?

It is entirely appropriate that the British Navy should have had some share in the initiation of the great offensive. Monday's papers gave us two interesting pieces of information about this participation that have not hitherto been published. Sir John French tells us, in his order of the day to the troops, that the Naval forces were under the command of Vice-Admiral Bacon, who is thus shown to have made a record. There are two cases of Admirals who have been Colonels. Admiral Bacon is the first to revert to a Naval command after being gazetted Lieut.-Colonel of Artillery. The German bulletin informs us that the Vice-Admiral's force consisted principally of monitors. A previous enemy wireless placed the number of bombarding vessels at thirty. If they are all monitors we have indirectly revealed to us an astonishing performance in naval construction. Last August year the Admiralty purchased the river monitors building in the private shipyards for the Brazilian Government, the first of their class to appear in the Navy List. Their performances against the Belgian coast, and more recently

in the destruction of the *Koenigsberg*, have already been the subject of comment in these columns. But river gunboats would be useless in such a bombardment as has been carried out against the Zeebrugge forts. They would not carry any guns larger than six inch and perhaps a small howitzer or two, and six-inch guns would be useless against the fortifications the Germans have erected for their 11- and 12-inch pieces on the Flemish coast, and the howitzer, even if it had the range, is not a gun that can be used with effect except from an absolutely steady platform.

It must be assumed, then, that the monitors employed for bombarding the Belgian coast would have been vessels built specially for this purpose and carrying the kind of gun that would alone be of any use. The term monitor is generally employed to describe a shallow-draft vessel of low speed, with a beam disproportionate to her length, so as to get the flotation, and armed with a single turret containing either one or two guns. If you are content to have a low speed, it is possible so to extend the sides of any ship as to make it mine and torpedo proof. It is a mere question of having two hulls—an interior, which constitutes the vessel proper, and an outer, against which underwater weapons are to expend themselves. What the torpedo-net could do effectively against the low-speed torpedo of ten years ago, this extended outer hull can do against the 50-knot torpedo of to-day. To embody this protection in large ships would convert them into comparatively immobile floating forts, useless for most operations of war. But in a bombardment, if it cannot be interfered with by the battle squadrons of the enemy, only a floating fort is required. Monitors then meet the requirements of the situation exactly. They can be built for small expense and with great rapidity. They can be made for all practical purposes proof against torpedoes and mines, while their shallow draft makes it exceedingly improbable that they will be hit by the first or will run into the second. There is, of course, no limit whatever to the size and power of guns that monitors can be made to carry, and this without in any material manner increasing the target that they expose to hostile fire. We have seen how in the encounter between the *Koenigsberg* the *Severn* and the *Mersey*, although the fire was apparently of equal accuracy on both sides, the *Koenigsberg* made no hits and was herself destroyed, largely because the target she presented was four or five times that of either of her opponents. At great ranges the monitor is a tiny mark, and with the methods of fire control in use such bombardments must be made from a great range, because the guns can only keep the range, and therefore keep their fire within a reasonably small area, if the ships are stationary.

But even with the ships stationary, the problem of controlling a large fleet of monitors must be very intricate. So intricate, indeed, is the business that greater reliance must be placed on the volume of fire for effect than on the expectation of exact accuracy of any portion of it. It is a nice question in military and financial economics, whether to aim at obtaining results by accuracy or by volume. Personally, I have always believed in the former. But I am far from blind to its difficulties.

This bombardment of the Belgian coast may well have a military result far beyond that

obtained by the mere destruction of the Zeebrugge forts, the submarine stations, &c. With an offensive movement on a large scale directed towards piercing the German line in France, the constant threat of a turning stroke from the North must make it impossible for the Germans to deplete that area of troops. And, indeed, it is evident from the news that reaches us from Holland that the Germans are very much alive to the danger of the coast bombardment being followed up by landings on a grand scale. But we may be sure that Germany's sea strategy, no less than her land strategy, has from the first been compelled to take into account the menace of a British invasion either on the coast between Denmark and Holland or in Belgian territory. That menace has become very much more real with the events of the last few weeks.

IN THE GULF OF RIGA.

Curiously enough, the conditions in the West have been almost exactly reproduced in the East. There the German left wing rests on the coast a few miles west of Riga, just as in the East the right wing rests on the sea at Nieuport. And just as Admiral Bacon has been bombarding the Belgian end of the German line, so some unnamed Russian ship has, from inside the Gulf of Riga, been attacking the invaders' left wing. To enable us to bombard the Belgian coast at a range comparatively safe from the German guns, we have had to build special ships with guns so mounted that they can be given an extreme elevation. But for many years past the Russians, like most other Continental Powers, have mounted all their battleships' guns to elevate as high as 30 degrees. Any of the old battleships, therefore, are available for this purpose. The ship employed then may have been either the *Slava*, which distinguished herself so much in these waters in July and August, or, indeed, any other of the older vessels whom it is customary to describe as obsolete. From the published account one gathers that two officers were killed on the occasion—Captains Viazensky and Svinin. Calling them both captains is probably due to a mistranslation. The rank of commander and lieutenant-commander in the English Navy are generally described in foreign navies as "frigate captain" and "corvette captain," our post captain being rendered by "captain of a vessel." If the Captain Svinin who is said to have fallen is the commander of that rank, who was the principal gunnery officer to the main Russian Fleet, the loss to the Russian Navy can hardly be exaggerated. In no particular of naval training has the Russian Fleet made greater advance since the Japanese war than in gun-laying and fire control, and in fire control the progress, which has been quite remarkable, has been largely due to Commander Svinin and his predecessor, Captain Kedroff. There is another officer of this rank of the same name on the Russian Navy List, so that it may not be the gunnery Svinin who has been killed. On the other hand, there are very good reasons why a gunnery commander should be temporarily on board a ship engaged in new experiments in bombardment, and no reason why an additional commander who is not a specialist should be there. For the moment,

then, it seems as if our Allies have been the victims of a particularly cruel stroke of fortune.

Writing in these columns in July last, I suggested that the Germans would not be able to use Riga as a sea base unless they first took the necessary measures for defeating, or, at any rate, demobilising, the main Russian Fleet. Since they were driven out of the Gulf the German warships have not apparently made any attempts to draw the Russians into action, and the fact that they have made no serious effort to take Riga itself seems to confirm the opinion I hazarded two or three months ago, that Germany had no serious intention of asserting an effective command of the Baltic Sea. My argument, the reader may remember, was that as the main Russian battle squadron consists of the four new Dreadnoughts and two battleships completed since 1906, of the type of our King Edwards, and disposes of a broadside of fifty-six 12-inch guns, it would need the whole of Germany's later Dreadnoughts to provide a force adequate for engaging them advantageously. It certainly would not be safe to tackle the Russians with less than eight ships. This is far too large a stake to risk when the sole military advantage to be obtained is such freedom to use Riga as the British and Russian submarines would allow. As we have already seen, Germany cannot ignore the possibility of an English invasion across the North Sea, and, while her battle fleet has been perfectly powerless in keeping the seas open, either to her transports or to her trade, it does constitute a very formidable obstacle to an oversea invasion. And, for that matter, the situation of the German armies in Russia is, in all probability, such that every idea of an advance on Petrograd has long since been given up. It would be for an advance on Petrograd that a sea base at Riga would have been invaluable.

NAVY AND LAWYERS.

A recent reply of Lord Robert Cecil's, and certain decisions of the Prize Court—both of them having reference to the state of affairs before the Order in Council of March 11—have moved the *Morning Post* to some very severe comments. I have recently had occasion to discuss the subject of the "freedom of the seas" with certain naval officers, who are in a good position to know what might have been done had the full rigour of our sea power been brought to bear upon Germany from the beginning. That it was not so brought to bear was—as we all know—due partly to the Government's initial policy of announcing themselves bound by the provisions of the Declaration of London, partly to the anxiety of the Foreign Office to render our control of the seas as little irksome to neutrals as possible. The opinion of one of these officers was so emphatic and his argument so forcible that I shall attempt to reproduce it as nearly as possible in his own words:

"If the Declaration of London had been drawn up by Germany with a special view to a war in which England would command the seas it could not more skilfully have provided for a minimum of disadvantage to the weaker Power. Take, for instance, the question of contraband. Article 27 innocently provides that things not of immediate use in war may not be declared contraband of war. Article 28 then goes on to specify certain categories of things which MAY not be made contraband. In this category you will find,

tucked away amongst jute and hemp, manures and harmless chemicals and the like, almost all that is required for keeping the munition firms going, and at least one of the main necessities for equipping an army for a winter campaign in Russia. Jute, linen, and silk are thus classed with *raw cotton*, a constituent of all propellent explosives, and *wool*, an absolute necessity for military uniforms. *Metallic ores* of all kinds are declared innocent! *Sulphate of copper* and *nitrate*s, of which, perhaps, Krupps are the largest buyers in Germany, are all included. What possible interest can we have had in making a present of these things to the enemy? A clause or two further on provides special arrangements by which indisputable contraband is to be brought into Germany without our having the power to interfere. Section 32 provides that, if contraband in a neutral ship is consigned to a neutral port, the ship's papers shall be *conclusive* evidence as to her destination. At one blow the whole doctrine of the 'continuous voyage' is thus knocked on the head and Germany made free to import through Copenhagen and Rotterdam all the munitions or materials for munitions that they do not already get included in the non-contraband list.

"Nor is this all. Up to the Declaration of London, there were almost no exceptions to the rule that no ship was a lawful prize until it had been so found by a Prize Court. But the Declaration provided for the immediate destruction of prizes without trial, when the convenience of the captor demanded it. Fifty-two British ships were, as a fact, so sunk by the German cruisers in the first five months of the war, and nearly 200 have now been sunk by submarines. So far as my memory goes, only one British ship has been taken into port for trial. Thus while out of pure sentimentality, inspired by frothy talk about 'civilised warfare,' we consented to the free import into Germany of everything she needed for war, by the same instrument we waived every legal formality in allowing the Germans to sink our or neutral ships offhand without trial or inquiry. If the Declaration of London represented, as it did, the settled policy of our Foreign Office towards the Navy, any proposals coming from that quarter for the modification of the employment of our sea power now, or for its permanent abbreviation in the future, should be very narrowly and jealously investigated.

"All such limitations have two aspects particularly distasteful to naval officers. The old rules were clear and simple. All enemy property was lawful prize. The categories of contraband were settled according to circumstance, by executive action. Naval officers, as well as neutral traders, knew where they stood. But if the whole thing is first of all to be put into a code, the meaning of which is not clear, and then chopped and changed about with every wave of opinion, as has been the case in this war, then the lot of the naval officer becomes almost intolerable. It is no wonder that neutrals, instead of being grateful for our concessions, are filled with angry impatience at the muddles and delays that have been created by our never knowing our own minds for a month together. And, finally, sailors are simple-minded folk. It is their business to see things as they are, and not through a mist of political insincerities. Whatever the politicians and diplomatists may say, they know perfectly well that

when it comes to the real thing, every country, Great Britain no less than any other, will refuse to be bound by *artificial* restrictions that have no counterpart in natural justice. We should have chucked the Declaration of London if it had been sanctioned by Parliament, just as certainly as we have chucked it when it was adopted by the Government by an executive act which Lord Tiverton describes as *ultra vires*. To the naval officer, then, all such agreements, and all efforts to make such agreements, are unreal, and lead to nothing but misunderstanding. The quite sham reputation for humanitarianism that any country gains by adhering to such proposals is doomed to be more than wiped out by the haste with which, in war, it will disown them. For the future, if we are ever made to sign such things again, let it be with the quite frank reservation that we are free to throw them over whenever we like."

FROM THE UNITED STATES.

The ineffable Count Bernstorff has, it is reported, presented a new *Arabic* Note—assuring

a "negotiable" basis for the discussion of that affair. What Mr. Wilson will require, however, is an answer to his July Note about the *Lusitania*! Some day Berlin must face that issue. Meanwhile, we are told that Washington has heard that we have captured or sunk between sixty and seventy German submarines—a German report has, I am told, put the figure of those that have not returned at fifty-four. We know of no such figures here. What is interesting is the story that so impressed are the American naval authorities with these figures that there is now no more talk of abandoning battleships. But there never was any such talk amongst responsible people in Washington. The experts there have always known, and often, since hostilities began, said, that sea power still resides, as it always has, in the largest fleets of the strongest units. No new discovery in this matter has been made. There was none to make.

A. H. POLLEN.

MR. A. H. POLLEN'S LECTURES ON THE NAVY.

Mr. Pollen will lecture on the Navy on behalf of naval and military charities at: Clifton College, Oct. 8; Wexford, Oct. 11; Dublin (Rathmines Town Hall), Oct. 12; Limerick, Oct. 13; Cork, Oct. 14.

CLUES TO THE BALKAN MAZE.

By Dr. E. J. DILLON.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1915.

NEAR Eastern events of the past ten days bear out my statement that the plummet and line have yet to be invented with which to take trustworthy soundings of Balkan politics. The improbable is never eliminated in the Peninsula and the unexpected is always happening there. Like a bolt from the blue King Ferdinand's general mobilisation order came crashing through the serene atmosphere of Entente diplomacy while self-complacent statesmen were presenting him with Macedonia and hoping, with his collaboration, soon to revive the Balkan League. "Another illusion gone," exclaimed a Continental diplomatist when the news reached him. "There have been nothing but delusions about the Balkan States since the European war began. One of the most mischievous of them all derives from our mistaken notions about the psychology of the peoples who inhabit the lively Peninsula. Western statesmen have no Ariadne thread to serve as a clue through the labyrinthine windings of the Balkanic mind, and, sooth to say, they never deemed it worth their while to acquire one."

Greece was also expected to come in with the Allies and all the requisite preliminaries were concluded, but when the time came there was seen to be a hitch in the arrangement, and the Venizelos Cabinet went out, together with the Chamber. For one of the peculiarities of the Balkan States lies in this, that after you have mastered the curious workings of the national mind you have to recognise that the decisive element lies not there at all, but in the interest or the bias of some one individual. For each of those democratic States is governed by a master who always possesses boundless power. Thus to give but one example: Bulgaria is represented in

International politics, not by the Chamber but by an Austrian-German, Ferdinand of Coburg, who publicly approved the "vigorous policy" of the Turkish Pasha, who was responsible for the Bulgarian atrocities in the 'seventies. In no other European country, not even in Prussia, is one man Government as absolute as in the Balkan States. The abuse of it may perhaps entail exceptionally severe pains and penalties there, but these being hardly ever applied are not deterrent. It is those leading individuals, therefore, with their respective ambitions, temper, and limitations, and not the nations over which they rule, that constitute the dominant factors in Balkan politics.

Disregard of that truth was the source of another delusion, which the writer of these lines often and vainly sought to dispel—namely, the belief in the possibility of a permanent Balkan League, as united as the Swiss Republic and as capable of defending itself as is Turkey or Spain. It is true that the heads of the different Balkan realms have it in their power to bring about a temporary coalition for a definite purpose, mainly destructive. And they used that power to expel Turkey from Macedonia and Thrace. But a permanent League such as the Entente Powers dream of, with its army of a million rifles, its customs-union, and other common institutions, is as difficult to realise as it is to establish peace permanently in Europe. To glance only at the larger features of the problem, the historical antitheses of the Balkan peoples, the vast differences of their ideals, the conflicting character of their political strivings and social forces, raise barriers to the union of those peoples which no diplomatic labour can dislodge. In this respect the Balkan Peninsula might aptly be compared to Europe, the struggle between Bulgaria and Servia for Mace-

donia having its counterpart in the competition between France and Germany for Alsace and Lorraine.

From the outset the struggle for Constantinople ought to have been treated as one of the determining factors of the European war. But despite the obvious importance of this bridge between Europe and Asia, the goal remained remote, its outlines faint, and the effort to reach it lacking in system and vigour. The key to Constantine's city and all that that stands for was known to lie in Bulgaria. But Bulgaria, or say, rather, the Austro-German prince who governs that State, had made it over to the Central Empires before our diplomatists moved a pen in the matter. Entente diplomacy, far from exhibiting listlessness, as has been alleged against it, set to work with extraordinary enterprise and insistence. The only stricture that might fairly be passed upon its action is that it ignored or belittled the circumstance that Bulgaria was already bound body and soul to Germany and Austria, and that the technical organisation of Entente action was much too clumsy.

DIPLOMATIC INTRICACIES.

Four Great Powers entered into conversation with the four or five Balkan States, so that nine Foreign Secretaries and about sixty Ministers Plenipotentiary were thereupon engaged in interchanging views. Each of these conscientious representatives exerted himself to the best of his abilities, made proposals, drafted plans, sent telegrams, and possibly thwarted schemes contrary to his own. How much paper was in this way covered with writing and how much valuable time was consumed in preliminaries before any formula could be accepted by all concerned may be left to the imagination of the reader. Months passed in this elaborate effort to get Bulgaria to outline her demands and to move Serbia to accord them. And all that expenditure of time and labour was made in the single-minded belief that Bulgaria's statement was true and that her freedom of choice which it presupposed really existed.

The writer of these lines, for convincing reasons, was unable to share that belief. The grounds on which he based his scepticism it was deemed advisable in the interests of the nation to hold back. It may, however, be remarked that his conviction was founded on evidence, not on hearsay, for he knew that the postulate on which the diplomatic structure of the Entente was being built up hung in the air. It was palpable to him that Bulgaria, or, rather, Ferdinand and his Premier, were anxious to lull the misgivings of the Entente and to cover with the cloak of neutrality aggressive designs against Serbia and her powerful protectors. Their plan was specious and partly vicarious. It was to confess frankly Bulgaria's profound dissatisfaction with the Treaty of Bucharest which deprived her of Macedonia; to admit her resentment against Serbia and to proclaim her determination to win back, at all costs, the forfeited provinces. But this open-hearted confession was wisely tempered by a seemingly honest promise to forego the desire for revenge and to restore vitality to the Balkan League if only the fruits of the Balkan War were restored to her. As a piece of pleading the pre-

sentment of the facts, the reasonableness of the claims, and the willingness, once these were allowed, to work for the common weal, took the minds of the simple captive. And of simplicity there is no lack.

After that "straightforward avowal" it was for the Entente Powers to make the next move. And that could only be the transmission of Serbia's abandonment of Macedonia to Bulgaria. Nothing less would be accepted. And that Serbia would persist in refusing it, even though her very existence depended on the sacrifice, was taken for granted by every Bulgarian politician. For Pashitch, the Serbian Premier, had said as much. The Serbian Press had reiterated the refusal in every key. And the military party, which is reputed to be the most powerful in the country, would not even discuss the suggested surrender. King Ferdinand and his fellow-workers could therefore watch with delight the twofold spectacle: On the one hand Serbia squabbling with her own friends and writhing under their charge that she was destroying the Balkan League and endangering the success of the Allies, and, on the other, the Entente Powers setting out on a wild-goose chase. To Ferdinand, who plumes himself on being a consummate actor, this situation must have appeared superlatively amusing.

But the diplomatists of the Entente, beset though they were by forces that seemed irresistible, persevered in their exertions and carried their point. Serbia, heroic in her voluntary sacrifice as in her terrible martyrdom, accepted the situation and gave up Macedonia. Now at last, thought the Entente Governments, the problem is solved and all misgivings dispelled. Bulgaria will at last range herself with the civilising States; the Balkan League will be recalled to life and Constantinople wrested from the Turks. But Bulgaria was profoundly troubled instead of being highly pleased with the result of the Powers' endeavours. She could now no longer lurk and weave unavowed plans in the safe retreat of justifiable neutrality; the terms she had asked for were obtained and the announcement must be followed by acceptance, which was impossible, or else by rejection and the consequences that might flow from that. While the Entente Powers were pressing their case at Sofia, Ferdinand signed the order for general mobilisation and rang up the curtain on a new act, to which others besides himself will materially contribute.

MOBILISATION.

Mobilisation was resorted to when the game of neutrality could be prolonged no further. The expedient being supremely dangerous by its nature, associations, and consequences, the wire-pullers of Sofia sought to allay suspicion by terming it "armed neutrality," asseverating that Bulgaria was actuated by pacific aims and disclaiming aggressive designs against Serbia or the Entente. For the first care of Sofia and Berlin was to tranquillise Roumania and Greece. The game was being played by two partners. Germany had already spread far and wide the terrifying tale that she was about to hack her way through Serbia and to pass thence through Bulgaria into Turkey. The attitude of the brave Bulgars would then be shaped by dire necessity. They would loyally cling to their neutrality and

passivity. But one could not reasonably expect them to try issues with the greatest military nation in the world. They would, therefore, have to submit to German pressure, but would do so with sincere regret. The Germans would thus open the road to Constantinople, and the Bulgars would have deserved their gratitude while escaping the censure of the Quadruple Alliance. Truly a well laid plan.

AGGRESSION NECESSARY.

But there was more. In order to clear the road for the Teutons to the Turkish capital the north-eastern Serbian front—the Orsova-Vidin tract—must be denuded of troops. And for this purpose Bulgaria's neutrality alone would not suffice. Aggressive action was indispensable. But if the Army were moved against the Serbs, the Quadruple Entente would wreak vengeance on the perfidious Bulgars. Even over these embarrassing circumstances, however, Ferdinand's resourcefulness prevailed. His plan was truly ingenious. But it was disapproved in advance by Bulgaria's most sagacious statesman and military strategist, General Fitcheff, who was accordingly removed from his post as War Minister, just as he was removed over two years ago when he advised Ferdinand not to break off the London negotiations but to make peace with the Porte. The scheme consisted in the dispatch at first of four divisions to keep watch and ward over Roumania lest that country should spring a surprise on the Bulgars. And in the meantime an irregular army of twenty-five thousand comitadjis, or Bulgarian Bashibozooks, were to be supplied with everything needful and to be let loose on Macedonia. A Bulgarian comitaji is cruelty incarnate. And as soon as twenty-five thousand of them overran Macedonia, Serbian troops would have to be dispatched from the north-eastern front, leaving Germany's road to Turkey inadequately defended. Protests against action of this kind would be fruitless. For the comitadjis are not regular forces for which the Sofia Cabinet is responsible, and in this case they would be dubbed "Macedonians in revolt against the unbearable yoke of Serbia." The incursion would thus be reduced to the insignificance of a domestic Serbian question, while its effect on the International situation would be far-reaching.

For among the consequences of this attack on Macedonia would be the interruption of railway communications between Salonica and Serbia, whereby the Serbs would be isolated and bereft of the sources of their supplies. The loss of that railway would also deprive the Tsardom of the principal route connecting it with its Western Allies, and as a corollary Greece would be abandoned to her own inadequate military and financial resources. It was this alarming prospect that moved King Constantine to lend a ready ear to Venizelos' arguments in favour of mobilisation. None the less the Premier had an arduous task to accomplish. For Greece is the only Near-Eastern State which is governed by two different and differing authorities, each of which is backed by a large following in the country. United, they could regenerate the Greek people; divided they make room for the oceanic inrush of anarchic forces. Happily, on the subject of mobilisation, they agreed.

Greece's further behaviour depends in all

probability less upon Venizelos and King Constantine than upon the action and reaction of Bulgaria and the Quadruple Alliance. The triumph of Radoslavoff's avowed policy entails the ultimate annexation of the Greek possessions, Cavalla, and probably Salonica, by Bulgaria. And the King who recently dissolved Parliament and dismissed Venizelos rather than exchange a small portion of that territory for an enormous district in and around Smyrna cannot now sit still and allow the Bulgars to snatch it all from Greece without any compensation but the thanks of his imperial brother-in-law.

Serbia has a claim on Greece for military co-operation against a Bulgarian attack. It is embodied in a formal treaty. But it was stipulated that in order to enforce the claim Serbia herself must place at least one hundred and fifty thousand men in the field against her invaders. As this condition may have to remain unfulfilled, it has been suggested that the Entente Powers should provide the men, landing them at Salonika. The writer of this article has grounds for affirming that if that number could be doubled, and the measure adopted without delay, Roumania would probably join Greece, the Bulgarian spectre would be laid, and the problem of the Dardanelles solved satisfactorily.

E. J. DILLON.

[Since Dr. Dillon wrote this article Russia has handed an ultimatum to Bulgaria. As we go to press the news is on the placards that in Greece M. Venizelos has resigned.—EDITOR.]

AZRAEL.

Just at the journey's end,
We meet one gracious friend;
Whom having found we lose for evermore.
His name is Death. And he
Alone will absent be
When friendship's roll is called on yonder shore.

MABEL GARLAND.

UNREST IN MUNITION FACTORIES.

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—As a friend of Labour I deplore the intransigent attitude which so many workers in munition factories have taken up, because I feel sure that, after the war, many people who would otherwise have been inclined to listen to the reasonable demands of Labour will turn a deaf ear to them. This may not be enough to prevent Labour from getting its reasonable demands, but it means that they will only be procured with friction, of which, after the war, we shall want as little as possible if we are to recover quickly from the effects of it.

Mr. Jowett's article on this subject in your last issue would have been more convincing if he had explained why the unrest in munition factories varies so much. In Leeds there has been practically none, very little in Sheffield, not a great deal in Birmingham or Barrow, but a good deal at Birkenhead, Liverpool, Southampton, and Glasgow. Now, no one who knows Leeds workmen will accuse them of being a docile lot. The great municipal employees' strike of 1913, and the fact that one-fourth of the City Council is composed of Labour representatives are proofs to the contrary. Nor would the charge hold good of Sheffield or Barrow, whatever may be the case in regard to Birmingham.

Now, it is, to say the least, exceedingly improbable that all the employers in the first four towns which I have named are good ones and all those in the four last towns bad ones. Therefore, the only explanation we have left is that the workmen in them are not so patriotic as their fellows elsewhere.—Yours, &c.,

FREDK. G. JACKSON.

8, Park Lane, Leeds.

THE SOLDIER'S VISITOR.

By Algernon Blackwood.

I SIT in my room and dream. . . . Autumn steals across the slanting sunlight on the lawn, for the year stands at the keen, and the smells of childhood float beneath the thinning branches. In my long chair by the open window I sit and dream. . . . I played upon that lawn, I took the hawks' eggs from the dizzy, topmost branches; it was on turf like that I won the hundred yards. Sure of myself, I moved swiftly, easily, a few weeks, a few months—or was it years?—ago. . . . I have forgotten. It is past. I sit and dream. . . .

The little room is narrow, but autumn, entering softly, brings in distance as of the open sky, with misty places that are immense. Once they seemed endless. The whole world enters; there are two magnificent horizons, where the sun sets and where it rises: both I could reach easily, without toil or pain, without the help of anyone. Birds pass from one horizon to the other, singing, high above all obstacles; I loved free space as they do; the sails are flashing white on blue, blue seas; there is the splash of mountain streams, the rustle of foliage . . . and the autumn wind goes past my window, picking the crisp, dying leaves from every bough.

"He will recover. At least, he will not lose the other," are the words I remember dimly, each syllable a century, each word an age. It was so long ago. And I try to rise and see the folded daisies as they take the sunset by the grey thatched summer-house. But my body stops—I cannot move without assistance. . . . I remember how it happened. I remember a pause, then saying aloud as quietly as if I were playing tennis, "Now, old chap, it's your turn! Go it!" There was a blank, but no terror, and no pain. I heard no noise, the explosion was quite soundless; my last cartridge was gone, my bayonet was in . . . then came the stretcher. . . . God bless those fellows, those brave and tireless bearers. . . . A dirty job! He'll bless them for me. I can't even go across the field to find them. . . .

The sunlight dies; the leaves are down; the chill air cloaks the laurel shrubberies in white and gauze; the soaking dew begins to fall. I am in England. England! She was in danger, so they said. That's why I'm here, I suppose. She's taking care of me. I did my bit, my best. Nine months of weary training, three days of glorious fighting. Then this . . .

I am carried back into the bed, the lamp is lit, the figures, speaking low and with marvellous tenderness, are gone. I am alone, my pals are out there . . . where there is singing, stories, action. There is no singing here, no stories. I am in a hothouse—damn . . . !

I glance at my little table by the pillow, at the small white jug of liquid food, at the little silver bell, the glass with the sleeping draught . . . and I turn the lamp out and watch through the open window the faces of the peeping stars. A bat flits past; I hear a moth's big wings; a corncrake whirrs and rattles far away—I used to chase all three. . . . No other sound is in the world. The hours are asleep. Autumn sits in her lonely wood, weaving her red and yellow leaves into a net to hold me lest I fall! When I wake in the morning, I shall see her tears upon the crimson leaves, upon the grass, upon the iron railing, big, big drops as clear as crystal, holding all the sky. I shall see the few lost stitches that she dropped, floating on cobwebs in the yellow sunlight. I shall hear her cloak sweep trailing through the beech-wood on the hill. And that is the cloak I ask to cover me—below the knees. I shall also smell the perfume of her lustrous hair—but that hair, that perfume I shall take to wrap my thoughts in, and my dreams, through years to come. . . .

For I shall recover. But I shall not—no, I shall

never again in this world—I cannot say it—below both knees—I know it—I am nothing.

There came a knock quite suddenly at the door . . . and I shut my eyes, because I had no liking for my night-nurse. I left my hand outside upon the coverlet, that she might take my pulse, then leave me without that meeting of the eye, that intimate gesture, that exchange of little words that were distasteful to me. It was, no doubt, a sick man's whim, and yet to me just then it was intolerable. To meet the eye is an intimacy that draws the other person near, too near, unless she be desired and desirable. I feel the soul in contact. It is only one degree more intimate than to hear the mention of my name, my little name. . . . And yet, before my mind could question—it works slowly, thickly in this pain—who it was for certain my voice had answered, I had said, "Come in. . . ."

I closed my eyes, however, none the less. But, through my lids, I felt the searching glance that saw me—more—that met my own. And I heard my name, my little name. A strange and marvellous thrill went through me. The very intimacies I had dreaded I now claimed eagerly. I opened my eyes and looked.

No especial revelation of beauty have I ever claimed in life, but I have known ideals, I have had my dreams like other men. The figure I now saw before me was surely not of this earth. The stars, the moon, sunlight, and wild-flowers had made her, perhaps. . . . I was speechless.

"I have come like this," said the woman in the soft brown garment, "because there are things that I can give you now. Before—when you could seek them—you could not find them. Now that you cannot go to them, they may come to you. They are all within your reach."

And then I saw that, while more beautiful and desirable than anyone I had ever known, she was yet strangely familiar to me. Where, how, under what conditions, I could not recall. She was some Grandeur, surely. Queens and the like, I knew, were visiting chaps like me, and yet she was not dressed as such folks dress, and her robe of russet-brown spread in some kind of imperial way behind her. It trailed, I fancied, through the open window, joining the mist above the lawn. The stars shone in it very faintly. But it was her incomparable beauty that made it difficult to speak, for my heart became suddenly so large it clogged me.

"I must have dreamed of you," I murmured at length. A feeling of endless life rose in me—the life people so glibly call eternal. It was beyond description.

"Dreamed!" she echoed gently, shaking her head and smiling. "Oh no; not dreamed! I called you and you came." There was a touch of sternness in her smile that stirred the blood in me. But I did not understand.

"You called me?" I asked faintly, for such beauty put confusion in me.

"And you came," she answered. "It was no dream. You gave me all you had to give." She paused an instant; there was moisture in her eyes. "It is now my turn to give all you desire, all you ask or dream."

The feeling of familiarity was afflicting; but still I could not understand. As she spoke I saw burning love in the great clear eyes. But there was more than love; there was sympathy, understanding—a woman who could understand everything in the world—there was admiration, gratitude, and more than these—I swear it—there was worship.

"I have asked for nothing," I faltered, an unbelievable happiness rising. "I did not call—I had no thought—at least I only—"

"It is yours—all, all," she answered, "because of that. You did not ask, you did not think of self."

My face, of course, betrayed me hopelessly. The

strange joy found utterance in a somewhat trembling voice, humbly, perhaps a little awed.

"I meant your Beauty . . . I" I whispered it in my inmost heart. For there was a shyness in me I could not understand.

And then a strange thing happened, for, as she stood between me and the open window, a light air stirred her dress, and I caught the gleam of something bright beneath, almost as though she wore a breastplate of some kind—like shining armour.

"Who are you, then?" I murmured, trying to raise myself, but sinking back again before the painful effort. I had the feeling that for such love as hers, such beauty, splendour, strength, no loss, no pain was of the least account. I forgot my conditions, almost my identity. I was just—a man like other men.

"I am rich," she answered, "I am true, and I am faithful unto death and after it. All that you ask is mine to give. And I am here to give it you."

"Me—?" I could not believe my ears. Something broke within me, bathing my soul in light. I repeated my astonished question. I mentioned my name. I thought swiftly. Everything, by heaven, was worth it, if this were true.

She looked down at me for a long time without speaking. Then her lips moved a little; the wonderful eyes brimmed over; she said two perfect words as she

gazed at me: "Thank you. . . ." It was followed by my name, my little name.

What happened exactly I cannot tell. I remember thinking it must be somewhere a miserable mistake, that it was too impossible for truth, when in the midst of my anguish she again repeated my name with such pride and gratitude in her voice, such love and admiration in her eyes, that my doubts were gone and I felt re-made in joy. "It is written here," she said, pointing to where her heart lay beating behind the gleaming metal.

She then bent over me and kissed me . . . she took me in her comforting arms . . . I fell asleep. And in my sleep I dreamed of a new and glorious movement, light as air, and easy, swift as wind. Everything in the world was mine, for everything came to me of its own accord. All space lay within my reach. I was no longer walking, running, climbing. I had wings . . . But also I remembered where it was that I had seen her, and consequently why I loved her so. I understood at last, God bless her, and I loved her all the more.

Hitherto, indeed, I had asked nothing of her knowingly, yet I had taken all she had to give. I suppose, unconsciously as it were, I knew this well enough. That, apparently, was why I fought. . . . At any rate, I remembered clearly where I had seen her, and why she seemed so curiously familiar, yet unrealised; for her face, now stamped upon my soul, is also stamped upon every copper penny of the Realm.

WAR AND WORK.

By Lord Sydenham.

THE memory of great European conflicts, involving all the Great Powers, had passed away before Germany decided to start the general conflagration for which she had laboriously prepared. Denmark, Italy, Austria, France, Turkey, and the Balkan States had not forgotten what the invasion of their territories implied and entailed; but, to the British people, kept secure by the Navy, the idea of a struggle for existence was beyond realisation last year. All the belligerent nations have now been forced to adapt their national life to the conditions of war—conditions which have changed their outlook, subjected them to severe strain, and made supreme demands on their patriotism, fortitude, and endurance. It was inevitable that the process of adaptation should vary in the case of different races, and even of different individuals of the same race. Internal affairs, political methods, education, and powers of imagination have all contributed to smooth the transition from peace to war on the one hand, and to create difficulties on the other.

From this point of view, the British people were forced to take up arms at a peculiarly unfavourable time. The Irish question led to acute dissensions, and Civil War had been barely averted. The industrial situation was embittered, and Party exigencies had required a raging propaganda with the effect, if not the object, of setting class against class and of obscuring the true interests of both. Pacifists in high places, who were assumed to have studied the foreign horizon, had assured the country that there was no danger, and organised labour had been led to believe that its foreign relations were so close and satisfactory as to make war impossible. At the beginning of last year, we appeared to be on the eve of a strong agitation in Parliament for the reduction of the Navy and for a general retrenchment of the essentials of national defence. Thus, on the verge of our greatest war, almost the only point of general domestic agreement was a sincere desire for peace. If, in Cromwell's words "it could be had with conscience and honour." All this and more was carefully reported to Berlin by observers who were unable to look below the obviously disturbed surface of our

national life to the deep-lying currents which move the souls of men and women in times of grave emergency.

If we reflect on the pre-war conditions, we cannot wonder at the difficulties we have experienced, and we have reason to be proud and thankful that to such large numbers of our people of all classes was given the clear vision of a need so vital and a duty so imperative as to demand the free offer of life for the national cause. Never in the history of the world has so huge a voluntary army been created in so short a time—an army which already has given striking proofs of valour. Never have so many thousands of men and women devoted themselves to strenuous and unaccustomed work of all kinds for the service of our sailors and soldiers. Never have such huge funds been raised, not from the rich alone, to minister to the wounded and the bereaved, or to provide for the wants of the forces abroad and at home.

Such are the lights in the picture of Britain in the time of her greatest peril. The shadows are not all defined by Mr. Jowett in his contribution to last week's LAND AND WATER. "In all the great munition-producing centres," he writes, "there is unrest among the workers which continually threatens to break out into open rebellion in the form of strikes or other expressions of protest not less detrimental to the work in hand." But the "unrest" is not confined to munition workers, and has been manifested in other quarters with not less injury to the Commonwealth in its dire need. Manual workers have enlisted in large numbers, and have fought and died gallantly in defence of the liberties of Europe and their own; but too many of their comrades at home whose efforts are as necessary for the national salvation and to save the lives of those who are cheerfully facing death in Flanders and the Gallipoli Peninsula have taken up the attitude which Mr. Jowett frankly proclaims.

All that democracy passionately claims to worship is at stake. A Prussian victory would sound the death knell of everything that organised labour professes to desire. In Republican France labour troubles are unknown, and the munitions workers are doing their utmost for the country with the notable results we have recently seen. The striking French successes in Cham-

pagne were the fruit of the untiring and uncomplaining labour of men and women in the workshops. What our true-hearted Allies must think of the Welsh coal strikes is expressed in the stinging lines of M. Paul Liseron :

*" Et qui donc êtes-vous? vous, mineurs d'Angleterre?
Pour vous placer plus haut que les lois de la guerre!
Plus haut que le devoir et que l'humanité!
Plus haut que le pays! plus haut que l'équité! "*

Of democratic Australia, where labour troubles are frequent, Mr. F. A. W. Gisborne is able to write* : " Happily the war has had a soothing and purifying influence. A more conciliatory attitude has been adopted by the leaders of the Trades Unions towards employers of labour. . . . In not a few cases, men have voluntarily offered to accept lower wages than those hitherto received. Thus labour and capital, for a season, cried truce, and feelings of amity and sympathy have superseded the old antagonism."

Nowhere among Britons overseas, who have splendidly responded to the call of patriotism, are there to be found such sentiments as Mr. Jowett describes. What is the reason of this strange difference, rendered the more inexplicable because with few exceptions the official representatives of labour have pronounced for the justice of the war and have recently pledged themselves to the prosecution of a vigorous recruiting campaign?

Natural Resentment.

Resentment against general charges of such an amount of time-breaking, slack work, or drunkenness as would account for "the immense deficiency in the supply of our war material" from which we have suffered would be perfectly natural and justified. I have never heard such charges made by anyone acquainted with the facts. Our deficiency arose, mainly, from the neglect to take adequate administrative steps till May. If this vitally important question had been taken in hand in October last, it is possible that a Munitions Act which, by creating new offences has at the same time introduced new grievances might have been avoided. To shout denunciations of employers and to threaten revolution because of fines imposed by a Munitions Tribunal is neither logical nor just. The new powers conferred by the Act are not for the benefit of the employer, but intended by Parliament to meet the exceptional needs of the State, and it is for the Tribunal—not the employer—to judge whether an offence under the Act has been committed. Nearly one thousand factories have been brought under State control, and employers have loyally accepted conditions which, in certain respects, have taken away their powers while leaving them with heavy responsibilities. None can like these new conditions; but all realise that a struggle for national existence demands exceptional measures to which they are ready to bow. The nation has a right to expect as much from employees, and when a man who has been fined for an offence declares in court that "It is time the Germans came," one may be pardoned for wondering whether he had arrived at any conception of what war means, or had ever heard of the German achievements in France and Belgium.

We may share the regret of Mr. Jowett that it should be necessary to prevent a man from going from one employer to another in quest of higher wages; but, at a time of national peril, we can none of us expect to be able to do exactly what we wish, and far greater sacrifices than this are borne daily by other than manual workers without a word of complaint. Too much of the unrest which we deplore is due to the impracticable demand that the greatest war which has ever blighted the world should permit the full continuance of the habits formed in peace. Trades Unions, which claim the right to deny men liberty to work as they please, should surely acquiesce in restrictions required by the exigencies of the State. Government, by deciding that war profits shall be heavily taxed, have done all that

is possible to remove the grievance of working for the special advantage of the employer and not for the nation. Employers do not object to this tax if it is applied to real profits, taking into account capital expenditure which must be written off at the end of the war, and making allowance for lean years which may have entailed loss. Nor will employers raise any demand for the taxation of the war profits made by other classes who have largely benefited by the huge internal expenditure.

"Capitalistic Bluff."

The nation may fairly expect that the manual workers will wait till the measure of war profits has been ascertained and taxed before believing stories of "capitalistic bluff." At least it may be remembered that the successful financing of the war depends upon past profits, which are already and rightly bearing heavy burdens. Profits must continue to be made, either by the State, as Socialists desire, or by employers who are largely people of very moderate means, unless a large source of revenue upon which depend substantial boons enjoyed by labour are to be abandoned. That employment in cases where the profit, if any, accrues to the public is no panacea for discontent or for the calculated limitation of working energy has been abundantly proved by such occurrences as the Tramway strike and by much previous experience.

I have no wish to exaggerate the evils in our midst which I trust are less widespread than Mr. Jowett indicates. I am certain that the great mass of manual workers engaged on the vitally important duty of making munitions are as patriotic as their fellows serving in the field. I am as certain that some of our troubles are due to the shortsightedness and want of sympathy of a minority of employers. The only hope for such industrial peace as will enable the national prosperity to be gradually rebuilt after the war lies in a franker attitude of employers towards labour, and in their closer association and co-operation for furthering the common interests of both. The great Trades Unions, if they are wisely led, can render invaluable services to the classes they represent and to the community as a whole; but they must abandon the attempt to limit output by artificial rules which are plainly demoralising, and they must cease to apply compulsion for class purposes which strikes at the roots of liberty. They should strenuously uphold the sanctity of agreements, which lies at the base of social as well as of international stability. They should endeavour sternly to check intemperance, which they could combat more effectively than legislation, while laying stress on the dignity of labour and fostering pride in technical skill.

A Disturbing Feature.

The most disturbing feature in the industrial situation is the growing tendency of Trades Unionists to throw over their recognised leaders and adopt the methods of the mob. All who have the interests of the workers at heart must realise that this tendency is fatal to Trades organisations and to all the good of which they are capable.

Such are some of the questions which will have to be faced when the war ends and which have been brought into new prominence in these critical times. But, while we are fighting for our existence as a great nation, is it not reasonable to expect that such a truce as has been found possible elsewhere shall be observed in these islands? When bitter sorrows have come into thousands of homes, and when men and women of all ranks in large numbers are devotedly working in aid of those who are risking their all in the service of the country, honour and duty demand that the minority of workers which resents the least restraint and is not giving its best should share in the general self-sacrifice that Britons at home and overseas and our gallant Allies are nobly making in the most sacred of causes.

* *Empire Review*, September, 1915.

A CHAMPION OF FAITH.

By the Editor.

GOD is God; man is immortal: these six words may be said to epitomise the main elements of faith which animates and has ever animated the very vast majority of the human family. It has found expression in the most diverse forms of worship; it has been asserted through many different formulas and antagonistic dogmas. But stripped of all external qualities the faith persists, and man through all the ages and in every phase of civilisation has accepted the presence of an Omnipotence and has rejected the idea that he himself is only a beast that perishes.

But there have always been reactionaries. The fool who hath said in his heart, "There is no God," is as old as faith, and a curious symptom of his folly is the delusion that in some incomprehensible manner he is intellectually in advance of his fellows who cling to the higher wisdom, failing to perceive that he, too, has persisted through the ages. The peculiar distinction of fools is their power of irritation, and in hours of storm and distress, such as the nations are passing through now, this ancient denial adds pain to sore hearts and gives new grief to souls perplexed, wherefore a re-assertion of the old truth by a living man of eminence, whose outlook on life has enabled him to take a detached view, is at the moment doubly welcome. Mr. Balfour will earn the gratitude of thousands of very humble readers, as well as the commendation of scholarly admirers and intellectual equals, for his new volume, *Theism and Humanism* (being the Gifford lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1914), recently published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton (10s. 6d.).

The Gifford Lectures.

The Gifford lectures, as Mr. Balfour points out in the preface, are confined to "natural" religion. "Even themes which might well be deemed to fall within its limits are scarcely referred to. For example, God, freedom and immortality have been treated by at least one eminent writer as the great realities beyond the world of sense. I believe in them all. But I only discuss the first—and that only from a limited point of view." The phrase, "God is God," superficially appears nonsense, but actually it designates the belief of the mass of ordinary humanity. Either they shrink from a definition, or, if a definition be attempted, it is realised to be so inadequate that it is avoided in disputation. Now when a man of affairs, a former Prime Minister of this nation, and the political head of the British Navy in the gravest crisis of the Empire, talks on Theism, it is with more than ordinary curiosity that the reader seeks out his definition, fearing lest it be too complex or delicate for daily wear and tear. Not so. No utterance could be plainer than Mr. Balfour's:

When . . . I speak of God I mean something other than an Identity wherein all differences vanish, or a Unity which includes but does not transcend the differences which it somehow holds in solution. I mean a God whom men can love, a God to whom men can pray, who takes sides, who has purposes and preferences, whose attributes, howsoever conceived, leave unimpaired the possibility of a personal relation between Himself and those whom He has created.

The lectures were delivered before the war, and it is interesting to find Mr. Balfour bearing testimony to a condition of mentality which has impressed other close observers of the period antecedent to the present death-struggle between ideals, ethics and beliefs. "There are some observers who would have us believe that the energies of Western civilisation are now entirely occupied in the double task of creating wealth and disputing over its distribution. I cannot think so. I doubt whether there has been for generations a deeper

interest than at this moment in things spiritual." If that were a true statement in March, 1914, as we believe it to have been, how much truer is it in October, 1915, when the mere brutal force of events have compelled so many to jettison the dead-weight of materialistic conclusions if the soul, not only the individual soul, but the soul of the nation and even of our vaunted civilisation, is to survive through this roaring maelstrom of broken, surging waters.

Vital Necessity of a Creed.

"A creed of some kind, religious or irreligious, is a vital necessity for all, not a speculative luxury for the few; and the practical creed of the few who speculate has a singular and even suspicious resemblance to that of the many who do not." This passage is from the first lecture, and the tenth and final lecture contains this conclusion: "My desire has been to show that all we think best in human culture, whether associated with beauty, goodness, or knowledge, requires God for its support, that Humanism without Theism loses more than half its value"—or, as the present writer is tempted to paraphrase it, that man without God is of little worth.

In reference to the "natural history" of "Homo Sapiens," the lecturer shrewdly asks: "What does historical interest require? Not merely 'brute fact,' but brute fact about beings who are more than animals, who look before and after, who dream about the past and hope about the future, who plan and strive and suffer for ends of their own invention; for ideals which reach far beyond the appetites and fears which rule the lives of their brother beasts. Such beings have a 'natural history,' but it is not with this we are concerned. The history which concerns us is the history of self-conscious personalities." The futility of naturalism is pointed out; of agnosticism the lecturer remarks: "I object to it because it talks loudly of experience, yet never faces facts, and boasts its rationality, yet rarely reasons home." "The universe either has a spiritual cause or it has not. If the agnostic is as ignorant as he supposes he cannot have any reason for preferring the first alternative to the second or the second to the first."

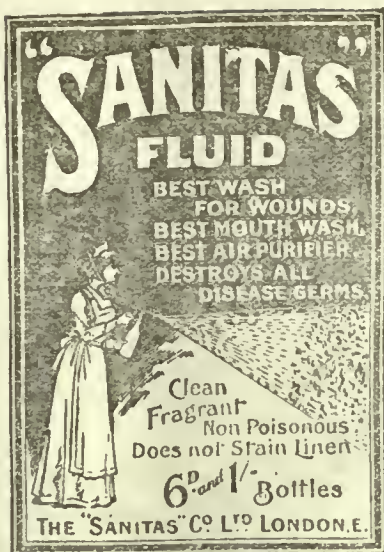
Love of God.

"My point is different," observes Mr. Balfour in another connection:

I find in the love of God a moral end which reconciles other moral ends, because it includes them. It is not intolerant of desires for our own good. It demands their due subordination, not their complete suppression. It implies loyal service to One who by His essential nature wills the good of all. It requires, therefore, that the good of all shall be an object of our endeavour, and it promises that, in striving for this inclusive end, we shall, in Pauline phrase, be fellow-workers with Him.

In conclusion it is perhaps a duty to mention that this article, rightly speaking, is not a review of Mr. Balfour's brilliant lectures; rather is it a recital of the chief impressions which the perusal of them at the end of a day's work has left on the mind of a busy man, who has to confess he is not always able to keep pace with the close reasoning and cultured dialectic of the lecturer. This is his loss, and he regrets it; but it has not diminished the strong pleasure or lessened the fine stimulus which have been gained from the reading of them. One of the most vivid memories of the writer's boyhood was the chance discovery, when in his early teens, of a copy of *Sartor Resartus*. He knew enough Latin to interpret the perplexing title, but, having no one to explain it or other riddles to him, the philosophy of

(Continued on page 20, column 2.)



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THE GOUTY STATE.

Its Relation to Uric Acid Excess.

GOUT is popularly believed to be a malady affecting the joints only. Nothing, possibly, could be further from the truth. There is not a portion of the body to which uric acid, the common cause of all gouty suffering, has not access by means of the circulation, and wherever uric acid finds its way, gout is bound to follow, unless proper steps be taken in the meantime to dissolve and eliminate the acid.

The surplus uric acid is quickly taken into the circulation, where it enters into a certain chemical combination as a result of which it becomes converted into a solid insoluble substance—urate of soda—which assumes the form of sharply-pointed crystals, or of solid stony masses. It is these compounds of uric acid that are the root cause of all the pain, lameness, stiffness, inflammation, and swellings of gout.

These crystals or stony concretions are in time thrown out from the blood and spread over adjacent tissues, giving rise to one or other manifestation of gouty suffering. Thus when the joints are attacked and filled up with these clogging deposits, the terrible suffering of acute, chalky, chronic or rheumatic gout results. Gouty rheumatism or lumbago supervenes when the shoulder and limb muscles or those of the lower part of the back are occupied by the pain-causing uric acid; sciatica and neuritis are due to the cruelly sharp atoms piercing the great nerve sheaths of thighs and arms. When the skin is selected for uric acid invasion, gouty eczema follows, whilst kidney stone and gravel consist simply of solid uratic concretions.

TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE OVER GOUT.

All these varied gouty complaints being admittedly due to the one common cause of uric acid excess, the obvious and rational way of remedying them is to remove the overplus at the earliest possible moment. Thanks to investigations into the problem of uric acid and its solvents conducted for many years by an old-established firm of manufacturing chemists, with the highest possible reputation, a remedy has been perfected by which relief from gouty suffering can be readily and safely obtained. This remedy is well known as Bishop's Varalettes, and long clinical experience has proved it to be an absolutely safe and reliable remedy for gouty suffering, no matter what form it may assume.

The success of Bishop's Varalettes can be understood when their method of action is known. They are absorbed by the blood, and so are enabled to follow the uric acid into the remotest recesses of the system. Bishop's Varalettes search the poison out in muscle, joint, nerve, and organs. Manifestly with the disappearance of the cause, the effect must also go. Thus it is that Bishop's Varalettes, acting on scientific and logical principles, overcome uric acid and relieve gout.

SAFETY AND SUCCESS.

Bishop's Varalettes are composed of most powerful uric acid solvents and eliminants. Into their composition there enters no dangerous or poisonous ingredient. They are free from colchicum, mercury, potash, the iodides or salicylates.

The composition of Bishop's Varalettes precludes the possibility of any lowering or depressing results following their use. Their beneficial influence is soon experienced, and is attested by the gradual removal of every form of gouty pain as the maleficent uric acid is steadily driven out.

Bishop's Varalettes, if taken in time, prevent the formation of the gouty habit, and all goutily constituted people should safeguard themselves against outbreaks by taking occasional courses of Bishop's Varalettes. By the same means also Bishop's Varalettes correct the gouty habit, even when of long standing. Acting both as preventive and remedy, Bishop's Varalettes have conferred complete immunity from suffering upon numberless gouty subjects.

IMPORTANCE OF DIET.

As one main cause of over-formation of uric acid is indulgence in certain classes of food, it is of great importance that the gouty should know exactly what these foods are, so that they may avoid them. This does not entail any hardship, or mean restriction to unpalatable and unsatisfying foods. There is sufficient variety amongst perfectly permissible foods for gouty people to gratify the most exacting as well as most dainty appetite. In order to remove all doubt on the subject, the makers of Bishop's Varalettes have published a booklet containing all the required information on diet for the gouty, classified lists of allowable and prohibited foods are set forth in detail. In addition, a section of the booklet is devoted to the discussion of uric acid disorders, their symptoms, course, and treatment. A copy of the booklet will be sent post free on application to Alfred Bishop (Limited), Manufacturing Chemists (established 1857), 48 Spelman Street, London, N.E. Please ask for booklet N.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists in vials at 1s., 2s., and 5s. (25 days' treatment) or may be had direct from the sole makers, as above.

clothes, Professor Teufelsdröckh and all Carlyle's strange literary mechanism were a perpetual puzzlement; but fascinated and lured by its underlying truths he read the volume to the last page, and unknowingly absorbed into his being a philosophy which has influenced his whole life. And so he would like to see this volume of Mr. Balfour's placed in the hand of youth, and youth encouraged to master it by itself. Doubtless a young reader will often find himself out of his depth and floundering amid its pellucid waves, but, persevering, he will reach well-springs of living waters, all the sweeter in that he drinks of them by his own adventure, and never again will he lose sight of them, but they will be his refreshment through the sunless doubtings and wilderness temptations which sooner or later he must face by himself.

Mr. Wells, in a slight but graphic character sketch of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, thinly veiled under a *nom de plume* that appeared in *The New Machiavelli*, wrote: "He saw and thought widely and deeply, but at times it seemed to me his greatness stood over and behind the reality of his life, like some splendid servant, thinking his own thoughts, who waits behind a lesser master's chair." In this volume the splendid servant has replaced the lesser master. When at the journey's end home is entered, and the wages ta'en, it will, we believe, then be found that of all the great services which Mr. Balfour has rendered to his country and to his generation, not one will have won for him richer reward than this noble championship of Faith, this golden book in defence of Belief.

BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

"The Bottle-Fillers." By Edward Noble. (Heinemann.) 6s.

Although this is the story, not of the making of a boy, but of full-grown men and women, such a reek stirs about it as flavours *Captains Courageous*, the reek of deep seas, and the ships that go down to them. O'Hagan and his Lucy—his very own at the tragic end—are fine creations. There is enough interest in the people of the book to make it more than readable, and there is also the sea interest, and at the end the sense of storm conveyed with such force as Conrad puts into his most moving work.

In such a book as this it is not the plot that counts, but the handling of the story; in these pages the story is so handled as to make every landsman who claims British nationality proud of British sailormen. Although concerned with times of peace, the book depicts the unending war in which seamen are engaged in such a way as to make it fully topical; the mark of experience is on the pages, which form a welcome addition to the fiction of the year.

"The Golden Scarecrow." By Hugh Walpole. (Cassell and Co.) 6s.

This series of stories is concerned with things mystical, and pertaining to very early childhood. It is concerned, in each of the stories of which it is formed, with the memories children bring over from the other side, memories that are overlain and stifled by life, and the author's grip on the sensations of the very first years of a human life is of such a nature as to make the stories noteworthy. At the same time, the book is a little too mystical for children. It is a good work, but we venture to doubt its popularity.

"Tiger Slayer by Order." By C. E. Gouldsbury. (Chapman and Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

To the sportsman and big game hunter this book will make a very strong appeal; its author, with no literary pretensions, has taken the notes and stories of Mr. Digby Davies, formerly a Deputy-Inspector-General of the Indian police, and official tiger killer, mainly in the Bhil country.

The stories are such as are told over the camp fires on *safari*; they include encounters with all kinds of big game, both in India and Somaliland, and include a number of hints on the hunting of game, while there is a wealth of information on the larger carnivora, incidental to the narrative.

This narrative contains anecdotes which might, but for the reputation of Mr. Davies, be considered "tall," as a Yankee would say; they are, however, true enough, and the method of telling, a sober, plain statement of the facts, adds to the interest of the work. It is the exceptionally interesting record of an intrepid sportsman.



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As the result of a recent strictly supervised test upon modern grates, it was found that the average consumption of coal per grate in the ordinary grate (eight grates were experimented upon in this particular test) was 34 lb. of coal for a period of 12 hours. On the following day one of the new fire mantles was placed in each of these same grates, and the coal consumption per grate for a period of 12 hours was then found to have been reduced to 19 lb. 3 oz., whilst the heat was greater.

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Owing to transport and manufacturing difficulties, partly due to the Government taking over certain factories, great delay occurred in the delivery of the mantles when they were first offered to the public. The proprietors particularly wish to apologise for any inconvenience thus caused to their first patrons, and have pleasure in stating that arrangements have now been completed enabling them to despatch all orders immediately on receipt.

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The price of the Incandescent Fire Mantle is 3s. (3s. 9d. post free), which small sum is saved back in a few days. The mantle lasts for an indefinite time, and can be used in grates of any size, pattern, or construction. On account of the proportionate saving in postage, two mantles can be despatched post free to any address in the kingdom on receipt of 7s., three for 10s., six for 18s., and 12 for 35s. At this time of enforced economy, and with the additional danger of the present high coal prices rising still further, the great saving effected by the Incandescent Fire Mantle should not be neglected. Orders—unless obtainable locally through good-class stores or ironmongers, write direct with remittances to the Incandescent Fire Mantle Syndicate (Dept. 157), 9 Station-parade, Queen's-road, Peckham, London, S.E.

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THE WEST END

The King on his visit to Yorkshire last week was attended by Lord Stamfordham, Sir Charles Cust, and Major R. H. Seymour. His Majesty's presence gave rise to much enthusiasm; as usual he went about without any formality, and it was not always easy to make a path for his car when the news spread that the King was on his way.

Only the other day the great Houses of Lennox and Bentinck were united by marriage. Now is announced a forthcoming union between the Cecils and the Cavendishes, Lord Cranborne, eldest son of the Marquis of Salisbury being engaged to Miss Betty Cavendish, eldest daughter of Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish. The bride elect, who will only be nineteen in January, is the niece of the Duke of Devonshire, and a grand-daughter through her mother of the tenth Duke of St. Albans. Lord Cranborne was twenty-two at the end of August. Everyone rejoices at these inter-marriages of the old families, with their splendid traditions of service and self-sacrifice.

Lord Cavan is the head of the Lambarts, and his family motto: *Ut quocunque paratus*, which may be roughly translated "Ready for whatever happens," seemed lately very appropriate, when within a few days he was given the Cross of the Legion of Honour and elected a Representative Irish peer. Lord Cavan, who was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, was through the South African War. The connection of his family with Ireland began in Elizabeth's reign, when Sir Oliver Lambart went there as an officer in the army of Lord Essex and was appointed Governor of Connaught; the earldom was conferred by Charles I. on Sir Oliver's son Charles. The present

peer, who is the tenth Earl, is certainly the most distinguished soldier of them all.

Lord Lisburne, who is on the staff of General Sir Francis Lloyd, is another Irish earl, though neither he nor his family has anything to do with the sister island. For this reason he has not established his right to vote at the elections of Irish representative peers. The Vaughans are one of the oldest and noblest houses of Wales, their pedigree being traced back to very remote times. It was in 1695 that the Viscounty of Lisburne was conferred on John Vaughan, who married Malet, a daughter of the second earl of Rochester. This marriage is still commemorated at the font, for Malet is among the present peer's Christian names. He is only three and twenty, and married last year the beautiful daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt of the Chilian Legation.

Going into the Ritz restaurant for luncheon the other day, the first person I saw was M. Edwards, the Chilian Minister, at his favourite table near the door. Lord Derby, who looked pulled down after his attack of influenza, was with a family party. It was very pleasant being able to sit in the sunshine, for the day was cold, and the luncheon was good, Charles giving us the benefit of his advice in the choice of wines.

The French Government have just appointed a Committee to investigate the best means of teaching the French language in schools and colleges. Small matter though this may seem at first glance, it is really of importance. For one thing it marks the determination of France to

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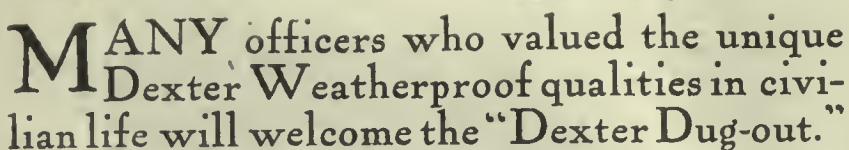
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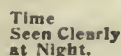
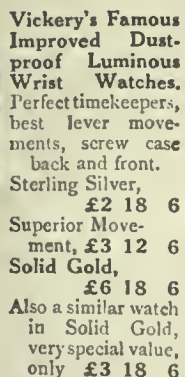
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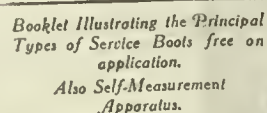


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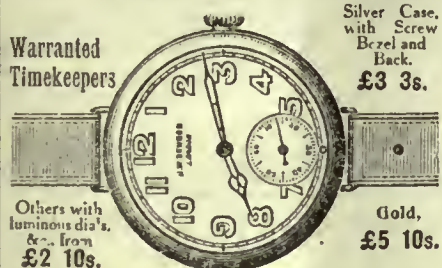


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WARNING

THE GARDEN AND PATRIOTISM

THE HORTICULTURAL TRADES' ASSOCIATION of GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

representing practically all the leading
Nurserymen and Seedsmen in the British
Isles, desires TO WARN the British Public
against the ingenious trade advertisements
which have recently been inserted in the
Press on behalf of certain Dutch growers.

POINTS TO CONSIDER.

(1.) These foreign advertisements are care-
fully worded to induce the British public to
send their orders abroad (to the detriment
of British and Irish growers) for the benefit
of "poor Dutch bulb-growers," who are
alleged to be "suffering awfully" from the
trade depression due to War between the
other European countries, and to be
"longing for orders!"(2.) With regard to the allegation that
Dutch growers are "suffering awfully," it is
interesting to note that the wholesale prices
for Dutch bulbs are, generally speaking,
quite normal, and some varieties are actually
dearer than in ordinary years. Moreover, the
Dutch growers are by no means solely
dependent on English customers; in addition
to the American market, which is open to
all, they are still dealing largely with the
"enemy countries" of Germany and Austria,
as they are, of course, fully entitled to do.(3.) The growers in Holland are compara-
tively well off, as, living in a neutral country,
they are not called upon to bear the heavy
financial strain which is being cheerfully
shouldered by British traders in the cause
of liberty and justice.(4.) Every sovereign sent to the Continent
is not only a loss to Great Britain, but may
even become a source of benefit to the enemy,
who, of course, continues to trade with neutral
countries.(5.) By patronising British firms, the British
public enables home industries to contribute
more in taxation towards the ever-increasing
cost of the war and to give more employment to
men over military age as well as to women.(6.) The object of this notice is to secure
fair play for British industries rather than
to appeal for more trade, although this is
greatly needed. The Association desires,
however, to point out that bulbs of the
highest quality are obtainable at fair trading
prices from all British and Irish firms of
good standing—whose reputation is a
practical guarantee of the fullest satisfaction
being obtained, and who can be interviewed
personally in the event of complaints arising.
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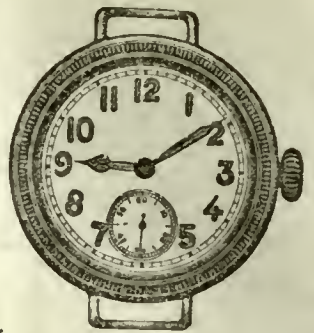
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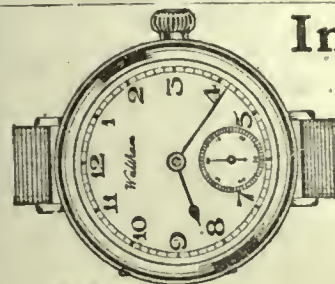
ask if the case is damp proof and dust proof. If it isn't, your gift to him may be of no use at all, for it will soon be put "out of action" by active service conditions. The best safeguard is to



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THE NEW BALKAN FACTOR.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE new situation in the Balkans produced by the Austro-German decision to create a new front and to launch on a new and last adventure, coupled with the attitude of Bulgaria, demands close examination.

The enemy is engaged—apart from the political objects which will be discussed later—in the direct military effort so to divide the Serbian armies as to obtain control of the main railway line between Belgrade and Constantinople. This railway line has, in times of peace, a bridge between the right bank of the Save at Belgrade and the left bank at Semlin, which bridge provides continuous railway communication between the Germanic Empires and the Near East.

The line then goes to the Morava Valley, up which it runs, passes Nish, crosses the Bulgarian frontier, runs through Sofia, and afterwards down along the Valley of the Maritza to Adrianople and thence to Constantinople. It is clear from the familiar outline of the district, as here in Sketch I., that the problem of controlling this railway line and of joining hands with Bulgaria, always supposing that Bulgaria intends to work (at first, at least) heartily with the enemy, is the

problem of clearing and grasping the north-eastern corner of Serbia. To effect this the enemy must establish solid bridgeheads over the Danube and also over the Save at its junction with the Danube. What he does further west is of secondary importance.

Only when he has established those bridgeheads—that is, forces solidly holding points on the further bank—so that he can cross the obstacle of the Danube at leisure is he in a position to begin his campaign for the clearing and grasping of North-Eastern Serbia and its all-important railway. At the moment of writing he is still occupied in effecting his Danube crossings. It behoves us, therefore, first to study these.

CROSSINGS OF THE DANUBE.

The crossings of the Danube by the German commanders (whose commands also probably include many Austrian elements besides those acting in the west) consist of two distinct groups. There is first of all the group operating before Belgrade

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and its neighbourhood, including the occupation of the capital, and there is next the group crossing from the mouth of the Morava eastward.

The reason that one should thus distinguish between the two groups is that the strategical effect of the crossing at Belgrade is different in character from the strategical effect of crossings further to the east.

Belgrade lies at the junction of the Save and the Danube. Across the Save, the narrower of the two streams, ran in time of peace the main artery of railway communication between the Germanic Powers and Constantinople, and the most vulnerable point in that artery was the great bridge across the river between Semlin and Belgrade.

With Belgrade in the enemy's hands the bridge can be reconstructed and a continuous railway communication can be reopened so that as he marches up to Nish, and 50 miles further to the Bulgarian frontier, he will have an ample avenue of communication behind him all the way. That is the strategical meaning of the attack upon and capture of Belgrade.

But the crossings at Semendria eastward (which is in Serbian Smederevo) have another character. A force of a quarter of a million men, certainly no more (at which one may estimate the enemy numbers upon this front) must have a certain breadth upon which to deploy. It must attack in several bodies or columns at some interval each from its neighbour.

It could not merely roll up the railway line towards Nish. Even if the march up the railway

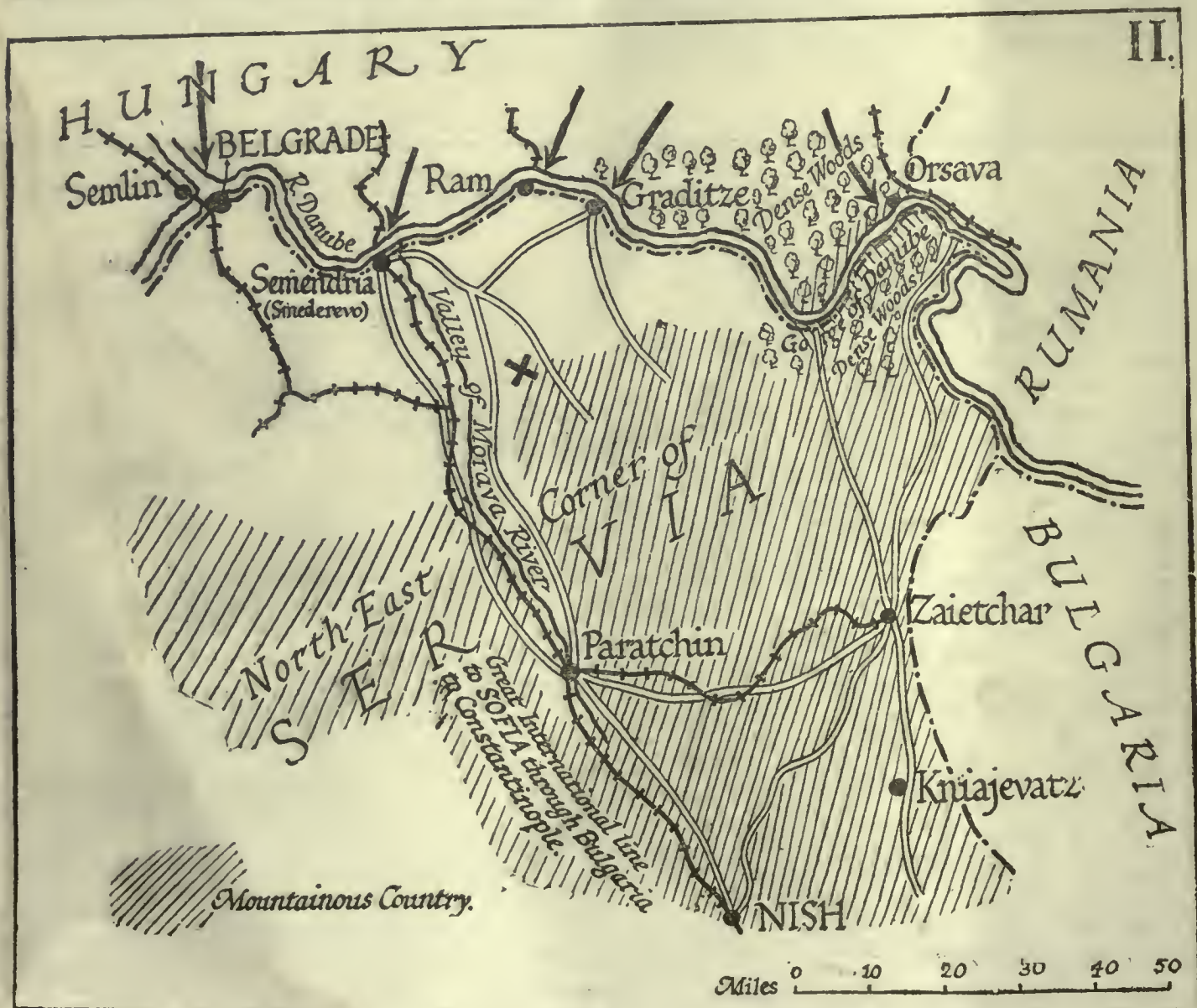
line were the main attack it must have bodies upon the flank. Further, upon the assumption that Bulgaria intends to co-operate actively with the enemy for the crushing of the Serbian armies, it is necessary to effect a junction as soon as possible between the Austro-German forces and the Bulgarian forces, and this can most rapidly be done, as a glance at the foregoing sketch (I.) will show, eastward of Belgrade, on the lower course of the Danube.

The enemy in the course of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last, and during Sunday morning, forced three crossings—one at Semendria (Smederevo), another at the point of the river marked on the Serbian side by the hamlet of Ram, yet another a few miles eastward of this at Graditze.

Some 20 miles below the latter point the Danube begins to narrow into that gorge, from two to three thousand feet deep, which ends at the Iron Gates. The country is densely wooded upon both sides of the gorge; the sides are fairly steep, the stream very rapid and deep, and the defence of the further bank on all these accounts specially favoured. We have presumably from these causes no crossing attempted so far east of Graditze, but there has been heavy artillery bombardment at Orsava, just at the point where the Hungarian, Roumanian, and Serbian frontiers meet.

If we examine the points chosen for forcing a crossing, the causes at work can easily be determined.

Semendria represents two railheads, one on either side of the Danube with an island between.



so that it is a link in a clear avenue of communication. It further represents the mouth of the broad and flat Morava Valley. Ram is similarly situated opposite the Hungarian railhead, while Graditz is the junction of two roads, one coming from the Morava Valley, which would make a lateral communication for the advance, and the other going up into the hill country, of which I must next speak.

Very roughly speaking, an invasion of Serbia from the north passes first over flat and undulating country south of the Danube, and next comes upon high lands, bare uplands, which rapidly grow mountainous in character and which by December are snow-covered and make very difficult going. It is not easy to establish the exact boundary lines between the undulating and flat country and the hill country, but some such boundary as that upon Sketch II. will suffice, though with the proviso that the valley of the Morava makes a deep indentation into the hill country, to which indentation of easy country it is difficult to set a limit because isolated flats succeed one another even in the hills.

Perhaps the really open part of the Morava Valley may be regarded as ending at, say, about Paratchin—though there are narrows below that point.

Now all this advance from the mouth when it strikes the mountain country finds a quadrilateral defined by the four points, Orsava, Zaietchar, Paratchin, and a vague corner of the hills roughly corresponding to the point marked x upon Sketch II. A railway has been projected, but I am told not yet completed, across the district. There are no roads save the system on the extreme eastern boundary and the two main roads up the valley of the Marava, one on either side of that stream, which roads join just above Paratchin and go on to Nish.

Two roads in the north, one from Semendria, the other from Graditz, go up into the foothills of the mountains and then stop. On the south of this mountain mass you have the road and the new railway from Zaietchar to Paratchin. This district is the size of a large English county. It is at its greatest length and greatest width over fifty miles. The mountain heights which it contains are not remarkable. The passes average only 1,500 feet, the summits somewhat over 3,000. But it is wild land, bare, save the north-east, where the Hungarian forests overflow the Danube, as it were, at its gorge. The Highland is provided with nothing more than tracks for the crossing of it.

We might further predicate that an attack upon Serbia from the north, even if it were made with the full force which was calculated as necessary (not less than 500,000 men), would have a very difficult task before it with winter approaching.

It has one line of easy advance, the lower Valley of the Morava, with its railways, for the first few days, after which the road grows narrow, and after the first week's march becomes mountainous; while on the rest of the front difficult mountain country with no roads begins almost at once.

Now the enemy is attacking with much less than the minimum number required for success. He has not half a million. He has at the utmost a quarter on that Belgrade-Orsava front. He is attacking at a moment when his reserves of men

are very near exhaustion. He is creating a new front in what will be a desperate fashion did he not securely calculate upon a new element. Whether his calculation is just or no the future will determine. But he has quite certainly calculated upon a new element, and that new element is, of course, the Bulgarian Army.

The Bulgarian Army can mass forces upon this north Serbian frontier alone and immediately, of over 150,000 men. It has a frontier exactly flanking the whole of the Serbian positions. Successful advance across that frontier renders all the north-eastern corner of Serbia, where resistance would be otherwise feasible, untenable. It turns that stronghold, and, as will be quite clear from Sketch II. above, a stroke at or near the capital point of Zaietchar would be decisive.

Zaietchar is the junction of the two roads from the north and of the road and railway going westward to the Morava Valley and the main line. It is, further, the junction to a high road through the mountains from Nish. It is the junction of the road and tramway to Kniajevatz.

The whole of that frontier from Kniajevatz to Zaietchar, running parallel to the Bulgarian frontier, nowhere ten miles from it and in many places not five, just at the foot of the ridge which separates the two countries, is, when Bulgaria moves, the critical point for the Serbians. And it does not seem possible that with roads and railways such as they are and with numbers of this sort opposed to them the quarter of a million armed Serbians can hold against the forces coming against them both from the north across the Danube and from the east and Bulgaria. It would, in other words, appear unquestionable that under this pressure of forces not only double their own, but converging from two rectangular fronts, the defence of north-eastern Serbia and therefore of the all-important line from Nish to Sofia and Constantinople must crumble.

THE CHANCES OF AID.

It is here that there comes in the unknown and capital element of external aid. And we have to ask ourselves at this point certain questions, none of which can receive a complete answer as things are, and many of which can receive no answer at all, but all of which we must keep in mind if we are to judge the situation rightly as it develops in the immediate future. The principal of these questions are as follows:

1. What does the political, as compared with the purely military, problem involve? In other words, to what extent is the diversion of troops to the new Balkan front a military sacrifice warranted by political considerations?

2. Supposing it be warranted, in what numbers would it be effectual?

3. Within what delay of time can such aid arrive so as to be useful?

4. What are the opportunities for munitionment and for supply of the force under consideration?

I repeat that all these four questions will remain unsolved for some time to come, even in the minds of those who have the amplest information and to whom every known element of the problem is present.

In examining these questions, therefore, I am examining questions alone. I am not proposing

solutions. I am doing no more than compare the elements of strength and weakness shown by the situation as a whole.

That examination concluded, the questions will remain questions and remain unanswered until the military development of the next few weeks—the *facts*—will answer them for us.

I will take them, then, in their order.

THE POLITICAL PROBLEM.

If there is one phrase which has appeared with more insistence than another in a certain section of the Press of this country during the last week, it is this phrase, "It is not possible to exaggerate the importance of the German invasion of Serbia."

It is the business and the duty of everyone who desires to help the commonwealth by the formation of a sound judgment (and the momentum of a million such judgments constitutes the sanity of the State) to write that phrase down and to say that it is the exact opposite of the truth.

It is possible to *exaggerate* the importance of the new enemy move—which, by the way, is not German, but German and Austrian, with the probable aid, negative or positive, of Bulgaria—and that we should exaggerate it is exactly what the enemy desires.

Consistently, without hesitation or lapse, for month upon month, that portion of the Press to which I refer has done everything which could possibly be done to play into the hands of the enemy. It has shaken public confidence at home; it has implied that the deliberate refusal of the great offence in the West is either meaningless or due to an impotence in attack. It has given to the advance of the enemy forces in the East exactly that application which the enemy hoped would be given to it by the most uninstructed and the most timorous civilian among the Allies. It has pretended that a calculation of losses and of remaining effectives and reserves was immaterial and that our whole attention should rather be fixed upon the enemy's immediate successes to the neglect of his future chances. It is now, I repeat, in this matter of the new Balkan situation, doing to an inch that which the enemy further requires—exploiting British opinion, trying to force the hand of those who alone understand the situation; creating a divergence between the private objects of the various members of the great Alliance; and, in a word, doing all the harm it possibly can and no good whatsoever.

But if it be possible to exaggerate the importance of the new enemy move, it is also only too easy to underrate it. One can conceive the same stupidity, the same panic, and the same lack of elementary historical and contemporary knowledge belittling the last strategic experiment of the enemy. Bad judgment (and nothing judges so wildly as panic) is capable of an extreme in either direction always.

The same view of the situation may be summed up roughly as follows:

The enemy, being now at the end of his reserves of men, is striking where he will have the most political effect. He has obtained for the moment the alliance, though not the subservience, of the Bulgarian Government and Army. So long as that holds, in spite of his (the enemy's) insufficient numbers upon the Danube, he stands a fair

chance of getting and holding the road to Constantinople. The reason that the political effect of this would be so great is that Asiatic opinion, including that of the Near East, hangs largely upon the fate of Constantinople. Therefore France and England, more than France, are intimately concerned with preventing, if it be possible, the full munitionment of the Turkish armies and the intimate linking up of the enemy with the Turkish capital.

Further, such a linking up would isolate Roumania, and, unless there were some new and not too delayed Russian success to the north of that State, would prevent the Roumanians ever coming in on our side.

Those who love romance may further speculate upon how far this linking up with Constantinople might lead next year (or the year after) to campaigns on the Nile or the Euphrates. But for the moment no sane man need bother about that. Turkey has not the forces, Germany has not the men, for any such enterprise until the Allies are beaten, or are well on the way to defeat.

The political effect, then, of the present situation, though far more restricted than foolish panic-mongers in London imagine, is serious.

If the Allies can send a sufficient number of men to prevent the enemy, with Bulgarian aid, from grasping the line to Constantinople—in other words, if the Allies can send and maintain an army sufficient to save Serbia, it is amply worth while to undertake this diversion.

To conceive that it is, or ever will be, the main operation of the war is foolish. The main operation of the war will develop upon one of the two great fronts, and probably upon the West. The enemy defeated there is defeated everywhere. It is not 14 or 15 divisions on the Danube that represent his principal effort; still, to check him there is obviously an important thing, and we may next attempt to calculate in what numbers it would suffice, or, rather, what minimum is at least required. For to send at least even such a minimum is to throw away men for nothing. It is an absolute dogma of all military art in all times and places that subsidiary operations must never be undertaken upon such a scale as to weaken the main chance of victory, and must never be undertaken in such small numbers as to involve mere local disaster without effect.

These are the figures in the matter.

FIGURES.

The Serbian Army ready to take the field may, as we have seen, be roughly estimated in numbers at 250,000 men. The figure 250,000 gives us an estimate not unduly inflated, but scaled down somewhat against our own side.

This Army is not possessed of heavy artillery, which can match the heavy artillery the enemy has to bring against it, though it has been lent some reinforcement herein. In other respects, in its field artillery, in its munitionment for field artillery, in its infantry equipment and in its munitionment for the same it is fairly the equal of its opponents.

As against this body of, roughly, a quarter of a million, you have an enemy concentration roughly equal. The enemy has spread a rumour that he has concentrated the equivalent of ten corps upon the Danube and the Save. It is not possible. There is evidence that certain units

have been sent from the Italian front. Some few have come from the Russian. We know that at most four corps were in this region before the attack began. That he has been able to concentrate and will be able to maintain ten field corps upon this new front is not credible for exactly the same reason that the enemy has been unable to reinforce, as he must have wished to reinforce, the striking sectors in Lithuania (especially in the north of Lithuania) during the last three weeks of fighting, and for the same reason that he has been unable to reinforce as he would his Western front.

It is perfectly clear that the enemy for many weeks past has been holding the Western front with a calculated minimum of men, reinforcements for which have been doled out sparingly. It is perfectly clear that on the Italian frontier he has equally been on the defensive, and he would not have wasted upon that defensive more than another minimum. It is further clear that his action in Lithuania was, even so late as three weeks ago, composed of a very determined offensive, and if that offensive has not made good it is because it could not make good.

It may be argued justly that this insufficiency of men on the East and on the West was due to the fact that he was gradually massing on the new front. But that he would have massed upon the new front so very large a body as ten corps is, I repeat, impossible. He has half that number: forces equivalent to the Serbian Army itself or not much greater.

The enemy could undoubtedly, if a decision upon this new front meant the end of the war, risk everything; badly weaken his other lines and produce upon the Danube much more than 500,000 men. He could do in this grand strategy what has been done over and over again in tactical experiment, to wit, risk weakness everywhere except at the decisive point and gamble on his power to decide all by one stroke at that point before his starving of strength elsewhere had time to turn against him.

But the enemy's position is not of this sort.

He is fighting, not a battle, but a series of campaigns. To risk grave weakness anywhere would be to risk the whole war. And even though it were excusable to play for such enormous stakes with a decision clearly before him on the new Balkan front, it would be inexcusable, or childish, to do so under the actual conditions.

For there is no decision possible upon this new front.

The matter is so plain, it is so clearly a thing of the map and of simple calculation, that a neglect of it is inexcusable.

It is capable of positive proof.

For, let us suppose an extreme case. Let us suppose that before December the enemy were to destroy the Serbian Army. Let us suppose that he were to hold within that time securely the line to Constantinople, and let us suppose that he were, shortly after the expiration of that time, to be able to munition the existing Turkish forces and to equip existing trained and large Turkish reserves of men. What then? Would he have won the war?

He would not be within a thousand miles of winning it.

He would have produced a very great poli-

tical effect, and I shall try in conclusion to show that political effect is here his chief object. He would have put Allied pressure upon the Balkans out of the question and the Allied objective of opening the Black Sea equally out of the question. He would have made it theoretically possible, in the course of many more months, to lay the foundations for a tardy, or ultimately a momentous, campaign, through the North-east parts of Asia. He might ultimately (in theory) threaten Egypt.

But, meanwhile, what will be happening elsewhere?

Can any sane calculation regard the remaining enemy forces as free to achieve a laborious and tardy success over the mule paths of Asia Minor, the Syrian tracks, and the Desert of Sinai, while their effectives on the two European fronts decline at the rate of 100,000 a week, while the persistent hammering and persistent cracking of the all-important defensive line in France and Flanders (even as I write comes news of a *whole corps out of action on the Lens—La Bassée front alone—8,000 dead*) is continuing, and while the Russian reserves, though requiring months for the task, are being armed for an offensive which only time delays and which is mathematically certain to appear in its turn — a balance is already achieved.

The conception is an impossible one. It is not a military conception at all. Such bold strokes have been attempted by military nations at the *inception* or *in the midst* of their effort, with full reserves of men behind them. They would have no meaning in a situation like that now imposed upon the enemy.

The enemy is, then, coming upon this new front in grossly insufficient strength. But he is doing it because, *allied with Bulgaria*, his strength is far superior to that of the Serbians. It is sufficiently superior to ensure victory. If he is equivalent in number to the Serbians the Bulgarians as a whole much more than double his effectives. They bring to much more than 2 to 1 the forces Serbia has to meet, and, as we have seen, from the lie of the map they at any rate command north-eastern Serbia and its railway.

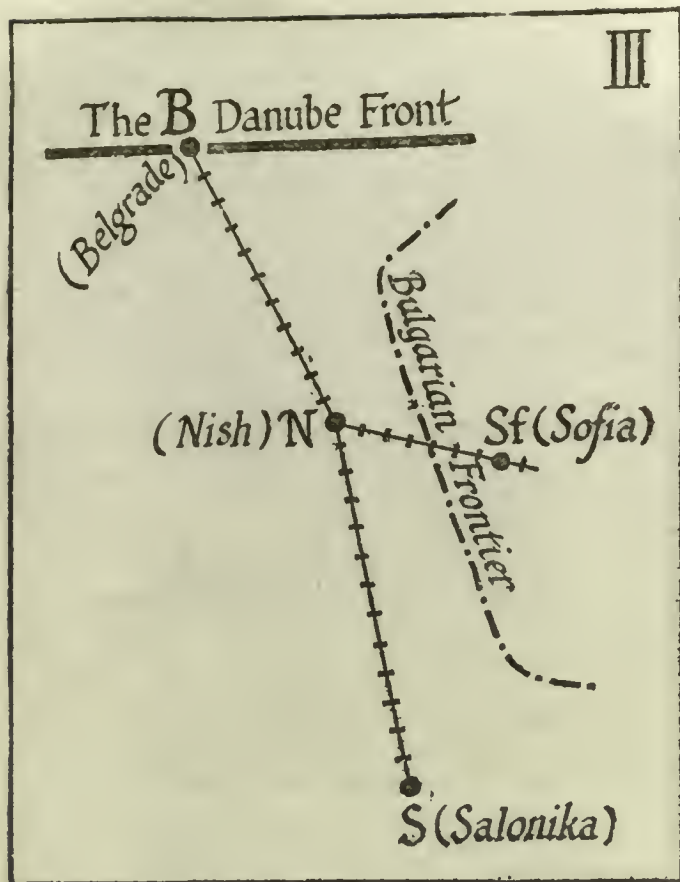
Bulgaria must, indeed, spend some of her forces in watching other regions. But the bulk of them are available against Serbia alone, if Serbia alone be in the field.

The least number that will turn the scale is 200,000 men. This figure would not command a superiority, but it would prolong the defence, and it would have effects exceedingly important at this particular crisis. It would give Bulgaria pause.

But in stating this number 200,000, one must remember the two remaining questions, the third question, the question of time, and the fourth, the question of supplies.

TIME AND SUPPLIES.

In order to appreciate the factor of time the reader may cast his eye upon the following Sketch III., where S is Salonika, N Nish, B Belgrade, the dotted line the Bulgarian frontier, the broad black line passing through B the Danube—Save frontier, and the line B.N.Sf. the railway, Belgrade—Nish—Sofia, a hold upon which is all that the enemy desires.



Even if the full complement of five corps, with ample munitionment and supplies for months were at this moment disembarked at S, the handicap would be heavy. As it is, the actual handicap is far heavier than this hypothetical one. No such force is landed at Salonica, still less is full provision and munitionment. If the problem were merely the stiffening of the Serbian forces against an attack from the north from Belgrade and from the Danube front, while those forces offered a definite resistance in their mountains, the question of time would not be of such acute importance, for the enemy would be making a difficult and fighting advance, the Allied reinforcement would be coming up through Nish unimpeded. But with the Bulgarian frontier lying roughly parallel to, and nowhere more than 50 miles from the line of supply and reinforcement (in places not more than 12 miles from it), and with a Bulgarian army mobilised against us the problem is very different indeed.

But even supposing the factor of time to be settled in our favour, and full reinforcements to have arrived before the enemy had achieved his object in this field, there remains the problem of supplies.

I do not propose for one moment to suggest a solution. The conditions are known only to those men who do the staff work, they only are in a position to calculate even in the roughest fashion the opportunities for the supplying of so large a force by a single line railway from over sea and at this short notice, but I do beg the reader to remember that this question of supply is an essential to the whole policy of the Balkan expedition. It is not enough to call for men, one must have the men. It is not enough to find the men, they must arrive in time. It is not enough for them to arrive in time, they must be continuously munitioned without check or interrup-

tion and upon a scale which modern warfare has discovered.

CONCLUSION.

We may sum up and say that this new move of the enemy in the Near East bears the following character:

1. It is the enemy's last effort to create a diversion before his effectives begin to fail. That he can keep his effectives at their full strength six weeks more is doubtful. That he can keep them two months more is improbable, that he can keep them three months more is mathematically impossible.

2. The enemy's effort has mainly a political object. That is, it aims at an effect upon public opinion among the Allies, and especially in Great Britain, and upon an effect on Governments still neutral, which would be produced by a linking up of the territory held by Austro-Germany and its Allies with Constantinople. The presence of German and Austrian forces in Constantinople, or of direct German control there, with full opportunities for munitioning and equipping such forces as the Turks can command, would have a very great effect throughout the Near East, and throughout all hither Asia and the Mohammedan world. It is a calculation of the enemy's that the dread of such an effect would be sufficient to compel Britain and France to drain off great numbers of men to this subsidiary field. He calculates that the elements of time and supply are against us, but it is well arguable that such a diversion would be worth the Allies' while.

3. But the enemy is compelled to make this attempt with such insufficient forces through the rapid exhaustion of his effectives, now nearing their limit, that he would never have undertaken the policy without the aid of Bulgaria. As it is, he has suffered very heavily in an attempt, prolonged over four days, to cross the Danube in several points he had failed by Sunday night to advance beyond the suburbs of Belgrade, one of which he had allowed to be recaptured from him, and such of his forces as crossed on Sunday at Semendria were on that same day destroyed or forced back across the stream. In other words, though his superiority in heavy guns makes his final passage of the broad river frontier probable, it is proving exceedingly costly and lengthy, and this is a further proof of his dependence upon Bulgarian aid.

4. Therefore we may be certain—and this is the most important point of all—that the aid Bulgaria will give him is given only at a price; we may conjecture that it is given only for a time. Bulgaria holds the door to Constantinople. It is immensely to the advantage of her King and even of her people, that she should *continue* to hold that door. It is of no advantage to either that she should be merely absorbed in the German scheme. Therefore we shall not fully understand this treasonable, and probably doubly treasonable, Bulgarian plan until we have seen what form it will take when the Austro-German decline in the number available for the field begins, as it must begin in the very near future.

A NOTE ON THE POSSIBILITY OF CHECKING THE ENEMY ON THE RAILWAY BEYOND NISH.

The idea that the railway beyond Nish into Bulgaria can be put out of action easily by our Allies and that in this fashion the advance upon Constantinople might be long delayed is unfortunately erroneous.

It may be worth while in this connection to examine what the interruption of railway communication is according to modern experience, and how far it can apply to this all-important line which is the great avenue to Constantinople, especially to that essential section of it between Nish and the Bulgarian frontier, which can, presumably, be held by our Ally to a somewhat later date than the rest.

A railway line, surveyed, engineered, and built, is not susceptible of complete destruction save in a length of time and at an expense of labour not to be thought of in the ordinary operations of war. Rails removed can be rapidly re-laid, occasional settlement through blasting in cuttings, and gaps through blasting in embankments do not take very long to set right.

There are, in effect, but two vulnerable elements in this kind of communications, to wit, bridges (including trestles or archways over marshes) on the one hand, and tunnels on the other.

Tunnels are far less liable to prolonged interruption than might be imagined. The degree of their vulnerability depends largely upon the soil through which they pass. But in much the greater number of cases the portion of the tunnel fallen in as a result of explosion can be set right in no very great delay.

Bridges over ravines and rivers, and causeways over marshes are the real weak points. Not embankments, for an embankment can hardly be destroyed with sufficient rapidity.

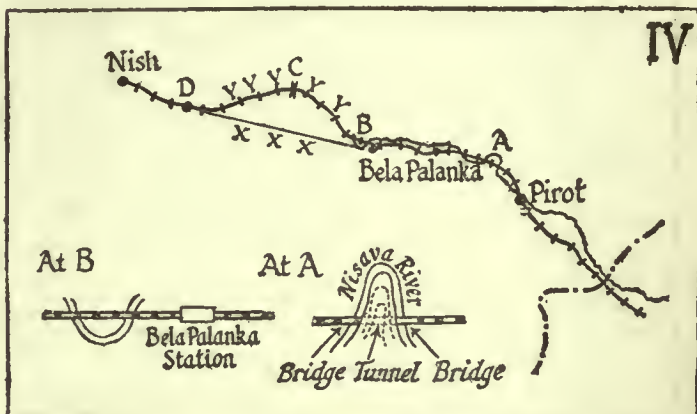
Now, it is obvious that the gravity of the interruption caused by the destruction of a bridge depends upon the opportunities the enemy has for replacing the destroyed portion, and that, therefore, the length of the interruption will be conditioned by these things, the industrial condition of the enemy, his own communications leading up to the wrecked bridge, and the type of gap he finds when he comes to mend it.

The most formidable interruption of a railway line by far is obviously the destruction of a high bridge with broad spans. To replace such an element means long engineering preparation and execution. Meanwhile the trans-shipment of goods across either a ravine or a river—especially if the latter be rapid—is a heavy handicap. The smaller the spans, the lower the height, the shallower the stream across which the bridge is built, or the slower its current, the less formidable is the interruption caused.

To these points must be added what is as true of blowing up tunnels as it is of destroying spans of bridges, that the element of numbers is exceedingly important. If, for instance, in a railway through a gorge you have 50 short girder bridges and 50 short tunnels in a space of 20 miles, and you blow up all the bridges and all the tunnels, you will have interrupted your enemy's advance quite as much or more than you would

have done by blowing up one high broad-span bridge across a deep and rapid river.

Now, when we examine the railway line between Nish and the Bulgarian frontier (a matter of only 50 miles as the crow flies and of not more than 70 miles, perhaps, by the rails) we find no serious opportunities of interruption at all. The railway everywhere follows the valley of the Nisava, and this stream rises *beyond* the Bulgarian frontier; so that there is no climbing by works up a pass or going through a long tunnel under a pass in its *Serbian* portion.



The part nearest the frontier, and between that boundary and Pirot station, passes through an upland plain of the river running perfectly level along a straight piece of highway that goes by the side of the railway. Just below Pirot at the point marked A on Sketch IV, there is a very short tunnel and two insignificant bridges, all three of which elements are constructed to carry the railway through one of those spurs of a hill which make a bend in the course of the highland stream. An artificial gap here would not interrupt the use of the line for more than a couple of days.

Just outside Bela Palanka station (at B) there are also two bridges, quite short, carrying the railway straight over a loop in the Upper Nisava stream.

Below Bela Palanka, in the gorge of the Nisava (which is, roughly, the bulge marked Y.Y.Y. on the above sketch), there is but one bridge across the stream (at about C), which is here narrow, and there are, I believe, no tunnels.

Finally, on the exit from the gorge there is one bridge across the Nisava, about 8 miles east of Nish (at D). There are then but four vulnerable points in the whole of this trajectory, and these are quite insignificant as serious obstacles to an enemy's advance.

We must, I fear, reject any hope of checking the enemy through the destruction of this section of the line.

H. BELLOC.

One of the most interesting and at the same time one of the most instructive works on the Napoleonic campaigns is *How Wars Were Won*, by George T. Warner, M.A. (Blackie and Son, 5s. net), which embodies a series of lectures delivered on Napoleonic strategy at Harrow, to the elder half of the Officers' Training Corps. The author has been quick to seize the salient points of the great conqueror's campaigns, and above all he has laid due stress on the two military essentials of speed and preparedness. Valuable as his work is, it is no dry and dull study, but each chapter of the book is a story well told. The book is one that will count among Napoleonic literature.

THE ROAD TO NEUVE CHAPELLE.

By An Officer.

IN the early hours of a wintry March morning, the war-stained battalion of a certain well-known regiment left its billets at the little French town where it had rested several days. It was not yet light. Only the grey opaqueness of the sky suggested the coming of daylight, which presently would filter through the streets and between the shutters of the houses.

Along those streets, among the houses, an icy little north-east wind whined and whispered. Snowflakes drifted down, large and slow, like ghosts of white birds. Snow lay thinly upon the roof-tops, upon the pavements, upon the surface of the road. Men's feet were silent as they moved about. There were no lights but the occasional flash of an electric torch and the beam which shot out from the half-open door of some emptying billet. There were no sounds but the muffled thump of gloved hands sharply brought together, an occasional low exclamation, an occasional query in the darkness.

Lines of men stretched dimly along the side of the road. Mysterious shapes they were in the dim light of dawn, mysterious, indefinite. Many wore hoods and all wore greatcoats with full weight of equipment—the pack bulking upon the back, the rifle slung over the shoulder. Here and there a mounted orderly sat like a statue, his figure and horse outlined against the gradually lightening sky. Now and then a motor-cyclist, crouching low and heavily burdened, rattled past over the pavé. Farther down the road long lines of transport could be discerned—tarpaulin-covered wagons, a machine-gun section, numerous artillery limbers.

The growing daylight revealed these things. So did the growing daylight reveal a curious stir and movement in those streets of silent houses. Now a sharp low word of command, now the champing of bits or the stamp of hoofs where the Brigadier's horses were awaiting him—always the erratic movement of troops which were trying by degrees to make their way out of the town. "Form fours! Right! By the right, quick march!"

The column moved slowly off only to halt presently at the market-place, in front of the red brick, artificial-looking French church, where there was great congestion of transport and artillery. A long pause, while men stamped their feet and clapped their hands for warmth. Then, on again along the main pavé road. Now the snowflakes had ceased, and the clear steely light of morning grew in the streets. Just as in London or Paris, workmen and market-women were doubtless creeping along the pavement even at that early hour, so here within three miles of the guns which were soon to thunder in deadly earnest they were going to their work in peaked caps and blue blouses, the women's heads covered with coloured shawls. Many who would otherwise be in bed are at their windows or doors, curious and rather frightened at the tramping of so many feet.

Past the market-place and the brewery and the rows of insubstantial-looking red-brick houses with their ornamented façades and childish front-doors and shutters—so across a bridge which spans a sluggish, dirty stream. Then the long column winds away to the right along a rough track, inches deep in mud, which leads across waste land in rear of a factory. Here are many slag-heaps, acres of black soil and rubbish-heaps, as in the outskirts of Black Country towns. Beyond them is an open space apparently designed by Nature as a military-exercise ground, for the expanse is unbroken, save by a fence of wire-netting which divides it in half. All around are the tall chimneys of red-brick factories.

An entire brigade, including the extra Territorial battalion, is assembled here. The men are drawn up in close column by battalions for inspection by the

Brigadier who, with his Brigade-Major and Aide-de-Camp, trots down the lines. Orders rattle out in quick succession. Stand easy! Pile arms! Packs off! The men take off their equipment, lay it down, and sit upon their packs. The first refuge of the Tommy is his packet of cigarettes, the second his rations. Everywhere the rank-and-file lie about smoking and eating. The officers, meanwhile, grouped around their battalion commanders, are deeply engaged in studying and comparing maps. Here one observes an animated discussion, there a silent painstaking inquisition, whilst yonder a lively group of subalterns is laughing and joking.

But for the hour and the surroundings you would say the assembly had a sort of garden-party air about it. And just as at some social affair an embarrassing silence often follows a burst of conversation, so now of a sudden everybody stops talking at once. All heads are turned the same way. Everybody listens. A low thunderous roll can be heard punctured distantly by the "bang-boom, boom-bang" of innumerable guns. Somewhere beyond that low fringe of trees which tantalisingly borders one's horizon the great bombardment of Neuve Chapelle has begun. Nothing can be seen, only that low furious mutter trembles along the horizon. Yet the conflagration spreads, and batteries nearer at hand begin to "bang" and "boom," so that now and again you may glimpse a pale flash of fire against the grey morning sky.

It is about 7.30. The music has begun to the minute. Aeroplanes appear swiftly from all quarters, circling, whirring, droning in the sky.

Suddenly the familiar whistle of a big shell causes everybody to look up. Screaming through the air, it lands with a crash in a piece of waste land close to one of the tall chimneys. No harm is done, but are there more to follow? With a whole brigade massed in the open this is a serious question. Orders are immediately given to cut down the wire-netting which crosses and bisects the field in order to give the troops a chance of scattering if a proper shelling begins. Those having wire-cutters speedily get to work, but nothing further eventuates.

On the contrary there is a long and tedious and anxious wait. One munches chocolate and smokes cigarettes, feeling the while that these moments are big with fate for all of us here, and for all those thousands out there in ditches and trenches, along roads and behind hedges, who, like ourselves are waiting to enter the battle which is now beginning. There is no news. Once the leading battalion moves off, only to come back again in a few minutes owing to the congestion of troops on the narrow roads in front. Sitting and waiting is the hardest thing of all in anxious times.

The guns mutter and roll, now close at hand, and now faint. It is a misty morning and the wind is blowing away from us; moreover, the country is dead flat, so that it is impossible to judge what may be occurring. All sorts of pictures rise to the mind: one can imagine the Indians, far away to the right, swarming out of their trenches, racing across the open fields and jumping in with the bayonet quickly and silently—

"Packs on!"

"Get ready to move off!"

A first English translation of Ivan Goncharov's well-known Russian novel *Oblomov* has just been published by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin (3s. 6d.). Goncharov's caricature, pitiless as anything Thackeray ever did, is yet marked by such fidelity to life that *Oblomov* has passed into such a proverb in Russia as has Jos Sedley or Pecksniff in this country. *Oblomov* is more akin to Dickens's Richard in *Bleak House* than to any other recognisable figure in English literature; he is a man of fine instincts but of hopeless indecision and apathy, and this book is concerned only with his portrait. That portrait is so clearly drawn as to make the book a work of genius, and in spite of the tragedy embodied in the story, that story is compelling in its interest.

THE NAVY AND THE BALKANS.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THERE has been in the past week little news of purely Naval events, and what news there is seems to relate solely to naval participation in land operations. First, the Russian naval guns have, once more, successfully joined in the attack on the German trenches east of Riga. One British submarine has destroyed a German transport in the Baltic. Another, E19, is apparently engaged in interfering with the German supply of raw material from Sweden. In the Black Sea German submarines have come as far afield as the Crimea, and I interpret this appearance to represent an effort to prevent the Russians from sending an expeditionary force to Varna or some other point on the Bulgarian coast.

The tension between Washington and Berlin has apparently died down in consequence of Count Bernstorff's utterly illogical surrender in the matter of the *Arabic*. The Note says that Commander Schneider disobeyed all instructions in sinking that vessel, yet honestly thought that he must have been rammed if he had not done so! It is more than suspected that the whole story of the commander's report is an invention, and that the offending submarine is one of those that has already paid its last penalty. But as neither truth nor logic seems to be expected of German diplomacy, the Americans may be content with being promised first compensation and next instructions which will in the future make the sinking of ships without warning impossible. How fresh instructions can do this, when the whole German case was that such instructions had already been given before the *Arabic* was sunk, is a little difficult to see. If they failed once, they may fail again. The reader should note, however, that so far we only have Count Bernstorff's version of the story. Mr. Wilson has authorised no publication of the American Government's view, and it is significant that even now there is no German reply to the final *Lusitania* Note. There is, so far as we know, no offer of compensation for the murder of the five score or so Americans who died as a consequence of that crime, nor yet has any apology been made for the attacks on the *Gulflight*, the *Cushing*, and the *Falcha*.

Amsterdam tells us that "well-informed circles" in Berlin describe the boast of the British Press that sixty German submarines have been sunk as a fantastic fabrication. At most only a quarter of this number are lost, and certainly Germany has more submarines to-day at her disposal than at the beginning of the war. Such a denial was fully to be expected. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that it was not the British but the American Press that said that between sixty and seventy U boats had been sunk. I do not believe that anyone not in the confidence of the Admiralty knows the probable figures; and no one in such confidence could publish them. If Germany includes boats *building* with boats built

it is quite possible the second part of the Amsterdam statement may be true. The uselessness of the German battle fleet for offensive purposes must have been obvious from the first. Germany's only hope, then, lay in the attrition of our force by a vast submarine campaign. She may have, and probably did, arrange to lay down these boats by hundreds. She may easily have completed more than fifty new boats in the first fourteen months and be producing them now at the rate of five or six a month. But she can only do this if there are at least fifty or sixty always on the stocks. As she is supposed to have begun the war with only twenty-eight submarines it would be quite possible for her to have lost sixty and yet to have, *built and building*, a far larger number than she began with. The question of whether her submarine losses are balanced by the value of their depredations is really not affected.

Finally, it will be a relief to all to know that Lord Reading is not charged with a mission for the further whittling away of our sea rights. The facts now coming to light touching our neglect of these in the first months of the war is startling. It is clear that by cutting Germany off from *all* cotton and *all* metals we can harass her immensely. We must not relax.

THE ROAD TO STAMBOUL.

The invasion of Serbia; the intervention of Bulgaria; the disconcerting discovery that Greece is another of the countries that is "too proud to fight" in the cause of civilisation—and this despite the late Prime Minister's saying that no matter how much the Great Powers of Europe might think themselves free to break their plighted word, Greece was "too small a country, to commit so great an infamy"; the sudden realisation that if the vast German reinforcement of Turkey is to be prevented, the only means of doing so is the landing of a fresh expeditionary force at Salonica, thus beginning a new land campaign by the Allies—these things have within the last ten days come upon the public as a succession of grim surprises and bitter disappointments. So far as my correspondence goes, I should judge that two thoughts are generally uppermost. Is it conceivable that the Central Powers—with a new danger facing them in the West, and failure the only reward of their efforts in the East—can really command such force that the rehabilitation of Turkey and a decisive victory over its enemies—in the Gallipoli Peninsula, in the Euphrates Valley, and in Egypt—seem reasonable projects? And, secondly, if the military strength of Germany is indeed still so overwhelmingly great as to permit of so daring a strategy, what share can the still more overwhelming sea power of Great Britain take in thwarting this design?

It is beyond my province in these columns to deal with the first question. As to the second, the first and most obvious answer is that but for the

sea power of Great Britain there would be no obstacle at all in the way of Germany. The landing at Salonica took place, it is true, at what in a military sense is a friendly port. Had the command of the Mediterranean been in dispute, however, the troops that made the landing could not have been dispatched. And what has been done at Salonica, at a friendly port, can be done with adequate preparation and, apparently, in spite of the best defences, on hostile shores. But if the force sent to Salonica is not adequate to block the road of the German advance to Constantinople it is difficult to see where else France and Great Britain can strike with the hope of relieving any new pressure on our armies at the Dardanelles. And if they are really inadequate it is possible that a second problem may arise which would be a great deal more disagreeable than the discovery that a further diversion to check Germany's advance in the East is out of the question. It is this. Supposing the expeditionary force, having landed, fails in its main purpose, is it possible to withdraw it by the way that it came? The question has been put to me often in the case of the Dardanelles expedition. "If," the question runs, "we ever have to recognise that the Dardanelles expedition is a hopeless failure—viz., that the attempt to get the Fleet through the Narrows has to be abandoned, will it be possible to withdraw the troops?" In the case of the Salonica force the question would arise if we suppose the Allied Force driven back to port out of Serbia and Bulgaria, and, assuming Greece still to remain neutral, that Germany and Bulgaria would not respect that neutrality. I think it cannot be doubted that the difficulties of withdrawing an invading force either from the Dardanelles as things are, or from Salonica if it was under German attack, would present quite extraordinary difficulties; difficulties, indeed, so great as to make it quite certain that anything from 15 to 25 per cent. of the total force might have to be sacrificed to save the rest. And the proportion of guns and material lost would quite possibly be greater than the proportion of men. But it is a far-fetched assumption that any such operation will be necessary. It is perfectly inconceivable to me that a compulsory withdrawing of the Dardanelles force could, under any circumstances, be imposed on us, no matter what the reinforcements of the enemy might be either in men or in material. Few people, I imagine, suppose that, whatever the upshot, the war could last more than a further eighteen months or two years, and for that period at least we should have no difficulty in so adding to our strength in the Dardanelles as to make defeat impossible, even though the attainment of our objective remained beyond our strength.

If the Germans got to Constantinople, and, instead of attempting to drive us out of the Gallipoli Peninsula, were to renew the effort to drive us out of Egypt, a far wider opportunity for co-operation would be given to the Fleet. The line of communication from Constantinople to the Holy Land runs along the main Asia Minor railway from Scutari to Alexandretta. Between Adana and Alexandretta there is a line, under construction a year ago and now probably completed, connecting this railway with Aleppo. From this point there is railway communication through Hama, Baalbek, and Damascus to Deraa, from which runs the pilgrim line to

Medina. From Aleppo to Deraa, a distance of between 250 and 300 miles, the line runs, roughly, parallel with the coast, and at no point further than fifty miles from it. Rayak, from which the branch line runs to Beirut, is hardly more than twenty-five miles from that port. From Hama to Tripolis, the most northerly of the ports that have railway communication with the Aleppo and Deraa line, is perhaps fifty miles, and from Haifa to Deraa is perhaps sixty. From Jaffa to Jerusalem is little more than half this distance. The whole coast line from Alexandretta to the Egyptian boundary is over 400 miles long, and the belt of desert between El Arish and Kantara is another hundred. A blow might be struck at the communications of an army invading Egypt at almost any point along this line.

THE BLACK SEA.

The new situation in the East is undoubtedly a highly complex one. It would be greatly simplified if the Russian command of the Black Sea, adequate as it has been up to now, had been established by the possession of a really powerful fleet instead of by one of no great material strength, though of sufficient strength to forbid the Turks from using these waters from the moment that the *Goeben* ceased to be effective. Had the Dreadnoughts building in the Black Sea yards been finished it might have been possible for Russia to have accompanied a diplomatic protest by the bombardment of Varna and the landing of a military force. Indeed, for all we know to the contrary, such an operation may still be possible. The military value of such a diversion, if successfully carried out, could hardly be exaggerated. It would at once bring to a head the innate reluctance of the Bulgarian peasants to take arms against their Russian liberators. On the other hand, it may not be possible, and for the sufficient reason that Russia has never contemplated the possibility of such a necessity arising. The Russian Foreign Office, like the rest of these august institutions, entirely failed to foresee how effective the bullying methods of German diplomacy would be. We say "bullying" because in the supreme hour of national peril Germany does not hesitate to add threats to persuasion. It was the threat of the *Goeben's* guns off the Golden Horn that brought Turkey into the war. If it were legitimate for us to learn from the enemy our diplomatists might remember that Greece alone of the Balkan States already has great maritime interests, and has always envisaged a greater future on the sea.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "KOENIGSBERG."

I have been so fortunate as to receive a very considerable number of letters referring to a recent article on this subject. The problem of using aeroplanes to correct the fire of ships' guns is evidently one that excites as much interest as that of finding—and, what is more to the point, keeping—the range on Zeppelins and aircraft on shore guns. My correspondents deal with many of these problems, and I shall hope to refer to their letters at a future date. Two writers send me a great deal of new and most interesting information relating both to the work of the monitors and of the pilots and spotters that made that work possible. I am informed that the pilot in

the second and successful attempt to destroy the *Koenigsberg* was Lieutenant Cull, of the Royal Navy, and that the "unnamed hero" who, when Lieutenant Cull's aeroplane was hit and falling, signalled to the *Severn* to shift her guns from forward to amidships of the enemy, was Sub-Lieutenant Arnold. One of my correspondents asks if the fire of the *Koenigsberg* and the land batteries was the only serious risk the monitors had to face. It was due to the exigencies of space that I omitted to mention the greatest of them all.

It is really inexplicable that, after the attack on July 6, no effort was made to block the Kikunya branch, by which our ships had entered. The *Koenigsberg* was fitted with two submerged torpedo tubes, and, presumably, had her normal quota of torpedoes. It is not recorded that she used any against either the *City of Winchester* or the *Pegasus*. It surely would have been a comparatively simple thing to have extemporised torpedo stations in the woody banks of the river. It is quite inexplicable that so obvious a measure of defence was not adopted, unless we suppose that all the officers and skilled hands capable of constructing such stations had been killed in the *Koenigsberg* during the first day's action. It is

still more extraordinary that the channel was not mined.

Those who went up the river on the second day must have expected both, and when we consider how great these risks really were, and, further, realise that the escape of both monitors from the *Koenigsberg's* fire must have appeared almost miraculous, we shall not be tempted to think of this episode as a mere piece of distasteful routine, free both from difficulty and from danger. I can well believe that at one point it *did* become distasteful. It must have gone against the grain to continue plugging the enemy after his fire was silenced. But it was a necessary piece of severity. It clearly was not merely a question of making it impossible for the ship to get to sea. It was imperative, as far as possible, to make it impossible for her guns or any part of her gear or munitions to be available in the future defence of German East Africa. And there seems to be no doubt that the destruction was thoroughly effected.

A. H. POLLEN.

MR. A. H. POLLEN'S LECTURES ON THE NAVY.

Mr. Pollen will lecture on behalf of naval and military charities at the Winter Gardens, New Brighton, Oct. 17 at 8.15; Altrincham, Oct. 18; King's Hall, Sidcup, Oct. 20; Essex Hall, W.C., Oct. 21.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA.

By Sir Thomas Holdich.

TURKEY is at the present moment conducting four campaigns, separated from each other by at least one thousand miles of very indifferent communications—where communications exist at all. Constantinople, the heart (but not the centre) of the dwindling Turkish Empire, is the base of supply in men and materials for all of them. The campaign in Syria, where some 50,000 second-rate troops (probably more Arab than Turkish) have been held in readiness for a threat against Egypt, may, for the time being, be disregarded. That in Asia Minor on the Russian frontier has likewise proved abortive, except for the obvious assistance rendered to Austria by holding up a large force of Russian troops who would have been most useful elsewhere. In Gallipoli Turkey is holding her own with a tenacity which recalls the fight for Plevna, and which provokes a doubt as to whether Gallipoli is, after all, the right road to Constantinople.

Yet we must not lose sight of the fact that the Allies' occupation of a strip of the Gallipoli Peninsula has immensely weakened Turkey's powers of offensive both in the Caucasus and in the fourth theatre of action—Mesopotamia. It seems, indeed, to be more than probable that the first fruits of the magnificent fighting and sustained efforts which have distinguished the Allied occupation of Gallipoli territory is to ease off something of the fury and determination of Turkish defence in the country of the Euphrates and Tigris. What may have been the original intention of the military programme which called on India to dispatch a comparatively weak force up the Persian Gulf to undertake a campaign which has been so completely detached from the fighting areas in Europe as to render it almost obscure, it is impossible to say. Was there any idea that the occupation of Basra would inevitably lead further; that it would involve a series of pitched battles along some three hundred miles of the Tigris Valley, reaching into the very heart of Mesopotamia and ending possibly at Bagdad? I doubt it. I doubt whether even now the occupation of Bagdad is regarded as a desirable objective in this Mesopotamia expedition. If not, it is at least possible that it very soon will be.

Meagre as have been the official accounts of this most successful expedition, there have been from time to time accounts of its character and progress in the daily papers which have directed public attention to what has so far proved to be by far the most successful of our military ventures. But, like the most successful of our naval manœuvres (which beyond doubt is the wholesale destruction of the German submarine pest), very little has been written about it, although that little is excellent reading.

The conditions of campaigning in Mesopotamia are essentially different to those in any European theatre of war in which we have been engaged. They are guiltless of any great strategic complexity. The difficulties to be overcome, both physically and climatically, are different, and to a certain extent the characteristics of the enemy are different. The principle of enveloping the enemy forces by outflanking a long line of front cannot be carried to the same extent as in Europe, so that there is no indefinite extension of action out into the deserts and flats of Mesopotamia; concentration becomes more possible, and tactical dispositions are more or less analogous to those of the pre-Boer period. Consequently the result of a battle is decisive in a measure which has not been attained in any battle in Flanders or Russia. A victorious engagement ends in a rout, and cavalry can be used in pursuit. In short, the main strategic scheme is reduced to a straight advance along the valley of the Tigris, supported by the guns of the river flotilla; and the dispersal of the enemy forces wherever a stand is made.

This comparative simplicity of military action is mainly due to the geographical conditions governing the country, which, so far as the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris are concerned, with their seaward connection—the Shatt-al-Arab—is deltaic, flat, and waterlogged at certain seasons over vast areas reaching out east and west from the rivers. Basra, which was occupied in October last, after a series of skirmishes in which the Turks were driven from walled defences, has sometimes been called the Venice of the East. The application of the term, however, refers to little else than the waterways which, like those of

Venice, answer all the purposes of social movement. For the rest, there is a large and interesting native town, and a colony of European merchants who are by no means averse from a vicarious residence there. After the occupation of Basra it was not long before it was found necessary to occupy Kurna, forty miles further up the Tigris. This was not effected without an engagement, in which the Naval contingent were conspicuously useful. The protection of Ahwaz on the Karun River in Persia also afforded useful experience to our Indian contingents, who once suffered from underestimating the strength of a tribal gathering.

Fierce Arab Tribes.

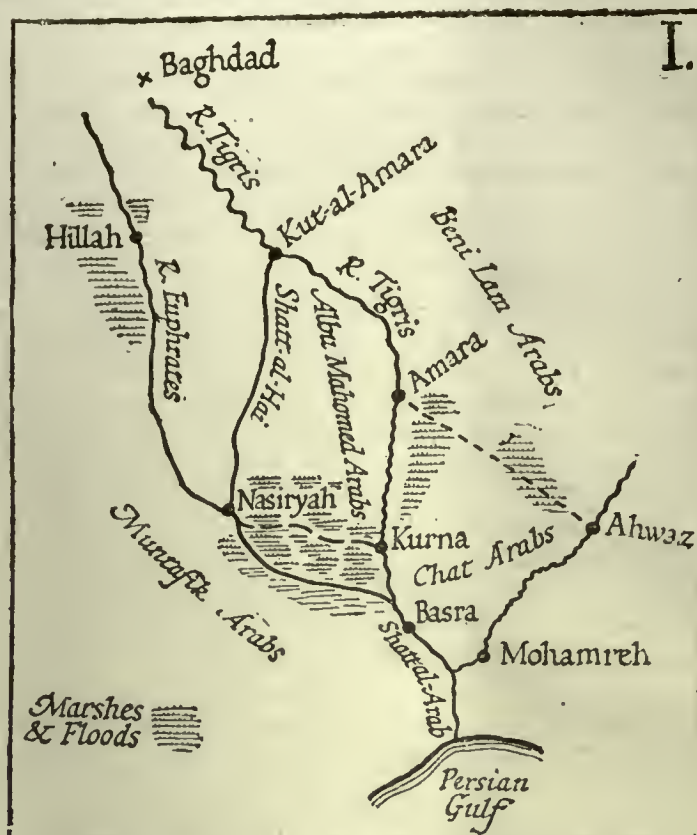
The Arab tribes of the lower Mesopotamia are fierce and fanatical; they are opportunists (like all Arabs) ready to take advantage of any chance that Allah may offer them. They are expert horsemen, but indifferently armed. Never having been brought to reason by the inefficient Turkish gunners of lower Mesopotamia, they are ready to turn on the Turk as on the Christian. In fact, a Turkish reverse in this part of Asia is largely assisted by their Arab friends. The Turk himself is of the same, or better, material than the Turk of Constantinople. He has no special regard for the sanctity of that city, or special reverence for the Sultan as head of the faith. He regards the language of Constantinople as a bastard tongue, and looks on Bagdad as the centre of Moslem learning and art. Such, at least, were my impressions after a few interviews with leading Turks in the valley of the Tigris, and such is the enemy with whom our Eastern forces have to deal.

The physical and climatic conditions of the country may be summed up as consisting of extensive floods and overpowering heat. The heat of the Persian Gulf is sufficiently notorious, surpassing the heat of hottest India, if not in registered degrees on the thermometer, at least in the enervating and destructive quality of its damp oppressiveness. The one King's ship that keeps watch and ward in the Gulf is wont to flee southward to catch the Monsoon winds off Muscat in the dog days of summer. No such possibility exists in the lower Tigris. There the thermometer ranges to 120 F. in the shade, and from day to day and night to night, during the weary summer months (say from March to October), there is no escape from the suffocation of its deadly embrace. It is hard to appreciate this in England. It is not too much to say that our heat-ridden soldiers, lying exhausted and gasping in the sun-baked tent, or exposed to the pitiless glare of the brazen sky as they struggle waist deep in flood water, or drag their thirsty bodies over the glaring wastes in search of an elusive foe, would give all that they have left to hope for if they might but exchange places for a time with their comrades in the trenches of Flanders. Of course there is the reverse side of the picture. When the trenches are running deep in the mud and slush of mid-winter, then will Tommy in the East, for a few short months, be enjoying a delightful climate. The heat, however, whilst it lasts, is very fatal in its effects. Only hardened soldiers can stand it. The young and inexperienced Territorial (fine soldier though he may be) can *not* stand it, and it is of little use sending him to the Tigris country.

Floods and Marshes.

As for the floods, it may be doubted whether they interfere with the progress of military movement as much as do marsh lands elsewhere. Where they are simple overflows from the rivers they certainly do not. The Turks make great use of them, and the gain in river depth has proved an unqualified advantage to its navigators. The Tigris is, perhaps, the most tortuous river in the world. The floods were out in February this year, and the desert west of Basra was under two feet of water for a distance of five miles. The camps and forts at Kurna were untenable, and the Turks (who were then about nine miles north of Kurna) had to move up the river to Amara. From Amara to Ahwaz, on the Karun, there is a stretch of about one

hundred miles of open country, so that the Turks could reinforce their troops at Ahwaz from Amara. At the same time they withdrew a considerable force still further up the river to Kut-al-Amara, from which place a channel (the Shatt-al-Hai) runs south, and connects



Rough Sketch Illustrating the Campaign.

the Tigris with the Euphrates at a point near Nasiriyah about one hundred miles north-west of Basra.

The Garden of Eden.

The two great rivers no longer meet at the "Garden of Eden" (Kurna), but run to a junction at Magil, four or five miles north of Basra. At Nasiriyah the Turks massed a considerable force and were joined by a gathering of Arab fanatics and tribesmen. They then gradually moved down over the dry sand and gravel of the desert towards Shaiba, which is hardly more than ten miles to the south-west of Basra. On April 11 the whole Turkish force pushed forward, after making a most dashing reconnaissance of our position, and this led ultimately to the battle of Shaiba on the 14th. It was a soldiers' battle all through, and was won by sheer gallantry and determination on the part of our infantry in attacking the Turkish trenches. The enemy force probably numbered about 20,000 with 30 guns.

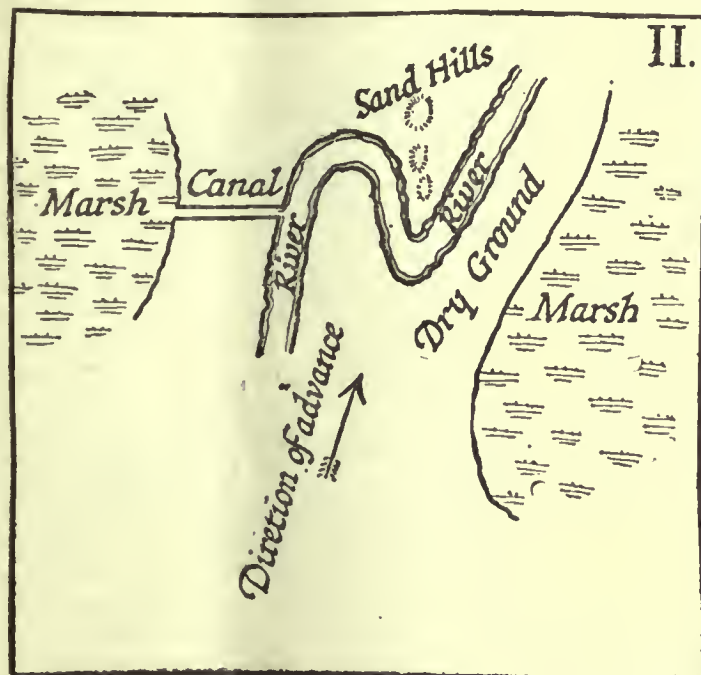
The Turkish position was a scientifically selected line of about two miles in length at the foot of a slope, with a second line on the flat plain above, eight hundred yards behind, the command being perfect, and the defence was directed by German officers. The attack was made in three lines by brigades at intervals, and the result is now a matter of history. The Turks were driven out of their trenches and retreated hastily for forty or fifty miles. The rout was improved by cavalry pursuit—not our own cavalry, but that of the Kurds and Arabs of the tribal contingent. Most of the German officers were killed. So little has been written or said of this most successful action that I cannot resist just a passing salaam to that most gallant regiment, the Dorsets, who have been well to the front from the very beginning of the campaign; and to the 117th Mahrattas, who, like the Rajputs at Ahwaz, have shown us that it is not only Sikhs and Gurkhas and Pathans who can fight for India. Basra was thus completely relieved, and the next move up the Tigris to Amara was made in order to secure that most important strategic centre from which enemy forces could be concentrated on either Ahwaz or Kurna.

Then occurred the dramatic incident when the General commanding (who was a little ahead of his

troops) received the surrender of the Turkish garrison ere he was supported by more than thirty men. There was no fighting, each Turkish detachment drifting in across the plains from Ahwaz being secured as it arrived. But this prompt occupation of Amara, important though it was (in so far as it blocked the road from Bagdad to Ahwaz), did not effect a complete command of all the waterways between Bagdad and Basra. It held the Tigris route, but did not cover that by which the enemy had massed troops at Nasariyeh following the Shatt-al-Hai southward from Kut-al-Amara. It was necessary in the first instance to hold the Euphrates at the point of junction between that river and the Shatt-al-Hai, near Nasariyeh. This was secured by an amphibious expedition from Kurna which must have been almost unique. Between wading and boat navigation Nasariyeh was reached at last, and the enemy forces there collected were dispersed after some fighting. It would be difficult to say of this expedition whether the honours of success should be claimed by the Navy or the Army, but I understand that the Naval contingent arrived first. Still there remained in front of our long-suffering Army the all-important position of Kut-al-Amara, which was at least one hundred and fifty miles further up the Tigris from Amara. The movement forward from Amara in the intense heat of late summer (somewhat modified then by dry winds and comparatively cool nights) was effected without serious opposition.

Bends and Twists.

The tactical problems presented were those due to the extension of marshes close up to the river, the extraordinary bends and twists in the river itself, and an occasional obstacle such as a canal that might be one hundred yards across and thirty feet deep. The general



nature of the problem is shown in Sketch II. There were obvious opportunities for strong opposition. The general action at Kut was fought on September 28, and ended in the defeat and dispersal of the Turkish troops, who fled to Bagdad. Kut is a permanent town of some 6,000 inhabitants, mostly engaged in trade. The position taken up by the enemy was seven miles east of Kut, astride the river, and extending about six miles from the left bank. General Delamain (almost, if not quite, the only General remaining who has fought continuously with the expedition from its commencement) again had the honour of leading the way with his own (the 16th) and another brigade. The Turkish position was strongly entrenched and wired, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that our troops in Mesopotamia now find no Turkish position too strong for them, and the occupation of Kut-al-Amara, which completes the security of Basra, was effected with comparatively little loss.

From Kut to Bagdad the road is open and dry. The distance by river is said to be over two hundred miles. By road it is, perhaps, half that length. The victory of Kut cannot fail to produce a great effect at Bagdad, and it is quite possible that the occupation of that most historic city—the Arabic capital of the Moslem Empire, and by many Turks regarded as the Mecca of their faith—could be effected by a rapid forward movement with comparatively little opposition. The weather is improving, the health and spirit of the troops is excellent, and in Sir John Nixon we may perchance find a worthy successor to the immortal Roberts. But this leads us to a consideration of the military position of Bagdad, its geographical relation to Constantinople, the religious influences that have been brought to bear on this campaign and in India (which have already been most important in their effects), and a variety of other matters which demand too much space for this article.

T. H. HOLDICH.

RECLAIMED LAND FOR SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—The Crown is *prima facie* entitled to every part of the foreshore of this realm between the ordinary high-water mark and the low-water mark. This ownership extends with a few exceptions, to all our rivers in so far as they consist of tidal navigable waters. In England alone there are thousands of acres of waste lands of virgin and highly fertile soil which would grow the finest corn, and which, with an expenditure of labour and capital which would be insignificant to the profits obtainable, might be reclaimed for the benefit of our soldiers. As examples, I would mention the Rivers Deben and Alde in Suffolk and the River Teign in Devonshire. The mouth of each of these rivers consists of a very narrow passage, and the high banks on either side consist of the finest shingle for concrete construction. The sources of the Rivers Deben and Alde are, I believe, within twenty miles of the coast, and but for the tidal ways would constitute very little more than ditches, and yet they alone are the primary cause of thousands of acres of valuable land lying waste and unproductive.

I would suggest that schemes should be formulated now by the Government for the damming of the sea out of some of such rivers and the construction of a lock through and a roadway over the dam.

In view of the millions of our best who have answered the call of their country, it seems probable that, after the war, it may be some time before many of them fall into their previous occupations and also that many will in the meantime develop a preference for an open-air life.

The works I have mentioned would act as a stop-gap until the affairs of life settle down again and produce capital for distribution amongst our men, whose earning powers could be utilised at once for their own benefit. These waste lands produce nothing at the present time, and the least a grateful nation can do is to devise a scheme whereby our men can reap the entire benefit of the profits resulting from their labour in reclaiming them. In order that these profits might be distributed as soon as possible, the Government could purchase the lands as and when reclaimed at a value to be ascertained by arbitration, and each man could receive his share of the profits in proportion to the amount of labour he had put in. Regular wages would, of course, be paid while the works were proceeding and would form part of the cost of the works to be deducted before the net profits are ascertained.

If you would be kind enough to publish this suggestion I feel it might lead to discussion, and perhaps the powers that be might move in the matter in good time.

Yours truly,

Ealing.

E. A. COLLINS.

The American points of view on the war seem to differ very widely under the influence of dollars, humanitarian instincts, and racial and political bias. In *America and Germany* (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net) Mr. J. W. White presents a refreshingly sane account of the German misrepresentations of facts. It is an exposure of German mendacity in the States, and its allegations are based on irrefutable evidence. In America it ranks as a great contribution to a vital question; in this country it might well rank as a text-book for patriotic citizens.

THE SECRET OF OUR STRENGTH.

By L. March-Phillipps.

THE other day I came upon these words in an article in the *Times Literary Supplement*: "If we search our own hearts, in forgetfulness of the Caucus and the intrigues of modern life, we cannot evade the truth that it is an impossible thing that the State which is governed by its best citizens should be ill-governed." The writer of the article, after citing the authority of Aristotle, adds the following: "If only we could ensure the obedience of citizens to good laws, the problem of government would be solved for ever."

If the reader desires to enter into the thoughts which are at the root of the present war, he cannot do better than consider the meaning of those sentences. The point of view of the writer is very intelligible and used, I believe, to be universally held. He claims that the value of a Government consists in the quality of the laws it turns out; it has no other use. Its own virtue and very right to exist are revealed in the fruit it bears—that is to say, in its laws—just as the virtue of a plum-tree is revealed in its plums. By its laws ye shall judge it. The best government is that which yields the best laws, and if citizens would simply obey those laws they would get all the good out of government possible to get.

I can only say that if this were so there would be no war to-day, for there would be nothing to fight about. We are not fighting about the quality of laws when made, but for the right to make them. Belgium and Serbia are not sacrificing themselves because they believe that German laws and Austrian laws are worse than Belgian and Serbian laws, but because they object to Germans and Austrians making laws for Belgians and Serbians. It is the making of the laws which counts in their eyes much more than the quality of the laws when they are made.

Making of Laws.

Now, let us see what is implied in this. The *Times* writer would, perhaps, maintain that this anxiety over the making of laws is due to our recognition of the fact that foreign-made, or tyrant-made, laws are usually bad as laws. But the explanation is inadequate, for every Englishman is aware that on no account, not if he were to be governed by an angel from heaven, would he surrender that most sacred of all his rights, the right of making his own laws. Bad laws, or good laws, he might not know; he might not care. But he would take care of one thing—that, bad or good, he would make them. He would not be an Englishman, he would not be able to look English fields and trees in the face, if he had parted with that right.

There is, then, in the popular instinct and imagination, something in the mere making of the laws, apart from their intrinsic value, which is of primary concern. And in this popular instinct shows its good sense. For what does the making of laws under a Constitutional Government involve? Let the reader consider the general tenor of the great series of Acts dealing with emancipation, education, and reform. Before these laws are passed they have to be voted for—that is to say, they have to be laid before the country and explained to the country. They are analysed by newspapers, explained by orators, and discussed at length and in detail throughout every constituency in the land. The law which, as a result of all this arguing and discussing, comes into being is the expression, as near as may be, of the will of the people on that subject. It embodies what seems to them justice. But is the law itself the only result? Would its effects have been precisely the same had it been passed by a group of our "best citizens," or by a beneficent despot? Is the prolonged threshing out of the rights of such a question as Catholic Emanci-

pation all over the country, the slow and intricate process of the thinking of the people, the gleams of light shed in dark places, the recognition of trustworthy leaders and of those who speak with authority, the minds of a majority gradually convinced and made up, and the final determination that a group of fellow-citizens, however alien and suspect in religion, shall suffer spiritual injustice no longer—is all this of no account?

A Moral Stimulus.

Laws in themselves have never counted for much. There have been beneficent despots and wise lawgivers in all ages, who have increased the prosperity and probably the contentment and happiness of their subjects, but yet their government has not stimulated the moral and intellectual capacity latent in citizenship, or fortified its character or enlarged its understanding. The influence of those circumstances in which we passively acquiesce is not of this kind. It is by our own efforts, by the exercise of our own spiritual and intellectual faculties, that such results are achieved. Not God Himself can help us save through our will to help ourselves. Khammurabi the Great was the wisest of the rulers of Assyria. Nothing could have been more far-seeing and sagacious than the laws he passed and the enterprises for the good of the country in which he engaged. But, wise as it was, his administration no more conduced to the spiritual and intellectual progress of the people than an extra supply of fodder insures the spiritual and intellectual progress of an ox. The Assyrian nation remained sunk in the old groove of superstition and ignorance. Its good laws produced no interior effects. Why? Because they were imposed from without and did not involve any moral and mental effort (and therefore any moral and mental growth) on the part of the people themselves.

It is the same with all the old empires. Among the long line of Egyptian kings there is one who stands out not only as a beneficent ruler but as a great reformer, whose main object it was to liberate Egyptian life from its immemorial routine of superstition and intellectual apathy. Yet when this great reformer died nothing was found to be altered. The priests and professors resumed their sway and the old night of ignorance and animal worship settled down upon the nation. Why, we ask again? And again comes the answer, because the proposed reforms were from without only, because they involved no effort on the people's part and therefore no inward growth and development. There is more hope for the future of mankind in the least and faintest impulse towards self-help, self-realisation, self-redemption than in all the laws that Aristotle ever dreamt of.

Profound Impulses.

Considerations such as these, far from being vague and general, are intimately and most indissolubly bound up with the existing European situation. Whoever would understand this war must understand, however dimly and conjecturally, those profound instinctive impulses, so much deeper than mere reason or any conscious motive, which inspire the action of whole races and populations. All the great movements and crises of history have been guided by inarticulate instinct. Men act in the gross as insects and animals and birds do in their evolutions and migrations, and their united action is none the less infallible that not one of them could give a conscious account of it. Such impulses are operating at present. Among the nations of Europe the popular instinct is overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies.

(Continued on page 18.)

BUCHANAN'S

SCOTCH WHISKIES



"BLACK & WHITE"

AND "RED SEAL"

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY IS WELL-MATURED AND PERFECTLY BLENDED. THEIR LARGE STOCKS IN SCOTLAND ENSURE AN UNFAILING SUPPLY OF THE SAME FAULTLESS QUALITY.

(Continued from page 16.)

If endorsed by official and Court circles and the Government, that instinct finds immediate expression in action; if opposed, it slowly deepens like water behind a dam, and bides its time. But its presence is one of the main potents in this war. It constitutes, indeed, the basis of our strength. If the enemy build their hopes on elaborate preparations and mechanical efficiency, we in turn build on that profound sentiment which sways all the peoples, Russians, French, Italians, Belgians, Serbians, Greeks, and presently Balkans, in our favour with a universal motion like the motion of the tide. Such forces may be difficult to define, but they will outlast anything that can be brought against them.

No one has placed his finger on this war's pulse who has not divined the depth and volume of the popular support which is backing up the Allies. But whence arises this support? From the realisation of the fact that Germany, Austria, Turkey, each in their several ways and degrees, stand for a non-free or despotic form of government, whereas the Allies are pledged (not only in regard to the present crisis, but by their national history and abiding sympathies) to a free and constitutional form of government.

And if we ask further, why, then, are the people so enamoured of freedom as to be willing to bleed in its defence? the answer lies in what we have been endeavouring to show—that free and constitutional forms of government are the only means by which growth, progress, and enlightenment can be secured to the masses of the people. This is their one means of education (what we call culture must always be the perquisite of the favoured few), but it is a potent means. In the art of law-making, the best qualities in life, unselfishness, spiritual tolerance, neighbourly sympathy, and an ever-enlarging appreciation of the claims of all classes are trained and developed. By this instrument life itself teaches those who live. Not schools and colleges, not

books and lectures and professors act so immediately and powerfully on the character of a people as does their participation in the opportunities and responsibilities of governing. From the moment a nation sets about making its own laws its foot is on the ladder. Political liberty will lead it on to intellectual and spiritual liberty. Life at every turn will be its teacher, will admonish it of its failures and point out their rectification. Enlightenment will dawn, not through much thinking, nor be confined to a few philosophers, but as it were unconsciously and to all people by the application of ideas to life and their test in everyday experience.

In a sense England is more advanced in this philosophy than any other country, for she has built up an Empire of which the very life-principle is the consciousness of the value of liberty as a source of growth and spiritual development. This is our contribution to the world's knowledge. It is new. The world has seen nothing like it before. But to-day the same spirit is abroad among the nations of Europe. Serbs, Greeks, Italians, and many others, little nations and great, some that have lately attained national identity and some that have but just thrown off a hostile tyranny, whether Turkish or Austrian—are all being drawn by a consciousness of the same hope. Hence it is that the present war has in it nothing of diplomatic or official, but is in the full sense of the word popular—instinctive, springing out of the hearts of the people. The will to freedom of the people against the will to power of the Prussians, that is the struggle. And the will to freedom will be invincible, because it opens the way to the mental and spiritual progress of mankind. Whoever, in these stern hours, doubts or wavers, let him reflect on the depths of that instinct which, by all the hopes and aspirations of the human heart, unites our Allies in what Mr. Asquith has called a family of free nations. Here lies the secret of a strength against which Prussian militarism will beat in vain.

INNER LIGHT ON TURKEY.

By the Editor.

AS it so often happens, an accidental conversation decided for Sir Edwin Pears his career. A young barrister, giving up most of his leisure to voluntary social work, he was dining one evening at Hampstead with the late Mr. Frederic Hill, a brother of Sir Rowland Hill, when it was mentioned that his host had been delayed because he had to examine some papers regarding two legal appointments—one in Egypt, the other in Constantinople. Mr. Pears observed that he should like such an opportunity. The Constantinople appointment was eventually offered to him. He accepted it provisionally, went to Turkey for three months, and remained nearly three-and-forty years, eventually leaving it last November only under compulsion.

The first incident happened in 1872. Four years later occurred the Bulgarian atrocities. It was Sir Edwin Pears's letters to the *Daily News* that were the backbone of Mr. Gladstone's political campaign. These letters have never been forgotten, or the reputation which they conferred upon the writer, and when a year ago Turkey declared war, the German Ambassador at Constantinople—Baron von Wangenheim—used them as an argument for Sir Edwin's expulsion. On it being pointed out to him that Sir Edwin had never criticised the Turkish Party in power but had always defended it against the adherents of Abdul Hamid, the Baron retorted that Sir Edwin had begun the opposition to Turkey in Western Europe by exposing "what were called the Moslem outrages" in Bulgaria. All this is told in the most interesting collection of recollections of Sir Edwin Pears, which, under the title *Forty Years in Constantinople*, has just been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins (16s.).

The worst aspect of German influence in the Near East is its utter callousness to human misery and suffering. It never stirs to prevent a massacre if by so doing it risks losing the faintest shadow of prestige. It has been openly said that Germany, if she has not encouraged, has at least countenanced the present terrible Armenian massacres. Not only does this saying of Baron von Wangenheim lend weight to it, but Sir Edwin Pears distinctly states that it was always left to Britain and France to protest against Abdul Hamid's excesses. Privately Germans expressed their loathing at what he did, but not even Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, for whom Sir Edwin had a sincere regard, would ever do anything to lose the favour of the Sultan. As we see now, this is entirely in keeping with German policy; "frightfulness" is an integral part of its statesmanship, and Germans honestly believe that it is possible at this stage of civilisation to build a world-empire on the foundations of slaughter, rape, and torment. Sir Edwin observes in one place that "the Turkish Government has never known how to treat its discontented subjects in other ways than by means of massacre." Would the German Government, freed from the restraint of public opinion, do better? We doubt it.

Of the Armenians, with many of whom he was brought into close contact, Sir Edwin writes:

Travellers have recognised for centuries that the Armenian population of Turkey, numbering about two millions, is a most valuable element in the country. The people, like ourselves, belong to the Indo-European race. A large portion of them occupy a mountainous country, and the men are usually stalwart and industrious. Their country was civilised and prosperous in the time of Christ, and I cannot doubt that the general average

intelligence of Armenians is due to the fact that they are the descendants of parents who have been civilised for centuries. Armenia was the first country to establish Christianity as the religion of the State. Their great Christian teacher and national saint is Gregory the Illuminator. . . . It is rare to visit the house of an Armenian in a fairly prosperous condition where there is not evidence of artistic and musical taste: pictures or a piano, or other musical instruments.

Education has always been regarded by the Turkish Government as dangerous. It is the Armenian desire for schools that has far more to do with Turkish hate than the Christian religion. It was the same in Bulgaria in 1876. "A veritable passion for education possessed the people," and the school-teachers were those who were first tortured and murdered. Strange though it sounds to-day, the Bulgarian people, as a separate race from their rulers, were almost unknown in England except to a few experts forty years ago. Sir Edwin, as it was said at the time, was "the discoverer of the existence of Bulgaria," and it is not unreasonable

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to believe that but for him that people might have been stamped out, even as Turkey is trying to stamp out Armenia at the present time.

In this interesting autobiography many sidelights are thrown on the principal actors in the Near East during the four decades which it covers. Of Abdul Hamid Sir Edwin writes: "He is a man of a certain amount of cunning, but also of a meanness of character which is not Turkish." When he was deposed four wagon-loads of "djournal," or the reports of spies, were removed from the Yıldız Kiosk. Of the present Sultan Sir Edwin says: "He has always been remarkable for his unassuming and gentle character, but of education

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in the usual sense he has never had a chance. . . . Had it been his to be born in England or Scotland he would have been a churchwarden or elder, chosen for his simple goodness of heart."

Sir Edwin Pears paints a gloomy—a perhaps too gloomy—picture of the decay of British influence at the Porte. It is based on facts which are now traversed. The German Ambassador, Baron von Wangenheim, he describes as "a man of conspicuous energy and pushfulness, of great ability and power of driving men to carry out his designs." And he goes on to remark that for the last six or seven years Germany has "apparently aimed at a grandiose project by which she and Austria would annex Serbia, force a way to Salonica, and employ that city and its magnificent harbour as a basis of operations against Turkey, which she proposed to annex or to convert into a tributary State. Her unstinted support of Abdul Hamid, her cruel abstention from protesting against outrages on the Armenians, even in Constantinople itself, her lavish expenditure of money in order to obtain support for her railway and other useful projects, the Kaiser's bid for the leadership of the Moslem world, the readiness with which Germany furnished soldiers for the training of the Turkish Army, the unwillingness which she and Austria showed to join the other Powers in attempting to secure protection for life and property in Macedonia, all point to a design by which not only was Germany to obtain a dominant influence over Turkey, but should be placed in a position to do what she liked in Asia Minor." The immediate future will show to what extent she has been successful.

BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

Bramble Bees and Others. By J. Henri Fabre. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s. net.

Both in France and in England a large section of the public will read with regret of the death of M. Fabre, who has for so long a time occupied a unique position in science and literature.

The fascination attendant on the work of this veteran investigator lies in the fact that he was as much philosopher as naturalist, and as much poet as either. The present volume, perhaps, is surpassed by works translated earlier—*The Life of the Fly* and *The Life of the Spider*, for instance—but it is nevertheless a work of intense interest. The patience and minuteness of M. Fabre's study are equalled by the limpid style in which his experiments and conclusions are related, while ever and again a chance observation proves that in the study of insects he has not lost sight of men. Above all, he proves the possession of wisdom as well as knowledge in that he does not fear to say "I do not know" when Nature withholds a secret.

"There is nothing that achieves such an immediate success as an explanation of the riddle of the universe in a word or two. The thinker does not travel so fast," says this profound thinker, and one of the chief characteristics of all his work is its conscientious thoroughness—and consequent perfection. We can learn much from Fabre: reverence, appre-

ciation of order and beauty, and the value of trifles are among the things first apparent. It is a work that will live as long as the works of Humboldt and Darwin are remembered, and its classic style may give it even longer life.

The only irritating feature of this book is the translator's meticulous diligence in translating millimetres and centimetres into decimals of inches, a trick which becomes worse than wearisome. It is to be hoped that this will be avoided in future editions of this valuable contribution to entomological and philosophical literature.

"Light on the Balkan Darkness." By Crawford Price. (Simpkin, Marshall.) 1s.

Mr. Crawford Price is admittedly one of our leading authorities on the Balkans, where close attention is riveted just now. In this small volume he has brought together articles he has written on the twisted problems which underlie all action, diplomatic, social, and military, in this rugged corner of Europe.

For Serbia he has the highest respect. "She has admittedly rendered tremendous service to the Allies by her victories over Austria-Hungary. Her people now look to us to join with them in their efforts to put their Army in a fit condition to go forward into hostile territory when at length the clarion sounds the general advance on Berlin."

This sentence was written before the present developments, which, however, can be much better appreciated by a perusal of this well-informed little book.

"Through the Chinese Revolution." By Fernand Farjenel. (Duckworth and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

"When once justice is reformed, the whole social life of the country follows suit," the author remarks, apropos of the first trial held in Shanghai on the European plan, with adequate means of defence for the accused and machinery for arriving at a just verdict before the imposition of punishment. M. Farjenel was so fortunate as to witness this trial.

His book, which is distinctly anti-Manchu and pro-republican, is one of the most enlightening documents with regard to the state of China that has yet appeared. It shows the country as being in a state equivalent to that which brought Louis Capet to the guillotine in France, nearly a century and a half ago, and it is brilliantly illuminating with regard to the ideals and aspirations of the Republicans of the Chinese revolution—which is not yet fully accomplished. If the author's conclusions are to be accepted—and we see no reason for rejecting them—China is far nearer to awakening and the use of its tremendous power than the Western world dreams; it is waiting only for the logical outcome of complete revolution—the overthrow of its dictator, Yuan Shekai—to show the world that a new and very great power has arisen to demand a place in international affairs. M. Farjenel sees China as no longer a corpse for European powers to carve, but a virile entity that may yet do some carving.

The book is wittily and well written; its author has combined unusual descriptive talent with decided political insight, and thus his work merits attentive reading, and—from the student and politician—careful study.

"Mr. Broom and His Brother." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Chapman and Hall.) 6s.

Any book from the pen of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick is one that excels, but with regret one has to confess that in the present reviewer's opinion *Mr. Broom and His Brother* is the least excellent of her works. There is much in it that is delightful, the character touches are as deft and sure as ever, but the mechanism is not Mrs. Sidgwick's, nor does it lend itself to her art.

It looks as if the author had yielded to a publisher's request for what publishers call "incident." In every chapter something has to happen—it just must, which is not at all the way of life in those quiet homes of which Mrs. Sidgwick is our leading historian. May she forthwith return to them and take up her parable where she dropped it "in other days."

Mr. Broom is a Prince of Katania who fled into an English secretaryship to avoid the too pressing attentions of a squint-eyed German princessling. To him enters an English heiress in the clutch of adventurers who would surely have suffered penal servitude before the story opens if they had behaved outside these pages in the manner they do within them. Putting aside the too obvious improbabilities and dealing merely with character, it is an amusing book. Particularly do we commend to young writers the concluding sentence of each chapter. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick proves herself here a past-master in technique.

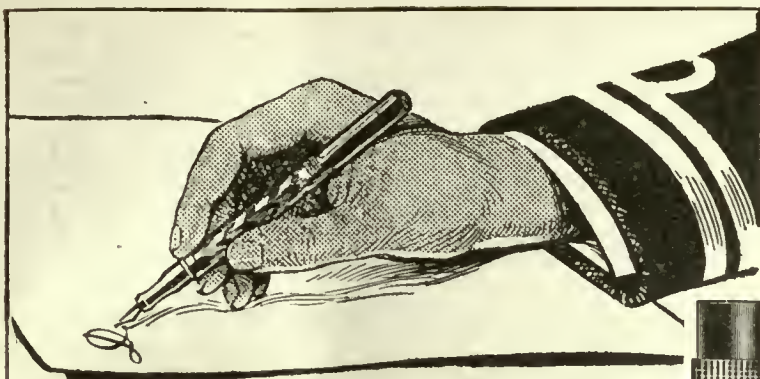
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Prince Alexander of Teck, who has been at the front for many months, has issued an appeal on behalf of the Imperial Service College, at Windsor. Here a public school education is provided for the sons of officers at the lowest cost possible. Naturally the demands on the Board of Governors, of which Prince Alexander is the Chairman, have been greatly increased. It is to be hoped this appeal will receive generous support.

Lord and Lady Yarborough are returning to their house in Arlington Street, which has been let for many years past to Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

Lord Campden's engagement with Alice Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, of 1 Belgrave Place, is one of the more important forthcoming marriages recently announced. Lord Campden, who is in his thirty-second year, is now a Captain in the 5th Gloucestershire regiment, but he has been in the Diplomatic Service. The present earldom of Gainsborough, to which he is heir,

was conferred on Charles Noel Lord Barham in 1841, but this was a second creation, the original earldom of Gainsborough having been given by Charles II. in 1682 to Edward Noel, eldest son of that Viscount Campden who suffered so grievously in the Royalist cause. This dignity expired on the death of the sixth earl in 1798.

Sir Bickham Sweet-Escott, Governor of Fiji, and Lady Sweet-Escott are now in England on short leave. Their holiday has been saddened by the loss of their youngest son who has fallen in action in France. Sir Bickham who is a younger brother of Mr. T. H. S. Escott, has had an exceptional experience of the remoter parts of the Empire, having in the last dozen years been Governor of the Seychelles, the Leeward Islands and British Honduras, as well as of Fiji. He was educated at Balliol and started his Colonial career as a Professor in the Royal College of Mauritius.

Italian Flag Day was a great success; most of the West-End Clubs flew Italian flags, and everybody in the restaurants wore one. At the Carlton, where I lunched that day and which was as full as ever, the orchestra played a splendid selection of patriotic Italian music. One of the chief organisers of this excellent commemoration day was Cavaliere Casali, manager of the Piccadilly Hotel, where the Committee had its headquarters.

The new Bill governing Clubs will be public property before this paragraph is in print, but if, as it is believed, it

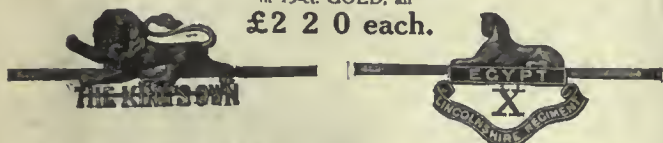
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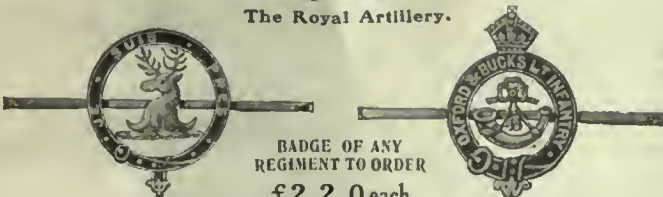
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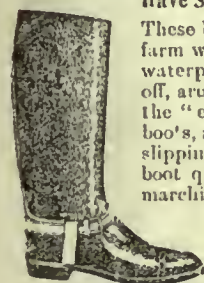
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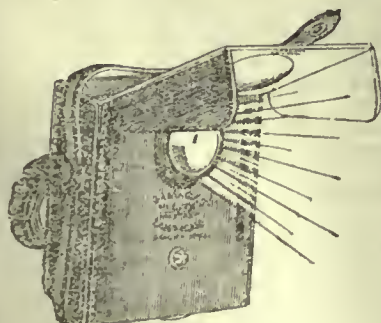
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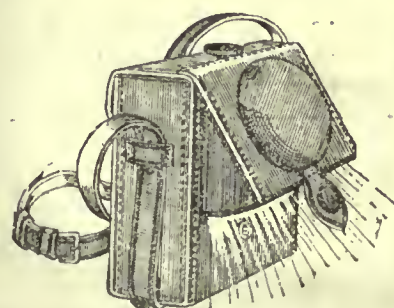
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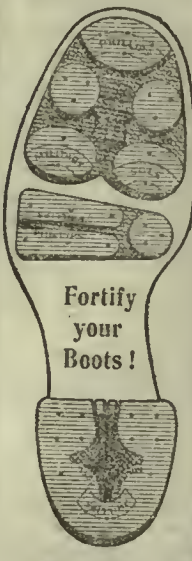
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THE POSITION IN SERBIA.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE nature of the enemy's campaign in Serbia is now clear enough. It has been going on, at the moment these words are written, exactly a fortnight, and both its general strategy and its particular local results are apparent.

The unknown element is the measure to which the Allies can come to the relief of Serbia: the measure in time and the measure in numbers.

The numerical problem has already been put before the readers of this journal. Roughly speaking, what Serbia has left of effectives are being attacked by an equal or slightly smaller number of effectives from Austro-Germany across the Save and Danube front. There are certain diversions made by the enemy across the Drina, the western boundary of the State, but the main effort is obviously across the Save and the Danube, and nearly all of it across the Danube alone.

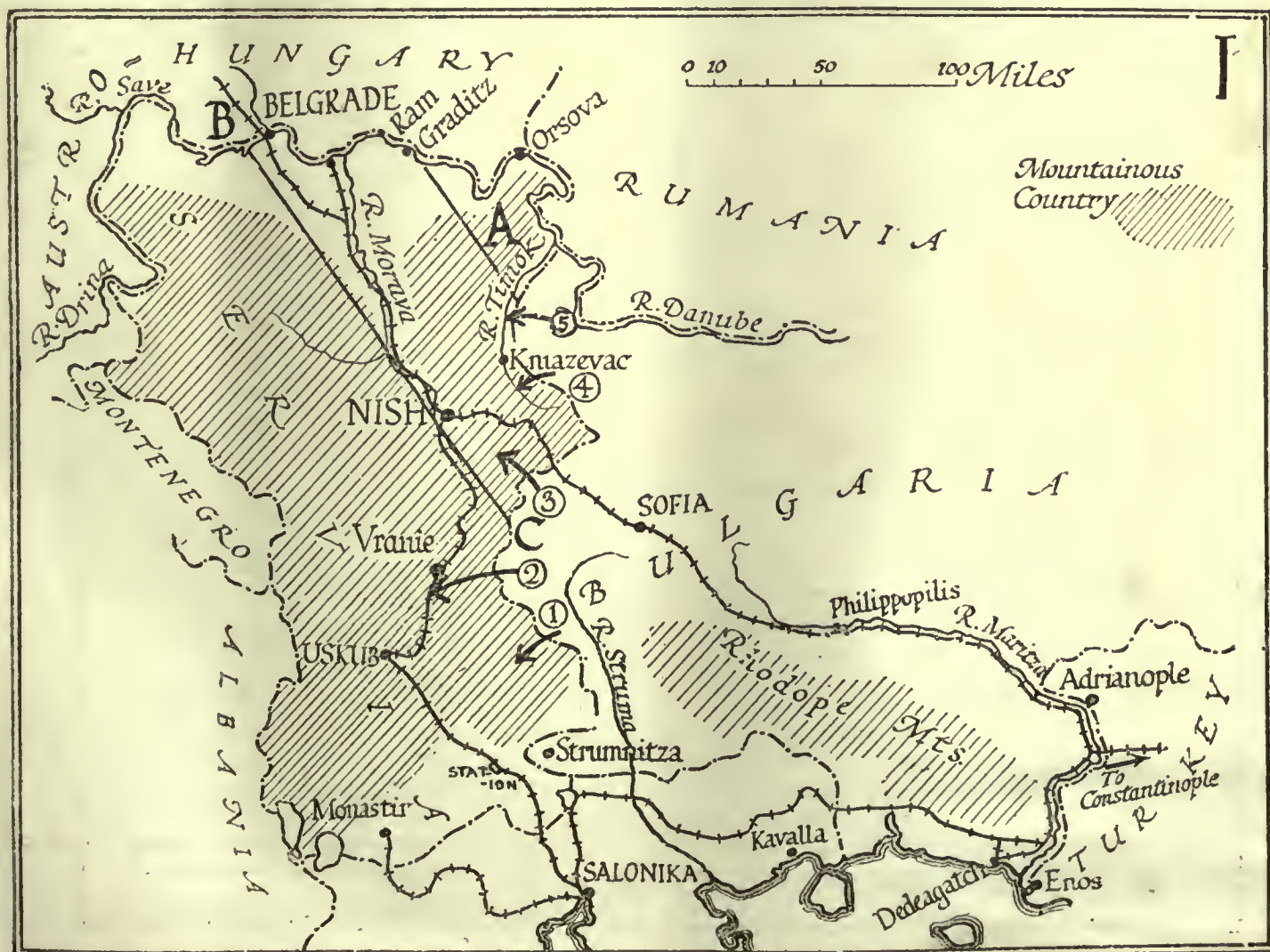
The enemy could not hope to achieve a decision even against the Serbians alone in this quarter in his present condition of exhaustion in effectives. His approaching exhaustion is, indeed, the capital and dominating factor in the whole war. But some months ago, probably when his success was most striking, and when even

sober calculation of the future was disturbed by the immediate results of the Polish campaign, he obtained a promise of aid from the King of Bulgaria, and the Bulgarian forces available outnumber those of Serbia. Even with the aid of Bulgaria he is unlikely to obtain so much as a local decision—so much as the destruction of the Serbian Army—but he is likely to obtain with that aid a certain immediate strategic objective, which is the possession of the international railway which runs from the enemy's own territory, across the Save to Belgrade, thence through Nish, the old capital of the Serbians, across the frontier of Bulgaria to Sofia, and so to Constantinople. The enemy also desires to obtain possession of that little north-eastern corner of Serbia (A) which still cuts him off from direct communication with Bulgaria and Turkey by the River Danube, an avenue of supply second in value only to the railway.

How excellent the enemy's chances are of reaching these immediate objectives will be apparent by the elementary sketch I here append.

In order to get hold of the Danube route all

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he has to do is to get the Serbians out of the little district, A, the size of a medium or rather small English county, which forms the Serbian angle separating Bulgaria from Hungary. While in order to get the whole north-eastern corner and control the railway from Bulgaria through Nish to Sofia, he only needs to clear and occupy the north-eastern quarter of this small State beyond the line B—C. As the Austro-Germans are coming down from the north, while the Bulgarians can strike in flank from the east, the position of the Serbians, gravely inferior in number to their two enemies combined, is, by every analogy of military history, untenable. If they do not wish to be surrounded by superior forces they must fall back from this north-eastern angle. For their superiority of numbers leaves the Bulgarians free not only to exercise pressure on the eastern border of the N.E. corner, but also to attack right behind the Serbians the railway through Uskub which supplies them.

But meanwhile there are two other forces at work. The first is the comparatively tardy advance of the northern enemy, the reasons of which will be discussed in a moment. The second is the presence at Salonica of what are already considerable bodies of the Allies, French and English, and the beginning of the advance of the vanguard of these to the aid of the Serbians.

Let us take these elements in their order.

I say that the Austro-German advance across the Danube front has been more tardy than was expected. It has also probably been more costly than was expected.

The front across which the Austro-Germans are forcing their way southward toward the Serbian mountains is in all the turns of the river nearer 80 than 70 miles long—this is without mention of the diversions upon the Drina to the west. The first efforts at crossing, made after the accumulation of heavy munitions had been fully prepared and the heavy pieces for commanding the river crossing put into position, began upon Wednesday, October 6. The last news we have relates to Monday morning, October 18. We are dealing, therefore, with ten full days of effort and with the action perhaps of 10, perhaps of 12 divisions, possibly even 14. Nearly the whole of this force—all except the small bodies operating to the west of the Drina—is fighting to force the Serbians southward from the Danube. Its weapon for effecting this is, of course, the heavy gun. The Austro-Germans have a great mass of heavy pieces with their munitionment accumulated for this special effort. The Serbians and the Bulgarians lack heavy pieces with which to keep down their enemy's distant fire.

Every reader is familiar by this time with the Austro-German use of heavy artillery in the war, a development in which the Austro-German alliance owes its successes mainly to the Austrian branch, as a siege train has proved superior to the old permanent works. Even in the field it gave them for months against the Russians such an immense advantage in the destruction of trenches that they compelled the Russian retirement we have seen, which lasted for four months. In the West it was only after long delay that the Allies caught up with the enemy in the number and strength of their heavy guns and the means of their munitionment. Now we have clearly surpassed them in the West and dominate more

and more in this arm. The Balkan States have no opportunity of making such pieces or for munitioning them in any adequate number.

Heavy artillery thus used batters the trenches opposite to it at will and from a distance where it is perfectly safe against anything but its peer. If you bring heavy guns thus against an enemy who has none, or very few, you can destroy his trenches by way of preparation to the infantry attack. Having done this you launch your infantry, which, with more or less loss, and with more or less success, according to its quality, occupies the territory you have thus prepared.

The enemy, having this superiority, was bound to force the Danube, the river obstacle. And he did, as a fact, effect his crossing after two or three days' preparation at three main points, or groups of points: (1) The group Ram and Graditze—east of this, towards Roumania, began the gorge of the Danube and the thick wooded country where his heavy artillery was of less effect. (2) In the open country where the river Morava comes into the Danube. Its valley is the main trench projecting southward into the hill country and carries the railway from Semendria which joins the main line from Belgrade to Nish. (3) The crossing in force was made above and below Belgrade.

Now when we examine the success achieved at each of these points we notice something which is surely significant of the fighting.

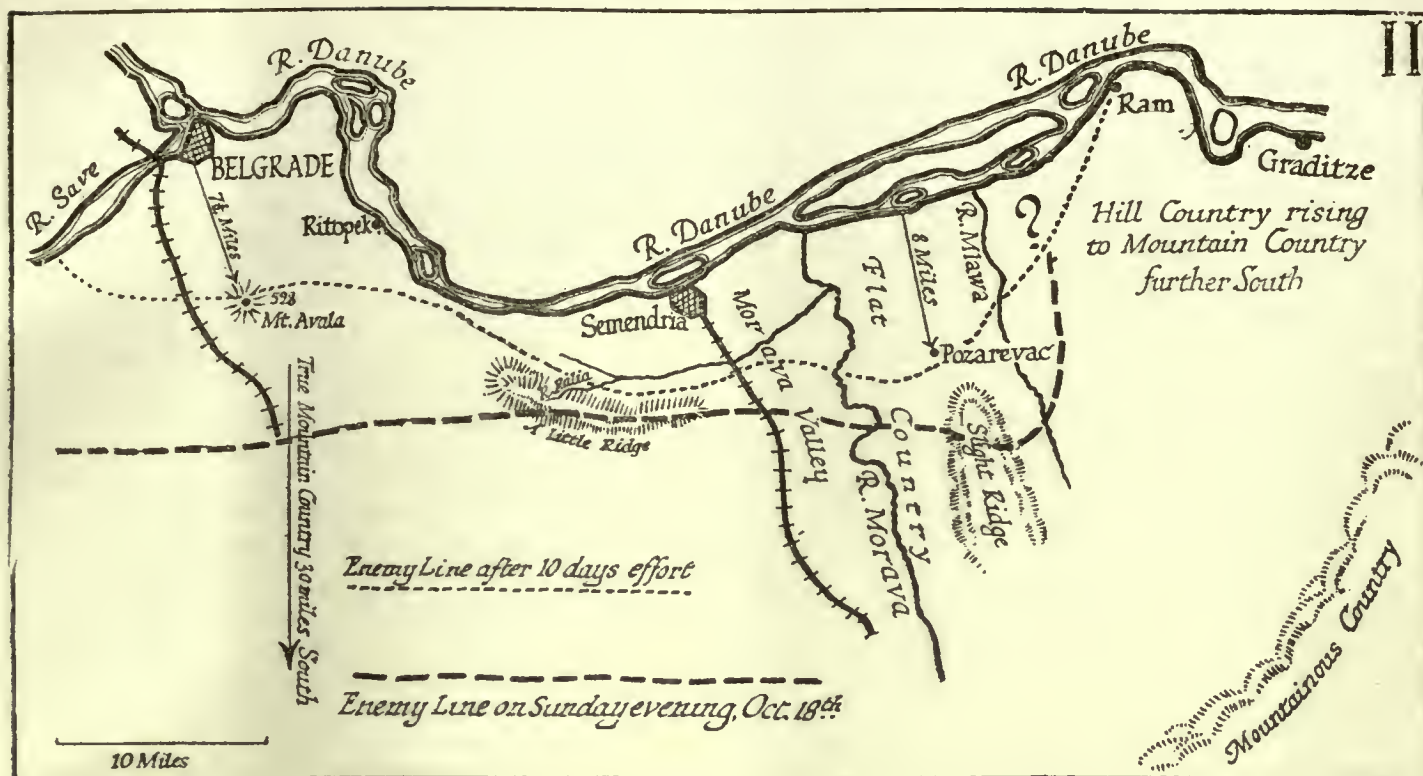
The German progress was at first exceedingly slow and at a rate almost directly controlled by the openness of the ground. In order to appreciate the value of this point let us note the points in Sketch II.

Where the enemy crossed near Belgrade, above and below that town, he found before him hill country, fairly open and gradually rising to the culminating point of the height called Avala, 520 metres above the sea, or say, roughly, 1,500 feet above the river; distant from the outer suburbs of the city not much further than the heights to the south of London are distant from the Thames. The enemy reached, after ten days' effort, the summit of Avala, and, roughly, the line running from Ritopek on the Danube to a corresponding point above Belgrade on the Save. Before him was hill country of the same sort. The true mountain country begins 30 miles south.

In the next sector, which we may call that of Semendria, he obtained in the same space of ten days a larger area, precisely because he was dealing with easier ground and the greatest width was just where he had flattest country in front of Pozarevac. This plain is the combined mouth plain of the Mlava and Morava rivers. He had on the tenth day of his effort advanced on the right hand of this belt only to the ridge just beyond the brook Riala, which flows into the Morava south of Semendria. On the right the belt he held gets narrower and narrower as the hill country develops.

What his position was last Saturday on the third sector, where the hills reach the river—that is, from Ram to Graditze—we were not told, but apparently he was held at this point immediately upon the bank.

Now this slow progress, corresponding to the ease of the territory over which it was made, is, I say, surely significant. It means that the whole advance depends upon the immediate superiority,



given by the heavy guns. And it possibly, or probably, means that the infantry sent forward after the preparation was accomplished is no longer of the first quality. For remember that there have been a number of local set-backs during this advance, and that even at the first landings on the southern bank the Austro-German infantry broke again and again. There was another case of their breaking when they were thrown back upon the suburbs of Belgrade a week ago.

One cannot affirm on the strength of brief telegrams with regard to fighting which is taking place at a great distance and on which one has but a few words of information, but it does look as though the enemy were here dependent upon his heavy artillery more than ever, and it also looks as though the infantry with which he was doing his work was no longer of the same quality as that which he counted upon when, with a similar reliance upon heavy guns, he began the great advance through Galicia nearly six months ago.

For all this slowness of the enemy advance the pressure of the Bulgarians on the east would seem to make it certain that the north-eastern corner of Serbia would be abandoned.

If the reader will turn to Sketch I. he will see that one of the strategical elements on the Bulgarian boundary is the valley of the Timok river, while another is the vulnerability of the line from Nish to Salonica, especially where the Bulgarian frontier approaches it in the Strumnitza bulge and near Vranie.

Along the arrows (on Sketch I.) they have taken the Serbians in flank and rear (on arrow 2), reached with a raid the railway south of Vranie. The mountain ridge is too high for more. They have entered (at arrow 1) the coveted strip of Macedonia and come down towards Nish (at arrow 3) by the mountain valley of the Vlasina. We may conjecture that the chief effort is being made in the north across the valley of the Timok, along arrows 4 and 5 (on Sketch I.) and particularly along arrow 4, which turns all the N.E. corner of Serbia, A. The enemy had, by last Sunday, crossed the frontier ridge,

come down the slopes to the neighbourhood of Kniazevac, crossed the River Timok, and, by the German account, carried hill 415 west of Kniazevac, standing above the village of Glojovacs. This is that hill which the communiqué by some error in translation or in the original text put east of Kniazevac. But there is some ambiguity here. The hill referred to may be the one marked on Sketch III. with a cross, and the "Timok" crossed may be the East fork, which is also a Timok—at A—A.

It is self-evident that if the Bulgarians master the middle Timok Valley and occupy the heights west of Kniazevac their further progress will endanger the Serbian forces in the north-east.

Meanwhile the vanguard of the Allied forces which are landing at Salonica have crossed the Serbian frontier and are reported officially from France to have taken possession of the road over the first pass into Bulgarian territory, and to occupy the town of Strumnitza. There is here, perhaps, some ambiguity which a later telegram will correct, because on the railway is the station known by the name of Strumnitza, and some distance from the town, and it may be possible it is the railway which is intended.

It is clear that if a considerable force of the Allies were to march directly by Strumnitza, which is quite close to their base at Salonica, and on up the main road of the Struma Valley, they would with every mile of their advance more and



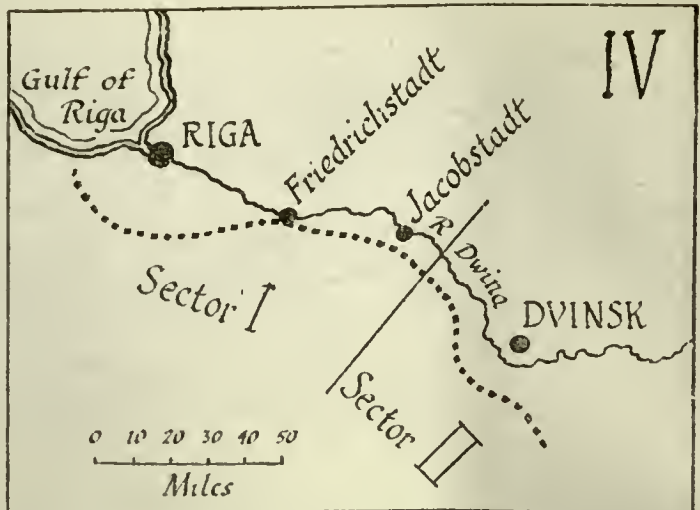
more threaten Sofia and the central plain of the Bulgarian State. The Bulgarians could no longer act independently upon the Serbian frontier, and the diversion would change the whole situation, for any threatening of Sofia would also threaten that avenue of communications with Constantinople which the Germans are fighting to obtain.

Everything, however, depends upon the numbers which the Allies can here bring into play. That is a point upon which, in the nature of things, no information can be given. Any judgment passed, therefore, upon the situation as a whole, and dependent upon a calculation of the strength of the Allies here, the numbers they intend to send, and the rate at which they can be sent and munitioned, is valueless, because the chief elements in the calculation are wanting. Sundry journalists in this country have discussed the matter as though these elements were in their possession. They are not. It is foolish to calculate, and it is twenty times more foolish to advise the soldiers who alone possess the elements upon which a judgment can be formed in this matter. All that is clear is that the disembarking and munitioning of a force sufficient to counterbalance the Austro-German-Bulgarian combination must be a matter of greater time than the completion of the Bulgarian and Austro-German campaign in the north-eastern corner of the State.

It remains to be pointed out that an Allied force would have a military rôle of great importance, even if it were not in time to prevent the first objective of the enemy from being reached. For, suppose the enemy in possession of the Danube, between Salonica and Bulgaria, and also in possession of the railways from Semendria and Belgrade to Nish and thence from Nish to Sofia, a large and increasing force to the south and to the west of that line upon its flank will be a very formidable menace. The line could not be securely held until this Allied force, combined with the retreating Serbian Army, has been defeated, or held upon a line stretching securely across the State as far as the Rhodope Mountains, at least, and to hold such a line the enemy, even with his Bulgarian Allies, has not sufficient numbers.

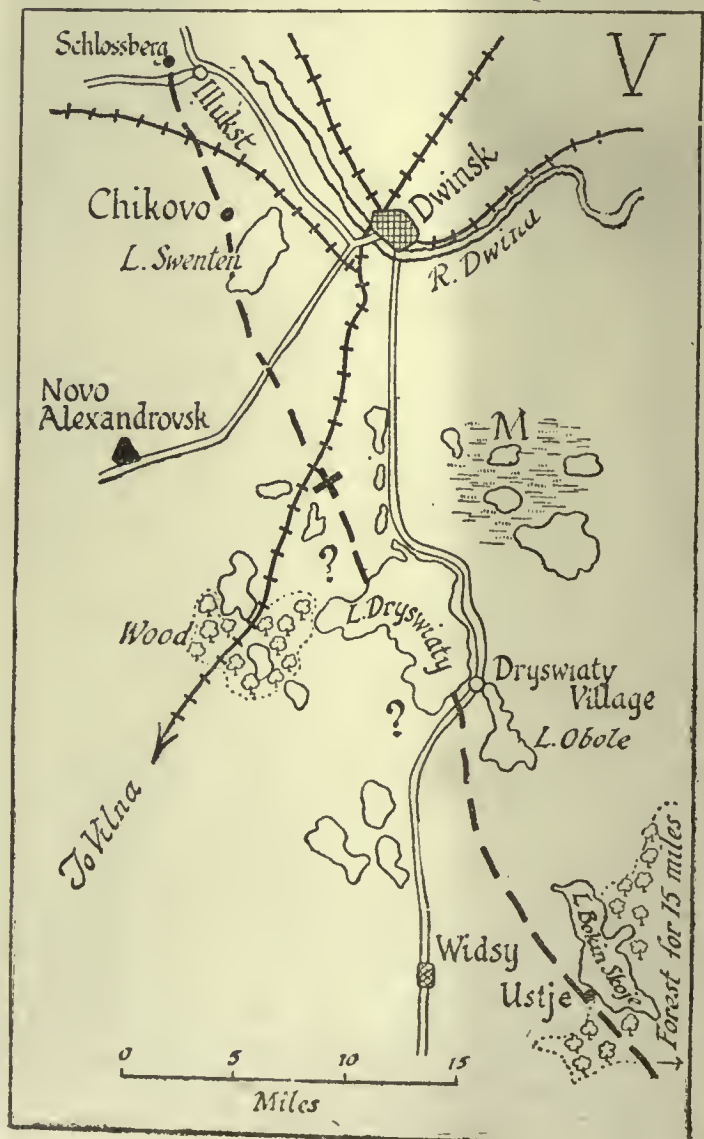
THE FAILURE BEFORE DVINSK.

The enemy's efforts on the extreme north, or left, of his eastern line are very well worth watching, because they are typical of the whole situation of the war. His business is to take the town of Dvinsk, also the town of Riga, and to hold the whole of the Dvina line. Upon that attempt he has now been occupied off and on for two months, the last month of which has been concentrated in a special effort to take Dvinsk itself. The enemy's perpetually repeated offensive—which is as perpetually repelled, with very heavy sacrifices in men—consists essentially in two sectors covering about 150 miles. There is first of all what I have called on Sketch IV. Sector 1, the fight on the lower Dvina for the town of Riga, for the railway which runs parallel to the river behind it. There is next, in Sector 2, the fight in the lake country for Dvinsk. It was on Sector (1) that the enemy was putting forward all his strength just before the fall of Vilna. He took Friedrichstadt, a bridgehead south of the lower river; he came near to Jakobstadt. His only



difficulties here were the absence of roads. He had fairly hard ground save in front of Riga itself (where there is a big marsh), but he failed to effect a crossing. In the second sector in front of Dvina there has been produced a most interesting situation. It has not only been produced, but it has been prolonged by the Russians until it would seem as though the Germans over here could not possibly succeed unless all their efforts in other fields be abandoned, for here also it is the gradual exhaustion of effectives that is being felt, or, at any rate, a local exhaustion due to his drawing of men off for the new adventure.

The country to the west and south of Dvinsk is a mass of lakes, large and small, often interspersed with extensive woodlands and joined sometimes by great districts of marsh. One of the largest of the latter, which I have marked M on Sketch Map V. appended, is the obstacle which



first prevented the enemy from turning the Russian line by its left or eastern end. Meanwhile the present Russian positions run from Schlossberg in front of Illukst, through Chikovo, north of Lake Sventen, thence across the Novo Alexandrovsko road to a point somewhere near the X (the line just here is not clear) upon the railway to Vilna, cover Lake Dryswiaty, and pass through and hold the village Usotje on the west bank of Lake Bokinskoje.

It is clear that so long as that line is maintained the enemy is being held before Dvinsk, just as he was held before Warsaw. The enemy's efforts nowhere reach nearer than six or seven miles from the town and, what is most important, his two main avenues whereby he could turn the Russian positions, the railway to Vilna and the main road running south of Dvinsk to Widsy, are held by bodies thrust much farther forward from the town than those upon the west. The main German effort will presumably be concentrated upon the 15 mile front between Illukst and the Novo Alexandrovsko road. Their last violent attacks were at the two points just mentioned, Schlossberg and Chikovo. They both broke down.

Later news shows that the Russians have dislodged them from just south of Dryswiaty Lake and they are also beaten back across the River Dryswiaty, where it runs oddly parallel and outside Lake Obol just west of Usotje village.

Now, the position deducible from such a state of affairs seems to be roughly this. The enemy must here have an objective. He is not merely wasting men in violent counter-offensive movements on a front of something like 150 miles merely in order to preserve a certain line which has no strategic meaning at all. He is really trying trying to get the line of the Dvina, Riga, and Dvinsk. He may yet succeed. He is building roads. But he has failed for two months. The first cause of this state of affairs would seem to be the new munitionment of the Russians; and the second a certain balance already established between the enemy's own power of munitionment and recruitment in this field and that of our Ally.

THE ENEMY'S EFFECTIVES.

To this question of numbers, which more than ever dominates the whole campaign, and is the basis of any reasonable judgment of the future, I will turn at the close of this article, but for the moment it is sufficient to point out that it is being felt in every part of the field. Not only have you the Austro-German force against Serbia barely sufficient in numbers for its task, and probably composed of material already inferior, but you have in the abortive attempts to take Dvinsk the same halting of strength apparent.

The Balkan adventure has withdrawn from the Russian front a certain number of men; not a very large number, perhaps, but, say, five or six divisions. The Russian centre has been drawn upon for reinforcing this northern part of the line of the Dvina until it has become wholly inactive. The enemy is still strong enough to maintain himself upon the lines he reached upon the borders of Russia proper in Lithuania, but he is no longer strong enough to advance. And when one says "strong enough" one means not only that his recruitment in men, but that his rate of munitionment are now balanced against the forces opposed to him even upon this side. Upon the Western

side, as we know, the balance has been heavily against him for some time and is increasing.

It is true to say, and must be repeated, that with every week that passes the enemy's effort will be more and more political and less and less strategic. It must be so in the nature of things. For whenever a man's reserves are near their limit, in *any* struggle, whether in some financial contest or in strength, as in a wrestling match, or in numbers, as in this case of the enemy in the present great war, he has only two policies open to him. Either he must throw the last of his energies into one supreme effort which will almost invariably include diversion to another field of the more direct methods hitherto attempted, or he must try and husband his strength and use it sparingly, in order to spin it out. If there is any conclusion from the present position to be drawn more clearly than another it is that those who now govern the whole of our allied enemies unchecked and uncriticised from one united command have put their money upon the former of these two policies. It is a point which has already been emphasised in these columns and which must be repeated, for upon our judgment of it will very largely depend, not only our appreciation of the present phase of the war, but of its possible duration and of its probable political conclusion.

But there are in this calculation certain elements which, though they have been repeated over and over again under the best authority and with elaborate arguments and citation of evidence of facts to prove them, have not yet sunk into the public mind and do not yet mould public opinion.

People still talk as though the calculation of enemy numbers and of remaining enemy resources were a piece of private amusement indulged in at random and leading to any number of various conclusions. I, therefore, once more this week, at the expense of some considerable repetition, because I believe it to be the chief interest of this moment, return to that general statement of the enemy's resources as compared with those of the Allies, which is at the basis of all judgment of the war, and further allude to the objects the enemy had in view in beginning this Balkan adventure, and show why those objects may be regarded as political and strategic in so far as the two can be distinguished.

THE RELATIVE NUMERICAL POSITION OF THE ENEMY.

To begin at the beginning. A nation puts into the field for the prosecution of the war certain forces divided into units, that is, corps, divisions, brigades, batteries, squadrons, battalions. It is compelled by the very nature of military organisation to arrange its strength in this fashion. It doesn't say, "I have a million men available. I will train and equip them and put them into the field." What it says is, "I will put only so many units into the field as *I can maintain there at full strength throughout the probable course of the war in spite of the probable rate of wastage.*" For as the men in the various units are put out of action by death, capture, wounds, and illness of every kind developed on active service, their places must be taken by fresh men who have been trained and equipped behind the armies, and

who in the meantime may be called "the nation's reserve of man power."

In the old days when nations fought with professional armies it was not the full national reserve of man power which was considered, but the probable number of recruits obtainable and trainable and capable of equipment under the system of those times. To-day this mass behind the fighting units is equivalent to all that young manhood of the nation which can be spared from work necessary to the munitioning and equipment of the army and to the economic maintenance of the State. When we talk of "a decline in the effectives" of any army, what we mean is *not* that the enemy is reaching the end of his men but that because for one reason or another the *reserve* of man power behind the armies is giving out. Either the units have got to be put on to a lower establishment—e.g., battalions once of a thousand men are to be regarded in future as counting only 750 men—or whole units are eliminated in order to keep up the standard of others, e.g., the effectives of the 10th corps are distributed between the 8th and the 9th to bring the latter up to full strength, while the 10th as a unit disappears. The latter expedient is obviously the more clumsy and much the rarer. The former course is commonly followed. And after a certain point when the reserves of men are exhausted an enemy's effectives begin to decline.

From these elementary considerations it follows that the limits of a nation's reserves depend exactly upon the military task it has undertaken—that is, the number of units it is proposed to put into the field coupled with the rate of wastage in those units; and the number of units it is proposed to put into the field depends either upon the task imposed upon it by others or imposed by a task it has ambitiously chosen of its own accord.

For instance, Great Britain in the South African War was dependent upon voluntary recruitment, but it had from this source reserves virtually indefinite in men compared with the numbers of the enemy. The rate of wastage was such and such, and could not only be repaired but the number of units in the field constantly increased. Prussia and her vassal states in the war of 1870 had only to put against the greatly inferior numbers of the French so many units as, at the rate of wastage then suffered, could be amply supplied with men for a much longer time than the war lasted, and Prussia at the end of the war was stronger in trained and equipped men than she had been at the beginning of it.

Now, in the present war the enemy has, partly of his own choice and partly from the necessity of repelling the threat of invasion in certain quarters, mainly because of the political results he expects from the prosecution of such an ambition, undertaken the holding and even the extension of certain fronts which involve him in a very heavy expenditure of men. He has over 500 miles to hold in the West. He has a line to hold in the East which is generally put down at 800, but which, in all its convolutions, is nearer 900. He has just opened a new line in the South-East of about 200. He is, at any rate, actually holding well over 1,500 miles, and the number of units he requires for this is correspondingly great. His rate of wastage is quite out of proportion to the experience of past wars, with this exception, that

the wastage from sickness (an amount we can only estimate and on which we have no exact figures) is less than it used to be, or, to be more accurate, the permanent wastage from grievous sickness is less.

We know from ample intelligence supplied to the bureaux of the Allies what the rate of wastage is. The enemy has to find about a million new men every two months. There is no doubt a certain discrepancy between the drafts he is finding and the total permanent losses, the latter being the smaller figure than the former, but amounts to about four-fifths. While the enemy has to find half a million a month somehow he need not write down his absolute permanent losses as more than 400,000 a month, and the difference between the two figures is represented partly by the extension of his effort, partly by the somewhat increasing permanent margin of temporary losses. Take it at the lower figure and consider only the men whom he has to replace for good and all and you have not less than 400,000 a month. This figure is arrived at by all sorts of ways and invariably comes out—within a very little margin of error—at the end of the statement or calculation, and it tallies with the corresponding rate of wastage of the other armies of which these same bureaux have private information.

We need not waste time over the sort of people who, in their vague dread of the enemy, endow him with supernatural powers, expect his wastage to be incredibly less than that of the Allies, and his opportunities of recruitment to be in some miraculous way indefinitely superior to that of the rest of mankind. He is fighting the same kind of war as are the Allies, in much the same fashion. He has about the same numbers per million of men who can be equipped and trained usefully, and he is losing about the same numbers per million. Further, the general reader must specially remember that the figures thus arrived at by very numerous independent authorities, working along every possible line of evidence, are the only serious basis for a judgment. General opinion relies in the matter upon evidence infinitely worse.*

Those who in their wonder at the enemy's progress in the East and continued stand in the West doubt such figures, can only doubt them by refusing to accept all known existing statistics. One says, for instance, that Germany has had mobilisable at least eight million men, or very little more. If a fool rushes in and says, "Oh! no, she has mobilisable twelve million men," then the answer is that France, at that rate, could have mobilised over seven million men—which is nonsense.

If another rash enthusiast proposes that the German losses have been not three millions, but only two, the answer is that in that case our own casualties in proportion to the number of men engaged should be diminished by at least a third, or that we must regard the ceaseless German offensive on the West or East, or both combined, the dense German formations, the enormous sacrifices made over and over again, month after

* Several correspondents have called my attention to a public statement that there are "nine or ten million Germans alone of military age left." It is quite true—or, rather, there are more. Five are in the existing units or on communications; two are maimed or incapacitated by illness. Nearly all the rest are those rejected by the doctor or retained for civilian work.

month by the Germans, whenever they have attempted to obtain their decisions, as illusions.

If a third tells me that an estimated German loss since the offensive began of 200,000 is too high to suit his mood of gloom, I answer, "What is five times 40,000? There are 40,000 dead by this time." If he says, "One killed in five is too few," I answer, "Why is that, then, the ratio in our own case?"

It is worth while whenever one hears these absurd exaggerations of the enemy's strength or under-statements of his rate of wastage to use immediately the argument of analogy with our own known outside figures. It is a sufficient and unanswerable reply.

Let me give an example of what I mean. The other day I read in one of those newspapers which are making it their business to break up the unity and moral strength of the country, an anonymous article from the pen of a "Neutral," in which the writer confesses himself impressed by the great numbers of young and healthy soldiers whom he had seen in the towns of Germany and Austria.

Let us make the assumption that the writer was really a "neutral," and was writing in good faith of things he had really seen. Does any sane man suppose that such witnesses, not as isolated instances but by the hundred, have not given their evidence to the Staffs and Bureaux of the Western Allies? Of course they have, and instead of giving it vaguely in the columns of a newspaper, where it is used for the purpose of frightening the public, they have been most closely examined, every detail checked, and their general impressions reduced to the hardest concrete statement of which they were capable. If there were only a million men left in reserve—that is, if there were only two months more supplies of units—that number would still produce a prodigious impression upon any traveller. Think of the impression produced in this country upon a man who should travel over no more than the part south of the Thames and see camps upon camps of new soldiers and the country towns crowded with khaki, and then imagine what the impression of a full million would make were it deliberately put forward to impress opinion in the great centres of population. Moreover, you will include in such countries as Germany and Austria all the cases of sick and of slightly wounded who can get about and be mixed up with the crowds.

Evidence of that kind, merely generally stated, is absolutely worthless, both because a *relatively* small reserve (small, that is, in proportion to the enormous armies at work) is actually large and also because general observation, untrained, gives you no sound basis for judgment. The very numerous trained men who are sifting all the evidence available see, I say, upon a scale vastly more extended than those occasional "neutrals" in the newspapers, and they have evidence of infinitely more value. They have noted for them, from those who see them, the drafts that arrive at the front. When they are upon the fighting lines their own commanders note where new contingents have arrived, and by the interrogation of prisoners and by documents found upon the wounded and the dead discover from what depots they have come and in what numbers. To all this mass of military intelligence (which the enemy possesses with regard to our own figures just as

we possess it with regard to his) is added the calculation of common-sense, or rather of the rules of arithmetic, difficult things to get over. There is knowledge that the proportion of men mobilised out of such and such a population is such and such a proportion, and an exact knowledge of what the original material was in amount and in quality. There is the analysis of the mobilisable population and of its wastage and twenty other ways of estimating the problem, which no matter how you approach it always comes down to much the same conclusion.

Now these calculations thus independently undertaken by men trained to this kind of evidence and attaining it in a degree altogether out of proportion to the little trickles of information that a civilian population possesses with regard to the enemy, do not indeed come to an absolutely precise number nor fall within a margin of error of a few thousands. It would be a miracle if they did. They differ between the maximum and the minimum by something like a million, and that sounds like a very large margin of error, and it would be in any war but this; but it means, measured in time, two months or a very little more than two months.

In other words, if you take an estimate of that one of the numerous calculations which gives most latitude to the enemy, which most believes in his powers of resistance, if you couple it with that one which is most sceptical as to his rapid rate of wastage, if you couple them both with that one which allows for the very largest number to be returned to efficient service after being in hospital—if you weigh all the scales against the Allies—you arrive, for the date when the enemy's effectives will decline, at somewhere about the turn of the New Year or very little later. Say the end of January at the very latest. More reasonable estimates, less violently weighting the scales against the chances of the Allies, reduce that time to the course of December, while estimates which have very great authority behind them, but must be admitted to be at the hopeful end of the line, place the turn of affairs in the month of November itself.

It is quite clear under such circumstances that the enemy some little time ago arrived at a point where he had to reconsider his whole position. During the summer, while he still expected a decision against the Russians and a separate peace with them—and while his successes in the East were presumably permitting him to negotiate secretly with the Kings of Bulgaria and Greece to tie them down to their present action—he still hoped for a conclusion of the war before his effectives should decline. It is fairly well authenticated that the head of the enemy's government proposed October as the conclusion of the campaign. Once it was apparent that he would not obtain his decision, then the approaching decline in his effectives became as a matter of sheer necessity the chief matter for his consideration.

It is hardly necessary, let us hope, to emphasise once more a point which has been made so frequently in these columns as that concerning the maintenance of effectives by insufficient material. It should be self-evident that any power reaching the end of its reserves could keep up the numbers of human beings present in the field by arming those hitherto rejected by the doctors, by arming boys, by using in the field

elderly men hitherto kept back as instructors or upon communications or in bureaux, and by arming even older men hitherto exempted from all military service. The moment you begin to take in bad material you can increase your nominal effectives pretty well indefinitely, but you do so at the expense of your real strength. *A hundred men, of whom 25 are inefficient, is a much weaker body than 75 efficient.* This is a practical point on which one can appeal to any man who has had practical experience. The 25 inefficients cannot be merely eliminated, leaving you with 75 effectives. On the contrary, they break down in batches, hamper your mobility, and confuse every arrangement. Every student of military history knows that the commander in straits for effectives is tempted to have recourse to inefficients. Pretty well every campaign of exhaustion shows these in the field in increasing numbers before the end comes, but it is true to say that their very presence in the field hastens instead of delays the breakdown of the force which is suffering from the last stages of attrition.

Whether the enemy's decline in effectives were to come towards the end of November or towards the end of January really mattered very little. His whole plans would have to change in view of the fact that his decline *was coming* within a brief delay and almost certainly now before a decision should have been obtained.

Compare the position of a speculator in some financial affair. He has the money to do his work up to a certain date. He is confident that he will bring off his adventure before that date. He fails to do so and he finds the rate of his present expenditure will exhaust his funds in two months,

or three, or four, and with no prospect of his original scheme coming off in that interval. It does not matter to such a man whether the moment of exhaustion is as a fact exactly two months off, or three, or even four. It is coming quickly, it is within measurable distance, and on the old lines the position cannot be retrieved within that interval. He is compelled to change his plan radically, and that is precisely what the enemy did some time back when he decided that he had failed on the Russian front and prepared a new move.

What the enemy's new move, due to approaching exhaustion of his effectives, has been, we know. It has been the essentially political stroke of the Balkans. Political rather than strategic for reasons described at length last week; because it necessarily introduces divergent aims in the alliance; because it in particular disturbs opinion in this country (just as it is hoped to do by the Zeppelin raids, which are absolutely useless in a military sense and are *uniquely* designed to disorder civilian opinion). It reintroduces the quarrels and jealousies of the Balkan States.

What the situation is in mere numbers can, I think, best be appreciated by looking at such a sketch as the following, upon which the relative numbers upon the various fronts and the approximate reserves of man-power, trained or training, and waiting or provided with equipment, is indicated. The enemy by white circles for units of 100,000, the Allies by corresponding black squares.

The numbers which Germany and Austria can put upon this new front, and have at great risk managed to put upon this new front in the south-east (where an arrow indicates the Allied



relief to Serbia and a note of interrogation our ignorance of its size) are almost insignificant compared with those upon their main fronts. There is but one strategic or purely military object connected with the new move, and that is the possibility of the enemy's training, arming, and supplying a certain number of Turkish units, either not already in existence, or, if in existence, ill supplied.

Upon what scale he can do this we are ignorant, but we know that it is on no scale that can seriously threaten the Grand Alliance. It would be a far more serious thing if further neutral States in the Balkans were on account of the new move to join the enemy's side, but even they cannot munition at the rate required for modern artillery, and Germany and Austro-Hungary are already in the rate of munitionment surpassed by the Western Allies. They will throw nothing serious into the scale beyond what they have within the boundaries of their own fronts.

ON SEEING THINGS AS THEY ARE.

It has been the policy of this paper, and of my own contributions, to avoid any controversial matter and to attempt to present what is called "objective" or the historical truth only concerning the war; to provide a commentary of the events as they developed, and to explain by the use of maps and the interpretation of news what the various changes of the great campaign meant when reduced to ordinary language.

One is very reluctant to abandon such a rule, but the mood of the present moment renders it imperative to add a word which borders at least upon the boundary line of controversy. It would not be fulfilling the task of commenting justly upon the progress of the war to leave unnoticed the false impressions which have been reiterated the last few weeks, and which are now unfortunately beginning to bear their fruit of public discouragement and alarm among the civilian population in this country. One hears especially the complaint that the public is not "told the truth," and this complaint is directed towards the politicians and the Censorship. It is true that some politician or other will now and then make a foolish speech either violently alarmist, with the object of getting recruits, or going to the opposite extreme for some private reason. It is true that the Censorship—which is much milder in this country than in any other—occasionally blunders and is sometimes even fatuous.

But the principal element in the misleading of the public is not the occasional speeches of politicians or the occasional blunders of the Censorship, still less the necessary exercise of that essential part in the machinery of modern war. *The principal element in the misleading of the public is that section of the Press which deliberately spreads alarm and distrust because alarm and distrust are more sensational.*

I have read in one paper alone, and in one issue alone during the past week, such statements as that the German losses during the great offensive were only 40,000, and that the French line had been thrown back south of Tahure. These two perfectly definite falsehoods of the crudest type were quoted from so-called "neutral sources," and printed as "news" with which to feed the English public. How can anyone hope to have "the truth about the war" when the Censorship

allows stuff like that to be solemnly put before the public as the "lifting of the veil"? The German losses in front of the attacking Anglo-French lines in the two sections alone where the offensive has been pushed amount, *in counted dead alone*, to more than 40,000, in prisoners to nearly 30,000. The whole point of the elaborate and detailed description we have of the present French line in Champagne is the holding of the butte or knoll which lies in *front* of Tahure.

In the same paper and in the same issue I find an anonymous writer, quoting no official information, and apparently without even the capacity for judging a simple military situation, informing the public pompously that the offensive action of the English and French on the Western line was suspended and would probably not be attempted again this year. The first part of the statement was false and silly, the second part was a gratuitous piece of prophecy in a matter of which the writer could know nothing. The sole object was to be sensational and to alarm. A few lines further on the same worthy tells us that the enemy is far from having reached a balance against the Russians in Lithuania and that his offensive may be successfully renewed at any moment.

I say again, falsehoods of the sort that I have just quoted—crude and quite foolishly unreal, without base of fact or even deduction, and made anonymously in a very widely-read and substantial journal; silly prophecies of disaster, equally baseless—are the chief elements in that misunderstanding of the war which is becoming a really great danger (in this country only—such things are not tolerated elsewhere) and which it is the duty of all of us to check.

The same is true of suppression of fact, which is a form of falsehood as dangerous as any other. That detailed and comprehensive analysis of the enemy's numbers which has been the chief business of all sober students of the war, and particularly of the bureaux of the War Offices throughout Europe, is never presented by these journals to the general public; they are not allowed a conception of the enemy's true numerical position and its approaching decline. The Press of which I speak deliberately withholds—because it is not of a violent and sensational character—those elements upon which all sober judgment of the campaign is based.

The position of the great war is surely clear enough in its large lines. If we grasp those lines as a whole, we do not, indeed, see the future, for that is forbidden to man, but we have the elements of a sound judgment and we can see the trend, if not the end, of events.

The enemy's effectives cannot be maintained at their present strength beyond a date upon which the commanders of the Allies slightly differ, but which no one puts later than quite the early part of next year nor earlier than next month—November; and perhaps the close of that month.

That is the great cardinal fact of the moment. As against this the enemy keeps up but does not increase his production of munitions and equipment; while the Allies, not yet so much as in sight of a decline of their effectives, already his superiors in the rate of equipment and munitionment in the West, are increasing their rate of the same in the East.

Meanwhile, the enemy is throwing away

men more lavishly than ever because his Higher Command has decided that a violent expenditure of energy in this crisis is better policy than husbanding his remaining reserves. In connection with this policy, he has also created a new diversion, largely political, in the Balkans with some 5 per cent. of his forces, and could at the most, were his success complete in that direction, slowly train and still more slowly equip some unknown number—perhaps half a million—of men drawn from the subjects of the Turkish Empire. While this experiment is being made in the South-East of Europe he is being hammered continuously upon the Western line; he is losing great masses of men (for the equivalent of five army corps have gone in the last three weeks, allowing a proportion of 1 in 5 casualties for the dead); he is failing in exceedingly expensive counter-offensive strokes, and on the East he is at last held.

That is the situation as a whole, and the more steadily we bear it in mind and base our judgment upon it, the better for the nerves of the nation.

NOTE ON THE VULNERABILITY OF THE RAILWAY ABOVE NISH.

I owe my readers a correction of one statement made in last week's issue. The railway, above Nish is, as I am now informed by a correspondent, far more easily destroyed in the gorge of the Nisava than I had thought. There are several short tunnels, the walls are sheer, and the track is in many places hewn out of the rock. A very considerable delay could therefore be inflicted on the enemy's use of the line here, should he capture it, by judiciously placing blasting charges in this sector.

H. BELLOC.

THE BALTIC BLOCKADE.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

IDREW attention last week to the fact that at last our submarines in the Baltic were taking a leaf out of the German book and cutting off the supply ships plying between Sweden and the German ports. During the last few days the evidences of the activity of *E 19* and her consorts have multiplied in a gratifying manner. Six further transports have been sunk, and it is said that at least fifteen vessels laden with ore and so forth have been sent to the bottom after the safety of their crews had been provided for. Monday's *Times* contains a brief telegram from a correspondent in Washington saying that the State Department has hailed these proceedings at sea on the theory of a blockade.

It is several months since I took upon myself to suggest to friends at Whitehall that once Germany had begun using submarines to sink merchantmen it was quite unnecessary for us to leave ourselves open to the technical criticism that the blockade of Germany was incomplete because it left the Baltic ports open to the Swedish trade. So long as the civilised world seemed to take President Wilson's earlier line—viz., that the submarine was not the right kind of ship through which to exercise belligerent rights over merchant shipping—belligerent or neutral—there was obvious wisdom in our submarines refraining from German practices. But in the third *Lusitania* Note the President held up the humane proceedings of the submarine captains as a thing which had excited the gratified admiration of the world. Clearly after that there was no point to be gained in international controversy by leaving the Baltic trade undisturbed.

If the story of the Moen engagement is true, the British submarines are putting a very bold face upon their doings. One of them is represented as fighting a cruiser and two destroyers in the open, and, while exposed to the gunfire of all three, sinking one of the destroyers and putting the other two opponents to flight. The cheery

Hun who corrects the things unwelcome to Germany through the Amsterdam Press declares the whole story to be apocryphal. He suggests that a destroyer, which was sunk, hit a mine and not a submarine. Are we then to believe that the Russians have been laying mines so near to Kiel as this, or that we have torn another page from the German book and have sent mine-laying submarines into the Baltic, as well as fighting submarines? The fact of the destroyer being sunk is apparently not contradicted. Indeed, two have been claimed. But the Russian Admiralty is as secretive as Whitehall, and we should do well not to attach too much importance to isolated items of information, while taking note of the facts that such predominance as Germany possesses in the Baltic is being brought to a low military value, and that Sweden, as a source of supply of military stores, can no longer be relied upon.

The fact that the completion of the blockade of Germany is being made under the orders of Russia—though actually effected by British submarines—lends point to the argument put forward in these columns some weeks ago—viz., that we weaken any controversial case we may have with the United States by not establishing that our policy with regard to the control of the neutral trade with Germany is one in which all our Allies are jointly answerable with ourselves. It is perfectly clear, and always has been clear, that the Washington Government, while bound to defend its national traders, *so long as it can be asserted that they have the law on their side*, is most anxious not to seek or to press any cause of quarrel either with Great Britain or any other of the Allies. The United States have, after all, been within measurable distance of declaring war on Germany. It is a simple fact that war has been threatened, and the provocation that brought the threat was no technical breach of commercial rights, but hideous and undisguised outrage of the fundamental precepts of civilised humanity. There is no common term that covers a disputable

right to trade and an indisputable right to live. The points in issue between ourselves and the Americans may have caused much loss to planters, traders, and ship-owners; may have occasioned a great deal of irritation, and not a little very natural anger. But it is not this sort of controversy that will drive America into war, nor yet deflect the sympathy of a civilised Commonwealth from the Allies' effort to defend European civilisation. We are to remember, then, that if technical forms of offence can be avoided, we can go to almost any limit in inflicting practical disadvantages on individual American traders. The question is: have we done all that is possible to keep outside the limit of technical offence? The new campaign against the German trade in the Baltic goes far to clear up one important point of controversy.

But there is a second point that may ultimately prove of greater importance still. The American pacifists—some of them consciously, and all of them unconsciously—in co-operation with the Germans who are intriguing for peace at the German price, have made, and are now making, great play with the catchword "Freedom of the Seas." And the more clear it becomes that this country will in no circumstances agree to a limitation of the power of its Fleet in this, or in future wars, the greater the danger that the German-American pacifists, foiled in their larger policy, may try to strike at us through an unexpected quarter. What form this campaign may take, it is, perhaps, premature to discuss. The point to keep clear is this. Old memories of the Revolutionary War, and more recent memories of our treatment of Ireland, supply a ready-made body of opinion in America, always ready to give formal support to any anti-British party. In a moment like this, wise statesmanship, recognising that the policy of Washington is not the policy of a single man, but an interpretation of the general wishes of the community, would go far towards disarming the anti-British party by making the British cause appear no longer that of a single State, but the common cause of the whole Christian European community. The fact that the Baltic Blockade is being carried out by the Czar of Russia, and not by the King of England, surely supplies exactly the occasion that is needed for such a transformation as I suggest.

1805—1915.

One hundred and ten years ago, on the day of the month on which these pages are given to the reader, was fought the Battle of Trafalgar, the most decisive sea fight in history. On such a tremendous anniversary it is right to recall the glorious actions of our forebears and to dwell upon the lesson of their victory.

The year 1805 saw the beginning of the series of campaigns which were essentially Napoleon's own—that is, carried out by him as Emperor, the unquestioned autocrat of France. For a time during the summer it was doubtful if the blow would fall first on England or first on Austria. The preparations for an invasion of England were colossal and undisguised; but the failure of Villeneuve to get past the British squadrons into the Channel made it, by the early autumn, quite clear to Napoleon that the project was impossible, and he forthwith embarked upon the campaign

that ended at Austerlitz. The news of the defeat of the French by sea and of the Austrians on land came to England within very few days of each other. Austerlitz began a series of victories that in a few years made Napoleon the undisputed master of Europe. First Prussia, then Russia succumbed, either to his armies or to his diplomacy, and Italy, Spain, and Portugal were mastered by sheer prestige, threats, and unscrupulous intrigue.

Whatever faith the people of these islands had reposed in their victorious Navy, it must have been sorely tried when, in spite of victory, Great Britain was found to be alone, with all Europe—either allied with Napoleon or under his direct domination—arrayed against her. Our statesmen in those days have not been represented to us by historians as a particularly brilliant or inspired lot. The younger Pitt had died, despairing of Europe's future. We had no Chatham. The incomparable Nelson was dead. There was not an Admiral, nor, indeed, a General, with a career to give the public confidence. How many foresaw the beginning of the end in the popular risings of Portugal and Spain, to which a handful of British troops were lending support under the command of a man whose reputation was based solely upon Indian successes? Compared with the numbers at Napoleon's disposal, our force in Portugal was indeed "a contemptible little army." Compared to Napoleon's military renown, General Wellesley's repute was as nothing.

But the British command of the sea was a patent fact. It was her sea-power that turned the subservience of the conquered States to revolt, and made the Peninsular the focus of those who in every country had first dreamed and now dared act for liberty.

FACTOR OF SEA-POWER.

It was characteristic of Napoleon's genius that he had realised, even before he was First Consul, that just as Austria alone stood in the way of French domination of Europe, so it was England that blocked the French domination of the world. But he misconceived the character of Great Britain's Eastern Empire and failed to understand that world empire has its origin and can only exist through sea-power. Sea-power itself he only understood too late. He thought that if the British Eastern Empire fell, the task of conquering Europe would be simple. It is this that explains his invasion of Egypt. But by 1805 he had learned his lesson. He then knew that the heart of the British Empire was England and not India, and that that heart could only be struck if the British Fleet was either defeated or evaded for a period sufficiently long to permit of the blow going home. Barham's plans, following the traditional British strategy at sea, and brilliantly carried out by Nelson and his brother Admirals, made it impossible for Villeneuve's mixed fleet to enter and hold the Channel if only for the brief period that Napoleon thought sufficient for his plans. Trafalgar terminated the existence of that fleet. Thenceforward Napoleon, ever alive to the fact that Great Britain was the most formidable of his foes and seeing no hope of either beating her at sea or invading her without such a victory, tried to counter her sea-power and encompass her fall by the destruction of her trade. The principal use, then, of Napoleon's

European conquests was the power they gave him to forbid the subject or allied countries from trading with these islands.

To deprive all countries, including his own, of colonial products and the communities with undeveloped industries of British manufactures imposed a sacrifice that was found to be intolerable. It is not without interest that the first ruler to rebel against this tyranny was the aged Pontiff Pius VII. The disaffection of all Northern Europe and Russia with the Berlin decrees was general and undisguised: Spain rose in defence of liberty. Throughout the years of Napoleon's unquestioned military ascendancy Great Britain, with her Navy and her trading ships, thus became the symbol of freedom in the struggle against tyranny. What had been the cry of the Revolutionary armies now became the watchword of the enemies of France. Alone of the countries of Europe Great Britain had not been and could not be invaded. Alone amongst them she not only maintained but increased her wealth; alone amongst them she kept the will and the means to carry on an unrelenting, though seemingly hopeless, struggle. Not that peace might not have been made had we been willing to compromise on the liberties of Europe. But to our statesmen's credit be it said, an inconclusive peace seemed to them worse than continued unsuccess in war; and it seemed worse because they knew that in a fight between sea-power and land-power it was the former that must prevail, if only for *the reason that sea force can be kept at full strength without exhausting national resources in wealth and men, while land force, if fighting is continuous, must in time exhaust both. And so it happened that, though Trafalgar was fought ten years before, Waterloo was truly the purpose, the completion, and the crown of the work of Barham and of Nelson.*

A PARALLEL LESSON.

Surely all these things are well called to memory now. The German Navy has not met its Trafalgar, but for the purposes of the war it is as effectively locked up in the waters round Heligoland as ever were the remnants of the French Fleet in the roads of Aix after Trafalgar. Even if we had a Cochrane who could destroy the German Fleet beyond its defences, his victory would add nothing to the completeness of our sea command. So far as the sea is concerned, then, the Central Powers to-day stand where Napoleon stood for the ten years between Trafalgar and his final fall. But there the parallel ends, for from the beginning of the 1805 campaign to the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon's military course was a dazzling succession of complete and seemingly final victories, which even the retreat from Moscow could not immediately dim. The seaboard of the Mediterranean, from Cattaro to Gibraltar, was in his hands, and the seaboard of the Atlantic, of the Channel, and of the North Sea from Gibraltar to the Sound. Austria and Prussia had been crushed. Russia, right up to the last invasion, was in the Napoleonic Alliance. All Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Holland had been annexed.

What can the Central Powers show against this to-day? A devastated Belgium, ten departments of France, Poland, Courland, a mere strip of Eastern Russia. So much for her conquests.

Her Allies are Bulgaria and Turkey, each divided against themselves; each brought into the alliance by the seduction of their Governments and not by the choice of their peoples, so that — like Napoleon's virtual annexation of Spain through Court intrigue—both alliances may yet prove greater sources of weakness than of strength. But the territories that have been raided and are now held, and the help of the not very significant Powers that have been cajoled or bullied into co-operation, are none of them the fruits of any true military victory. Not a single Allied army—not even the Belgian—has been conquered and put out of action.

That war has been made at all, and the kind of war that has been made, are both things deliberately planned by Germany. And the most hopeful of all the factors in the present situation is this, that the kind of war Germany has chosen to make is the kind that exhausts most rapidly the national resources in men. She had hoped to counter this waste by a superior organisation of national resources for the manufacture and supply of guns and munitions, thus producing an irresistible engine of war that would do its work so rapidly that the whole thing would be over and victory assured before the danger point in the loss of men had been reached. But once mass and momentum had failed to get the decision, then the issue of the war became a question of endurance. For this endurance two things are required—the *necessary* complement of men and a *superior* equipment in apparatus and material. For a year the advantage of having both has been overwhelmingly with the enemy—and without bringing him victory. But the sea-power of Great Britain, protecting us from invasion, has kept our manufacturing capacity intact, and secures its supplies and raw material from the world over. It has kept open the ports of Russia and France as well as our own. All the Allies then have equal access to what the neutral nations can make for us. The sea-power, and the British intervention on land, which was its firstfruit, have given all the Allies *time* to organise their industries to counterbalance the huge German war production. Had the British Fleet done no more than to contribute time to the Allies, it would have been enough to secure victory; for while the war continues the wastage of men goes on, and the resources of the Allied Powers in men ultimately available are to the resources of the enemy nearly, two to one.

If Waterloo was the inevitable fate of the greatest of the world's conquerors when opposed by an invincible navy, what is the fate of the unvictorious Central Powers of to-day, faced by the same insuperable sea-power and by unconquered and superior armies as well? If we keep the obvious facts of the case and the broad lessons of history and experience before us, we shall realise that the margin of power on the Allies' side is great enough to allow of even such disastrous blunders as the naval attempt to take the Dardanelles and all its consequential losses, and still leave us the assurance of final and probably not very distant victory.

A. H. POLLEN.

Mr. Pollen will lecture on behalf of naval and military charities at Llanelli, October 22; Macclesfield, October 26; Essex Hall, W.C., October 28.

BAGDAD.

By Sir Thomas Holdich.

BAGHDAD (which is the generally accepted spelling of the name) is some two hundred miles by river, and probably half that distance by road, from the most advanced position held by the British field force at Kut al Amara, on the Tigris. Until recently it was supposed to be a purely Mohammedan city, founded by the Caliph Al Mansur about the year 762 A.D., near to the site of the ancient capital of the Sassanids, Ctesiphon. It was discovered, however, to occupy the position assigned to a yet more ancient city, of which the Babylonian records apparently preserve the name as Bagdad, and there seems no good reason for adopting any variation of that name. It was undoubtedly the centre of the civilised world as long as the Caliphate lasted. The early history of Bagdad is the history of the East. The city has changed hands many times, and has suffered many things from Mongol, Tartar, and Persian, only falling finally into the hands of the Ottoman Turk in the year 1638 A.D., when most of its inhabitants were massacred. This was nearly two centuries after the Turks had established a European nationality and Constantinople attained supremacy as the capital of the Turkish Empire. Constantinople is now but a frontier town, and Bagdad, which has never parted with its halo of special sanctity in the eyes of the Asiatic Moslem, is of rising importance as a possible future capital should Constantinople be lost to Islam.

Architecture.

Bagdad is a much spread out city occupying both banks of the Tigris, the area of the city on the left bank being about five times that on the right. A bridge of boats connects the two parts. A brick wall, in various stages of disrepair, surrounds the whole city, and is by way of serving the purposes of defence over a length of five miles. There are towers and gates at intervals, and there may possibly be by this time a certain number of useful guns emplaced in them. What the exact dispositions for defence may be is, of course, known only to our enemies, but the brick wall is, in itself, no useful defensive feature, in spite of the fact that parts of it consist of most excellent masonry. The main streets, or bazaars, are wide and full of the business of the Turks, Arabs, Persians, Indians, Jews, and Christians who crowd the thoroughfares; and there are so many gardens that from a distance trees seem almost to predominate over buildings. And yet, with all its wealth of ancient history and romantic tradition, there is hardly an architectural feature in Bagdad that is worth looking at. The tomb of Zobeide, the wife of Mansur, is by far the most impressive object on the right bank of the river, where its conical dome is ever conspicuous in the landscape; but amongst the palaces, residences, masjids, and public buildings there is nothing that rises above the commonplace, and much that is absolutely ugly.

Chequered History.

This, no doubt, is due to the chequered nature of Bagdad's history, which has not tended to architectural embellishments of a public character, although many of the private residences are charming in their adaptations of simple Oriental design. European life in this Arabic centre is more than tolerable; there is a delightful sociability in an admixture of nationalities where all are dominated by the same love of the artistic. European ladies must be veiled when they move abroad, but the veil is often but a flimsy subterfuge, and merely brings them into line with the simple, sober, and almost dull appearance that distin-

guishes the restless people of this town of bright sunshine and deep shadow. The Tigris rolls a wide red stream between its banks at Bagdad, and carries a local traffic indicated by Arab craft, with ill-constructed rafts, round coracles of gophir wood, "pitched within and without" (most difficult to navigate by the unpractised hand), and the few flat-bottomed steamers that a Turkish firm runs from Basra. These are laden, for a great part, with the corpses of good Persians of the Shiah sect who desire to be buried at Kerbela, seventy miles south of Bagdad and to the west of Babylon. There are the tombs of Hassan and Hosein, and the ultimate hope of everlasting peace is to rest within sight of the dome-covered mausoleum of these worthy martyrs. Along the great high road from Bagdad to Kerbela long caravans of camels and ponies tread deep ruts into the sandy soil as they jolt their unconscious burdens to their last journey's end. It is a weird form of traffic, but most remunerative. There is also to be seen on the bosom of the ruddy stream the smart official launch of the British Resident lying off the Residency landing-place. There is nothing to prevent a well-equipped force of 15,000 to 20,000 men, supported by armoured motor-cars and a light-draught flotilla, from occupying Bagdad without serious opposition, provided, of course, that strong Turkish reinforcements are not sent to the assistance of the original Mesopotamian garrison of about 50,000 Turks (now considerably reduced) which is all that Turkey can afford to detach from the field of action in Europe and Asia Minor. All such assistance would have to be sent from Constantinople, and Constantinople is about as far from Bagdad for military purposes as is Bombay.

The Railway.

At least 1,300 miles of indifferent communications intervene between the two cities, passing by mountains, rivers and plains, and encountering serious obstacles over the greater part of this distance. Railway development has overcome them on some sections of the route—the beginning of that through line which, by linking up Constantinople with the head of the Persian Gulf, is hereafter to serve as the German highway to India. From Constantinople the railway service may be accepted now as complete for military purposes for 500 miles, as far as the foot of the Taurus Mountains. Here tunnel-driving has hardly commenced, and the southern foot of the range is only to be reached by a road which passes over 8,000 feet of altitude. Such a road may be blocked for months by snow. Through Cilicia the line is open again to the Amanus Mountains. The tunnel here is driven half-way through (according to the estimate of Mr. D. G. Hogarth, who read an interesting paper on the subject before the Royal Geographical Society on April 26 last), but the hard nature of the rock lately encountered has reduced progress in boring so considerably that it can only now be reckoned by inches, and will certainly not be completed before the end of the war. There are two roads across the Amanus, by both of which the Turks are reported to have transported big guns, stores, and ammunition. From near Aleppo the main line bears north-east to the Euphrates at Djerabis. A steel bridge now spans the river, and it is probable that by this time the line is laid for 100 to 150 miles down the river valley. From this point to Bagdad it would be impossible to follow the Euphrates (which is only twenty-five miles distant from the Tigris opposite Bagdad) on account of swamps and cultivation, and a much easier route is presented by the two-hundred-mile trek across the hard sand and gravel of Mesopotamia to Mosul, on the Tigris. From Mosul the Tigris waterway can be utilised by rafting, and this is the route by which Bagdad is now supplied with stores, ammunition, and guns. Before

any serious attempt can be made for the recovery of Mesopotamia, or a second invasion of Egypt can be undertaken through Syria, Constantinople must be largely reinforced from Germany, assisted by the Balkan States.

German Influence.

Germany must establish her right of way through Serbia with no fear of interference from contiguous States. It is not impossible that she will accomplish this. Whatever line of action the sympathies of the Balkan States may dictate to their people, the logic of facts will be too strong to resist. With nothing but the narrow outlook of local military success to guide them they are almost bound to estimate the strength of Germany as overpowering. But if Germany thus should advance to Constantinople with an ultimate view of thereby securing a right of way to the East, what may we expect to be the effect on the military instincts or the religious sentiments of the Mohammedan population of India? I venture to think that the effect would be insignificant. An official occupation by Germany of the capital of her ally would inevitably widen the breach and increase the growing dislike of the Turks for German predominance in Constantinople, which they already detest. The fact that the Sultan (who, as a European potentate, would have little influence out of his capital) was officially under the German thumb would not increase his diminishing prestige, and Turkish detestation of Germany would be reflected throughout the Moslem world. Such effect as the call to arms of India's Mohammedan troops to fight against the "holy" Turk may have had on their religious sentiments is already lessening. It has not been great, but it has not been by any means negligible.

The Factor of Religion.

As might have been expected, it has been greatest amongst the most fanatical; and the most fanatical Mohammedans in India are ever those who are the latest to embrace the Moslem faith and the most under the domination of the Mullah—that is to say, the men of frontier and transfrontier tribes bordering Afghanistan. The Bengali Mohammedan is not a fighting man, whilst the educated Punjabi Mohammedan is seldom a religious fanatic, and thus it happens that it is only those who bring with them from the border mountains of India the sacred flame of religious intolerance who, whilst they have no objection to a free fight against their own kith and kin, are now and then overcome with scruples about the sanctity of the Turk. The occupation of Constantinople by the German, if it inspired any religious sentiment at all, would probably rouse the whole Mohammedan population of India (who think anything at all about the war) with an earnest determination to turn him out. It is to guard against this that German agents have so carefully represented the Kaiser to be a Mohammedan. Nor from the military point of view should the effect much affect Mohammedan sentiment. The Eastern outlook hardly extends to the Balkans. It may reach Egypt, but hardly beyond. What the Mohammedan soldier in India knows about the German is that when he met him in China, years ago, he was but an inferior sort of "sahib," ever in difficulties. He knows, too, that the German has now been turned out of China, that he has been badly beaten in Africa, that his propaganda in India and in the Straits led to nothing useful, and that in Egypt and in Mesopotamia he has met (through his ally, the Turk) with nothing but disaster, and he further has the testimony of those who have returned from the Far West, and who now live to recount their experiences, that when the British soldier meets the German the latter usually gets the worst of it. It is not to be expected that the Indian Sepoy will give much study to the question of sea-power. If he did, he would also learn that England already holds Germany by the throat, no matter what she may do on

land. In short, it may be taken as probable that the British occupation of Bagdad would impress the Mohammedan soldier far more than any German jugglery with Constantinople.

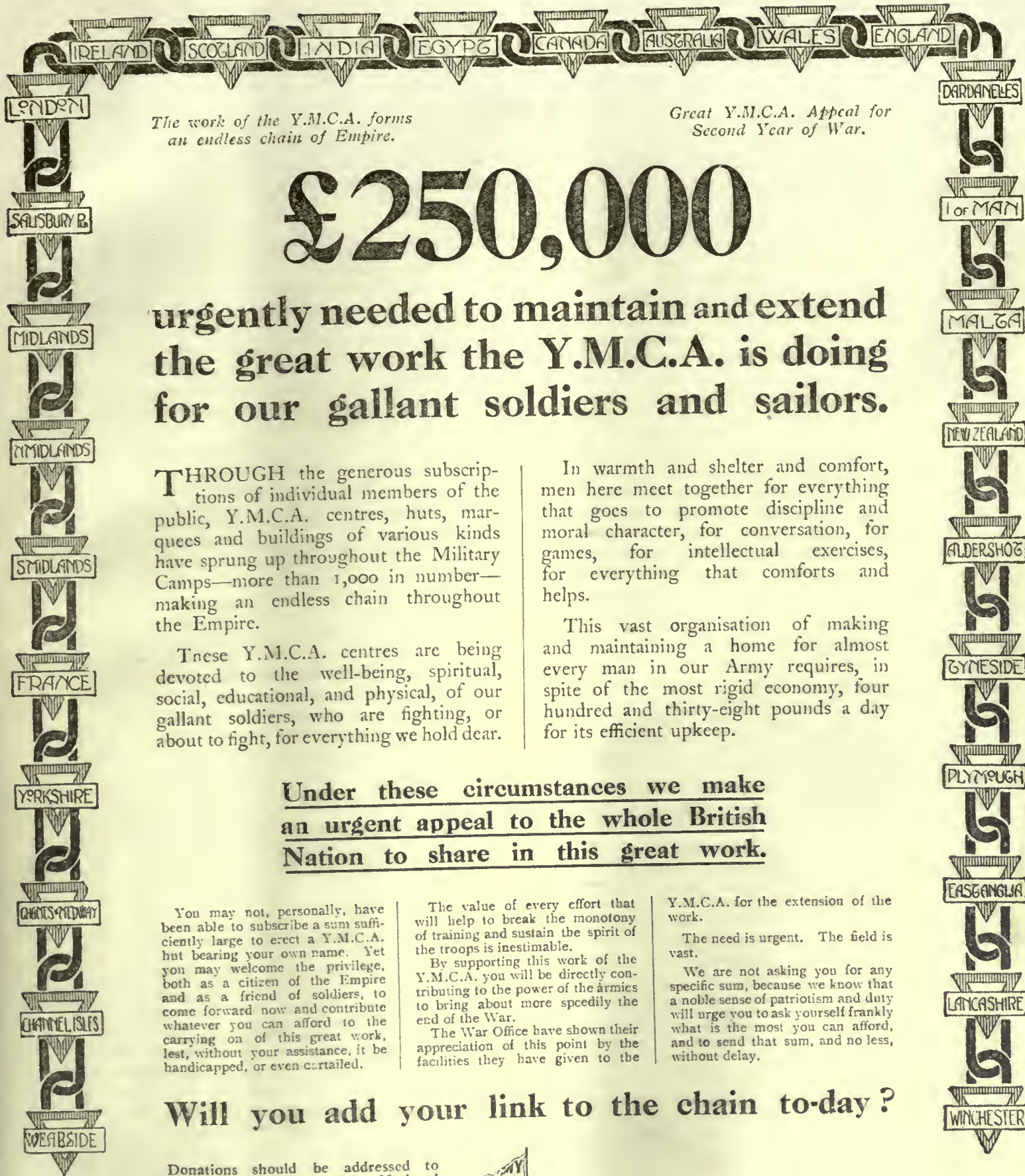
When Germany started her propaganda in India, making what use she could of the bubbling sedition which was fairly widespread in the Punjab and the North-West, she imitated the early efforts of her own missionaries and got hold of quite the wrong people. Her friends were, as a rule, of a disreputable and discredited class, and the result was that a local insurrection which might have been very important was quelled without much difficulty. The course of the war has had (so I gather from what I believe to be excellent authority) its influence on other communities of the Indian public than the Mohammedans, but it would be a great mistake to attribute anything of the character of a religious sentiment to such influences. The two principal centres of perennial sedition are to be found in Bengal in the east and amongst the Mahratta Brahmins in the west. On both sides it is a trade—a means of subsistence—which unfortunately pays. But neither the Bengali nor the Mahratta would matter much so long as his miserable efforts did not touch the Army. That is the only danger. It goes without further saying that in the native Army the Sikhs rank high as a fighting class, and it is precisely in this class that the danger is greatest, for the Sikh, who is a thick-headed though sturdy individual, imagines that he has a grievance, and a grievance is always an excellent basis for a wily sedition-monger to work on.

Views of the Sikh.

Whatever may have been the nature of the original Sikh grievance, there is no doubt about two things. Firstly, the Sikh had acquired quite an undue appreciation of his own military importance as compared with the European. There was just this much justification for this attitude, that in our little frontier wars, where most of the game is played in difficult mountain regions, the native is undoubtedly more at home than is the British soldier, and he may be, and often is, called upon to help the latter out of a difficult position. This accretion of wind in the head was not easy to deal with. Another point, amounting, perhaps, to a real grievance, was that as a British subject he was not allowed to enter a British colony. If a Sikh is asked to fight, then grievances vanish as the mists of the morning. And the Sikhs *have* fought. The glorious story of the 14th Sikhs will be as imperishable in the records of Gallipoli as that of the 36th in Tirah. And now Sikhs are returning wounded to their villages about Amritsar, and they tell the tale of their experiences to the village elders and old soldiers of past frontier wars. A named warrior has been heard to say, "I tell you you know nothing about it. You cannot conceive what it is to face a European enemy in the long, shell-swept trenches. We should have no chance against modern European artillery in India." This is all very well. It restores the balance of military prestige as between European and native and removes indefinitely the remote contingency of India being taken from us by Indians. But there is another side to the matter. The limping cavalryman who has had his turn at trench work is apt to depress and check the youthful aspirations of the young recruits and to foment resentment amongst the old soldiers. This wants careful watching.

T. II. HOLDICH.

Mr. Ian C. Hannah, author of *Arms and the Map* (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net), is concerned mainly with the principle of nationality and the need for defining national boundaries in such a way as to make Irredentist campaigns, such as that of Italy, unnecessary. The present Governmental boundaries of Europe, differing so widely from the racial boundaries, have been the cause of much trouble in Europe before the war, and this book, outlining the need for defining boundaries in accord with the racial tendencies of peoples rather than as suits the wills of princes, deals with a question of international importance. The subject is ably summarised in the space at the author's disposal.



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9

THE INFLUENCE OF PRUSSIA.

By L. March Phillipps.

AMONG the tyrannies we are fighting, Germany, we must remember, is *par excellence* the thinking tyrant. It is her pre-eminence in this direction which has given her her ascendancy over her Allies.

Turkey and Austria, by blind instinct or by a governing tradition which has become second nature, are equally pledged to the autocratic principle, but it has never occurred to either of them to justify that principle formally as a philosophy of life, to think out, as it were, the ethics of tyranny. Turkish tyranny is simply the tyranny of barbarism. Turkey has got stuck in that stage of development, thanks to her adoption of the Moslem faith, for it may be remarked as a curious fact that no people who have once passed under the spell of the greatest autocratic religion of the world have ever issued from the barbaric phase, or ever attained the intellectual and spiritual ideas of a genuine civilisation. Austrian tyranny, on the other hand, is no more than the tyranny of expediency, the resort to which a Government is driven which, placed in the difficult position of having to reconcile many conflicting racial claims and possessing no constructive ideal to put in practice, relapses into the habit of using the stronger elements of the community to police the weaker, and thus out of internal oppression and discord evolves some appearance of outward order and a superficial unity.

Neither of these examples of autocracy in being possesses the slightest intellectual interest. Neither of them is in any sense a gospel, a theory, a philosophy. Neither of them reasons or thinks. From neither of them can any answer, good or bad, to the question how to govern be derived. Germany stands on a different footing. She is destined to dominate and absorb, and is indeed at the present moment visibly absorbing, her more ignorant and vacillating Allies, simply because she can supply them with a reasoned theory of action. All nations need such a theory, failing which their policy and conduct become a mere inconsequent and incoherent babbling without a purpose or an end, but neither Turkey nor Austria could supply such a theory for themselves. It was Germany who met the demand.

German thinkers, German philosophers and professors set themselves to construct an intellectual system vindicating and, indeed, glorifying the instinct of domination and the claim of might to be its own justification. The steps and degrees by which the system was elaborated need not here concern us. Much has been written about it. The reader is aware of the part played by German thought in the hands of men like Delbrück the professor, Treitschke the historian, Liliencron the poet, Nietzsche the philosopher, Von Bernhardt the soldier. He is aware, too, of the sudden change in the current of that thought and of the curious unanimity with which a united Germany, once it had received the impress of the Prussian ascendancy, set itself to idealise the very forces it had hitherto repudiated. From Hegel, Herder, Lessing, Kant, and Goethe to the names we have just mentioned, what a step! The Prussian influence in the material sphere is natural and explicable, but more striking still has its effect been in the intellectual sphere. Nevertheless by these means the Prussian gospel of might was elaborated, was wrought into a reasoned philosophy. And it is as the result of this operation that her unthinking Allies hang upon her for support. We see the physical side of the transaction, the help given by a stronger power. But let us not forget that Germany herself owes her strength to her confidence in her own philosophy. Germany's belief that she has thought the whole thing out, her trust in her own Kultur, her own theory of rule and statecraft,

is not only the secret of her Allies' belief in her, but is the secret also of her belief in herself.

Individual View.

Of the philosophy of might thus emanating out of Prussia, absorbing Germany, and dominating the alliance I have one remark to make. We see the Prussian theory, as it were, from the outside, as a force which affects the world. Its threatening and aggressive aspect is, therefore, that which immediately strikes us. But seen from the inside, not self-assertion but self-sacrifice seems the keynote of it. The German citizen does not argue out the final result, or concern himself with the fact that individual acts of self-sacrifice may in the aggregate, collected into a national policy, amount to a prodigious act of tyranny and self-assertion.

This, it is quite safe to say, is the position of the average German citizen soldier who to-day is giving up his life for his Fatherland. He does not see, it never occurs to him that the power which calls for such sacrifice may itself be unworthy, that to turn the State into a moral law and the welfare of the State into a final justification of conduct is to prostitute the spiritual sense to a material purpose.

To view it thus helps us, I think, to grasp the present situation, and especially to understand the influence which Germany is exerting. The Prussian theory, that the State is absolute and that armed might is the natural mode of development and progress, has emanated from a set of circumstances peculiar to Prussia herself. It was the intellectual justification of conditions which had been long in existence. It is needless to point out how adapted the history of Prussia has been to a growth of this kind. This corner of Europe, bleak and desolate, appears to have been set aside, with its grim Hohenzollern dynasty, to work out slowly in practice and then enunciate as a philosophy a theory of governing having absolutism for its end.

A Tyrant Philosophy.

For generations—nay, for centuries—the practical work of running a State on these lines was carried on. Through all changes and revolutions in Europe Prussia stood firm for despotism. Constitutional ideas, elsewhere progressing, broke on her frontiers in vain. All other thrones might totter, but the Hohenzollern dynasty stood like a rock. And now, in our time, Prussia preaches what she has so long practised. She, the tyrant State of Europe, out of her long experience and exercise in that kind of government, produces for the world's consideration a tyrant philosophy. I do not believe we at all understand as yet the significance of that event. To do so we should have to realise the depths to which the cause of reaction in Europe had sunk, precisely owing to the fact that it possessed no intellectual backbone or framework of reason to support it. Since France, after many vacillations, declared for freedom and a constitutional government, the idea of absolutism in any shape or form became intellectually untenable. Tyranny was thought of as synonymous with stupidity. So much was this the case, so fully was liberty felt to imply the dawn of a new light and tyranny the sinking back into the old darkness, that the words progressive and reactionary became the common terms to divide the two parties. A more fatal state of things from the point of view of tyranny could not be imagined. Almost any form of cleverness can be made something of, but no one has any use for a fool. Since Italy and France joined England on the Constitutional side to

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declare oneself on the side of tyranny has been
equivalent in the eyes of Europe to a declaration of
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Despotism Rejuvenated.

The consequence of this for the tyrant nations was
appalling. Tyranny in its cruder form, Turkish tyranny,
was everywhere attacked with a new and terrible energy,
not only as oppressive but as the chief obstacle to pro-
gress and light, while Austria's vain attempts to bully or
cajole the several States within her borders, in total
ignorance of the nature of their aspirations, drew down
upon her the contempt of all who were in touch with the
trend of modern political ideas. But in both cases, at the
root equally of the savage Turkish brutality and the weak
Austrian vacillation, lies the fatal absence of ideas, the
threadbare intellectualism, the entire lack of any guid-
ance from reason and thought which, since the Franco-
Italian decision, had settled like a blight on the auto-
cratic cause. Tyranny during those years seemed dying
of its own stupidity.

To grasp this is to hold the secret of the immense
influence which Prussia has come to exercise. The
Prussian theory, the Prussian State philosophy, has
gone far to re-establish the intellectual credit of tyranny
in Europe. Every tyrant now can make himself feel
that he, too, has his ideas; that he, too, is marching to-
wards the light; that a definite constructive purpose
underlies his conception of government. The result has
been extraordinary. Every despotic influence on the
earth's surface dilates, pricks up its ears, and assumes
a haughtier accent and more authoritative gait.

Modern German thought speaks to tyrants all the
world over. Let us not because in our ears its accents
are odious ignore its effect on kindred minds. The
inconceivable arrogance of the theory and the degrada-
tion of the spiritual sense implied in its glorification of
a material issue are negligible defects compared to the
fact that it does offer that most essential attribute in all
human endeavour, wanting which, indeed, no coherent
endeavour is possible at all—I mean a definite inward
purpose and an intellectual plan of action. Prussia, to
face the philosophy of freedom, has brought forth this
philosophy of tyranny. Prussia alone is the enemy.

One of the most interesting works of fiction based on
events of the present war is Carlton Dawe's *The Super-Bar-
barians* (John Lane, 6s.), which aims at giving us an insight
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Mr. Carlton Dawe shows us the German as he is, the disciple
of culture, with childlike faith in his all-highest Emperor.
Whether the analysis of character here given is the result
of study from life among Germans, or whether it is a deduc-
tion from recent hearsay evidence, it would be difficult to
say, but we incline to the latter view, since so much that is
insisted on has been revealed during the present war.

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marine and at the submarine base, and the exploits of *U40*
form the theme of some exciting adventures for two young
English prisoners. A "love interest" is not wanting, and
the whole goes to the making of an exceedingly readable
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In *Military Odds and Ends* (A. J. Brown, Brid-
lington, 1s. net), while making no claim to originality, Lieut-
enant Birch has taken from many sources the material for
a handy little encyclopædia of information on military sub-
jects. There are hints on interior economy and hygiene, on
guards and piquets, on drill and discipline; there is a list
of definitions of military terms, and a selection of paragraphs
from King's Regulations—and there is Kipling's "If ——" as
an epilogue. The only desirable adjunct that one misses
is an index, and we trust that the author will provide one in
any future editions of this very useful little book.

The first of a series of articles on "Tariffs" in the
October number of *Kelly's Monthly Trade Review* deals with
questions of general interest at the present time in clear and
enlightening fashion. We commend this article to the notice
of our readers, especially such as are interested in the future
of British commerce and the best ways to ensure its prosperity.

BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

The Works of Aphra Behn. Edited by M. Summers. (W. Heinemann and A. H. Bullen.) Six Volumes. £3 3s. net.

It is strange to note in passing that this is the first complete edition of the works of Aphra Behn that has been published, especially when one reflects on the controversy and interest that the work of this pioneer woman writer has aroused for over two centuries. Macaulay, stern critic as he was, placed her on a level with Defoe; Miss Kavanagh, imbued with the true mid-Victorian spirit, found her "tainted to the very core," and even Dr. Doran said that "no one equalled this woman in downright nastiness save Ravencroft and Wycheley. . . . With Dryden she vied in indecency and was not overcome," but a respect for truth forces from him the confession that she was never dull. Pope's couplet concerning her work, too well known to need quotation here, consorts ill with some of his own work, notably his translations from Ovid.

Such a publication as this, however, is above mere criticism, either of the past or of the present, for it is a serious contribution to literature, and many of the works which it embodies form a definite and witty commentary on the history of the Restoration period. Licentious the work certainly is, but no more so than that of many of the lady's contemporaries—Pope might have found many names beside that of Astrea with which to complete his couplet. The ardent moralist might object—and does frequently object—that the language of Shakespeare is loose and indecent, but the broader-minded critic sees that the language is consistent with the period in which the work was done, and it is the spirit of the work that counts. And, when one comes to the spirit and lesson of these plays that held the town when Charles the Merry ruled, they compare not unfavourably with many present-day comedies that run beyond the hundredth night without a protest from the prudish section of the public. The twentieth century has learned to wrap up the grossnesses that the seventeenth century presented baldly. Spades as such have gone out of fashion since Mrs. Behn lived and wrote.

She is the first Englishwoman, of whom definite record has come to us, who lived by her pen, and it stands greatly to her credit that she made a success of a sequel, a thing in which most writers fail. Her wit, sufficient to keep her memory alive through more than two centuries, is of a quality that any woman writer of to-day might envy, and this in her novels as well as in her plays. Many of the stabs of her contemporary critics were inspired by political animosities, and much of the venom that has been spent on her in later times is due to the prudery and surface morality that would have damned Swinburne, that has crippled Havelock Ellis's work, and that would elamour for an expurgated edition of the Bible itself.

The issue of such a work as this, in such a time, is a courageous act, and one on which the publishers, as well as the very able editor, are to be congratulated. Students of the later Stuart period, either of its history or its literature, will welcome these volumes, issued in such a way as to remove all suspicion of other than purely literary interest, and ranking among the chief literary productions not only of the year but of the present decade.

"The Victorians." By Netta Syrett. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 6s.

Rose Cottingham, the heroine of Miss Syrett's book, starts life by despising her betters—her grandmother, her

governess, and her friends. Certainly the restricted "Victorian" life she is compelled to lead fosters the feeling, but she continues this contempt for her fellow-mortals throughout her school career, which is the principal theme of the book. The dominating personality of the headmistress is thinly veiled—she will be recognised by many.

Rose, it need hardly be said, is not among her admirers, and, indeed, she stands aloof from all but the most advanced theorists of the time. We gather that this is the first of yet another serial issue of novels, and that in future volumes Rose is intended to be an exponent of the budding woman's movement. If her literary talents are to be developed along such self-seeking lines as she advocates and embodies, she will not be a successful exponent of the growth of the movement.

"An Untamed Territory." By Elsie R. Masson. (Macmillan and Co.) 6s.

A breezy, spirited account of the northern territory of Australia is embodied in these pages, and one's chief cause of complaint on laying the book aside is that there is not more of it. The black fellows, the dwindling Chinese element, and the scattered white population are all made real and alive, and the illustrations scattered through the book do illustrate the text, being well-composed and well-chosen photographs. There are in the text descriptions of the early settlements and word-pictures of modern life in Port Darwin and up-country, while in the account of the first motor-car trip that was ever made through the bush of the northern territory there is a spice of real adventure.

Although it cannot be counted as a weighty contribution to the literature on Australasia, the book is well written, very interesting, and noteworthy for a mass of useful information regarding the life of the tiny colony that has sprung up round the northern end of the overland telegraph.

"Beltane the Smith." By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson Low and Co.) 6s.

There are those who think that Mr. Jeffery Farnol has surpassed Hewlett in his exposition of the possibilities of romantic literature, and there is much in *Beltane* to strengthen the opinion, albeit some readers will perchance weary, forsooth, of much mediæval dialogue between Beltane and the rest.

It is, however, a book from which the proverbial dull page is missing, a ringing story of gallant deeds in armour, of knights that ride abroad in true Tennysonian fashion, and with the desired happy ending to cap the thrills. It smacks of *Forest Lovers* style a little, and it is eminently a book to read and enjoy, one that will make for its author new readers and new friends.

"Nights in Town." By Thomas Burke. (George Allen and Unwin.) 7s. 6d. net.

Many books have been written on London since Besant set himself to the task; few writers have given us clearer, stronger pictures of London nights than Mr. Burke gives in this volume. Here are all sorts of nights: a Russian night in Stepney, a "basher's" night in Hoxton, an art night in Chelsea, a Chinese night down Limehouse way, a worker's night in the Isle of Dogs, and even a miserable night and a happy night.

One is tempted to quote from the book. Its pictures of London by-night are vivid and clear-cut, its wit is genuine, and its humour is really funny, while here and there a little touch of fear or tragedy or grief stands out sharply. The book is patchworked as is life itself, and thus its sketches are very real. Mr. Burke knows his London and loves it with the love of the true Cockney. He knows, too, how to transmit his knowledge to others. Avoiding the preciousness and superciliousness characteristic of so many who have tried to write London, he sets down forcefully and well the things he knows and has seen. The result is more than interesting. It is literature.

A sixpenny pamphlet entitled *Conscription, National Service*, published by the Newspaper Publicity Co., of 61, Fleet Street, contains a handy and concise summary of the problem of conscription in this country, and outlines and compares Continental systems. We commend the pamphlet to the attention of those interested in the question, either from the voluntary or conscriptionist standpoint, for the arguments which it contains are presented in clear, unbiassed fashion, with a view to national rather than party issues.

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The King and Queen had lovely weather for their short holiday in Norfolk. The country is beautiful in its autumn garb, especially under the wonderful sunshine which we have been enjoying. When at York Cottage, His Majesty had one or two days' shooting. And immediately on his return to town he was greeted by a *battue* against other winged fowl—obscene night fowl.

The Duchess of Albany has been staying at Harrogate, which is enjoying an exceptional autumn season. Others who have been at this bracing Yorkshire watering-place lately include Lady Wimborne, Lady Chelmsford, Lord Tredegar, Sir Ernest and Lady Cable, and Sir Keith Fraser. The air at Harrogate is glorious on sunny autumn days.

Princess Arthur of Connaught is making a very good recovery after the operation for appendicitis. This is only to be expected, for Her Royal Highness has always led a very healthy, open-air life. Her tastes, like those of her august uncle, turn to sport. She is very fond of fishing, rides, and can drive a motor. The fifteenth of this month was the second anniversary of her wedding day. Prince Arthur came home from France last week.

Lord Redesdale, whose book of reminiscences has just been published, was a close friend of King Edward, who more than once paid a visit to Batsford, where the gardens are famous. It is as an horticulturist that Lord Redesdale is most widely known, and for some of the best scenic effects in Hyde Park the public is indebted to him. But he has also placed readers under a debt of gratitude

by his "Tales of Old Japan." He was for fifteen years in the Diplomatic services and had experience of Petrograd, Berlin, and Tokio. Five and twenty years after leaving Japan he returned to it in the suite of Prince Arthur of Connaught, who on behalf of King Edward conferred the Order of the Garter on the Emperor of Japan. There are few Englishmen living, who have enjoyed so many interesting experiences.

The latest rose discovered by horticulturists has the patriotic title of "National Emblem" and is of a dark crimson colour. It won a certificate of merit at the Rose Show, and will be welcomed by many people because it promises to be a hardy bloom, and not delicate as too many beautiful new kinds of roses are.

If one goes to the Louis Quatorze restaurant of the Piccadilly Hotel for luncheon these days, one is certain of running up against friends, for every day every table is occupied. It has come to be a special favourite of fashion; the vogue of the Piccadilly grill room is as great as ever, not even in peace time has a big restaurant been more consistently patronised. There is some special fascination about it that attracts. Its situation, of course, is admirable. The Piccadilly generally furnishes an excellent illustration of how strongly the restaurant habit is established.

On Saturday afternoon the second ballad concert of the winter takes place at Queen's Hall. The first one was one of the best ever given in this famous home of music; it was a strong and long programme, but it was carried through quickly; there were no drags; nor too many

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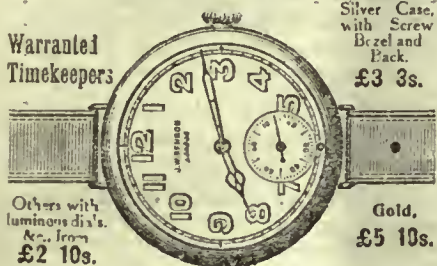


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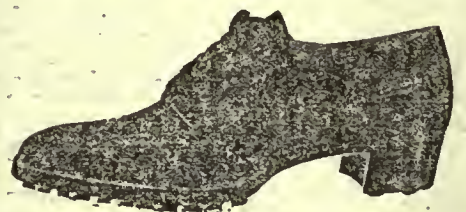
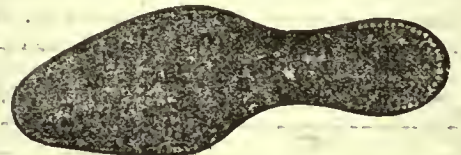
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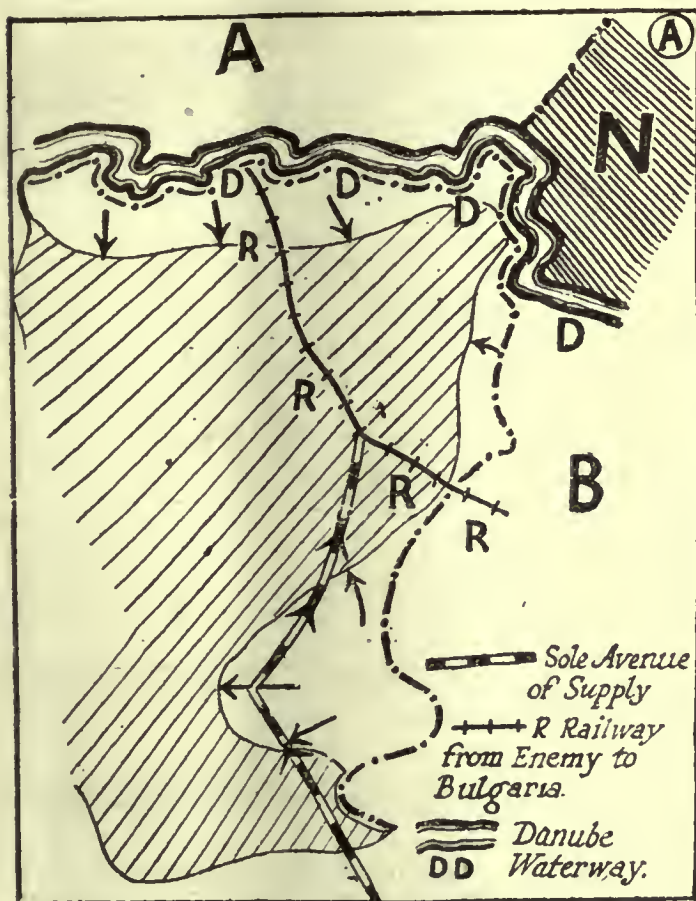
By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE Serbian situation is one geographically simple enough, and to be seized as a whole with comparatively few points upon the map.

The military objective in the campaign is not the destruction of the Serbian Army (as it would be in a war of which this was the main theatre), but the occupation of the north-eastern corner of the Serbian State. If the enemy can surround and destroy the Serbian fighting forces so much the better for him. But if he does no more than clear the north-eastern corner of Serbia and thus seize the railway, road, and river communication with Bulgaria, and therefore with Turkey in Europe and Constantinople, he has achieved his purpose, because that purpose is mainly political.



In such a sketch as this Sketch A the enemy in areas A and B is separated by Serbian territory and neutral territory (N). It is his business to clear the extreme corner so as to join hands by the waterway of the Danube (D. D. D.), and later by the railway (R. R. R.). His progress so far is marked by the white belt round the dwindling shaded portion, and he thus cuts the only avenue of Serbian supply.

The enemy cannot hope for a decision in this field. He is fighting in it with little more than five per cent. of his effectives in the field, and he expects from the occupation of the railway and the river, and from the possession of a complete avenue of communications right through to the Bosphorus, to produce upon this country, especi-

ally, so strong an effect that either there will be at least confusion in the directing powers of Great Britain, better still disaffection between the Government and the governed, and best of all (for him), if it be possible, the growth of varying objectives and corresponding disagreements between the Allies.

He further hopes for this military result from his action—the diversion of forces for the Balkans which may relieve the growing pressure upon him in the West. This latter point may easily be exaggerated. Ten per cent. or less of the forces available against him in the West would be sufficient to render the enemy's position in the Balkans permanently unstable. It is perfectly obvious to the most superficial student of military affairs that the railway route, at least, would never be secure so long as a considerable undefeated army lay upon its flank.

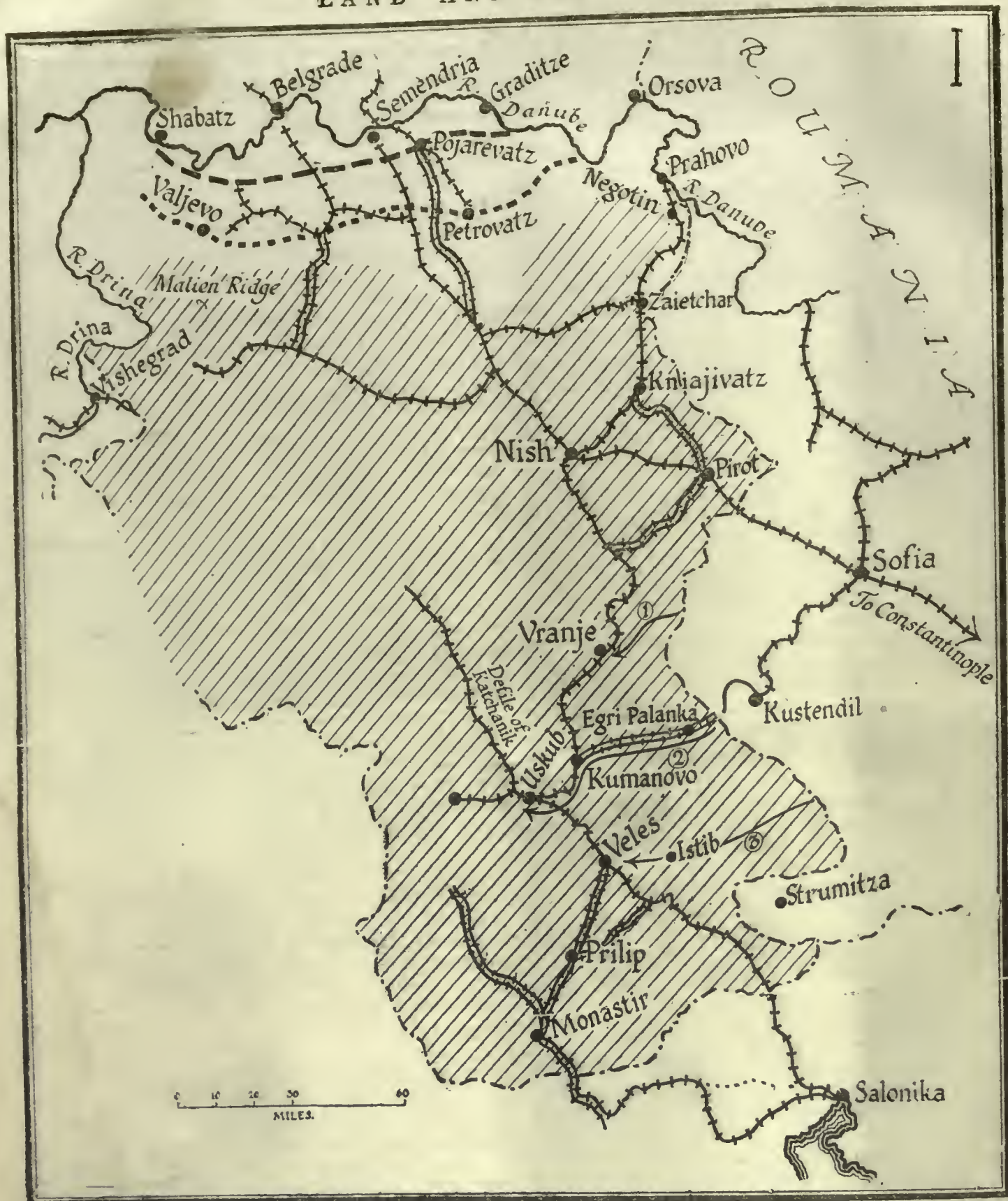
With the little Serbian forces his immense numerical superiority (more than two to one) would enable him to deal. And he could keep them permanently off the line of communications to Constantinople. But a growing number of men upon his flank ultimately doubling the Serbian forces, and, perhaps, more than doubling them, would negative the effect of his earlier success.

What he is gambling on is the necessary tardiness with which such reinforcements can arrive. Before they shall have developed any strength he reckons on having the mastery over the Near East, on having brought up perhaps a certain number of newly-equipped Turkish forces (they cannot be very large), and on the possible intervention upon his side of the Balkan States still neutral.

Now, the measure of his success hitherto obtained in this task is already considerable. The invasion began upon October 6, it has proceeded three weeks, and has more than half accomplished its main object of clearing the north-eastern corner of the State, and the rate of its advance may be judged from the accompanying Sketch I. It has been slow (and the conclusions we are to draw from that will be dealt with in a moment), but it has been uninterrupted.

In the first fortnight the invasion from across the Danube had reached no more than the line of dashes upon the next Sketch, I., over page, through Pojarevat, and so south of Belgrade to near Shavatz. Meanwhile the Bulgarians in the East (with whose concentration, ended upon October 6, the Austro-German move across the Danube exactly corresponded) had only just reached, without having crossed, the line Kniajevatz-Ziehtar, which is the valley of the Timok River, and which carries the railway that reaches the Danube and communicates with Roumanian territory. But in the third week, which has just ended, the situation changed. There was

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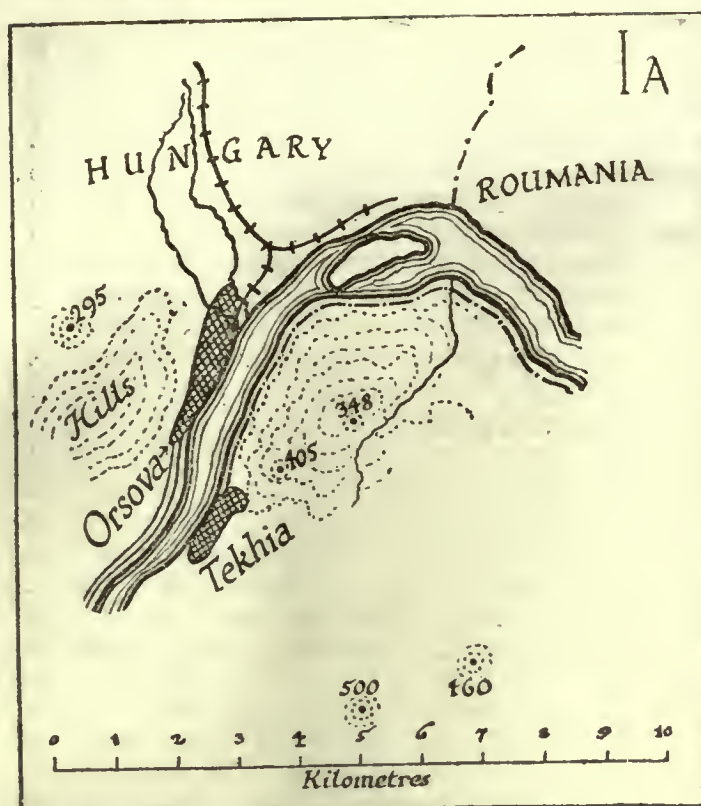


an ordered retirement of the Serbian forces in the north. This is clearly proved by the sudden forward move of the enemy without any corresponding capture of prisoners or guns. At the end of the third week of his attempt the enemy's positions lay along the line of dots in the south of the line of dashes, representing a further advance upon a belt roughly ten to twelve miles broad.

Meanwhile the Austro-Germans had obtained a further crossing of the Danube at Orsova, near the Iron Gates, where the Roumanian, Hungarian, and Serbian frontiers meet. The town of Orsova lies along the northern shore of the Danube upon the railway which here comes down from the north and follows the stream into Roumania. The further southern shore is steep and wooded. The crossing was effected, in the main, at the island below the town. The enemy is occupying the slopes and

the summit of these hills, 405 and 348 metres above the sea, and now dominates with his artillery the whole bend of the river. There are slightly higher summits in the woods to the south, but those the enemy holds master the river. It will be a matter of but a few hours before the Bulgarian outposts riding north from Prahovo and the German outpost coming south from these hills join hands. Further, by this action the Danube is now open for such ammunition as the enemy can spare to be sent down the river to the Bulgarians, and through Bulgaria to Constantinople.

The Bulgarians had reached Negotin (and the Danube route was open, by which the enemy could send munitions into Bulgaria and on to Turkey) as early as last Sunday, the 24th, and contemporaneously with this Bulgarian pressure upon the East three battalions crossed the Drina, at Vishegrad on the west, just beyond the political



boundary of Serbia, while south of Nish Bulgarian forces coming down the valleys from the frontier ridge in three columns, and evidently finding but small Serbian forces to oppose them, have along the arrow 1 entered Varnia, along the arrow 2 entered and occupied Uskub, and along the arrow 3 have occupied Veles. All these three points are, as can be seen on Sketch I., upon the line from Salonica whereby *alone* the Serbian troops of the North can be munitioned and reinforced by the Allies. That avenue of communication is therefore now gone, and can be restored only by forces as or more considerable than those the Bulgarians have thus brought into the southern portion of Serbia.

Such is the general position. The north-eastern corner of the State, with its main railway line, cannot hold much longer. The Danube corner is already gone, and the enemy are henceforth free to communicate by water with the Bulgarians and so with Constantinople.

There remains for the further delaying of the enemy in the north one factor alone, the importance of which will appear in the near future, though in what degree only that future can tell. This factor is the factor of the mountain fighting.

The points the enemy has already reached roughly correspond to the points he reached last December, before his signal defeat on the slopes leading up to the Malien ridge just south of Valjevo.

Mountain country, as distinguished from hilly, rolling country, occupies nearly the whole State south of the line which, on Sketch I., is the boundary of the shaded portion.

Now, in that mountain country, with winter coming on, the Serbian forces would have a very great advantage, were they fighting the Austro-Germans alone. They might hold up the comparatively weak invasion which the enemy has not yet pushed up to the foot of the wilder land, and they might check it until the weather in the highlands had made further progress impossible.

But with the Bulgarian forces from the east close to and now across their principal line of supply, and such forces in larger numbers by

far than *the whole* of their own forces, the power of the Serbians to hold the north-eastern corner of the State is gone.

Meanwhile we should do well to note the character of the northern invading force, for it instructs us not a little upon the quality of the enemy's new levies.

It is perfectly clear from the nature of the advance that it has relied entirely upon heavy artillery. The Serbians having nothing worth speaking of wherewith to meet guns of large calibre, those guns act in complete safety and can prepare a position at will. They can be brought up at the rate of several miles a day, their ammunition follows them, and if the infantry which is launched when they have done their work were of the same quality as the troops that marched through Galicia last June (supported by exactly the same sort of preponderance in heavy guns and their munitionment) the Austro-German force should have been at the foot of the mountains ten days ago. Instead of that it failed for a full fortnight to make good a single day's march.

Nothing could account for that save a deterioration in the quality of the troops the enemy has here brought forward.

It is inevitable that it should be so in any case, and even if we had not the proof before us it would be clear from a mere consideration of numbers that the incorporation of doubtful material would already have begun. Such material need not be present in any great proportion to have a considerable effect upon the value of a whole body. And though one must not exaggerate this element in the situation, it is important to grasp it because it is clearly affecting the campaign in every field, not only here in the Balkans, but on those two main fronts in Russia and France where alone the great war can be decided.

With the Bulgarian forces it is very different.

You have here not only an army admirably organised and suffering only from a certain lack of heavy munitionment which it can now increase by the Danube route, but also one fresh for its task with two years of the younger contingents incorporated and trained.

And it is true to say that so far as this theatre of operations is concerned, the backbone of the Balkan war is the Bulgarian Army, not the mixed forces which Austria and Germany have been able to send forward.

There is one further point which the reader must grasp if he is to understand the future of the campaign in Serbia. That tangle of mountains which forms the State, once one has got a few days' march south of the Danube, suffers from extremely bad communications. The railways which, in their present development, are marked on Sketch I., follow the river valley, the torrents and deep trenches between the hills. The only roads of any sort useful for the munitionment of a great army accompany those railways and are to be found nowhere else save in a few rare exceptions, the more important of which are shown upon Sketch I. in *double* crossed lines.

It is by one such road that the Bulgarians have come with the largest of their columns over the mountains from Kustendil through Egri Palanka to Kumanova, and so to Uskub.

There is another from the Danube lowlands and Valjevo southward across the Malien Ridge, and there are one or two more such in the mass of

the mountains. But they are very rare. *There is no good avenue of supply, for instance, whereby you may work up northward from Monastir to the relief of Uskub*; there is no proper avenue of supply in all the south of the State, save the two communicating trenches of the Vardar and the Morava, which are followed by the Salonica-Uskub-Nish-Semendria railway. This formation of the country lends itself strongly to defence. A territory once occupied by the enemy will be the better held on account of it.

It is therefore conceivable that the plan which will suggest itself to the Allies for the ultimate relief of Serbia—or, rather, for the ultimate embarrassment of the enemy here and for the interruption of his plans—will rather turn upon a blow delivered upon the Bulgarian plain and the main line to Constantinople, further to the East. That is a matter which is both uncertain from the necessary concealment of our plans and not to be discussed in detail in any paper until those plans are as clear to the enemy as to the student of the war in the West.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

Upon the Russian front, in spite of the obvious weakness of the enemy's centre and south, and the corresponding local successes continuing to advantage the Russians, the interest of the moment turns upon the big fight for Dvinsk and Riga. It is towards this front that the enemy has recently sent such considerable reinforcements, imperilling his centre and right, and it is here that he has deliberately incurred such extremely heavy losses. It is not easy to say what military object the enemy has in this enormously expensive effort, which has now lasted over two months.

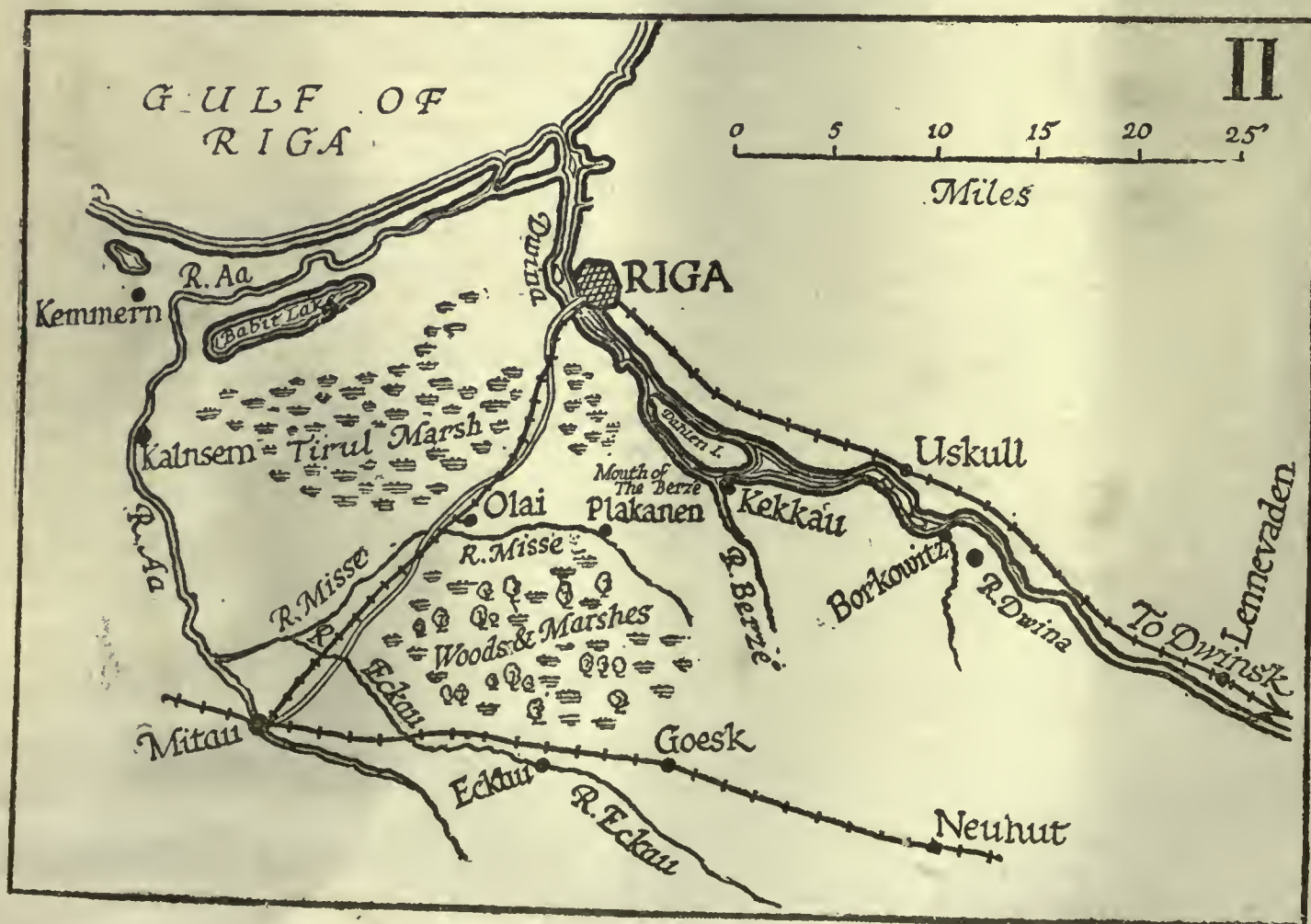
Many theories have been put forward. None are quite satisfactory.

Thus one theory would have it that the enemy desires to threaten Petrograd next spring—with what forces after the wastage of another six months heaven only knows; but at any rate that theory has been put forward by authorities who carry weight. But even if the enemy do nourish such a scheme, or desire to threaten with it, there is no particular advantage in securing the line of the Dvina just as winter approaches, and at so grievous a price.

Others tell us that it is because he desires "to winter in Riga," but that is talking in the twentieth century in terms of the eighteenth. Riga is for some time to come at the mercy of the sea, and the army would remain stretched out along 150 miles of country in any case. It could not leave gaps. It would have to hold the whole line exactly as it had to hold the line of the Dunajec last winter. Nor is the line of the river here appreciably stronger than would be an entrenched position.

The whole thing is a puzzle which I have never seen explained, unless the explanation be that the enemy, calculating the rising rate of the Russian equipment and munitioning, allows for a renewed Russian offensive fairly soon and desires both to secure the Dvina bridgeheads before it takes place and to keep the north busy in case that offensive is designed for the south.

At any rate, the position in front of Riga is that which we have followed upon the accompanying Sketch II. The enemy has advanced roughly from the railway line which goes eastward from Mitau, right up to the line of the Dvina, and is now upon his nearer sector no further than ten miles from Riga itself. He first took Linden (opposite Lennebaden), then took Borkowitz, and two days ago, at the time of writing—that is, last Sunday, the 24th—had outposts as far down as the mouth of the little Berzé stream,



while another force operating from Mitau had pushed up the main road and railway as far as Olai. At those two points the affair now stands checked—for how long we cannot tell. The enemy has bombarded at intervals the railway which runs north of and parallel to the Dvina and unites Riga with Dvinsk. The bombardment has been especially severe in the neighbourhood of Uskull, and it was thought at one moment—last Friday and Saturday—by the Russians that he meant to try a crossing at that point. There are two little islands there that would be useful, and the stream coming in at Borkowitz would help him to float his pontoons down into the main river. Another theory is that he will attempt a crossing from the mouth of the Berzé. He has there a large island, a stream again to help him float his pontoons, and, should he cross here, he would have his heavy guns almost in range of the city. But he must first carry Kekkau, which stands to the east of that mouth of the Berzé. In his advance along the main Mitau road of railway the obstacle with which he appears to have been checked is the upper course of the marshy River Misse, a tributary of the Ekan, itself a tributary of the Aa.

It has not been as closely noted in this country as the matter deserves (largely because our news from the East has been so scanty) that the Germans suffered a very severe series of reverses more than a month ago in their attempt to take Riga upon another plan. They proposed to come along by the seacoast, and to force the defile between the lower course of the River Aa and the sea. The whole effort broke down. Nor is it very easy to see why it should have ever been undertaken.

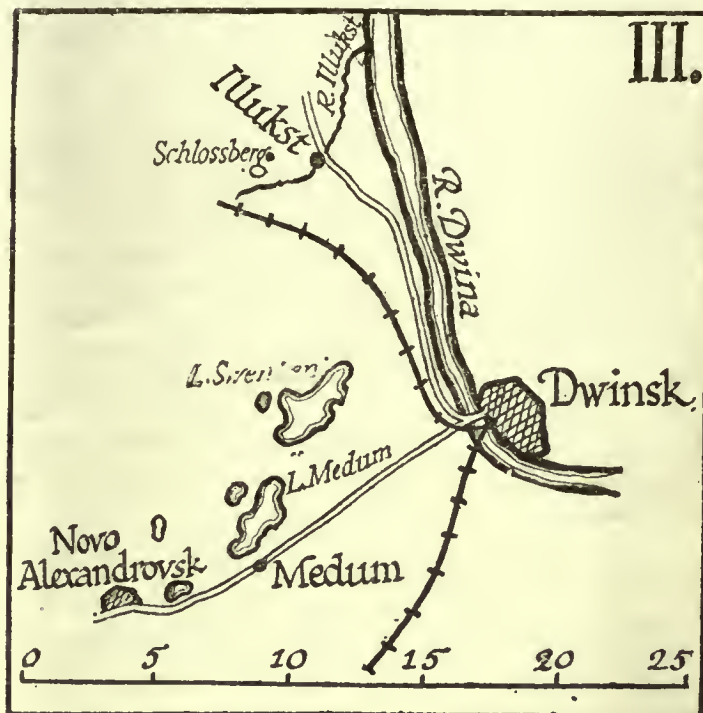
That avenue of approach appears capable of indefinite defence by comparatively small forces.

The River Aa turns round eastward, running parallel to the coast, never much more than two miles from the sea and sometimes only a few hundred yards from it. Upon the further side in the midst of a marshy swamp is a long and impassable lake: the Babit Lake (which our newspapers usually call the Rabit). Further on again comes the great Tirul marsh, which forbids all approach for miles. There must have been in this original attempt of the Germans a worked out plan for coming along the sea coast; but it broke down badly, and the only vestiges of it to-day are the comparatively unimportant fighting which the Russians have been carrying on at such points as Kemmern and Kalnzem, to which apparently the Germans in this quarter have been pushed back.

Meanwhile the latest development, the news of which was received just before these lines are sent to the printers, shows that the enemy is still held along the line of the Misse and at the mouth of the Berzé, for there has been heavy fighting at Kekkan, just on the eastern side of the mouth of the little stream and in front of the large island mentioned above.

At the other end of this 150 mile quadrant, the course of the lower Dvina, the position before Dvinsk is very slightly altered. The enemy is still held at Medum on the Novo Alexandrovsk road, a village just south of the lake of the same name, and about ten miles from Dvinsk itself. Further to the north at the slight elevation of Schlossberg, and in front of the town of Illukst, there has been a very slight change, the

enemy having here come forward in some strength, recaptured Schlossberg and occupied Illukst itself. He entered that place on Saturday, October 23. It was generally reported in our papers that he had been thrown out of it by the Russians twenty-four hours later, last Sunday.



But this was an error due to a confusion between the town and the river of the same name, the little River Illukst, running into the Dvina through—or, rather, past—the town of Illukst. Certain German forces crossed to the eastern side and were thrown back. The Germans are still in Illukst town and fighting just east of it to gain the Dvina and turn Dvinsk by the north.

CAPTURE OF RIPONT SALIENT. IN CHAMPAGNE.

A student of the war who should confine himself entirely to the military significance of news, and pay no attention to mere loss or gain of yards—still less to political objects—would necessarily have an insufficient point of view. But such an one would note with greater interest than any other item of this week's news the capture by the French of a certain small salient lying between Tahure and Massiges.

Only two hundred prisoners were taken: the whole area occupied was but a few hundred yards in depth and less than two miles in length, yet the significance of the incident is very considerable. When the offensive in the West was launched a month ago, and at one bound broke the first German line, mopping up, first and last, over 30,000 prisoners, and putting out of action the equivalent of three corps, the halting of so vigorous a movement before the next system of enemy entrenchments was at once hailed by the enemy (at least in the stuff published for his civilian consumption) as "the failure of the great Allied offensive," and this folly was repeated after a short interval by the *Times*, which religiously follows the enemy's point of view in such matters for reasons known only to its proprietor.

Now, the thing occupying the minds, not of the people who send out official comfort to the German public, or to their imitators in the

country, but of the soldiers who are guiding the attack on the one side and organising the defensive on the other, was whether the continued offensive which the French had clearly shown to be their intention would do its work or no. The Germans would necessarily attempt very violent counter-offensives both against the French in Champagne and against the French and English in the North, where the first blow delivered by the Allied offensive had had similar results. The German losses in those counter-offensives would be enormous. The German commanders knew that they would have to pay a heavy price for the end they had in view, and were prepared to pay it. But they were only prepared to pay it because the thing they desired to gain was immunity. If in spite of those counter-offensives one point after another in their line continued to give way; if whenever the English or the French struck hard in this or that local point—after a due interval for munitioning—and at each such stroke succeeded, then the position of the German line would get more and more doubtful.

So far, in the course of a month, this debated plan has turned more and more in our favour. The great German counter-offensive in the North against the British utterly failed with an immense expense of life. So did the German counter-offensive in Champagne. After they had failed, the process of wearing down the German line began again and continued to succeed. The British in the next blow they delivered mastered the German salient north of Loos, the French rushed the Butte of Tahure, on the left, and five miles away the swell called the "Hand of Massiges" on the right, with the usual complement of prisoners and machine guns and the usual destruction of trenches. The great blow of the end of September had on the accompanying Sketch IV. carried their line into the shape A B. The second stroke carried it into the shape C D—that was about a fortnight ago. There remained, at the point marked X south of Ripont, heights above the River Dormoise still in the enemy's hands and making a salient. The third blow in this locality was delivered against this salient at the end of last week, and roughly speaking the shaded portion in Sketch IV. was taken.

Now, it is obviously not the mere area occupied in strokes of this kind that gives them their interest, any more than it is the weight of the pieces of snow that begin slipping on a snow-slope

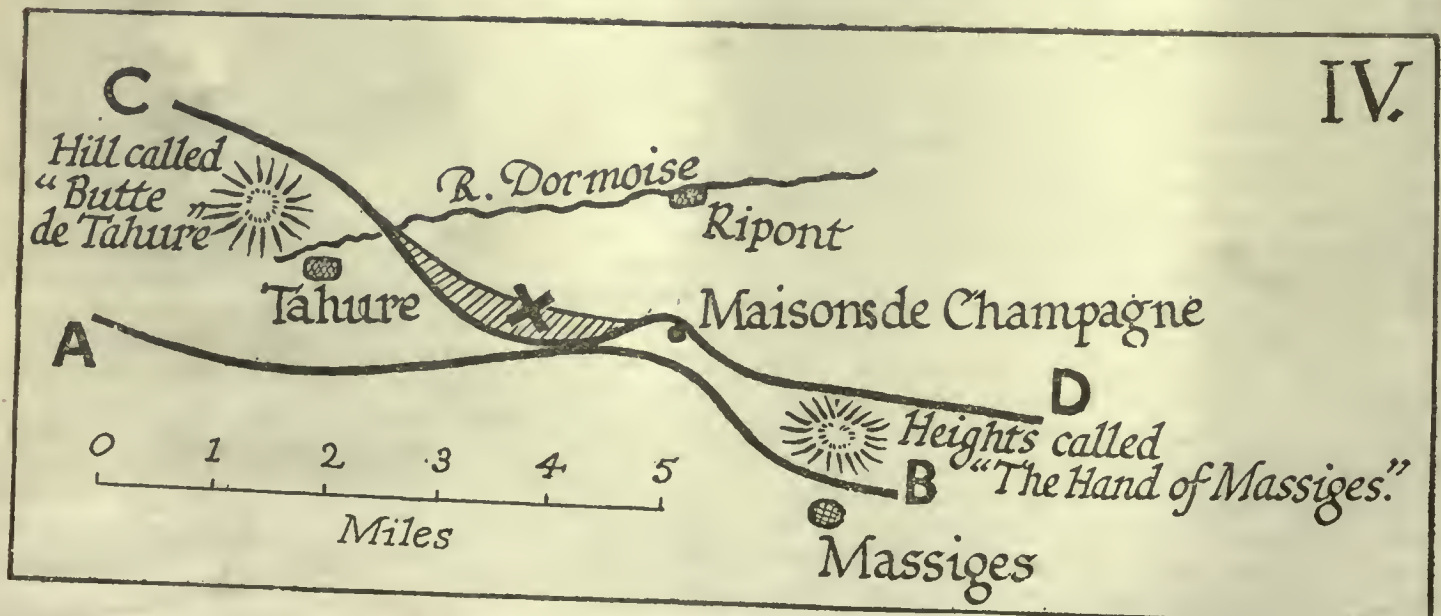
which interest you and make you anxious when you are crossing such a place on the Alps. It is the indication they afford of the *quality* of the material with which you are dealing. There is all the difference in the world between a snow-slope which is frozen quite hard and lies on ground where it will not shift, and one which also has not yet shifted but is beginning to shed slight fragments. What these local successful blows, delivered north of Loos and here in front of Mesnil in Champagne, show, is that whenever the Allies strike something gives way, and that when the Germans counter-strike there is no corresponding result.

I do not know whether the word "crumbling," which was used in a very interesting letter received the other day from an artillery officer at the front, may not be a little too strong to describe the process. We do not know how long that process will take nor by what stages it will be repeated, but at any rate there is something going on all along the Western line which, unless we deplete it, or the enemy reinforces it, will have cumulative effect. The blows are delivered at the choice of the Allied commanders, and, though the intervals between them make public opinion impatient, succeed within their measure each after it is launched. The same is not true of the converse enemy effort in the same field. His defence does not unbrokenly hold; his counter-offensive now fails.

A GERMAN CRITICISM OF "LAND AND WATER."

I have just been shown a translation of one of those numerous articles which the Germans cause to appear in neutral countries or are published in favour of Germany in neutral countries, specially attacking this paper and my own calculations by name. The article appears in a Dutch review, and is of the type with which German propaganda has made us so familiar. I call my readers' attention to it, not so much as a curiosity, or because it deals with this paper so largely and repeats frequently my own name and writings, as because it is a very excellent example of the way in which German influence is spread, as will be seen when I come to the points it mentions.

This article desires to convey to its readers just the same sort of impression about the inex-



haustible strength of the enemy that certain papers have already rendered us familiar with in this country. It refers in particular to LAND AND WATER, and in so many words "Warns its readers against the calculations of H. Belloc." It does so eight or nine times, and in doing so is compelled to state definitely what the Germans want us to believe.

I will take the points in this article one by one, noting only those which are of an objective and precise type. In other words, noting only those which can be met and answered.

I find in the opening of the article the phrase that "the extreme numbers which the German Empire alone can put in the field"—"was prepared to put in the field" is a more accurate translation of the phrase—"are *twelve million men*."

We are all familiar with that sort of nonsense in this country. They might just as well say a hundred million while they were about it.

The French General Staff have calculated as a maximum for the Germans somewhat over eight millions. This calculation is based upon the knowledge of not only what they themselves could do in a population at least as healthy as that of Germany and with a far larger proportion of men trained to arms, but also upon the analogy of all mobilisation whatsoever, past and present. If the German Empire can mobilise twelve millions of men before the summer of 1916 then France could upon the same estimate mobilise between seven and eight millions, which is nonsense.

One never knows in the presence of an absurdity quite what sort of prose to use, and this talk of twelve million armed Germans is an absurdity quite out of the common. If one gives statements of this kind the adjective they deserve one loses emphasis by violence. If one merely contradicts them the reader, unused to the particular material discussed, may not grasp the enormity of the falsehood.

The basis upon which all reasonable calculations are made, not only by the French or the English commanders, but by every soldier and civilian who has studied this war, and, of course, by the enemy's General Staff also, are by this time familiar to the readers of LAND AND WATER.

Briefly, one normally expects the mobilisation of about a tenth of the population, but when the effort is extended to a second year and when a supreme effort is made, and perhaps already a few elements not quite desirable introduced, you *may* just reach twelve per cent. Twelve million for Germany means over seventeen per cent., and includes children, elderly men, invalids, lunatics, cripples, blind, deaf, and paralytics.

The next statement prepared for the public of this neutral country is to the effect that the reserves that Germany has at this moment actually in arms and equipped are not less than three and a half millions. Later, as we shall see, this becomes four millions.

This is again exactly on the lines of the sort of stuff we are used to in the panic Press in this country. It clashes with the opening absurdity of twelve millions as the number of German effectives, but, counting their known present losses and their known numbers in the field and on communications it does bring the total up to at least eleven millions. Even that is very nearly all the men of military age admitted in the German census figures and without regard to men neces-

sary for civilian occupation, or to the inefficient. In other words, it is as much nonsense as the rest.

By this time, though the article has proceeded but a few lines, the writer is obviously aware that an obvious criticism would occur to the mind of any one reading it who can use his judgment at all, and that criticism is, "If you have this gigantic number of reserves, why on earth do you leave your lines in Russia so thin that at places you are getting sharp local defeats? Why do you leave your line in France so thin that if an offensive stroke is undertaken against it you are thrown into confusion and have to rush up a hotchpot of local reserves, and are in terror of its breaking even then? (As is shown by your haste in moving those local reserves.) And why are you acting in the Balkans with an insufficient number of troops?"

The writer of the article, having such an obvious criticism occurring to him, remarks that the General Staff "works like a good chess player, and only uses at the right time and place just such amount of force as he needs."

But the answer to that is that the enemy does not use, nor does any sane man use in war "just as many men as he needs." He uses all the men he can. That he still keeps reserves in order to feed his units and to replace wastage, and that his reserves will last some weeks longer no one doubts, but that the amount of reserves of the German Empire alone is three and a half millions is not believed by anyone competent to discuss this question. Statements of that kind are only made in the hope that neutral civilian populations—and even civilian belligerent populations that are cursed with a Press which aids the enemy—may by some chance be made to believe them.

The plain broad statements given over and over again in these columns are obvious truths. (1) By all the rules of arithmetic the enemy's efficient effectives decline in a few weeks. (2) He can keep up their mere numbers by admitting boys, elderly men, and other inefficient hitherto rejected by the doctors. (3) If he does that (as he probably will—for most commanders in similar circumstances in the past have yielded to such a temptation) he will be *weaker* than if he had stuck to effectives alone.

The next statement made is that the Austro-Hungarian losses are no guide to the German, because they are immensely heavier and this, we are further told, is due to the squandering of human lives "in the hands of such commanders as Dankl and Aufferberg"—also to the "relatively high number of prisoners in Russia."

The last point is sound. The number of Austro-Hungarian prisoners in Russia is very much larger than the total of German prisoners in the hands of the French, English, and Russians. But the remark about Austrian "expenditure of life" and the mention of the two Austrian Generals quoted immediately reveals the source from which this kind of thing comes. It is Berlin sneering at Vienna. Also it is nonsense. The service which, rightly or wrongly, has developed tactics most costly in human life is the Prussian. It is a thing that they can boast of or that can be reproached against them, according to the mood of the writer. It is not an ignoble thing, or one which any military staff need be ashamed of, to say "though we did spend our lives lavishly yet we attained our results."

But to pretend that the Prussian system is economical in life compared with any rival, will not stand examination by any soldier in Europe. To attack in dense formation and to attack again and again, and again, to rush strong works by the mere mass of men, to neglect fire discipline on account of this very insistence upon the value of the swarm, and to preach the doctrine that very heavy temporary losses are worth paying if a decision be achieved—all that is distinctly Prussian, and all that has marked every Prussian effort throughout this war.

It is a commonplace with all those who saw the fighting last year in the first battle of Ypres. We saw it again the other day in front of Arras and La Bassée, again in the counter-attacks of the Champagne, nearly 8,000 dead *counted* in front of the French and English lines combined, and it is going on at this moment in front of Riga.

WOUNDS AND PATRIOTISM.

It is not true that the Austro-Hungarian losses, save in the point of prisoners, are out of proportion to the German, and it is true by every rule of evidence and by every rule of analogy that the German losses are higher in proportion to the effectives used than are the losses of those nations whom Germany in her folly proposed, a year ago, to destroy so rapidly.

Here again the writer's mind must have troubled him somewhat because, after all, millions of men have actually *seen* the German method of fighting, and even a neutral civilian population gets to hear of such obvious things as that. So the next point that is made is by way of palliation. It may be true that the loss is very heavy, who knows? But, after all, what really counts is the dead loss, and we must always remember that a large number of wounded men get back again to the front.

But here again there appears one of those startling enormities—I can call them no less—with which German propaganda at home and abroad has made us familiar. We are told in this Dutch review that of a hundred men wounded only eleven among the Germans must be regarded as lost to the field!

Now, it is possible by juggling figures to make out a rather high proportion of men as returning to active service. If, for instance, you count only the men entering a certain type of hospital, then note the percentage that leave the hospital technically "cured," you may certainly give surprising results. But everybody knows perfectly well how the matter stands in practice. We have all of us, alas, a numerous acquaintance who have suffered in this war. We know how this friend is discharged "cured," but will never be capable of active exercise again. How another, though still able to perform some auxiliary service, is not free for the work he was doing before. We can all judge for ourselves about what the proportion is of men who, having been wounded, can really return to exactly the same work they were performing before they were struck. And the statement that this proportion is eighty-nine per cent. is simply meaningless. While the German propaganda bureaux are about it they might just as well say it was ninety-nine or even one hundred per cent. It is in every service, in theory, round about sixty per cent., or rather less, and in practice somewhat below half; meaning by "theory"

and "practice" that something rather less than two-thirds—a number varying slightly with different services, it is true—are marked as "capable of further service," but that when it comes to using them in exactly the same circumstances as before, the number actually so returned is smaller in the degree I have named.

But to this explanation the writer feels that still another explanation is needed. He is trying to make his readers believe an impossibility. He brings in the argument I have just mentioned to back up what seems its weakness, and proceeds to back it up again by yet another statement, which I think we can all judge for ourselves. After telling us that only eleven per cent. of the men hit by fragments of shells and by bullets, with limbs blown off by high explosives, &c., are incapacitated in the German service, he admits that in other services it must be much higher. He goes on to say (he admits he has not the figures) that in France only just over half the wounded will probably be serviceable again—and his explanation is that "these differences are attributable to superiority in organisation, hygienic treatment, superiority of German physique, and superiority of moral courage, and *particularly the will to serve one's country.*"

I do not think I am using too strong a substantive when I use the English word "balderdash" for this sort of thing. Just imagine a French or an English doctor telling a gaping world that his wounded would recover half as quickly again as the enemy's wounded because they were more patriotic!

The writer and his German informants quarrel with my statistics as published in LAND AND WATER upon the ground that I have allowed eighty per cent. for Austrian man power as compared with German man power. But it is a perfectly sound calculation, and he does not use any arguments to rebut it. What he does is to say that the Austrian units in the field are in a smaller proportion to the Germans than eighty per cent. No doubt. But the observation is entirely beside the mark. When you are calculating in a war of exhaustion the enemy's remaining resources, the only thing you can base your calculation on is his census figures. Unless his power of equipment or munitionment is defective, which, with the enemy, is unfortunately not the case, it is clearly his total man power that you consider in calculating ultimate exhaustion—and the Austrian adult males are within a unit or so eighty per cent of the Germans.

The writer concludes by assuring me by name (he mentions my name frequently during the article; he is more courteous in mentioning my name than I am in mentioning his—but then I do not know his name) that after the war I shall myself personally be astonished to hear how large the German figures were. If they are anything like the figures thus doled out for the consumption of blameless neutrals and for the eager maw of the panic Press in this country I shall not only be astonished, but my whole philosophy will be turned upside down. For though I believe in an interference with the order of Nature to be possible to a Divine Power and to have occurred in the process of history (a matter in which all my readers will not agree with me), I do not think that the German Government at this moment is capable of working miracles.

If I were asked why this particular kind of

article is being written at this particular moment I should say that it was because the German General Staff is much more anxious now than at any time in the past to spread false reports as to their remaining reserve of strength. They, too, perceive that the weakness of the censorship in this country has allowed disaffection and discontent to grow. They readily believe that such things make for the breakdown of civilian *moral* and for the acceptance of an enemy's terms. If the Germans can get the mass not only of neutral nations but of civilian opinion among the belligerents or in any one of the important belligerent countries (for the censorship does not allow this sort of thing elsewhere among the Allies, but only here) to accept such statements as these, then he will have got the best terms he can hope to get in what has become for him a fight for existence.

I should be taking up too much space and delaying the reader's attention too long were I to dwell further upon this particular article, but I repeat, I put it before my readers, not only because it concerns LAND AND WATER, and deals with me by name and with my estimates of the enemy's strength and losses, but also because it seems to me typical of the way the enemy is now going to work on the political side. And I remark with some astonishment that even now in the crisis of his fate the German cannot work more subtly. He still mixes up accurate statements—painfully and needlessly accurate, minute statements—with rubbish which would not deceive a child.

Thus the other day we read that Von Kluck told an American (or at any rate the American told the world that Von Kluck had told him, and the American writing under German inspiration said) that the German losses during the great offensive in the West were about 40,000 men. This is from one-third to a fifth of the truth.

Perhaps as the war goes on the enemy will learn subtlety from the older civilisation of his Western opponents, but as yet he shows no sign of it. He still talks of the London docks having been blown up by Zeppelins, of riotous London mobs denouncing the price of food on account of his submarine blockade, of the exhaustion of French numbers, of an approaching march upon Egypt and India, and of holding up five or six army corps with "a single division." When he says

THE KING TO HIS PEOPLE.

TO MY PEOPLE.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

At this grave moment in the struggle between my people and a highly organised enemy who has transgressed the Laws of Nations and changed the ordinance that binds civilised Europe together, I appeal to you.

I rejoice in my Empire's effort, and I feel pride in the voluntary response from my Subjects all over the world who have sacrificed home, fortune, and life itself, in order that another may not inherit the free Empire which their ancestors and mine have built.

I ask you to make good these sacrifices.

The end is not in sight. More men and yet more are wanted to keep my Armies in the Field, and through them to secure Victory and enduring Peace.

In ancient days the darkest moment has ever produced in men of our race the sternest resolve.

I ask you, men of all classes, to come forward voluntarily and take your share in the fight.

In freely responding to my appeal, you will be giving your support to our brothers, who, for long months, have nobly upheld Britain's past traditions, and the glory of her Arms.

GEORGE R.I.

this kind of thing about matters that everyone can judge for themselves, as for instance, when he talks nonsense about the effect of the Zeppelin attack upon London, or of the submarines upon our trade, his folly is seen by all. Let me assure my readers that his follies are no less when he is talking of things more technical—of effectives and wastage. It is just the same pudding of academic accuracy and silly lie.

H. BELLOC.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S WAR LECTURES.

Wolverhampton : The Picturedrome, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Nov. 17, illustrated. Walsall : New Town Hall, Thursday, 8 p.m., Nov. 18, illustrated. Chester : Music Hall, Friday, 3 p.m., Nov. 19, not illustrated. Liverpool : Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Nov. 19, 8 p.m., illustrated. Edinburgh : Usher Hall, Saturday, 8 p.m., Nov. 20, illustrated. Glasgow : St. Andrew's Hall, Monday, 8 p.m., Nov. 22, illustrated.

AMPHIBIOUS WAR.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE DOME NESS LANDING.

WITH the enemy's main fleet either unable or unwilling to seek an engagement on the grand scale, it became inevitable that the naval interest of the war would centre on amphibious operations, and the attack and defence of trade and communications, and of these last two there have been exceedingly interesting developments during the past week. Quite the most sensational has been the landing of the Russians at Dome Ness, the most northerly point of land on the south-western side of the Gulf of Riga. The

facts have only been meagrely communicated. All one knows is that the Russian force landed, drove back the Germans, entrenched where they could command the sea approaches, and, after holding their ground for a couple of days, re-embarked. The event was quite rightly received as a startling piece of news, but, oddly enough, for very obviously the wrong reason. It seems to have been supposed that the objective of this landing was to turn the German line and open up a flank attack on the forces attacking Riga from the west. What the objective was has not officially been set out, but there can be little doubt that it was nothing of this sort. Dome Ness—the name sounds oddly as

of some sea promontory in our own Islands—commands the channel by which the Gulf of Riga is entered from the sea. Why should the Russians wish to deprive the Germans of this position for so short a time?

To find an answer we must look at the general position round Riga. Whether Riga can be as successfully defended in the future as it has been in the past, probably only General Russky and his staff know; but it is obvious that they must act as if the forces against them might be very greatly increased and guard as fully as possible against the contingency of Riga having to be evacuated.

To prevent Riga becoming the Russian end of a German line of sea communications our Allies have to rely upon three measures of defence. There is first and foremost the Russian "fleet in being." The four Dreadnoughts, the two pre-Dreadnoughts—all admirably armed, equipped, and believed to be almost uniquely effective—the cruiser and destroyer squadrons, constitute a force that no German fleet less powerful than eight or ten of the strongest units could engage with any prospect of success. And for various reasons the Germans may think it prudent to avoid trying conclusions with so formidable a force. But on the other hand they may take the risk, and the Russians rightly refuse to rest upon this defence alone. There is, secondly, the guerilla attack by submarine and destroyer on the line between Riga and the German ports or the Russian ports in the Germans' hands. How effective this guerilla warfare may be is shown by the long series of submarine successes that have been won during the month culminating with the destruction of the *Prinz Adalbert* off the port of Libau on October 23rd. It is indeed quite clear that so long as the British and Russian submarines can pursue this attack with their present liberty and enterprise, it will be quite impossible for the Germans to look forward with any confidence to sending men and supplies by the long sea route to Riga. But here again the Germans, realising the vast importance of an effective blow at the Russian capital, might concentrate the larger portion of their destroyer force to the clearing of this area of submarines, and possibly achieve, though it is hardly likely that they should, the same immunity for this three hundred mile journey in the Baltic that we have won for our fifty-mile transport journey across the Channel. The bare possibility that they should so succeed makes a third line of defence imperative, and the third line is the effective blockading of the Dirben Channel into the Gulf of Riga by mines.

The placing of a mine field is a perfectly simple naval operation if the vessels engaged in it can do their work undisturbed, but to place mines under fire is as difficult and risky a job as sweeping for mines in similar conditions. And the making of mine fields is not only a simple but a very rapid process. It seems to me probable therefore that the landing at Dome Ness, and the holding of that promontory for a short period, is to be explained solely by the Russian determination to make good the entrance to the Gulf of Riga and by their realisation that this could only be done effectively if the mine layers were undisturbed during their operations. This would explain the sudden assault on the German position, the effective holding of it for a short period, and

the subsequent withdrawal, not under German attack but voluntarily, as if the purpose for which the landing was made had already been achieved.

The event is interesting, however, for another reason, unconnected with its evidence that our Allies are providing against the contingency of the Germans massing a sufficient force to win the most southerly of the Russian trading ports. The expedition that landed at Dome Ness was in all probability equipped and dispatched from Pernau, and, as my readers will doubtless remember, the apparent, or at any rate the professed, object of the last German adventure in the Gulf of Riga was to blockade this port, no doubt with a view to preventing expeditions of exactly the kind which the Russians have now carried out. Another proof, if further proof were needed, of how complete a failure that incursion was. And it shows something else as well. It shows that there are not at the present moment enemy ships either in the Gulf or its immediate neighbourhood, for no transports could have been sent to land at Dome Ness if their undertaking could have been interfered with from the sea. There is a cryptic note to the official Russian statement announcing the sinking of the *Prinz Adalbert*. The note, by the way, pays a generous tribute to the skilful manœuvring of the British commander who sank the enemy. It goes on to state that, while the *Prinz Adalbert* had been with the squadron, she was believed to be on "a special mission" when the encounter took place. Was the special mission an investigation into the naval situation in the Gulf? Whatever its purpose, the mission must now be filled by another.

SUBMARINES AND INVASION.

My readers will not have failed to note that while the British submarines in the Baltic have sunk or stranded nearly a score of German ships bringing iron ore, food, and timber from Sweden to the Fatherland, and have done so within the last two weeks, thus completing the technical blockade of Germany and depriving our enemy of supplies of quite incalculable war value, they have also sunk no less than seven vessels described as transports. As nothing has been said of any loss of German soldiers when these transports were sunk, we must, it seems to me, assume that the word transport has not in this connection been used to describe a ship carrying a regiment of soldiers, but more probably as one carrying guns and ammunition and other military supplies. It would seem, therefore, as if these transports had been caught somewhere between Königsberg and Libau, or between Libau and Windau. To some extent, then, the German invasion of Courland, if not an amphibious operation, has relied upon the sea, and this reliance is to some extent misplaced. And the question arises whether submarines in favourable circumstances impose an altogether effective bar to enemy landings upon the coast that they protect. Those who have followed the operations at the Dardanelles in the official dispatches, in the telegrams and letters which have reached us from that front, have noticed how completely the entire character of these operations changed when the German submarines reached the Ægean end of the Mediterranean. The sinking first of *Triumph* and *Majestic*, then

of a French liner, and finally of the *Royal Edward* were proof enough that even isolated under-sea boats could very greatly modify the co-operation of land and sea forces. The stories which have reached us of the doings of our own submarines in the Sea of Marmara carry the argument further, as tending to show, were the conditions such that their numbers could be increased, the whole Turkish water transport from the mainland to the peninsula would undoubtedly be stopped altogether.

The position of British submarines in the Baltic and in the Sea of Marmara is in many respects curiously like, and in many respects curiously unlike that of the German submarines round Gallipoli and in the North Sea and Western Atlantic. It is like, because in the Baltic and the Sea of Marmara our submarines are operating in waters nominally commanded by the enemy; unlike, because they cannot enter those waters except through channels at once narrow and extremely well defended, so that to get to their field of operation at all is an achievement, not only of the greatest possible danger, but one which calls for even more skill than courage. The German submarine issuing from Zeebrugge or from the defences behind Heligoland can reach its hunting-ground without serious peril, but, as the fate of more than one British submarine shows, to get either through the Sound or up and down the Dardanelles is a totally different thing. The German submarine risks begin when they get into the waters we command, but the dangers of entry once passed, the British submarines seem to maintain themselves, both in German and in Turkish waters, as if the dangers were negligible. These things show a new light upon the efficiency of the submarine.

Writing to a naval friend when the Scott controversy was at its height, just before the war, I urged that the development of a submarine offensive was to us a matter of far less importance than the development of means for counter-acting its attack. My ground was that the submarine was necessarily the weapon of the weak, whereas, in a sea war, we should always be in the position of the strong. With an overwhelming fleet of battleships and a vast preponderance in cruiser strength, the normal condition in the waters round these islands—whether the enemy came out to fight a sea battle or not—would necessarily be that our control would be absolute, except for such offensive as submarines and aircraft could effect. Our primary duty, then, seemed to lie along the line of neutralising that menace as far as possible. In saying this, I was only repeating what many younger officers in the Navy had been urging for years without result. It is worth, for instance, remembering that Captain Murray Sueter's plea for the study of this subject was published so long ago as 1907.

The fact that our transports were carrying Sir John French's Army across the Channel within a week or ten days of war breaking out, and that that incredible traffic has been undisturbed from that day to this, is proof enough that the Navy was quite prepared to defend a limited line of communication against under-water attack. Still, the fact remained that the general principles of submarine war, both as regards defensive and offensive, had not been thought out. The loss of six cruisers and a battleship taught

lessons that any rational analysis of the problem should have made unnecessary. The counter-offensive against the submarine attack on trade is a different case altogether. There was some excuse for neglecting to prepare for an onslaught in the main completely out of the tradition of civilised warfare.

Fifteen months of naval warfare and eight months of trade war have given us an exact measure of the capacity of the submarine in waters which we control. Why is it that where we are in the German position, that is, in the Baltic and Marmara Seas, our ratio of submarine loss and our capacity for submarine success are, the first so much below, and the second so much above, the German experience? The answer undoubtedly is that the German and Turkish control of these waters is far less efficient than our control of our own. I do not know how many submarines we have in the Baltic. Whatever the numbers, nearly a score of ships, seven transports, a destroyer, and now a 9,000-ton cruiser, have fallen to their prowess. In the whole month of October the German submarines had an almost incalculably larger number of targets to go for, and have not hit more than ten British ships in home waters in the whole month. The first explanation then is that once in the enemy's waters, our submarines have fewer and less skilful enemies than the German submarines must face round these islands. There is a second explanation not less true, and in many respects much more important. Only vague rumours have so far reached us of the doings of Commander Nasmith, V.C., and his brother submarine commanders in the Sea of Marmara. There may be excellent reasons, and probably are, why we should not know the full and astounding story of their performances. Though we do not know details, we know enough to make it reasonably certain that the skill, resource, enterprise, and courage of our submarine officers completely eclipse those of the enemy's men. And it is a fact so obvious as to afford the last convincing weight to what seems to me to be the final deduction to be drawn from submarine experiences of the present day.

I have already noted that the arrival of the German submarines very greatly modified the extent and the methods of sea and land co-operation in the Gallipoli Peninsula. The larger question is: Had these boats arrived before the transports, could the landing have been attempted at all? The character of that operation has been made perfectly apparent both by official and unofficial descriptions. I have suggested above that, offensively, we must look upon the submarine as the primary because the sole weapon of the weak at sea. But defensively it would appear from the Dardanelles experience that it most certainly is the weapon of the strong. By this I mean that if two German submarines operating in waters nominally controlled by the invading British could modify the operations off Gallipoli to that extent, will a dozen or a score of British submarines operating in waters where the preponderance of destroyers would be British affect the possibility of an enemy's raiding force landing on these shores?

Mr. Pollen will lecture on behalf of naval and military charities at Essex Hall, W.C., Oct. 28, at 6.30 p.m.; Victoria Hall, Halifax, Oct. 31.

BEHIND THE FIRING LINE.

By An Officer.

A DEAD straight pavé road stretches ahead between lines of poplars. The surface is all greasy after the rains, the mud mashed up by the feet of thousands. Leaving the open field where the troops had rested, we march along this highway towards the sound of the guns. Orderlies and pioneer officers on bicycles are very numerous.

At the cross-roads a red-capped staff officer is sitting on horseback by the roadside. The message he gives to the troops as they pass is that the first two lines of German trenches have been taken with slight loss. A little later another "red-cap" rides down the column on a bicycle, giving the news that the first three lines have been captured. This cheers the soldiers immensely, and, after the manner of his kind, Private Thomas Atkins immediately begins romancing about the quarters he will occupy in Berlin next week; for he is ingenuously under the impression that success here means an early end to the war. Progress is somewhat slow as the road is alive with troops and movement of all kinds. Orderlies on horseback and bicycles dash past, great grey staff motor-cars hoot their way imperiously through the mass of men, transport-wagons and Red Cross motor-ambulances in various stages of mechanical difficulty help to block the road.

Cottages and Farmhouses.

All the wayside cottages and farmhouses have their quota of troops, who are awaiting their turn to move up to the firing-line. Presently we wheel off into a labyrinth of lanes winding this way and that, and now we are within effective range of the German artillery. Already this morning one section of the road which runs parallel to our front has been liberally shelled, and, as a precaution, therefore, we move in artillery formation across the fields. Safely on the road again, the thunder of the guns seems very close.

Right and left as we pass them—concealed as they are behind hedgerows, in orchards and farmyards—howitzer batteries can be seen firing furiously: a flash, a boom, a recoil, and the little gunners—looking at a distance like so many busy insects—rush forward to recharge their guns. There they are with their shirt-sleeves rolled up and braces hanging loose working like demons at the smoking breeches.

Now we turn aside into a sheltered meadow by a farmstead. Packs are taken off and the men sit down for a rest, since we are likely to remain here some time.

It is now a mild, sunny morning, and the chill wind has gone down. With all the sounds of war and death at hand, the countryside looks peaceful enough. Two fields away a peasant is ploughing stolidly, heedless of the shells which now and again scream over his head. The greatest battle in the world's history may be raging a mile and a half away, but that is no reason why he should not finish his spring ploughing. Near by a little stream eddies through reeds and water-plants, making tinkling music, and its sunny banks are agreeably warm. Skylarks rise and sing not less vigorously, not less merrily than on any quiet morning of an English springtime, though their outpourings are drowned at times in the whirr and buzz of circling aeroplanes.

The first tangible indications of the battle are the wounded men who now come trickling back along the road. Bloody heads and hands roughly bandaged for the most part; albeit, now and then a still figure on a stretcher with chalky, quiet face tells a sadder story. And they are not in the least cheerful or boastful, as our daily newspapers delight to depict the wounded Tommy; but rather woebegone and very subdued.

"It was hell," they remark solemnly—for where is

the sense of pretending that a common mortal feels heroic on coming out of a bloody holocaust?

Types of Prisoners.

And presently there comes a procession of German prisoners marching between French Territorials—fine great men of the Prussian Guard, very stolid and expressionless, with coarse typically Teuton faces. There are smaller fry, too, Saxons and Alsations, rather untidy and unsoldierlike, and looking with no great favour upon their comrades, the Prussians. Yet the former are the more intelligent, speaking excellent French, in which language they are heard to disparage their officers: they are townsmen, whilst the Prussians are ignorant peasants. One and all admit the completeness of the surprise, to which, indeed, their lack of accoutrements and general disorder bear testimony. Nor would it be far wrong to say that every man jack of them is delighted to be a prisoner.

The morning wears on. Sitting on the sunny bank by the roadside, we watch the aeroplanes, French and English, ceaselessly circling overhead and journeying to and fro. They are like kites or hawks diligently observing their prey. Suddenly a whistling shriek rends the air. We look up instinctively, expecting a 16in. shell. But no! We are petrified. We catch one glimpse of an aeroplane, already buckled and crumpling, diving into the earth—then it is gone behind the trees.

Nor is it long before another aeroplane descends safely, but by a hair's breadth. The petrol tank has a hole large enough to put your arm in. All the way from La Bassée, where the German shrapnel had burst around it for half an hour on end, it had been leaking furiously. The two flying-men, looking particularly cheerful in their leathern garments and headgear, seemed to treat the whole matter as a joke.

Batteries in Orchards.

All this time the batteries in the orchards, enclosures, and farmyards just behind, had never ceased to boom and bang. Again and again the squat black howitzers, peeping from their screen of leaves, belch forth flame, jerk up their heads, and are immediately surrounded each by its little crowd of attendant gunners.

It is now nearly two o'clock. We eat our chocolate rations and a few sandwiches. No more news comes through, no more prisoners or wounded. But for the ammunition limbers which constantly race along the road at breakneck speed to replenish their batteries, nothing in particular happens. Only the farmhouse near by is made the mark of the German guns, and mild interest is aroused when a shell lands on the roof and sets the thatch afire. Just at this juncture, however, word arrives to move down into the reserve trenches vacated by regiments that have gone up to the firing line. We find them in an orchard alongside a farm—good, clean trenches, newly dug. So far only an occasional German shell has come our way, but now we get a taste of them. Every few minutes comes the scream of lyddite or shrapnel which bursts amid yellow and white smoke in the next field. We are snugly ensconced in our trenches. Lying down at the bottom to escape the chilly wind, we get some sleep.

Meanwhile the men roam about the orchard gathering dry wood and sticks, with which they light their fires and crouch close to them. We, too, light a fire in the alcove of the trench, and soon there is much crackling. P., who has a genius for making tea, produces a tin cup and pannikin from his mess-tin, and presently we are quite comfortable sitting round waiting for the expected summons.

THE STORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Sir Edwin Pears.

EVERY reader knows that the object of the Expedition to the Dardanelles is the capture and occupation of Constantinople. One of the aims of the Germans in forcing the Turks to join them was to obtain possession of it for themselves. A strong case might be made out to show that the Kaiser with his Ministers have long entertained the hope of either annexing Asia Minor altogether or at least of taking the Turks under their protection as a semi-independent State. It was with this idea that Abdul Hamid was flattered into granting the concession for a railway from the Bosphorus to Bagdad; that the Kaiser paid two visits to Constantinople; that at Damascus he waved his sword and boasted that he was the protector of the Sultan and of all Moslems. It is notorious that Prince Bismarck was opposed to any such design, which he regarded as a foolish dream, but for my purpose it is at least interesting as showing the importance which in the twentieth century is attached to Constantinople. The Kaiser, in memory of his visit to Constantinople, built on the famous Hippodrome a commemorative monument, which stands in a line with the obelisk commemorating the victories of the Great Theodosius, with another brought from Egypt in the time of Theophilus and with a third object more interesting to all Europeans, the bronze column set up by the Greeks at Delphi in commemoration of their great victories over the Persians in the fifth century B.C.

The Great Hippodrome.

Everyone remarked when the new monument was set up that the Kaiser appeared to place himself in line with the great rulers of the Eastern Empire. For what is the City of Constantinople, and what do the scenes of the great Hippodrome where he has placed his monument recall? The festival in 330 A.D. celebrated the foundation of New Rome, the name given to the old Greek town of Byzantium, and commemorated the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the Empire and made the city, which the world has preferred to call by the Emperor's name, Constantinople, the capital of the Roman Empire. Its founder had ransacked the ancient world for its adornment. The Palladium had been brought from the banks of the Tiber to form a mascot for the city. The bronze column recalled the glories of Greece seven centuries earlier.

Less than a century after Constantine's death the great Emperor Theodosius had completed a set of conquests which were indicated by columns in the city, and of which one, still standing on the Hippodrome, was covered with bronze plates recording his triumphs. Two centuries after Constantine the triumphs of Belisarius had aroused the enthusiasm of the population. Under the reign of the great Justinian the city and empire had made wonderful progress. The drying up of the roads between Egypt and the Persian Gulf enabled Justinian, "the Road and Bridge Maker," to divert the trade from the East to the West through new roads made from Bagdad to the Bosphorus. The Hippodrome was intimately associated with the life of this great emperor. Under him, and quite near to it, where now the Seraskerat exists, were the famous Law Courts. The jurists of his time gave to the whole civilised world the most perfect system of law which it had yet seen. The church of Sancta Sophia, almost adjoining the Hippodrome, and declared by Ferguson to be, as to its interior, for the exterior has never been completed, the most perfect specimen of Christian architecture yet produced, was built by Justinian. The Nika riots were on this great historical site.

In the Palace immediately beneath the Hippodrome Justinian's famous wife, Theodora, commencing her career as an actress in this very place, attracted the

attention of the young Prince who subsequently ascended the throne. It was in the Palace adjoining it that, when her husband's courage failed, and he proposed flight from the raging factions of the Blues and Greens, Theodora, like Lady Macbeth, screwed her husband's courage to the sticking point, and finished by declaring that for herself, having worn Imperial purple, she would never do anything inferior. If she were to die "the Empire would be a glorious winding-sheet." It was here that constant fights took place between the Blues and the Greens, ending by two famous generals, Narses and Belisarius, surrounding the building and destroying the enemies of order.

Latin Crusaders.

It was here that, in 1203-4, the Latin Crusaders, faithless to their vow, receiving the strongest denunciation of Pope Innocent III., collected the treasures from the churches and palaces of the city and heaped them up for distribution. It was here, after the city had spent its strength in resisting twenty invasions from Asia that the young Mahomet rode in triumph to Sancta Sophia, and, according to popular tradition, struck off one of the heads of the three serpents which supported the tripod of the column of Delphi. It was an ambition worthy of a great conqueror for the Kaiser to commemorate himself in the place which for 1,100 years had so many great associations. Surely it was a little too previous.

Now, let it be said in justice to the Turks that they did not destroy many monuments. They were actually less barbarous in their manner of dealing with the city than were the Christian soldiers from the West whom Innocent denounced. Mahomet II. claimed that Sancta Sophia belonged to him, and he or his successors made a similar claim for every Christian church in Constantinople. That the Turks have a long story of churches and other monuments destroyed is beyond doubt, but in Constantinople they respected the churches, the whole of which, with one quite insignificant exception, were converted into mosques.

The history of the city since its capture in 1453 is a lamentable story. The Turks were a military horde of nomads. Their ruler was almost of necessity a military despot. The Christian population, especially in the capital, had been so terribly reduced in numbers that opposition was powerless before the disciplined Janissaries and the ruthless hands of the Moslem horde. Differences of race and language, perhaps, above all, of religion, increased the hostility between the conquerors and vanquished. When a Sultan ascended the throne, as sometimes happened, full of the arrogance of ignorance and of religious fanaticism, the Christians had bad times.

Men of Common Sense.

There was always amongst the conquerors a number of men of common sense and with a love of justice. Their common sense showed them the value of an industrious population, although Christian, and of their contributions to the State. Hundreds of Greeks and Armenians were swept in from remote parts of the empire to populate the desolated city. The sense of justice was, perhaps, the most prominent in the priestly or ulema class, and not a few instances are on record of such men opposing the common sense and sense of justice to the arbitrary and fanatical wishes of the Sultan.

Let me give one instance. When Sultan Selim, the son of Mahomet the Conqueror, proposed to put all Christians in the capital to death unless they accepted Islam, and to convert all their churches into mosques, the Grand Vizier recognised the folly of such a measure, and the chief judge of the Sacred Court agreed with him as to its injustice. The Patriarch, as head of by far the largest Christian community, heard of the proposal with dismay, and was greatly alarmed. The Grand

Vizier and the *Sheik-ul-Islam* arranged a little farce of the following kind. The Patriarch was to make appeal to the Sacred Courts against the Imperial proposal. When the case came on for hearing the Sultan was present, as he often was on important cases, sometimes, no doubt, to see that justice was done, but especially to see that his orders were executed. The Patriarch, in making his appeal, quoted the Koran to the effect that the "people of the Books" were to be spared. The President of the Sacred Court, in reply to the Sultan's question, declared that all the Moslem commentators agreed with the version given by the Patriarch. It was, therefore, Sacred Law, which, of course, had to be respected.

The common sense and the sense of justice was to some extent increased by an institution which contributed largely to Turkish military success. The Janissaries, who were to a man the sons of Christian parents, had carried the Turkish horse-tails with brilliant success in the great fight of Kossovo-Pol, where the Serbians were crushed, and in that of Varna, under young Mahomet II., where Huniades was defeated. No body of men ever served absolutism better. But though every man had been taken from his parents and carefully drilled into Mahometism, though most of them had probably forgotten all their Christian relatives, they could never altogether get rid of their sympathy with the Christians. This was largely increased by the fact that nearly all of them had become followers of the leader of a body of Dervishes, Hadji Bektash, who was a favourite of the Sultan, and who gave them their name, which signifies simply "new troops." This sect, as indeed many of the sects of Dervishes, has always been favourable to Christians, and when in 1826 the great corps of Janissaries was destroyed in Constantinople they resisted with the cries of Allah and Hadji Bektash. It is to a considerable extent due to the influence of the Janissaries that massacres of the Christians in Constantinople, where they were numerous, were much less frequent than in other parts of the country.

Foreigners.

Foreigners have always constituted an important element in the population of Constantinople. Galata, on the north side of the Golden Horn, when captured, immediately after the fall of Constantinople, was a walled city, its most conspicuous monument being the Tower of Christ, as it is now called the Tower of Galata, a conspicuous object to all who enter the Bosphorus. It was occupied by Genoese, and they, like the colonists from Pisa, Amalfi, and Venice had each their own quarters in Constantinople and had privileges of trading. But the Greek emperors had always insisted that they should govern themselves and remain subjects of the Prince or State to which they belonged when they migrated into the empire. They governed themselves under treaties called Capitulations made with the empire. They were never allowed to become Turkish subjects unless they became Moslems. Mahomet the Conqueror renewed the Capitulations with Genoa and Venice within a few days of his capture of the city. Two generations later, in 1535, a new great treaty was made between Suliman the Magnificent and the French King. Shortly afterwards almost identical Capitulations were made with our Queen Elizabeth. Though these have been modified three or four times, they still remain substantially in force, although denounced by Young Turkey about a year ago, and still constitute the law under which British subjects reside in the Ottoman Empire.

Between 1453 and the Crimean War Turkish attention was so completely occupied with external troubles that little attention was given to the condition of Constantinople. The Janissaries made and unmade Sultans. The heads of Ministers had been demanded by them in such terms that the Sultans had thrown them over the Sublime Porte, *i.e.*, the Lofty Gateway, to the clamouring mob. It was through the efforts of foreign ambassadors, and especially of the great British Ambassador

who became Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, that Turkey made a great effort in the direction of reform. His long period of connection with Turkey, ranging over forty years, led him to do all that he could to strengthen the Turkish nation. He recognised that justice must be done to the Christians, and when, after much pressure, he succeeded in obtaining the Hattihumayoun it was hailed as the Magna Charta of Turkish liberty.

Real Constantinopolotani.

Constantinople has always gained something like affection from the natives and those who have long lived in it. The real Constantinopolitan will tell you there is no place like it. The shores of the Bosphorus, which are its highway into the Black Sea, are studded with villages through two thirds of its length, the houses in hundreds of cases overhanging the water and having sheds beneath them in which their caiques are housed. The embassies have their summer residences either at Therapia or at Buyukdere on the European side. Americans often compare the Bosphorus with the Hudson River, with the most interesting portion of which there is said to be considerable resemblance. The Bosphorus and the Princes' Islands, the first of which is distant about seven and the largest island Prinkipo about eleven miles from Constantinople, are the great suburbs of the city. The Golden Horn, which is a long inlet entering the Bosphorus on its European side and at its southern extremity, is crowded on both sides with houses. Two bridges cross it.

Stambul, as the city south of the Golden Horn is called, is the only portion to which, previous to the Moslem conquest in 1453, the name of Constantinople was given. Galata, on the opposite shore, and Pera behind it were usually spoken of together by the name of Pera, which means "over the way." Stambul, where all the great Government offices are to be found, is a peninsula terminating in the east at Seraglio Point and gradually widening out to a distance of four miles from the Horn to the Sea of Marmora. Walls entirely surrounded it, having a length of about fourteen miles. Most of these walls still remain. Those on the Marmora are always picturesque and seem to rise out of the water.

The Golden Horn.

So also did those on the Golden Horn side, but during the sixteen hundred years of the city's existence the Golden Horn through its entire length has deposited earth and mud on both its sides, so that the walls are sometimes as much as two hundred yards from the shore. In many places houses and even streets have been built on this mud, and often obscure the towers. The most picturesque of the walls are those connecting the two seas and running nearly four miles. There are no more interesting or picturesque ruins of walled cities in Europe than on this four miles stretch. The walls of Rome are, of course, for ever interesting, but in picturesqueness cannot be compared with those of the New Rome. In 1453, when the Turks captured the city, they made their way in through San Romano Gate, which is in the centre of a valley almost mid-distant in the four miles length. Little has been changed in their appearance during the last four centuries. The story of the capture of Constantinople is too long to tell here, but it has always been, and will always be, regarded as epoch making. It was the end of old-world western civilisation. It is the most characteristic mark of the advance of the Ottoman race. It completed the dispersion of Greek scholars to western Europe, and especially to Italy, and enabled the Turks to make further progress in conquest until they reached the zenith of their power in 1683 when they were before Vienna.

An eminent American scholar writes to me stating that he fears that his children may never see St. Mark's at Venice or Sancta Sophia in Stambul. With the recollection of Rheims Cathedral and of the ruthlessness of German destruction he may well have fear. As to Sancta Sophia, the Church of Holy Wisdom, I have little fear. The Turks will certainly not destroy it.

WOODLANDS IN AUTUMN.

By J. D. Symon.

NATURE, indifferent to the strife of man, has given us in these October days a season of strange peace. Over the landscape there has brooded Æschylus's "spirit of windless calm," bringing autumn to her fullest perfection. Some years cheat the autumnal promise by rude gales, tearing the trees untimely, and leaving only rags of foliage to take the afterglow of crimson and russet. Then the gaunt hand of winter stretches all too soon among stripped branches, the trees are beggared and inhospitable, the flame of the woods fitful and half-ashamed. But if the year closes softly, and the leaves, as the dying Cyrano de Bergerac says, "make a glorious end," that is autumn as her worshippers would have her, and that in this year of stress is the autumn that has been vouchsafed to us, here and now. It need not be in any spirit of levity or indifference to the perils and sorrows of the time that one may snatch, for a moment, the consolations of the season. The lightness of the opening year may have been hard to reconcile with our prevailing mood, but the mellow serenity of autumn strikes no incongruous note. It is the pageantry of death, but death so cunningly disguised and alleviated that it seems a new birth, a less jocund, but more gorgeous spring.

Energy of Colour.

The trees, softly ripening to their deciduous hour, have taken, as it were, a new and intense life. The energy of heightened colour vibrates along the wood-side, lately somewhat monotonous, but now infinite in its variety. It is the hour of revelation—every tree proclaims itself with an insistent individuality, manifest otherwise in spring, but lost in the more uniform greenery of later summer. It is as though it would write and sign its testament in letters of gold or fire:

Amid her russet sisterhood
In fire the cherry writes her name.

But autumn has other and more subtle accents than the more obvious accents of her flamboyant mood. There is the revelation of distances, lost in the dry, sharp light of summer, but betrayed by the season of veiling mists. Keats seized, if he did not elaborate, this truth, when he chose "season of mists," for the opening phrase of his "Ode to Autumn." In the morning hours the belts of woodland which seemed so lately a compact mass, now fall into their true aerial perspective. Ranged, rank on rank, from near to far, they yield to this analysis of floating vapour. A month ago you would have sworn that the wood was uniform, almost characterless; to-day it is an ordered host, with vanguard, main body, and rearguard rightly disposed and recognisable. The other day we could not tell which group was rear or van, now the wood is resolved, as it were, into vertical strata.

Symbolism of the Hour.

In its main motif this full-rounded symphonic close of the year is, as we say, indifferent to the angry mood of man, but the symbolism of the hour is not wholly unwritten in the diverse note of the autumn woods. This year goes out, like the last, in blood and fire, and as the cherry at the covert edge flings her crimson flag against beeches only lightly browned, and elms yellowed as yet only in great fantastic bouquets on the upper boughs, forest and coppice become a parable of war. Red death is in the hour, and the wild cherry tree, whitest in her springtime promise, now prefigures young lives whose red autumn has come upon them untimely. Nor is hope of renewal denied, though not to mortal eyes in any after spring. But the pageant of the passing year has other suggestions wherein the mood of *Il Penseroso* may

recapture something of the spirit of *L'Allegro*. In the colour of the autumn woods we may rejoice as in a gorgeous sunset, which beguiles us to forget the darkness close at hand. The silences, the fragrance of the forest, the cedarn scent of the beeches give this season an oriental opulence and charm and mystery; a spiritual completeness denied to the other three. It is the repose—almost the Nirvana—of the year:

Calm is the morn without a sound
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground.

I had made a vow, on beginning this desultory fragment, that I would not drag in quotations—a most dismal vice. But it has gone the way of many other vows, and is likely to be broken again, impenitently. The whimsical (and perhaps questionable) phrase, "oriental opulence," as applied to autumn and the autumn woods, brought with it the remembrance that it is to an Oriental that we owe—in its English dress at least—one of the happiest descriptions of the time. The original, to be sure, is Théophile Gautier's, but his line was made memorable for English readers by an Asiatic, that wonderful Hindu girl poet whose English writings have given her a secure place in our anthologies. It is to Toru Dutt that we owe, next to Gautier, that pretty autumn fancy, "When the rust is on the wood," simple and adequate as a translation, and of proved worth, for once heard, it is forever haunting. It might, indeed, be native English.

Autumn's Exhilaration.

In the North the autumn air carries a snell exhilaration that England can hardly match, even on the crispest days. Here the touch of summer warmth lingers in the subdued sunshine as if it sought to hold winter at arm's length; yonder it goes half-way to meet him. In the South St. Luke and St. Martin contrive sometimes to make their little counterfeit summers most colourable imitations, save always for the colour of the woods and their songless silence. Were but these times of peace one would now hark forwards to the charm of the longer evenings, that luxury which Stevenson liked so well when, after the day of happy fatigue in the clear, bracing weather, he would come home to the fireside and the open volume of his choice among the novels of Dumas, *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*. R. L. S., when he made that pleasing note, owed something to De Quincey. The curious may follow up the parallel for themselves. It will lead them out of autumn, with its blazing foliage, its glinting field-fires at twilight, its trailing wreaths of smoke, straight to boisterous winter and its ingle-nook compensations. But these comfortable reflections seem out of place to-day. And yet, and yet, is there not a soldier's song, dearer now to our campaigners than "Tipperary," which keeps alive, even in the trenches, this very sentiment and human longing? And so singing, by eternal fitness they fight better *pro aris et focis*, or, as our idiom turns the ancient phrase, "for homes and hearths."

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To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—On behalf of my ship's company, I should like to say how very much the men like the piano that was sent to them through LAND AND WATER, and how very much they appreciate the generosity of those kind persons who provided it. Will you please convey to them my sincere thanks for giving the men this handsome present, which will always be a source of unfailing pleasure to them, and more especially during the forthcoming winter?

W. J. WHITWORTH, Lieut.-Commander.

H.M.S. *Cockatrice*, October 24.

THE SIEGE OF BERLIN.

By Alphonse Daudet.*

WE were returning by the Avenue des Champs Elysées, gathering up as we went the full story of Paris besieged, from the pits dug by shells and the sidewalks shattered by shrapnel, when just before reaching the Circus of l'Etoile, the doctor stopped, and pointing out to me one of the big houses, which are imposingly grouped round the Arc de Triomphe, said:

"Do you see those four closed windows, up there by the balcony? In the early part of August, that dreadful month of August last year, with its heavy toll of terror and disaster, I was summoned there to a case of apoplexy. It was the house of a Colonel Touve, a cavalry officer of the First Empire, an old fellow with his head full of patriotism and glory who, since the war broke out, had come to live on the Champs Elysées in a flat opening on to a balcony. Can you guess the reason? It was to be present at the triumphal return of the troops! Poor old fellow, the news of Weissembourg had come just as they were leaving the table. He was struck down in the very act of reading the name of Napoleon at the close of the dispatch announcing defeat. I found the old cuirassier lying full length on the floor, his face crimson, and motionless as if he had received a fatal blow.

"When erect, he must have been very tall; lying down he looked gigantic. With his fine features, splendid teeth, and thick, crisp white hair, he carried his eighty years as if they had been sixty. His granddaughter was kneeling, weeping by his side. She was very like him. To see them together was like looking at two fine Greek medals struck from the same original—the one dulled by time, a little blurred in its outlines; the other bright and shining with all the clearness and softness of a first impression.

"The young girl's anxiety touched me. Daughter and granddaughter of a soldier, her father was staff-officer to MacMahon, and the sight of the stately old man prostrate before her called to her mind another dread possibility. I reassured her as best I could, but, as a matter of fact, I had little hope. It was a severe stroke, and at eighty years of age consciousness is seldom recovered. Indeed, for three days the patient remained in a motionless stupor. In the meantime the news of Reichoffen reached Paris. You will remember in what strange fashion it came; till evening we believed it to be a great victory—twenty thousand Prussians killed and the Crown Prince a prisoner. By what miracle, through what magnetic current, the national joy penetrated the poor dulled brain of the paralytic, I know not. However, when I paid my evening visit to his bedside I found him a different man. His eyes were brighter, speech easier. He was able to smile at me and stammered out twice 'Vic-to-ry!'

"'Yes, Colonel,' I said, 'a great victory.' And with every word I told him of MacMahon's success I could see his features looking less drawn and the light returning to his eyes.

"When I left the room I found the young girl waiting for me at the door, pale and rigid. She was sobbing. 'But he's going to get better,' I told her, taking her little cold hands.

"The poor child could hardly muster courage to answer me. The news of the real Reichoffen had just appeared on the placards—MacMahon in flight: the army crushed. . . . We looked at one another in consternation; she terribly troubled for her father, and I, trembling to think of the old man. He would certainly never survive another seizure. Yet, what could we do? Surely, leave him his joy. The illusion which had

brought him back to life? Then we must lie to him.

"'Very well, then, I will lie,' said the brave girl, and, quickly wiping away her tears, she went back to her grandfather's room with a bright face.

"It was a heavy task she had undertaken. We got through the first days somehow. The poor man was still bewildered, and as easy to deceive as a child. But as health returned his mind became clearer and we had to keep him in touch with the movements of the armies and draw up military dispatches for him. It really was piteous to see that pretty child, bent day and night over the map of Germany, sticking in little flags, using all her imagination to map out a glorious campaign. Bazaine moving on Berlin, Froussart in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. She used to ask my advice about it all, and I helped her as much as I could. But it was the grandfather himself who helped us most of all in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so many times under the First Empire. He knew all the strategy beforehand. 'Now,' he would say, 'here's where they will go—that is what they will do.' And his forecasts always came true, which never failed to make him proud.

"Unfortunately no matter how fast we went—taking towns, winning battles—we were never quick enough for him. The old fellow was insatiable. Every day when I arrived I heard of some new feat of arms.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' said the girl, coming to meet me with a troubled smile, and through the door I could hear a voice crying out:

"'We are going forward! Forward! Eight days more and we shall enter Berlin.' At that very moment the Prussians were but eight days from Paris.

"At first we wondered if it would be well to move him to the country, but once outside the town the state of France would have undeceived him and I thought him still too weak, too benumbed by the stroke to let him know the truth. So it was decided to remain.

"On the first day of the siege I mounted the staircase (as I well remember) with a very heavy heart at the thought of Paris, her gates closed, battle beneath her walls, her suburbs turned to frontiers. I found the old man sitting up in bed—proud and jubilant.

"'Well!' he said, 'so they have begun the siege.'

"I looked at him—dumfounded.

"'What, Colonel! Then you know all about it!'

"His granddaughter turned to me: 'Oh! yes, Doctor, it is great news; the siege of Berlin has begun.'

"She was stitching quietly as she spoke—quite self-possessed and calm. How should he doubt her? The cannons of the forts could not be heard by him. Paris, desperate and disordered, was hidden from him. All that he could see from his bed was a section of the Arc de Triomphe, and round him his room was filled with every kind of bric-a-brac of the First Empire, all lending colour to his delusions. Portraits of Marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in his baby-ropes. Against the walls stood formal gilded consoles loaded with trophies, covered with Imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a fragment of rock from St. Helena, under a glass case. Miniatures, all representing the same be-ringed, bright-eyed lady in a ball dress, or in a yellow gown with 'gigot' sleeves. And all these—the consoles, the King of Rome, the Marshals, the yellow-gowned lady with the full figure, the high waist, and the formal stiffness which 1806 counted as grace: all these far more than all our words taught him—brave old Colonel!—to believe innocently in the speedy capture of Berlin.

"From that day forward our military operations were greatly simplified. To take Berlin was only a question of patience. From time to time when the old man

* Translated by Elizabeth Clark.

wearied, we would read him a letter from his son—an imaginary one, of course, since letters came no more to Paris, and since, after Sedan, the aide-de-camp of MacMahon had been lodged in a German fortress. You can imagine the despair of the poor child—with no news of her father, knowing him a prisoner and destitute, possibly ill, and yet obliged to speak in these letters—joyful, though short, such as a soldier would write on active service—as if he were always marching forward through a conquered country! Sometimes her strength failed her, and there was no news those weeks. But then the old man would be troubled and sleepless.

"So, quickly, another letter would arrive from Germany, and she would come gaily to read it at his bedside, fighting back her tears. The Colonel would listen eagerly, smile knowingly, approve, criticise and explain to us the slightly confusing passages. But where he was finest was in the answers he would send to his son.

" 'Never forget you are a Frenchman,' he would say to him. 'Be generous to these poor folk. Do not let invasion weigh too heavy upon them.' And there was endless advice, delightful little maxims and precepts, respecting propriety and politeness due to women, a regular code of honour dealing with the demeanour of victors, with which were mingled political considerations and the conditions of peace to be imposed upon the vanquished. In this respect, I must say, he was by no means exacting.

" 'A war indemnity and no more. Of what use to take their territory? Can we transform Germany into France?' He dictated this firmly and clearly, and one felt there was so much sincerity, so fine a patriotic faith in his words, that it was impossible not to be touched while listening.

" 'All the time the siege was progressing, but alas! not the siege of Berlin. We were suffering at this time from bitter cold, sickness, and famine. But, thanks to our precautions and to the unwearied tenderness which

surrounded him, the old man knew not a moment's uneasiness. Till the very end of the siege I was able to get white bread and fresh meat for him. Only for him, of course, and you cannot imagine anything more touching than these meals so innocently selfish. There was the old man in his bed, cheerful and smiling, his napkin under his chin and near him his granddaughter—a little pale and pinched with trouble and privations, guiding his hand, giving him to drink, helping him to eat the forbidden delicacies. And then, cheered and strengthened by his meal, in the comfort of his warm room, the old cavalryman would fight again his campaign in the North, while the cold North wind howled without, and the snow whirled against the windowpane, and would tell us for the hundredth time of that fatal retreat from Russia, when there was nought to eat, save frozen biscuit and horseflesh.

" 'Do you understand, little one? We used to eat

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IN THE GRIP OF GOUT.

WARNING SIGNS OF URIC ACID OVERLOOKED.

TAKE a score of brisk, healthy-looking people at random from those you meet in the street; among them a medical man would be able to pick out a high percentage of sufferers from gout. The peculiarity of this, our national disease, is that one may be in its grip without knowing it. Gout masks its approach insidiously and presents symptoms we generally associate with other and minor ailments.

The tendency to develop gout—"Gouty Habit," as it is termed—results in abnormal production or deficient removal of uric acid from the system. The result is accumulation of uric acid in the body. It is at this stage of gout that pain in the chest and back and flatulence are experienced after meals; and drowsiness, headache, irritability, contribute to a general malaise that no "tonic" or "digestive" can remove. When symptoms of this sort make their appearance between the ages of 35 and 40 (the gouty age), uric acid may well be suspected as the cause. As a rule, the development of gout is next marked by the appearance of small hard lumps beneath the skin—usually on the rim of the ear, upon the eyelids, or upon the ankles or finger joints. These nodules are actual concretions of uric acid; whoever finds himself subject to them may know that he is in the grip of gout.

VARIATIONS OF GOUT.

If these signs of gout are neglected, or pass unrecognised, the disease soon assumes its better known and far more distressing forms, such as acute gout. What happens then is the crystallisation of the uric acid, and its collection in one or more of the joints, generally a joint in the foot. The attack begins, as a rule, by a sharp burning pain that steadily grows worse, until it reaches a frightful intensity. The joint swells rapidly, and is of a dull, purplish-red colour, with the skin drawn very tightly over it. In the course of a few days the inflammation and swelling subside and the pain dies down; but repetitions of the attack may with confidence be expected so long as the uric acid is allowed to remain in the system.

The uric acid often attacks the principal nerves of arm or thigh—and the darting tortures of neuritis or sciatica ensue. A tingling and numbness of the limb usually precede an attack, then comes the pain in all its severity, followed by the lameness of sciatica, and the muscular weakness of neuritis.

Much gouty suffering is due to rheumatism; that agonisingly painful stiffness of the muscles is most often entirely a gouty stiffness caused by uratic deposit. Lumbago, too, is another form of gout. Gouty eczema is caused by the irritant presence of uric acid in the skin. Kidney stone and gravel are uric acid compounds.

THE BANE OF URIC ACID.

If only uric acid can be expelled from the system, the gouty subject may enjoy lasting freedom from the extremes of pain that otherwise are sure to follow its spread throughout the body. What is needed to accomplish this is a powerful and active uric acid solvent and eliminant, that will expel the uric acid completely from the system. This rational and scientific method of ridding the system of uric acid excess is provided by Bishop's Varalettes. Long experience has shown them to possess to the full the qualities necessary in these circumstances.

For many years physicians have prescribed Bishop's Varalettes to their gouty patients for both relief and prevention of all forms of uric acid disorders. A remedy which, like Bishop's Varalettes, has won the approval of the critical medical faculty of this country, whose knowledge of gout and its treatment is unequalled, may certainly deserve the confidence of all gouty subjects.

FOOD TO AVOID.

Dieting is recognised as an important feature in the treatment of some cases. Certain foods—particularly those rich in nitrogen—tend to augment the formation of uric acid. Those who have the "Gouty Habit," or who already suffer from gout, will therefore do well to learn what these foods are and how best to avoid them. The choice of a non-gout-provoking diet need not, however, entail any particular hardship, for of suitable uric-acid-free, yet palatable, foods there are plenty. In a useful book published by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes, the dietetic values of most articles of food are discussed from the gouty subject's point of view, and authoritative information is given regarding not only dieting, but other factors in the treatment of gout.

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horseflesh! Indeed, she understood, she had eaten nothing else for the last two months!

"But from day to day, as his convalescence progressed, our task grew more difficult. That numbness of all his limbs and senses which had aided us so greatly hitherto, began to disappear. Two or three times the terrible volleys of the Porte Maillot made him start and prick his ears like some old hunting dog. We were obliged to invent a final victory by Bazaine before Berlin, and salutes fired in honour of this at the Invalides. Another day, when his bed had been pushed near the window—it was, I believe, the Thursday of Buzerval, he saw the National Guard who were forming up on the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

"What are those troops doing there?" asked the old man, and we could hear him grumbling under his breath, 'Slovenly! Slovenly.' Nothing further happened, but we realised that henceforward we must take great care. Unhappily we did not take care enough.

"One evening when I arrived the child came to me, sorely troubled.

"They are entering to-morrow," she said. Could the door of her grandfather's room have been open? It is a fact, that, thinking the matter over afterwards, I remembered, that evening there had been an odd expression on his face. It is probable that he did hear us. Only we were speaking of the Prussians; and he, poor man, was thinking of the French, and the triumphal entry he had awaited so long: MacMahon riding down the avenue strewn with flowers, ringing with trumpet-calls; his son at the Marshal's side, and himself on his balcony in full array at Lutzow saluting the torn flags and the eagles blackened with powder.

"Poor father Touve! No doubt he thought they would want to hinder him from being present at the procession of our troops, so as to spare him too much excitement. So he spoke of it to no one, but the next day, at the time when the Prussian battalions set out cautiously upon the long stretch of road leading from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, the upper windows were gently opened, and the Colonel appeared on the balcony, with his helmet, his great sword, in all his glorious array, an old cuirassier of Milhaud. I marvelled what effect of will; what sudden flash of life had set him thus, fully equipped, upon his feet. One thing was certain; there he was, standing behind the railing, amazed to find the streets so empty, so silent, the shutters of the houses closed, Paris, gloomy as some city of the plague; flags, indeed, flying everywhere, but all so strange, all white with red crosses, and no one there to gaze at our soldiers.

"For a moment he thought himself mistaken. But no, down there behind the Arc de Triomphe was a confused noise—a black line moving forward into the light. Then gradually the spikes on the helmets gleamed out—the little drums of Jena began to beat, and under the Arc d'Etoile, keeping time with the heavy tread of the battalions, with the clash of the sabres, burst out the triumphal march of Schubert! . . . Then in the dreary silence was heard a cry—loud and terrible—'To arms! To arms! The Prussians!'

"And the four Uhlans of the advance guard could see up above a tall old man, who tottered and waved his arm—and then fell stiffly forward. This time Colonel Trouve had his death-blow."

Such well-known chemists as Professor Sir H. E. Roscoe, Sir J. Dewar, Professor Meldola, and F. M. Perkin have contributed chapters to *The British Coal Tar Industry*, edited by Walter M. Gardner, M.Sc. (Williams and Norgate, 10s. 6d. net). By means of their work and that of other eminent specialists the history of the coal-tar colour industry in Britain and in Germany is thoroughly explained up to the outbreak of the war. In the second part of the book Lord Moulton's speech at Manchester Town Hall in December of last year, Professor Frankland's notes on the chemical industries of Germany, and articles by other writers, comprise a lucid exposition of the present state of the industry in Britain, its possibilities, and its needs—notably the need for more chemists.

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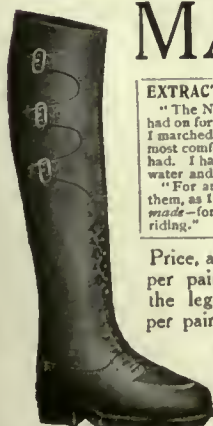
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The Club for Belgian Soldiers has outgrown its former premises, and has been moved to 13 Connaught Place. The house, which overlooks Hyde Park, is a large and cheerful one. It is hoped that this will be a hostel, in the full sense of the word, for Belgian soldiers on leave in England and also for those who have returned to this country wounded. A main feature of the Club is the buffet where food can be bought at nominal prices. Many a Belgian soldier arriving in London, as in an unknown land, will welcome the news of such a place, and the Belgian Minister is amongst those doing all in their power to spread its address amongst the Belgian Army.

In days when the pessimist had it much his own way and croakings were heard throughout the length of the land, many people found their only comfort in the high spirits of the men at the Front. It was felt that the war barometer could be more surely tested by those on the spot than by those removed many miles from the scene of action. As a matter of fact, from all accounts most men have many merry moments at the Front. Clubland has been removed from the West-End to the Trenches, and if a man wishes to meet his friends he is far more likely to do so in Flanders than in Piccadilly. Many cheery meetings take place behind the firing line.

The third-class Pullman Service to Brighton will satisfy many who have had to abolish first-class travelling under the pressure of war economies. At the same time the greater proportion of visitors would seem to come down

by motor car if the Front is any sure guide. This on Sundays resembles nothing so much as the Motor Show at Olympia. Every type of car is here from the most talkative of small two-seaters to the long Rolls Royce finding its way along in lordly silence. Every type of motor-driver is here also, and the way in which every now and then a pretty girl cleverly backs her small car out in masterly fashion from amongst a score of other motors proves that the art of motor driving is not by any means restricted to one sex alone.

The English opera season at the Shaftesbury Theatre is doing splendidly. Amongst other things it has established the fact that "Madame Butterfly" sounds as well sung in English as in Italian. Puccini is having his full share of notice. Besides "Butterfly," "Bohème" has been given, also "Tosca," with Miss Jeanne Brola in the name part, Mr. Maurice D'Oisly as Cavaradossi and Mr. William Samuelli as Scarpia.

The Burne-Jones family have presented the great painter's picture of Paderewski to the Polish Relief Exhibition. This has not been very widely advertised, and it may be news to many that it is being held at 11 Haymarket. The picture is for sale at £500. It has the typical Burne-Jones touch of softness and mysticism, and shows the pianist with the great shock of hair which in later years he abandoned. Up till now the picture has always hung in the room which used to be Sir Edward Burne-Jones' Studio, but it was felt by those responsible that it could

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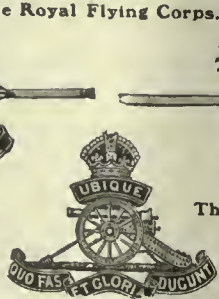


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Vol. LXV No. 2791

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[By Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

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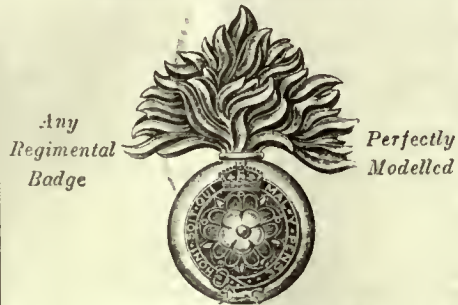
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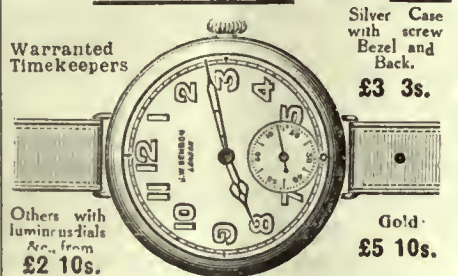
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THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

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UNDERNEATH all the tragic suffering of the war, the shattering agony of wounds, the anguish of irreparable bereavements there runs a queer undercurrent of pain, not the less real because it is not transfigured by any conviction of dutiful sacrifice—the pain of those who are prevented by circumstance of one or other kind from being directly helpful in this crisis of their country's destiny. Strange illuminations have come to men and women who a long two years ago were wrapped in what now seems an incredible detachment and indifference. They never guessed how dear to them were these little islands and that splendid conception of the Greater Commonwealth of the Five Nations; or what kinship there was between them and men of a rougher clay whom they had ignored, and perhaps a little despised; or what heroes they had entertained unawares in the trivial social round. And being of a race that had grown strangely self-contained, they dare put so little of their feeling into words or action that they send their daily trainfuls of gallant lads back to the work that must be death for many, without a cheer and scarce a wave of the hand. One hopes the lads understand. . . . To tell the truth, this is not the famous British phlegm, still less the callous indifference that our escaped Herr Johannes Schmidt cannot be blamed for thinking it; but the desperate sense that we others have scarcely a decent right to be alive and to take so much from these incomparable, sacrificial volunteers.

But there is plenty work for the forlorn and dispirited non-combatants. The end of the war will be but the beginning of the beginning of that reorganisation of the World Task, to adapt a fine phrase of Mazzini's, which faces us, and that scarcely less anxious and difficult task of putting our own house in order.

Surely it is not fanciful to suggest that there is laid upon us who do not fight, an obligation as real and as definite, to address ourselves with unremitting fervour to the extreme limit of our capacity and influence, as is laid upon men of the military age to take up their hard share of the fighting. There is here no mere plausible analogy but an exact and literal parallel. Let anyone analyse his impression of those of his acquaintance who have gone to the war. He must conclude that while some few set out in a gay spirit of adventure, and other few for fear of the condemnation of their fellows (in itself no mean motive) the most put themselves stiffly to a hard and often almost intolerable duty. It was nothing less than a supreme and resolute dedication of themselves to the service of the England they loved—however little it may suit our reticent youth to phrase it in such high terms. And this being so, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that, in that other sphere of national reconstruction, which faces us assuredly, and one almost dare say, as

formidably as enemy trenches and batteries face our armies, anything less than such a dedication be expected of us others. After all, a man cannot let his splendid fellows die for him and just slip back into old ways with a mere much thanks for this relief.

The measure of the combatants' resolution and sacrifice is the measure of the non-combatants' responsibility and duty. And in sober fact better work for England can be done by most of us in preparing to take a part in the politics of the Great Settlement, local, national, imperial, and universal, than by petulant arm-chair criticism of harassed Ministers based on information that is necessarily quite ludicrously inadequate; or even possibly than such praiseworthy manifestations of eager citizenship as the wearing of the brassard of the Special Constabulary or the National Guard. Nor can any excuse himself from the task on the score of the small weight of influence which he individually carries towards the solution; just precisely as no single reluctant youth can exempt himself on the ground that one rifle or Sam Browne belt the less will make no difference to the great result. It is a common and, because a plausible, an unutterably mischievous attitude. It has operated among us with disastrous results in the past. As a matter of simple fact, every citizen who will by serious thought, and discussion, that best stimulant of thought, enlist his talents of whatever character in this high enterprise, becomes a radiating centre of helpful activity. Nothing is less barren than this kind of energy; and the sum of it laboriously, tentatively, but inevitably interacting, goes to make up that enlightened public opinion which is the first desideratum of free and intelligent democracy.

Doubtless the most common excuse that is made for our apathy is our disgust with politics and the manœuvres of the politicians. Yet war, most surely, no less than politics, is deeply stained. Its inevitable horror and cruelty apart, there is the whole monstrous background of concealments, deceptions, prejudices, calumnies and often disreputable intrigue which it presumes. An honest soldier might well weary of the unclean business and think to wash his hands of it. Yet in honour he can not. Whoever does the dirty work in this bad business, it is for him to do the clean; and so of politics in relation to ourselves. This superior detachment from the business of Government as from something too muddled for our association, is indeed the "Great Refusal" of which too many of us are guilty. It is nothing less than the pusillanimous betrayal of the liberties for which our fathers fought in field and council chamber, and for which we now profess ourselves to be fighting. We do, the most of us, enjoy an unfettered political liberty. We are architects of our own fate, and have the politics we deserve. If anything be wrong, it is our task to put it right. . . .

In the years preceding the war there was being voiced from many quarters a serious demand for a saner and cleaner politics; here, with a bitterness and exaggeration which repelled the sober, there with a certain naïve hopefulness which made the worldly-wise impatient. It would indeed be foolish to approach our desperate task of the future in any mood of highly attenuated idealism. It has to be admitted that in a complex world further complicated by our mismanagement, the guileless idealist fares badly. Politics, international or domestic, is at bottom a conflict of selfish interests; an affair of claims and counter-claims; not the pursuit or expression of definite ethical ideals. It does not achieve the absolute best, but finds (and is altogether too much in the habit of seeking) the tolerable compromise. Political extremists, and all successful politicians tend to be extremists, are prone to attempt to present complex issues in some crudely simple formula and to manufacture the convenient shibboleth; to overstate their own and distort their adversary's case. It is the old bad trick of forensic advocacy—and as inevitable. And so, thoughtful and temperate folk who are unable to take these black-and-white views, are exasperated, estranged, and not a little contemptuous.

But this, after all, is only one side of the matter. Across this rough web of work-a-day politics there runs a fine woof of gold. Behind the professional stalwarts, the hedgers and the ditchers, the placemen and the men of phrases, there are sincere and exalted idealists, Imperial, Radical, Socialist, who occasionally contrive to push the solid practical men into some spiritual adventure for honour or justice sake. Even the politicians *sans phrase* are in the main better than their machine—as we know. And anyway, this is certain truth; that the more we of the "common people" can feel and promote an honest desire for good and sane government, for the consideration of real as against artificial issues, for the cutting out of mischievous anomalies, extravagances and privileges, and the removal of intolerable disabilities, the cleaner and less barren our politics will be. If it must still be a conflict of selfish interests, by letting in light we can make it at least a conflict of enlightened interests.

But surely, even in the very admission which we have in candour to make of the perversities and obliquities of politics, we must recognise that this fateful time of war puts into our hearts a better hope. Never in our day has there been such a field for the idealist, so he be practical and knowledgeable. War the great destroyer should also be, is already proving itself, the great purifier. A good deal of rubbish must be burnt up in its devouring flame. We shall be faced with such stark realities, such poignant problems, that there will be much less room for the disingenuous manoeuvres of cliques and parties. It is true there are not wanting signs that the extremist advocates of the exploited in that eternal struggle against privilege and property, both the passionately sincere and the mere fishers in troubled waters, are working for a wrecking policy which shall but bring us out of one bitter war into a bitterer; but there are good hopes (and there must be good work) that better counsels will prevail, and that the essential solidarity and intimate kinship which the war has revealed—no phrases these,

but a shining reality—will give us for a time at least an honourable truce in which to rebuild the ruins of our world.

A nation not less than an individual of character, should rise the stronger out of adversity. It is surely no vain dream that a humbler, more righteous (yet not self-righteous) Britain shall be born again of all this desperate travail.

For it is now, thus suddenly, a nation of educated men, of men who have been forced to see problems in a new light, have tested and readjusted their values, have found their futile ambitions exposed and bankrupt—which is indeed education in the most significant sense. A time of suspended plans, of enforced, relative leisure has come to many. That leisure can be used in planning the future. When action is in abeyance thought which is the mainspring of just action comes to its own, thought which the crowded routine of our old life with its accumulated preoccupations provided only too little occasion or desire.

Here is the plain truth, that every reconstructive task of the future will be undermanned. Who then that urges every fit youth into the battle line can dare to stand out of the civic counterpart of the soldier's work? We shall have lost many of our best in the flower of their manhood and at the height of their spiritual reach. Victory when it comes will not come as a glory—but only as a relief, a pause, a prelude to a stupendous endeavour. It will find the British heritage strengthened by a common heroism, welded by an immeasurable danger shared, but anxious and fatigued. Problems of immense urgency will clamour for solution. There must at once rise the too-long deferred question of the Imperial Settlement, the making of the Five Nations into the greater Commonwealth.

Nearer home there is the peaceful confirmation of the Irish settlement to ensure. Of the more intimate domestic problems, the threatening of that standard of living, inadequate as it is, which the poorer class has by a long and arduous upward struggle attained, is the most urgent in its gravity and implications; aggravated as it is by withdrawal from production of so many who must be generously pensioned, and by the inevitable drying up of those sources of charity by which in the past so many works of mercy have been made possible. A thousand old and new needs, physical, educational, industrial, constitutional—and a harassed treasury to meet them. But out of all this comes the brave hope that in rebuilding we shall build immeasurably better. Else we shall indeed have bled in vain.

Readers of LAND AND WATER have followed the course of the difficult European campaign in these pages not by any casual pictorial method, but in studied detail with a sustained and patient attention. We venture the hope that a commentary, chiefly on post-bellum problems will not be unwelcome, offered as it is in a serious but in no sense a dogmatic mood, to provide matter for intelligent reflection: and perhaps in these great times there need be no too shame-faced apology for a certain seriousness of intention. To that weekly commentary these paragraphs may serve as a general introduction.



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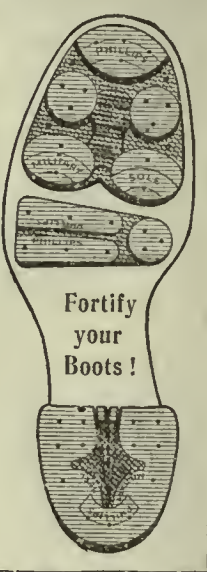
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THE POSITION IN SERBIA.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

EVERYTHING in Serbia is now a question of *supply*. We have not the statistics of Serbian supply: neither of the reserve of munitions nor of the food. The increasing encircling pressure on the Serbian armies as a whole need not destroy them. There is still a broad country of wild hills to fall back upon South and East. But it will be impossible even with such an advantage of ground to maintain such forces in being (nearly a quarter of a million), if supply fails before help arrives; and the same conditions that give the highlands their

defensive value make supply across and through them difficult.

Hence the importance of Uskub.

The occupation of Uskub by a hostile force—Bulgarian in the present case—is the keystone of all hostile strategy in Serbia. And that for this reason: That Uskub stands at the junction of those two great natural ways by which alone, as political boundaries now stand, munitions and reinforcements (and perhaps

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food?) can reach the Serbian Army from the South, that is from the sea.

The first of these great ways, marked (1) (1) on sketch I is followed by the main railway line from Salonika to the Danube. It is the trench of the Vardar River continued in the trench of the Upper Morava River; for it so happens that between these two main valleys there is no very high or difficult land, but only a low saddle near Kumanovo.

The other main road north marked (2) (2) on the same sketch I, branching from Uskub, is more difficult, but is also followed by a railway. It goes over the Pass of Katchanik and follows after that watershed the Valley of the Sitniza River northward as far as Mitrovitza, after which point the road continues to Novi Bazar.

It is clear from the map that even if there were a good road leading northward from Monastir to Prizrend whereby supply could reach Northern Serbia through the Salonika-Monastir railway this road would be in peril of attack from the East if a considerable hostile force held Uskub. But I cannot find evidence that such a road has been yet constructed. Motor traffic could (when the big map which the French Staff is using was completed) reach Djenavitza from Monastir. But thence down the Upper waters of the Vardar through the Plain of Tetovo to the railhead of Kalkandele, motor traffic has, upon this map at least, no road to serve it. While from Kalkandele to Prizrend there is apparently no more than a track across the mountains. After Prizrend a good road leads again to the Mitrovitza line striking the railway at a point not yet, at the moment of writing, occupied by the enemy.

Many of the same features of communication are observable on the map issued by the English War Office. Only those on the spot and acquainted with the actual and present opportunities for traffic between Monastir and Prizrend can judge the feasibility of supply by such a route. I have been told that opportunities for it do exist, but I can find no support of this view either on the map or from those who have seen the country fairly recently. Even if such a road be actually in existence and engineered all the way from Monastir to Prizrend, it is, as has been said above, threatened by any considerable hostile force at Uskub. For that town lies only twenty miles away from the Prizrend-Monastir road, or track, and those twenty miles go through an easy open plain between the mountains, which is further served by a railway as far as Kalkandele.

But while this holding on to Uskub is the capital point for the enemy and the capital point against us strategically in the south, it so happens that to a sufficient force attacking up the valley from the Salonika railway Uskub is particularly vulnerable; and the reason for this will be apparent if we look at this next sketch map II, and see how the nodal point of Uskub lies relatively to Kumanovo and Veles.

Uskub stands at the apex of a triangle upon which converge the main roads from north and south and the two branches of the main railway line as well. This triangle is not occupied by any mass of mountain country round which it will be necessary for an army to travel. Uskub does not lie thus at the apex of a triangle because that triangle is taken up with impassable country. On the contrary, all that district is the fairly open Plain of Kumanovo, continued in the Plain of

Ovitch on the south. If, therefore, a force sufficient to carry the point of Veles began to exercise pressure up northwards (the Allies are already at Krivolak) it would, long before it had reached halfway to Kumanovo, render the position of an enemy at Uskub impossible. Were a sufficient body of the Allied forces to be advancing northward from Veles by but one day's march, it would be necessary for the enemy occupying Uskub to fall back upon Kumanovo or risk destruction.



That the Bulgarians do not yet find us in sufficient force to the South nor yet fear the pressure that can be exercised thence is clear from the way in which they are behaving. The Serbians and their Allies may have had Veles and may have lost it again. The accounts are not official and they conflict. But there could be nothing doing as late as Sunday in any great strength beyond Veles at Krivolak, for the Bulgarians at Uskub are following up the second railway to Katchanik in complete security.

The fact that the Bulgarians are up to (but apparently, on last Sunday at least, not over) the Pass of Katchanik and are pushing up the railway northward immediately suggests to any student of the map the envelopment of the Serbian Army. From the Pass of Katchanik to the rail head at Mitrovitza is only 50 miles. From Mitrovitza to the point of Kraguievatz which the enemy reached on Sunday, is less than 80 miles, while the Austrians who have appeared beyond the Drina in the north-west, between Visegrad and the Serbian frontier, are less than 100 miles from Mitrovitza.

In other words, there are three distinct enemy forces pressing in from three points of a triangle, A, B, and C, which triangle includes that mass of central mountains upon which the Serbians, retiring before the invaders from the North and the Bulgarians pressing in main force upon the East, would retreat.

But though this danger is very apparent upon the map, it is modified to some extent by conditions of ground, and by a consideration of the enemy's rate of progress. It is now more than ten days, for instance, since three Austrian

battalions established a bridge head over the Drina at Visegrad, yet the last Austrian communiqué to hand does not tell us that the frontier even is yet crossed; though that frontier only lies a couple of hours march up the valley, and though the enemy has here two railways to serve him. (He has had time to rebuild the bridge sufficiently to restore rail traffic).

Again, once the Northern enemy gets two days' march south of his present line, he has in front of him a mass of high mountain land with no good road communication, which mass stretches South and West in a huge tangle of savage bare hills to the Adriatic itself. There is still a fair system of roads up into the hills from Kragujevatz, but the high Jastrebats Range overhangs him beyond and further south and east the mountainland grow more and more difficult as one advances.

If one were concerned with this district alone, it would be difficult to see how the enemy at his present rate of progress, and with the ground he now has to deal with, could prevent the Serbian forces falling back southward and westward towards the Montenegrin frontier. What is more puzzling is the state of affairs east of the main railway in district D. Such Serbian forces as remain in that district have no very wide gate by which to retire.

The Bulgarians claim, probably with truth, that they were last Friday on the ridge of the watershed West of Kniajevatz at about E. We further know that they were beyond Pirot on the same day. On the main Salonika railway above Nish they were as far as Brdelyitza.

By Sunday they had, in the advance on Nish, passed Bela Palanka.

Put all this together and it means that the Serbian forces still East of the Morava Valley and the main railway running through it must fall back southward and eastward towards the railway and across it, if they are to avoid envelopment. For by marking down as is done in the above sketch map, the points where the enemy stood as late as Sunday last, one sees how perilous a salient those North-Eastern forces of our ally in "D" now make. They are defending difficult country it is true but, behind that difficult country the trench of the Morava with its road and railway permits both their enemies an uninterrupted advance, cutting the neck of the salient.

THE LOSS OF TAHURE KNOLL.

The recapture by the enemy of the knoll of Tahure is certainly of importance, but of what measure of importance we cannot tell until we know at what expense he achieved this success.

The summit of this rounded knob of chalk (it is neither steep nor high) is the only point upon the present French line, I believe, which gives one a good observation post for the enemy's lateral railway of communication and for the roads beyond. Further, it covered all the valley of the Upper Dormoise; and though only just the summit was held, and only just the summit has been lost, these advantages have gone with it. At the same time, it was the point which the enemy has particularly strained himself to recover for a good fortnight past. The Germans, therefore, rightly insist upon their success and emphasise it in their communiqué.

But, on the other hand, the French communiqué insists upon the very heavy loss of men

which the enemy suffered in this great attack. We are further told that the offensive was undertaken over a front of five miles, and that everywhere, except on the head of the knoll of Tahure, the enemy was repulsed with such loss. He must even in some places have been deprived of small sections of trench which he formerly held, because the French (who only count unwounded prisoners) took first and last over 200 such. The enemy, counting the wounded on the ground he occupied and the unwounded, claims over twelve hundred, which is a puzzlingly small number for the wounded alone in such an important section and an action of such magnitude unless, as is probably the case, the ground really recovered and held was very small in area.

We shall probably have later some fuller account of the affair from which we shall be able to judge the one essential point of numbers; until we have this it is impossible to judge the value, plus or minus, of that affair. We know, indeed, that all over the front the enemy has been throwing away men wholesale ever since the new Allied offensive began. The policy has been as remarkable in Flanders as in Artois, and we now have another example of it in Champagne. But, though for the earlier fighting we have more or less precise figures, and know that up to the 25th of October or thereabouts the Germans had lost 40,000 dead (say, a total casualty list of 200,000), we have no figures to guide us for this last fighting, and we must wait till they come before judging it.

THE RIGA FRONT.

The news from the extreme north of the Russian front is of exceptional interest this week, because it hints at a strain on the enemy's resources greater than we have yet been able to note in this region, and in particular to some difficulty with his artillery, whether from a withdrawal of batteries for the Balkans or from some breakdown in communications, or even perhaps from the lower human material that he is now compelled to mix with his earlier stuff to make wastage good in this very murderous sector.

At any rate, what seems to have happened is this:—

He got about a week ago, or a little more, across the narrow branch of the Dwina south of



Dahlen Island and on to Dahlen Island itself. He seems to have failed to take Kekkau, so he must have crossed above the mouth of the little River Brzé. But once on the island he could not maintain himself there and his artillery failed to keep down the fire of the Russian guns upon the

further bank. The account of this success which we have from the Russian side is not very clear, and the Germans are, of course, silent about it because it was from their point of view, a failure. It seems, however, from one part of the account the Russians give, and from an interesting but unofficial version which has reached London, that a very serious attempt was made by the enemy to cross the main stream north of the island, and that it broke down. That was the first step in the unsuccessful effort. The second came at the end of last week when the enemy made another very vigorous attempt to force another entry towards Riga: this time across the Misse at Palanken. It is difficult to understand why the enemy chooses this particular crossing place. There must be local reasons apparent only on the spot. There is no good road like the road up to Kekkau and there is a bad bit of marsh just behind. At any rate the attempt was made and failed badly, such troops as got across the river being thrown back again. A most interesting point is that the prisoners again attributed their failure to the lack of proper artillery support.

The whole of this fighting upon the Riga front is now, and has been for two months, yet another example of that policy which we also have in the West: the enemy using men with extraordinary lavishness, because he still believes that a political result will serve him better than a few weeks more grace in the matter of effectives.

A PROTEST.

In connection with this piece of fighting along the Riga front I am afraid it is necessary to break the rule, which normally governs these notes, of avoiding controversial matter. For the *Times* has this week again given so glaring an example of deliberately misleading its readers that I cannot refrain from emphasising it.

The falsehood is implied, as usual, in headlines—the common method of the sensational Press which is doing the work of the enemy in this country. In large type in the *Times* on Tuesday, the 2nd, you have the headline “GERMANS NEARER TO RIGA.”

To what does this deliberately false heading in the *Times* refer? It refers to an action miles away on the left, at about the point marked X upon my sketch map.

Now let me recapitulate all that is meant, and exactly what is meant by a falsehood of this kind.

(1) It professes to refer to the main fighting for Riga. Instead of that it refers to a subsidiary affair twenty miles away.

(2) It is designed to leave upon the mind of anyone glancing at the paper, unprovided with a map and not at the pains of analysing the communiqués (that is, upon the mind of pretty well everybody who sees the *Times*) the impression that the main German advance has made good and is approaching the town.

(3) It ignores entirely the heavy fighting at the main points which went against the Germans.

(4) It actually magnifies the German account, giving it a more favourable turn than the German authorities themselves had dared to give it.

Perhaps the authorities will allow me to add that in no other belligerent country would such things be tolerated for a moment. The mere fact that they had been attempted would lead to the immediate and severe punishment of the

author. The necessity for such action is plain to every Allied government, and ought to be plain to ours. Falsehoods of this kind breed that mood in which a distracted public opinion may be led to accept an inconclusive peace.

THE ENEMY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS EXHAUSTION OF HIS RESERVES AND CLASSES '16 AND '17.

We are at last in a position to judge with fair accuracy how the enemy proposes to deal with the one vital question of the moment for his general staff: I mean the fact that his effectives are approaching the point where they would normally decline.

He has, in order to make good a wastage of at least 400,000 a month to draw perpetually from a reserve of men which is approaching exhaustion.

This problem is particularly acute in the German Empire, which maintains a larger number of units at the front in proportion to its numbers than does the Allied Empire of Austria-Hungary. And upon the maintenance of the German forces in particular everything depends.

Now the German reserves of men are of three kinds.

There is first the very small number remaining—if any—of efficients of full military age who can be spared from munitions, railways, mines, and the rest of it.

There is secondly the large number of inefficients of various degrees of inefficiency.

Thirdly, there are the lads not yet mature—boys of 18 and 19, who remain to be drawn upon, and whose numbers so far have only been reduced by a certain amount of volunteering during the first year of the war.

This last category are the “Classes '16 and '17,” which means the young men who will reach their twentieth birthday at some time in the years 1916 and 1917. In other words, those still surviving of the males born in the years 1896 and 1897.

Now the policy upon which the German Government appears to have decided in its grave embarrassment—seeing its reserves thus depleted and no sort of decision reached on the East or on the West—would appear to be as follows:—

It proposes to keep back the youths for winter training and to bring them up as trained effectives in the spring. Meanwhile it will hang on with the replenishment of wastage from what is left of its disposable efficients over twenty (if any) and, after that, by drawing upon the inefficients for the winter months.

It is a gamble, and only the future can show how it will turn out.

In order to discover the full significance of this policy to the reader I propose to repeat much that I have already said upon this point of effectives and to present the matter in full.

To repeat the essentials:—

(1) An army in the field consists of certain units (battalions, batteries, squadrons; organised in brigades, divisions and corps). Everything connected with the Army—its orders, commands, supply, recruitment, replenishment—works in terms of those units.

(2) Each unit is subject to what is called “wastage,” that is, loss of numbers through

death, disease, capture, wounds, and occasional minor sources of loss, such as desertion, men returned for civilian work, etc.

(3) The strength of these units we call the *effectives* of an army. Were wastage to proceed uncorrected these *effectives* would diminish regularly, even in peace time. In war they fall at a very rapid rate indeed (very roughly speaking, at a rate which, in intense action, averages at least 100 per cent. a year).

(4) But this *wastage* of the *effectives* does not proceed uncorrected. It is perpetually made good by what are called *drafts*, that is, men sent forward from reserves at home to make good losses at the front. These reserves are gathered at various points called *depots*. They are formed from

(a) Wounded and sick men completely cured who are thus at varying intervals of time able to undertake once more their original duties.

(b) Men who have not yet been in action, but are levied, trained, equipped, and then sent out to repair wastage.

(5) The *true wastage* of an army at any moment, that is, the number of men by which at that moment it is deficient in numbers from its theoretical complement, or *establishment*, consists in the *permanent losses* plus the *temporary losses not yet restored to the army*.

For instance:—I have a battalion a thousand strong (its full establishment) on the 1st of August. If I lose during August *from all causes whatsoever* 200 men, then to have my strength restored to full establishment, I need a draft of 200 men.

The 200 that I have lost may consist in a first hundred *permanent losses* (killed, prisoners, and either maimed for life or unable to take up their old duties in full). While the second hundred may consist in *temporary losses*, light cases of sickness and slight wounds, who will later return to service.

But though this last category is temporary and not permanent, *there is always a floating margin or balance of temporary losses off the strength*; for though the cured are always coming back from hospital new cases are always going in. This margin or balance is often known by the confusing term of "Permanent temporary" losses. In an active campaign it tends rather to grow than diminish.

The elements of the problem before us, then, when we speak of the enemy's *effectives* and of his reserve of efficient man-power are perfectly simple. They consist in three estimates: (1) The establishment of his armies; (2) Their real rate of wastage; (3) The real amount of his total original man-power available for actual service.

When we have approximately arrived at these by comparing all forms of evidence we do not reach exact figures. But we can estimate the *total possible amount of error*. We can be *certain* that up to a given earlier date at least, his *effectives* will remain at full strength. We can be *certain* that after another given later date at least his *effectives of efficient* must decline. These earlier and later dates have long been known. The most favourable to us is some time in this month, the least favourable the end of January or beginning of February.

Now it is in the qualifying words "*of efficient*" that ambiguity lies; because all commanders, on seeing their *effectives* in danger of declining in number, tend to make that number good out of inefficient. The temptation is almost irresistible; and throughout military history it is a temptation

that has been yielded to over and over again. It is irresistible chiefly because the various classes of inefficients merge so gradually one with the other, from those who almost passed the doctor or who, though but boys, are *almost* mature, or though elderly are still *almost* good enough material, down to the deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic.

You cannot get yourself to refuse the best of the inefficients; you are led on to use the next best—and so on.

Often as this point has been repeated in these columns, I must beg my readers, leave to return to it on account of its importance and liability to misunderstanding.

I have 100 men fighting for me in a certain unit. I have behind them at home 100 other men thus divided: 50 are perfectly sound. Ten more or less sound, and suffering only from immaturity or the beginning of age. Ten more are worse; doubtful on account of some physical defect, such as varicose veins, weak heart, etc. Ten more are men who have been wounded or have been on the sick list in former fighting; they are recovered enough for most plain duties, but might break down under a severe strain. Ten more are really bad material suffering from permanent grave defects, former severe illness only partly cured, etc. I could put them in uniforms and put weapons into their hands, but the result would be deplorable. The remaining ten are absolutely useless. They consist of blind, paralytic, cripples and imbeciles.

Now as my 100 at the front waste away I replace them first of all out of my 50 sound men. But there comes a time when I have used up all those sound men. The man commanding my unit sends word: "We are, after the last action, reduced to 90; send me a draft of ten." It seems absurd to leave my unit in the field below its strength simply on some pedantic doctor's plea that the first batch of ten on the list is not quite fit. My mind is full of the importance of keeping my unit at full strength, so I send up that first batch to the front, although it is material I should not have used if I still had sound stuff to draw upon.

Time passes and another batch of ten is asked for. My next batch is a good deal worse than the first, but the line of demarcation is not strictly marked and I am led on to sending this also.

So the process continues until I come at last to the perfectly impossible people who are blind or paralytic or in some other way out of the question. I have been gradually tempted step by step to replace my *efficient* by *inefficient*; each new batch so supplied is only a little lower in efficiency than the last, the downward grade is almost imperceptible, and I follow it until I reach disaster.

That is what is meant by "coming to an end of one's reserves in efficient and beginning to depend upon inefficient" and, I repeat, all commanders of armies in this dilemma are tempted to the course. Very nearly all have yielded to the temptation, and *it has always been disastrous*.

Now why should it be disastrous?

For this reason; that, after adding a very small proportion of men who are *almost* (but not quite) efficient, every mere increment of numbers actually weakens you instead of strengthening you.

To repeat the example given before in these columns: A battalion a thousand strong, of which 250 were elderly men or children unable to stand

a strain would, in say a week's rapid retirement through bad weather, run a far greater chance of disaster than a battalion only 750 strong, but all of them sound and of true military age. If Von Kluck, pelting back with the 1st German Army across the Marne fourteen months ago had had 25 per cent. of his effectives drawn from men who had not passed the doctor or who were immature or elderly, that 25 per cent. would not simply have fallen to the allies as stragglers and prisoners, they would have clogged the whole machinery of the retreat. They would have been present everywhere in every unit. Every company and battery and squadron would have been poisoned with them; and the whole body would have been incapable of the very fine feat which Von Kluck performed when he fell back upon the Aisne lines in those famous days which saw the ruin of the Prussian plan.

All this is surely clear enough. Let me next repeat our evidence for the German situation in this matter of an efficient reserve.

We have as a base for our calculations, obtainable from many countries in great detail and with perfect precision, the proportion of efficient to inefficient in any conscript population. Every conscript service gives us within extraordinarily small margins of difference the same proportion. Of four men, young, but of age, presenting themselves to the doctor, one must be rejected. Of the 100 men 25. That rule works in populations most widely different in character and occupation. It has been seen at work here in the voluntary enlistment in Britain during the last twelve months.

We see the same rule at work under the more complicated system of the Germans. The Germans, as we have seen in previous articles, divide their conscripts (with the exception of a tiny group of criminals who are not eligible for the army—only about one per 1,000)—not into two categories like the French, of fit and unfit, but into four; the first the perfectly fit; a second a smaller category of doubtfuls; then the frankly unfit, and lastly a very small category (only 6 per cent.) of impossibles—*e.g.*, dwarfs, madmen, cripples, the maimed, etc.

Now it is remarkable that if we exclude the last little category we get for the German Empire, as elsewhere, the regular proportion; with this difference, however, that the German Empire has a rather larger number of men called unfit because so much of its population is town-bred and because there are such strong social influences at work to prevent the full conscription of all classes in the State. The actual German figures in the last statistical tables published just before the war, were just over one-half (53.4 per cent.) for the perfectly fit. Less than a sixth (15.01 per cent.) for the rather less fit and a quarter (25.1 per cent.) for the unfit, the balance (6.3 per cent.) being the impossibles.

It is worthy of notice that in those parts of Germany where the government has not got to consider social influences or the degradation caused by town life, you get almost exactly the French proportion. East Prussia, for instance, a district where, upon the whole, you are dealing with a healthy peasantry, you had for 1911 just over 75 per cent. (75.4) for your perfectly fit and rather less fit, and only 24.6 for your unfit and impossibles; which figures are, within a very small fraction, precisely those of the French population also.

Now with this point perfectly clear, that only about three-quarters of your man power are your efficient (even in the best years of the early twenties) we can set down the elements of our problem. We cannot give exact figures, but we can give extremes below and above which those figures cannot stand and within which "margin of error" those figures *must* stand.

The total number of men available, including the two younger classes of '16—'17, but excluding the later classes of elderly men who are only technically liable and are certainly not efficient, is twelve million. You can, if you like, make it thirteen million by counting some boys below seventeen, and a number of men in the middle forties, who are not really fit for service at all. But twelve million is the round figure for the men of military age, including the lads of the two young classes mentioned above. Of those twelve million, nine million are efficient. To get a margin of error, let us put it between nine and nine and a half millions.

Of that figure more than three millions, but (probably) less than three and a half million are off the strength for good. If you took the analogy of the English figures in full, counting sickness and permanent temporaries, you would get 3,800,000. On a German officer was found the other day a document putting permanent casualties down at 3,200,000. Other calculations along other lines give just over three millions, three and a third, one of them three and a half. We are safe if we put the permanent loss at more than three and less than three and a half millions, even though the higher figure proves to be less, when the truth is told, than the real total. The Units at full establishment kept in the field and on communications are in the neighbourhood of four millions. We may put a minimum of three and three quarters, allowing for the starving of communications and for certain units noted on both fronts being below their full establishment, or we may allow up to four and a half millions for all effectives whatsoever, though that is probably too high (in the German document just alluded to, however, five millions were allowed for the sum total of all active service, communication bureaux, medical, etc., etc.).

The rate of wastage is not less than 225,000 a month on the average, may be as high as 260,000, may be higher. The truth is at any rate over the lower figure, seeing what the total wastage has been in fourteen months of active war, with the army at its full strength only within the last twelve months of these fourteen.

Lastly, there is an unknown number of efficient (many of whom the Germans dress up in uniform and whom neutrals see about the streets in their towns) but who are *not* of use as effectives because they have to be kept back for the civilian auxiliary work of trains and shipping work and mines and clothing, and all the rest of it. That number may be as low as one and a half million; it is almost certainly over two millions. We are safe if we take two as a maximum and one and a half as a minimum.

Now put all these figures together and you arrive at the following position:—

Weighting everything against ourselves and in favour of Germany, allowing a full nine and a half millions of original efficient over two years, counting the lads, taking only one and a half millions away for auxiliary work, putting the

army at no more than three and three-quarter millions, putting the dead loss at no more than three millions, *then* the enemy still has a million and a half of efficient reserves. That is more than six months supply ahead of him at the minimum rate of wastage.

Such a calculation is, of course, absurd. To take the lowest conceivable minimum everywhere where it favours the enemy and the largest possible maximum where it favours him also, is something that the most ardent disseminator of panic must see to be ridiculous.

Take the other extreme, and weight everything in your own favour, put the total German man power (counting that of next year) at barely nine, the efficient kept back for auxiliary services at two; the losses at three and a half, and the army at four and a half, and the exhaustion of efficient reserves has been proceeding already for more than two months:—which is a conclusion equally ridiculous on the other extreme.

The reasonable conclusion is something of a mean between these two and the result that the German Empire alone has, including the lads of the classes '16 and '17, perhaps a million of efficient at his disposal.

But of these much the greater part are the two young classes—'16 and '17—and only a small margin, perhaps a month's supply of wastage, perhaps two, remains over and above these.

In the dilemma how to deal with this remaining material the enemy appears to have decided in the fashion I have stated at the beginning of this section:—To risk using inefficient material for keeping up his units during the winter, and to hold back the lads for training during winter with the object of putting them forward in the spring.

USE OF THE CLASSES 1916-17.

The enemy would appear to have said to himself:

"I must now, or very shortly, allow my effectives in the field to decline, or I must make use of inefficient material. But wait a moment: That word 'inefficient' has two meanings. It means recruits inefficient through bad health or malformation or age—three things that time will not cure. *But it also means inefficient through immaturity.*

"Now I will distinguish between these two. For the first category are bad in any case, but the inefficiency of the second is modified in my favour by time.

"The winter is approaching. Heavy offensive work against my lines during the winter will be difficult. The Russian re-equipment will hardly permit an offensive from that quarter for several months.

"Very well. I will, during the coming months keep up my effectives by drafting up to the Front inefficient material of the elderly, or of the physically imperfect kind, and I will keep back until the spring the lads whom I shall train during the winter, the boys who passed their eighteenth and nineteenth birthdays in the year 1915. They will be far better material next year than they are now and, if my organisation will stand the strain of the inefficient recruitment during the winter, I shall be able to appear in the spring of 1916 with a mass of human material immature indeed, but approaching maturity and advantaged by every day that passes. For *their* inefficiency, unlike

that of all the others, is capable of cure and is cured by time."

That, it seems, by our latest information, is the enemy calculation. Indeed, we know that he has already taken lists of men up to fifty-two years of age in preparation for the winter wastage rather than draw on the lads before spring. Such a plan does not exclude his desire for peace or attempts to make peace while there is yet time; while he yet precariously holds great areas of foreign soil and while he can still play the bogey-man in the Balkans. But it is an alternative in case his increasing efforts for peace should fail.

Let us see how this pans out in numbers and in dispositions.

In dispositions the enemy *as a whole* (i.e., Germany and Austria Hungary) is holding 1,500 miles of line and has condemned himself to a necessary and continuous offensive on that very account. He has before him, between now and the spring fighting, six months. He cannot easily reduce his rate of wastage, both because of the extension of his fronts and because by that extension he is condemned to a perpetual attack. Six months of that sort of thing means round about two million men lost to his strength. It might be kept as low as 1,800,000, or it might rise to two million and a half. But two million is a moderate figure, for he cannot now keep his wastage down to a third of a million, nor even much below 400,000 a month.

It is clear, then, that his attempt to manage those coming winter months without breaking, while keeping his younger (German) classes in reserve is a gamble, and a gamble with the odds against him.

Let us suppose he brings the gamble off. Let us suppose he arrives at the spring of 1916 without disaster and with his gradual drawing upon inefficients proving, though perilous, sufficient for the winter's task. What do the two young classes of boys now nineteen and eighteen years old, give him next year? They are called, as we have said, in the terminology of the conscript countries the "classes of '16 and '17," which means the batches of young men who would reach their twentieth birthday sometime in 1916 and 1917. The Germans have not yet called up even '16 to my knowledge, but are about to call up both '16 and '17 for the winter training. What will this last available resource in men give them?

I calculate it will give them a little less than 800,000 recruits—always supposing that the very risky plan proposed for the winter just wins home, and that the use of the inefficients, the elderly men and the rejected men at the front, during that season leads to no disaster. Always supposing, also, that, during the strain, the German Government does not draw on this young class during the winter. This spring recruitment of 800,000 *at the most* for the German Empire alone, I arrive at, as follows:—

The number of males born in the German Empire in 1896 and 1897 were, in round numbers, 1,900,000. The numbers surviving after nineteen and twenty years were, again in round numbers, about a third less.

In other words, rather over one million and a quarter of these young men will be alive by the spring and early summer of next year. To apply to them, especially to the younger portion of them, the rule of 25 per cent. for inefficients would be too

little. We must increase it to at least 27 per cent, or 28 per cent. This leaves us rather more than 800,000. Of these a certain number have already gone as volunteers—but we must not exaggerate that number because we must remember that the war has already lasted more than a year; that the mass of the volunteers joined thirteen or fourteen months ago, and that, at that moment, the lads who will be twenty in 1916, were most of them still under seventeen, and not yet eighteen.

I take it, then, that the total really available from these two classes in the spring of 1916, should Germany bring off the gamble of the winter, will be rather less than 800,000. Good authorities say "roughly a million." But it seems to

me on the above calculation that this figure is excessive.

We must, of course, add to such figures the great remaining reserve of man-power in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but it is essential to remember that Austria-Hungary now depends entirely upon the direction and survival of the German forces, and that if, or when, these waver, the Central Empires also waver as a whole and together.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S WAR LECTURES.

Wolverhampton: The Picturedrome, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Nov. 17, illustrated. Walsall: New Town Hall, Thursday, 8 p.m., Nov. 18, illustrated. Chester: Music Hall, Friday, 3 p.m., Nov. 19, not illustrated. Liverpool: Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Nov. 19, 8 p.m., illustrated. Edinburgh: Usher Hall, Saturday, 8 p.m., Nov. 20, illustrated. Glasgow: St. Andrew's Hall, Monday, 8 p.m., Nov. 22, illustrated.

FLEETS AT WORK.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

ATTACK ON VARNA.

THE fog which proverbially hangs over all the operations of war, thickens to an impenetrable blanket as we near the sea, and very great events may take place, while the public, curious or anxious or both, is left to grope its own way through discrepant or incredible telegrams, and the reconstruction of any probable truth becomes a feat beyond the capacity of the most expert. And never was a general truth more tantalisingly exemplified than during the last week. For some days now, we have heard from many sources of the Russian bombardment of Varna and Bourgas. But the nearest approach of anything official on the subject is an Italian telegram *via* Bucharest. Rome has evidently been busy with rumours since. One correspondent, for instance, gives currency to a somewhat startling tale from the Bulgarian capital, that two Dreadnoughts took part in the operations off Varna. Another story put the Russian Fleet at three battleships. There is a report, too, that the *Goeben*, *Breslau*, and *Hamidieh* have been engaged in a battle royal with the Russians in the Black Sea. Then there are stories of the submarines supplied to Bulgaria by Germany having been completely unsuccessful in their attack on the bombarding squadron, they having been driven off by gunfire; and another from Hungarian sources repeated from Constanza, to the effect that a fleet of transports has left Odessa with troops, with the evident intention of following up the bombardment of the Bulgarian coast by a landing. Finally, on Tuesday comes a telegram saying the Russians have actually landed. But there has not been a single word in the Russian official telegrams to give substance to any of these stories. What, then, are we to believe?

It is in the first place most improbable that the *Ekaterina II.* and the *Imperatriza Maria*, the first two of the Dreadnoughts laid down at the Sevastopol and Nikolaieff works, are now completed and ready for sea. They were laid down towards the end of 1911, and Mr. Jane's *Fighting Ships of the World* for 1914 states that they were due for completion in the course of that year.

But the *Gangoot*, *Poltava*, *Petropavlovsk*, and *Sevastopol*, which were laid down two years earlier, are only supposed to have been commissioned within the last twelve months. Is it then probable that Nikolaieff and Sevastopol have caught up a whole year on the Petrograd yards? One sincerely hopes it is true, but it seems unlikely. The report that three battleships were engaging Varna is more likely to be correct. They would be the *Ievstafi*, the *Ioann Zlatoust* and *Panteleimon*, pre-Dreadnoughts of about the same displacement as the *Canopus* class, but in the case of two of them, with an armament more nearly resembling the *King Edward*. These were undoubtedly the ships that engaged the *Goeben* last winter in the Black Sea, putting her to flight, and at least one of her turrets permanently out of action. It is not improbable, too, that the damage that the battle-cruiser suffered on this occasion may have included the derangement of her steering gear. For it was shortly after that she ran upon a Turkish mine, and was beyond all fighting for many months. How far the *Goeben* has recovered from all her injuries is beyond our knowledge, but it is certain that she cannot be in any better shape than she was when she ran from these three ships before, and the *Hamidieh* and *Breslau*, the only ships mentioned as her consorts in this engagement would, with their 6 and 4 inch guns, have had no terror for the Russians. In a straight fight then between the Russian Black Sea squadron without the new Dreadnoughts, and the *Goeben*, one would fully expect the previous result to be repeated. And it is quite certain that if the Russian Dreadnoughts were finished, the Turks would not have ventured upon an engagement. But indeed the whole story of this action seems to me apocryphal. Note that no mention is made of Turkey's only battleship the *Torgud Reis*. If the Turks really intended to protect the Bulgarian coast with a naval diversion, they would send out, not the damaged *Goeben*, helped only by two light cruisers, but every fighting ship they have. It is much more probable that all the naval defence was left to submarines and mines, and unless the submarines had expert German officers and crews on board, it is altogether unlikely that they would

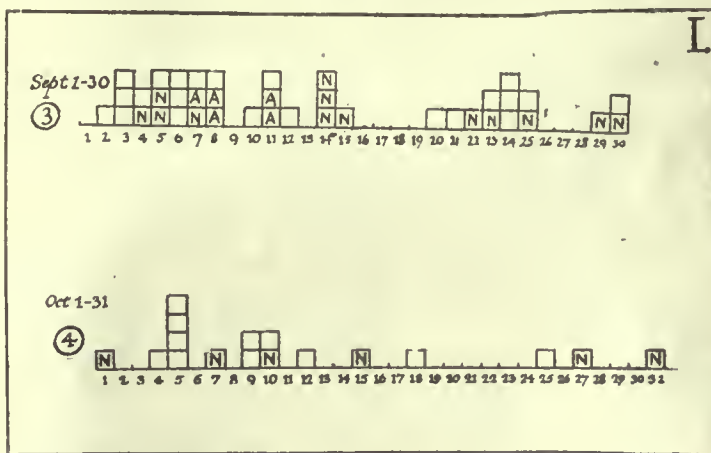
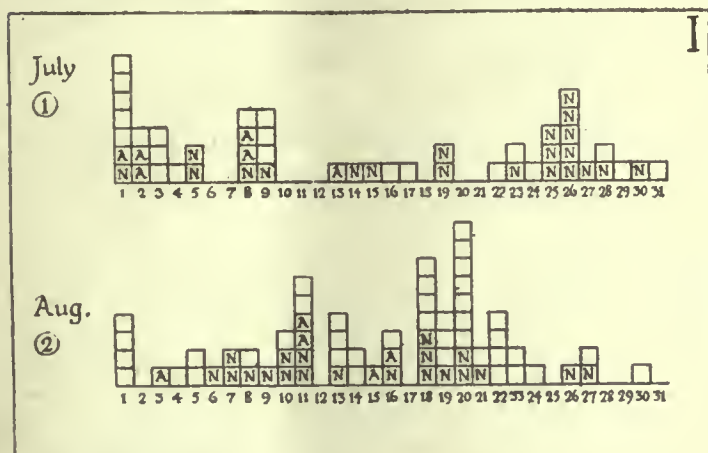
effect anything against the experienced destroyer squadrons of our Allies.

Looking at these statements as a whole, it is impossible to say more than that a bombardment has apparently taken place, and as there would be little object in bombarding unless a subsequent landing were intended, that it is obviously possible that the Odessa expedition reported to us through Hungary may indeed have started. The fortunes of such an expedition will be watched here with the greatest possible interest. The number of landings successfully made on a defended coast is extraordinarily small. The Dardanelles landings are, of course, entirely without precedent. It is not likely that the Bulgarian coast is as well defended as was that of the Peninsula. On the other hand, it is even less likely that the combined resources of Odessa, Nikolaieff and Sevastopol can afford the equipment available to Admiral de Robeck and Sir Ian Hamilton. Manifestly the Russians must engage in the operation with not more than one-sixth of the purely naval support in the shape of big gunfire. But it does not at all follow that the chances of success would be less. In seamanship and gunnery, the Russian Navy has very little to learn from anyone, and the

intensely individual and therefore vivid. Mr. Hurd is brilliantly descriptive, bringing into his narrative something of the speed and rush of the relentless striking force that he portrays so well. Mr. Cornford, more reserved in style and diction, marshals his facts with an art which brings each truth home to us like a succession of well-controlled salvoes, one straddling the target after the other. All three have this advantage over Mr. Palmer—that they are more personal. They write as men long since familiar with the thing they see. Mr. Palmer, one feels, is repeating in singularly picturesque phrases the information and explanations that are given to him.

THE SUBMARINE CAMPAIGNS.

The various submarine campaigns more than maintain their interest, and the interest varies with the character of each campaign. In the Sea of Marmora and in the Baltic the interest is, of course, purely military. In the first the Turkish transport *Carmen* has been sent to the bottom, and in the second five more German supply ships have been sunk, and a sixth was escorted by a submarine into Reval as a prize. On the other hand, in the Ægean, where the enemy's



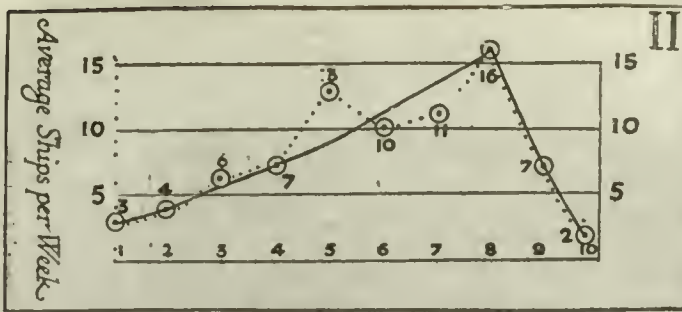
SHIPS BRITISH, NEUTRAL, (N), AND ALLIED (A), TORPEDOED AND MINED IN HOME WATERS IN THE MONTHS OF JULY (49), AUGUST (66), SEPTEMBER (40), AND OCTOBER (16).

Russian infantry has proved itself indifferent to losses too often for any doubts to arise as to discipline and resolution necessary for carrying through so desperate an adventure,

THE GRAND FLEET.

If we have little authentic naval news this week, there has been no lack of admirable naval reading. Monday's papers were filled with the impressions that the Grand Fleet had made on three of the most experienced, capable and brilliant of our naval journalists. The fact that Mr. Palmer had been allowed to visit the Fleet and write his excellent series of articles for the *Times* made it inevitable that the same opportunity should be given to English experts. And certainly a better selection of experts could not have been made. One cannot, of course, but envy them their opportunity; but I envy them the use they have made of it still more. The three accounts, naturally enough, agree substantially in the information which they give us. But each is characteristic of the personality and attainments of its writer, and all three should be read for the varying light and colour they throw. Commander Robinson, whose sure literary touch gives distinction to everything he writes, has invested his article with a certain wistful reminiscence that makes his impressions

campaign is partly commercial and partly military, we have lost the transport *Marquette*, fortunately with relatively small loss of life for a disaster of this kind, and the Italians a merchant vessel. The submarine blockade of these Islands has slackened very considerably. In the whole month of October only 16 ships, British, neutral and allied have been sunk in home waters. I give this week diagram statements of the total attacks on trading ships for the months of July, August, September and October. And also a graph showing the variations in the rate of destruction. The reader should note that these include ships mined, as well as torpedoed. They represent then something more than the high water mark of submarine destructiveness. From the last week in January, when the thing began, to the end of October is 39 weeks. To construct the graph I have taken the centre of gravity of nine groups of four weeks each, and of the final group of three only. The average of the first four weeks was three attacks a week. The average of the last group is only two. In point of efficiency then the blockade has been reduced below what it was when it began, and we shall naturally all be asking ourselves, does this mean that the thing is virtually over? Will it revive or will it be maintained at this sort of level?



THE WEEKLY AVERAGE OF SHIPS TORPEDOED AND MINED SINCE THE ATTACKS ON MERCHANTMEN COMMENCED IN THE LAST WEEK OF JANUARY, 1915. THE MEAN IS TAKEN OF EACH GROUP OF FOUR WEEKS UP TO AND INCLUDING OCTOBER 10th. THE LAST IS THE MEAN OF THREE WEEKS.

A good deal, of course, turns on why it has fallen to this level. Mr. Balfour, writing on September 5th, explained the extreme alacrity with which Count Bernstorff had begged America's pardon for the *Arabic* murders, not by any tardy recognition of the danger of driving America into war, nor by any sudden repentance of bloodguiltiness, but merely by the prosaic realisation that this particular form of criminality did not pay. The stake they were playing for, the damaging of our merchant marine and the terrorising of peaceful seafaring folk, was clearly not worth the candle, in the shape of scores of German under-sea boats and crews sent relentlessly to the bottom. Now the curious thing about this letter of Mr. Balfour's is that it was written in the fourth week of the group marked 8 in the rate of destruction graph, and this group gives the highest rate of any since the campaign commenced! During the last three weeks of August and the first week of September, ships of all sorts were being sunk at the rate of no less than 16 per week. It struck me at the time that Mr. Balfour's statement was clearly incompatible with what was known to the public. We now see the exact meaning of what he said. There were facts known to the Germans in the form of submarines unaccounted for, that put a very different complexion on the state of affairs, and there must have been further facts known to Mr. Balfour which the Germans would learn later, which would modify the picture still more disastrously. In point of fact, then, Mr. Balfour's statement was more of a prophecy than an interpretation. But it was the prophecy of one who knew. He could say what the Germans were going to do, because he knew what they were going to learn.

Looking at the graph we shall see that there is a steady growth from the average of three for the first group of four weeks to an average of 13 for the fifth. In the 6th group, it falls to ten, and in the seventh, rises to eleven and in the eighth to 16. The mean of the 5th, 6th and 7th is eleven and a third, so that if the graph is smoothed out for the whole of the first eight, it is a steady rise from the beginning of February to the beginning of September. And it was when the graph was at its highest that Mr. Balfour announced its fall. No speculation as to the actual number of German submarines lost could be half so significant as the light this graph throws on Mr. Balfour's words.

When the campaign began, it was pointed out that, in spite of von Tirpitz's warning in December, our defensive—which, of course, meant an *anti-submarine offensive*—would have to be expedient, and that its efficiency therefore would

increase from month to month. But it was also pointed out that, if the Germans were supposed to have made all preparations possible for the rapid and extensive production of submarines when the war commenced, as indeed seemed probable, the number of U boats available for the campaign would multiply with increasing rapidity in the months of April, May, June and July. The question then was, would the counter offensive over-balance the growth in submarines? Measured by submarine successes it would seem, looking at the bare figures, as if the blockade had more than kept pace with our counter offensive. But Mr. Balfour's letter of the 5th, and the subsequent story of the figures, shows that this was very far from being the case. Still, although this graph speaks for itself, it would I think be utterly misleading to assume that the drop in submarine successes is *proportional* to the difference in the number of submarines available. It simply means that the losses have been formidable, and that the survivors and the new crews—and their masters and employers no less—fully realise the overwhelming perils of the game. We have heard this week from Holland that von Tirpitz is in disgrace. It seems invidious that one unsuccessful criminal more than another should be selected for this distinction in Germany. But the story is not improbable, and is at least consistent with present conditions, which is that the von Tirpitz policy is apparently in a process of deliquescence. For no doubt excellent reasons the Admiralty has for some time forbidden the publication of the *locale* of submarine attacks, and without knowing where the ships were sunk, it is impossible to say whether the scattered attacks during the last fortnight of October were delivered near our shores or not. If they were distant attacks—and it is worth noting that the last two victims are Norwegians—it would lead to the supposition that the campaign was not altogether abandoned, but that it was not to be pushed in dangerous neighbourhoods, and indeed this is what one would expect.

Whether or not it is entirely to our advantage that the German submarines should no longer face the perils of our counter offensive is another matter altogether. The Royal Navy is no doubt quite prepared to have their attentions directed to itself, though it seems a pity from our point of view that the merchant shipping bait should no longer prove attractive. But one aspect of the past campaign and its results must not be overlooked. If the under-water boats now assume their legitimate military rôle, it is all to the good that the most experienced and bravest of the under-water captains and crews are already at the bottom of the seas. The survivors will not, many of them, have the skill of their predecessors, and their *moral* will hardly be improved by the memory of their predecessors' fate. One other thing should be remembered also. Mr. Hurd has recently been allowed to publish an account of the mine-laying submarines employed by the enemy. These have been active now for some months. It is not a new experiment and undoubtedly they create a grave and very perplexing problem. If mines can be laid unseen in waters that are fully patrolled, a danger that is no light one faces all ships, naval or mercantile.

A. H. POLLEN.

"Mr. Pollen will lecture on the Navy on behalf of naval and military charities at Kensington Town Hall, Friday, 5th November, 8 p.m.; His Majesty's Theatre, Sunday, November 7th, afternoon, 3 p.m.; Oundle School, Thursday, 11th November.

CARTOON OF THE WEEK.



GERMANY : Britain welcomes Joffre ! Mein Gott ! By force we cannot break the Allies ; by lies we cannot separate them.

MUDDLE OF THE BALKANS.

By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

THERE is something touchingly naive in the dealings of Entente diplomacy with the wily Coburger and his Bulgarian confederates. Naive but honest and truthful. The Bulgars and their ruler first leagued themselves secretly and solemnly with the Kaiser against the Allies and then publicly averred that they were free to fight against Turkey and Germany. They added that they were not only free but eager to march against the Turks and the Teutons. And, although all the signs such as the Austro-Hungarian loan, the dismissal of the War Minister Fitcheff, and the close relations with the Porte belied this declaration, the trustful Allies gave it implicit credit and urged the Bulgars to enter the field without further delay. But Ferdinand's men needed time to concert military action with Germany against the Entente, and they were puzzled how to rid themselves in the meanwhile of the irksome importunity of the Allies.

Suddenly a diabolic idea struck the men of Sofia: They would set the statesmen of the Entente to reconcile inveterate enemies by sacrificing staunch friends, to harass ill-starred Serbia and fill her cup of bitterness to the brim. She was to be coaxed or cowed by her best friends into giving up the Macedonian territory that she most prized to her unscrupulous enemy Bulgaria. And for months the eminent Statesmen of the Entente conscientiously argued, wrangled and almost quarrelled on the subject with the Serbs who, knowing the Bulgars' nature, were driven to despair. Many were sorely tempted in that hour of depression. . . . And Entente diplomacy persevered to the end compassing its aim and putting faith in the words of King Ferdinand's Ministers who still continued to say: "If you obtain for Bulgaria the territory to which she justly lays claim, we will draw a sponge over bygones and the Balkan League will live and thrive again. We are impatient to march against Turkey." And the knavish politicians who by their own confessions were capable of this infamy against Austria, Germany and Turkey who had been helping Bulgaria, were deemed incapable of deceiving the statesmen of the Entente

Faith in Bulgaria.

Russia's faith in Bulgaria was wonder-working. Government and Opposition were at one. M. Sazonoff promised her a plenary pardon for all future as well as for past sins. The Opposition journal *Retch*, whose Editor, M. Milykoff, was once Professor at the University of Sofia, pleaded the cause of the Bulgars with soul as well as mind. In Great Britain, too, people were so strongly impressed with the sense of Bulgaria's misfortunes that their sympathy left no room for suspicion of her villainies. And so they all went on trusting her and building fearlessly on their trust.

A few there were who were acquainted with the character of the Bulgars, and there was at least one Englishman who had had conclusive proof of the treacherous game they were playing. These watchmen from their conning towers sought to apprise the nation of what they saw and knew or guessed. But they were silenced in the interests of the Allied cause, and they cheerfully resigned themselves to the sacrifice so that the Cabinets, which had all the data for a judgment in their possession should also have perfect freedom. And the Governments exercised that freedom to the fullest. Great Britain accepted Russia's assurance that Bulgaria would be won over in time, and that in no case would her soldiers turn their arms against their liberators.

In France a different illusion was hugged: that in a fateful conjuncture like the present the Hellenic nation would never strike out a line of policy diametrically opposed to that of its friend and protectress France. For Greece was almost as much the spoiled child of France as was Bulgaria of Russia. M. Venizelos, too, was a living pledge that these expectations would be fulfilled. He and M. Delcassé understood each other thoroughly and trusted each other out and out. Furthermore, Greece's interests in the great European tangle were bound up with those of France and Britain almost indissolubly. Of the military syndicate of our enemies,

Greece's inveterate foes, Bulgaria and Turkey, were full fledged members, favourites of the imperial Manager who had promised them oddments of spoils to be taken from Greece. How, it was argued, could any patriotic, any self-respecting Hellenic statesman league his country with his country's despoiler? Lastly, there was the good old guarantee for which all the Allied Governments still cherish profound respect—the scrap of paper. Greece was pledged by treaty to come to Serbia's succour against invasion by Bulgaria, and she would, of course, redeem her pledge.

France and Greece.

That was the picture which France drew of the politico ethnical physiognomy of Greece, and it, too, was accepted by British diplomacy as correct in the main. It was in accordance with this belief that the policy of the Allies was shaped. Despite rumours to the contrary, perfect unanimity reigned among them all. The Italians, it is true, were mistrustful of Greece and doubtful of Bulgaria and Roumania, for they had also received tidings from those countries which warranted grave doubts.

Whatever else of good or evil may be alleged of the Allies it will not be gainsaid that their considerate, nay chivalrous, behaviour towards cheats and mummery was worthy of the best traditions of an epoch of civilisation which is departed.

Owing to those causes which reflect great credit on the good feeling and the trustfulness of the Allies towards the Balkan peoples, no measures of protection were taken nor, indeed, contemplated during all those precious months. For precautions would have implied misgivings. It might have seemed desirable, for instance, several months ago to land a quarter of a million well-trained men at Salonica so as to move them into Serbia before the Germans could get there. The writer of these lines advocated some such bold move. For already Germany's resolve to rig out a military expedition and hack a way across Serbia into Turkey had been bruited abroad. Enver Pasha had boasted of it. Others had re-echoed it. Italian politicians had had wind of it, and also of Germany's military preparations for the venture. But no heed was paid to those fitful warnings by the Allies, who generously refused to believe that any of the Balkan States would become a party to Germany's vile game.

To-day the moral features of the Balkan States have become more widely and better known than ever before; so too are the strength and weakness of Entente diplomacy. Germany's expedition has taken shape and made itself felt, and Bulgaria's help to our enemies is not unworthy of the violent wrench which Ferdinand had to give to truth and honour before he was able to render it.

Germany's Hopes.

The isolation of Russia, the crushing defeat of Serbia and the opening up of permanent communications between Hamburg and Constantinople are not the only results which Germany hopes to secure by the success of her Balkan enterprise. She desires to over-awe Greece and Roumania into utter quiescence.

If Greece had fulfilled M. Delcassé's expectations and given us 200,000 men, these together with the Serbs might have contrived to stay the German advance. But King Constantine, having pledged his royal word to his Imperial brother-in-law, honour obliges him to redeem it—even at the cost of his own and his country's publicly plighted word to Serbia. The Kaiser had counted on finding this curious conception of honour in his spell-bound brother-in-law, and had reckoned on the political and military consequences it would engender. He had also built on Ferdinand of Coburg's relative fidelity, while optimistic French politicians were assuring their countrymen that Ferdinand, being the son of a French Princess, could never be false to his mother or to France. Lastly the Kaiser postulated steadfast optimism, a high sense of honour and a superlative degree of unconcern among the Allied Governments. And none of those assumptions has been belied. But the greatest of them all, the complete success of the Expedition, is still in the future.

THE GERMAN MIND.

By JOHN BUCHAN.

THERE is no sentence in Burke more often quoted than that in which he forbids us to draw an indictment against a nation. The warning is opportune in times of war, when belligerents exhaust their ingenuity in unfavourable generalisations about their opponents. No sweeping condemnation will cover all aspects of a national life, and you cannot deduce from a generality an accurate judgment of an individual or of a section of the society criticised. Again, national faults are different in kind from the personal failings with which we are familiar. A country publicly disloyal to its bond may boast a majority of strictly honourable private citizens. But Burke's dictum must not be pressed too far. A nation can have national vices, it can sin as a community, and the historian is justified now and then in fastening guilt upon that corporate existence which we call a people.

Very notably a people may go mad. This does not mean that every individual loses his wits, but that the governing and dominant elements in a nation fall into a pathological state and see strange visions. A malign spirit broods over the waters. Something which cannot be put into exact words flits at the back of men's minds. Perspective goes, exaltation fires the fancy, the old decencies of common sense are repudiated, men speak with tongues which are not their own. We are justified in saying that France went mad in the days of the Terror, though there were some millions of sober citizens who repudiated her follies. That viewless thing which we call national spirit had become tainted with insanity. Such communal mania is far more dangerous than the obsessions of individuals, for it is harder to diagnose, to locate, and to restrain.

The position in Germany, judging by her press and the speeches and writings of her public men, has become curious and interesting. While she is still amazingly united in her belligerent purpose, two distinct attitudes have revealed themselves among her leaders. We may call the parties thus created the *politiques* and the fanatics. The first claim the Imperial Chancellor, the Foreign Office, and probably most of the civilian Ministers; perhaps the Kaiser; certainly many of the Army Chiefs, and some of the ablest military and naval critics like Major Moraht and Captain Persius. They recognise that a war of straightforward conquest is no longer possible. They hope for a draw, a peace in which the conditions shall favour Germany. Accordingly they labour to prepare the public mind of the world for it, and have relinquished most of the inflated superman business which was rampant among them at the outset. They are no longer contemptuous in speech of their opponents. They have become complimentary, as towards brave men fighting under a misconception. They talk much of the purity and reasonableness of German aims, of her desire for an honourable peace, and they endeavour to curb the ardent spirits who have already begun to divide up hostile territories. Above all, they are assiduous in their efforts to explain away

the events which led to war and to get rid of the most damning counts against German policy. These explanations are only aimed in a small degree at their own people, for Germany has been long ago convinced on the subject. They are addressed to neutral countries, especially America, and to what German statesmen fondly hope are wavering and uncertain elements among the population of their enemies.

IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH.

A striking example is to be found in the speech which the Imperial Chancellor made in the Reichstag on August 19th. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg has never been among the fire-eaters and has lost popularity in consequence. In that speech he laboured to fasten the guilt of war on British Ministers, who, he said, had already violated Belgian neutrality by a secret agreement, and had refused Germany's offer of a pacific alliance, preferring an offensive pact with France. He tried to prove that Germany in the crisis of July, 1914, had striven for peace and had not scorned the proposal for a conference. He talked much of the future of Poland when emancipated from Russian tyranny. He declared that Germany must win the freedom of the seas, "not as England did, to rule over them, but that they should serve equally all people." Germany, he said, would be the shield of defence in the future for small nations. And he concluded with a hope that the day would come when the belligerent nations would exact a terrible retribution from the leaders who had so gravely misled them. "We do not hate the peoples who have been driven into war by their Governments. We shall hold on through the war till these peoples demand peace from the really guilty, till the road becomes free for the new liberated Europe, free of French intrigues, Muscovite desire of conquest, and English guardianship."

There is no need to discuss the arguments of a speech which was convincingly disposed of by Sir Edward Grey a week later. The interesting point is the light it sheds on the rôle which Germany now desires to play in the world's eyes. She stands for reason, public honour, international decency and peace, says the Imperial Chancellor. She has been terribly sinned against, but like a good Christian she will forgive her enemies. There is scarcely a trace of the high-handed superman in his arguments. He labours to justify Germany's doings by the old-fashioned canons of right and wrong. He is a *politique*, desirous of preparing the way for an advantageous settlement. That is intelligible enough, but the conclusion is inconsequent. It asks for German supremacy, neither more nor less. She is to be mistress, and other nations are to have the measure of freedom which she chooses to give them. In Sir Edward Grey's words: "Germany supreme, Germany alone would be free; free to break international treaties, free to crush when it pleased her; free to refuse all mediation; free to go to war when it suited her; free, when she did go to war, to break again all rules of civilisation and humanity on land and

at sea; and while she may act thus, all her commerce at sea is to remain as free in time of war as all commerce is in time of peace."

The Imperial Chancellor's conclusion is a *non sequitur*. It does not follow upon his laborious earlier arguments, nay it clashes sharply with them. It is the same conclusion as that of the fire-eaters, who are the more logical inasmuch as they will have none of the Chancellor's premises. The cautious *politique* has been infected with the same disease as the fanatics.

THE FANATICS.

Who are the fanatics? Perhaps three-fourths of the German people. It is more difficult to determine the chief fount of the virus. It is not to be found in the National Liberal and Agrarian stalwarts, who present memorials demanding the annexation of half Europe. They are merely stupid people, swollen with the vainglory of success. It is probably not to be found to any great extent in the Army itself. Its chiefs are professional zealots, who do not, as a rule, trouble their heads about grandiose political theories. Nor is it to be traced to the coterie of Admiral von Tirpitz, for whom Count zu Reventlow plays in the press the part of dancing dervish. The German Navy chiefs have no victories to console themselves with, and their wounded pride makes them vindictive and relentless enemies, soothing their chagrin with violent words. But that is an intelligible human motive.

It is more likely that history will put the blame upon a class which Britain is apt to overlook in the enumeration of her enemies—the German high financial and industrial circles, with their obedient satellites, the University Professors. This class is a comparatively new phenomenon in Germany. For the most part humbly born and often Jewish in blood, it has found itself exalted from social ostracism to the confidence of the Court and a chief voice in the national Councils. It has been astonishingly successful. The industry of the German people exploited by these *entrepreneurs* has produced results which might well leave the promoters dizzy. The standard of living has changed, and extravagant expenditure on luxury has become the fashion among industrial magnates; a fashion which is reproduced in the bourgeois life of the cities. Being genuine *nouveaux riches* they have no tradition to conform to, no perspective to order their outlook on the world. The kingdoms of the earth have fallen to them, and, like Jeshurun, they wax fat and kick.

Some of the wiser brains among the magnates have a reason of policy behind their megalomania. They see that nothing short of a colossal and undisputed victory can safeguard their supremacy. Unless Germany can pay her war bills with indemnities unimagined before in history, there will be bankruptcy to face, bankruptcy which at the best will mean a decade of lean years. The brightest military glory will not restore their overseas trade or redeem the wastes of paper currency. A generation of hard living and preparation for a further effort, which anything less than absolute victory must involve, has no terrors for the hardier souls of the Army or the ancient squires. But it seems the end of all things to the vainglorious kings of German trade. They have become fanatics, partly from policy, and

partly because they have the disease in their blood.

They have strong allies in the academic class. Not all, for there are many professors who have sounded a note of warning and one or two have had the courage to speak unpopular truths. But the intense specialisation of German scholarship and science does not tend to produce minds with a high sense of proportion, and sedentary folk have at all times been inclined to blow a louder trumpet than men of action and affairs. What Senancour called *le vulgaire des sages*, the absorption in dreams and theories to which pedants are prone, is a characteristic of the great bulk of the German teaching profession.

What is the fanaticism which the *politiques* repudiate and to which nevertheless they have fallen victims? It is best described, perhaps, by the French phrase, *folie de grandeur*. As such it must be clearly distinguished from that other vice of success, *la gloire*. The greatest leaders in history—Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, Washington—have striven for a profound political and religious ideal which made mere fame of no account in their eyes. Others, like Alexander, have been possessed by a passion for glory, and have blazed like comets across the world. The most perfect example is Charles XII. of Sweden, who in his short career of nineteen years followed glory alone, and drew no material benefit from his conquests. In his old clothes he shook down monarchies and won thrones for other people. Glory may be a futile quest, but it has a splendour and generosity which raise it beyond the level of low and earthy things. It is to the end of time an infirmity of minds which are not ignoble.

But *grandeur* is a perversion, an offence against our essential humanity. It may be the degeneration of a genius like Napoleon, but more often it is the illusion of excited mediocrities. It is of the earth earthy, intoxicating itself with flamboyant material dreams. Its heroics are mercantile and the cloud-palaces which it builds have the vulgarity of a fashionable hotel. It seeks a city made with hands and heavily upholstered. Its classic exponents were those leaden vulgarians, the later Roman Emperors, of the worst of whom Renan wrote: "He resembled what a modern tradesman of the middle class would be, whose good sense was perverted by reading modern poets, and who deemed it necessary to make his conduct resemble that of Hans of Iceland or the Burgraves." *Grandeur* has always vulgarity in its fibre, vulgarity and madness.

The German fanaticism is compounded of commercial vainglory, and a rhetorical persuasion that the Teutonic race are God's chosen people. This kind of belief is beyond the reach of argument. But what in the Hebrews was a sombre and magnificent confidence, becomes in this modern German imitation something very like smugness. There has always been a tendency towards such racial arrogance in the German mind. It has nothing to do with Nietzsche's doctrines, which do not exalt any race stock, least of all the German. It descends rather from the classic days of their literature—from Hegel, for example, who, contemplating the stately process of the Absolute Will, found its final expression up to date in the Germany before 1840. It blossoms out in humbler quarters in the stupid insolence of German

officialdom. As a literary fashion it is merely preposterous—an essay in provincialism which is pardonable because of its absurdity. As a social failing it is at least as comic as it is offensive. But exalt this mannerism into a creed, base on it a thousand material interests, and give it great "arnies" to make it real, and you are confronted with a dangerous mania. Self-worshippers are harmless till they seek to compel the rest of mankind to make the same obeisance.

A good instance of the spirit is to be found in a little book published in February by Professor Werner Sombart, of Berlin, under the title of *Handler und Helder*. The writer earned some reputation as an exponent of academic socialism, then he published an account of the part played by the Jews in modern civilisation, and now he appears as the high-priest of *Germanenthum*. He is not a profound thinker or a pleasing writer, but his work is typical of the spirit now dominant in his country. It is the sciolist who has his ear most ready to catch a hint of popular desires, and his work has always documentary value.

Two quotations will make clear his meaning. "Our kingdom," he speaks for Germany, "is of this world. If we desire to remain a strong State we must conquer. A great victory will make it possible not to trouble any more about those who are around us. When the German stands leaning on his mighty sword, clad in steel from his sole to his head, whatsoever will may down below dance around his feet, and the intellectuals and the learned men of England, France, Russia and Italy may rail at him and throw mud. But in his lofty repose he will not allow himself to be disturbed, and he will only reflect in the sense of his old ancestors in Europe: *Oderint dum metuant*."

"THE CHOSEN PEOPLE."

The conception of the chosen people is developed in his peroration: "No. We must purge from our soul the last fragments of the old ideal of a progressive development of humanity. . . . The ideal of humanity can only be understood in its highest sense when it attains its highest and richest development in particular noble nations. These for the time being are the representatives of God's thought on earth. Such were the Jews. Such were the Greeks. And the chosen people of these centuries is the German people. . . . Now we understand why other peoples pursue us with their hatred. They do not understand us, but

they are sensible of our enormous spiritual superiority. So the Jews were hated in antiquity because they were the representatives of God on earth."

Such is the simple philosophy of history which, in varying degree, has captured the majority of the German race. It is right and fitting that a people should have a great tradition, and believe itself dowered with a great destiny. Wordsworth, in a famous sonnet, has written:—

"In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

But to what purpose is this consciousness to be used? Wordsworth has told us:—

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

Such noble confidence is directed to one end—national liberty. But when it degenerates into megalomania and seeks to set itself above the human family; when, crazy with a belief in a divine mission, it regards itself as absolved from all obligations of law and morality; when it demands that the fires before its altars shall be fed with the rights and ideals of every other people; when it claims for itself the only freedom and would make all other nations dependent upon its good pleasure; then it becomes a childish mania to be suppressed, a malignant growth for which sharp surgery is the only cure. If Germany's claim were admitted few honest men would desire to continue their life on this planet.

It is the existence of this disease which makes no terms of peace conceivable. The Imperial Chancellor, seeing whither this country is tending, may seek to diffuse an atmosphere of reasonableness, and pave the way for a settlement. But madness is a prepotent thing, and the fanatics will continue to call the tune till the day of cataclysm. The spirits which have been summoned from the unclean deeps cannot be laid by a few puzzled politicians. JOHN BUCHAN.

Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett is to repeat his lecture on "Operations in the Dardanelles," on Wednesday afternoon at Queen's Hall. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett lectures as well as he writes, which is saying a great deal. He is most outspoken in his criticisms, and his descriptions of the scenes in which he has taken a part are very vivid. This will be the last of his lectures in London for the time being, as next week he goes on a tour in the North of England.

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Sofa Stalls, 10/6, 7/6 and 5/-; Grand Circle, 10/6, 7/6 and 5/-; Balcony, 5/- and 2/6; Area, 2/-; Orchestra, 2/-. Doors open at 2.15 p.m. Seats may be booked at the Queen's Hall, usual agents, and at the offices of "The Sunday Times," Windsor House, Kingsway, W.C.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett will also lecture on the same subject in the following towns—

Friday next, Nov. 5.—Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Monday, Nov. 8.—Victoria Hall, Sheffield.

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—Town Hall, Leeds.

Thursday, Nov. 11.—St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

Friday, Nov. 12.—Town Hall, Birmingham.

BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

"The Queen's Net." By Harold Begbie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Begbie's book is concerned with the characters and lives of the people whom the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund is helping, and those who know *Broken Earthenware* will understand that in the hands of this author such lives can be made vitally interesting and real, as far as the book is concerned. The pathos and even tragedy of life on ten shillings a week, the innate nobility that characterises so many poor homes and less than homes, the tremendous value of the work that is being done by this Fund—all these are expressed in the pages of the book, together with much beside that is of intense human interest.

The fact that all profits from the sale of the book are to be devoted to the Fund makes it a book to buy; its sincerity and its intense humanity make it a book to read. The author has chosen his stories with a view to their dramatic values and their variety in human personality, and in them he expresses the pathos, the humour, the kindness and heroism of London's underside. So well has he accomplished this that the success of the book is a foregone conclusion, and we recommend it unreservedly.

"The Honeysuckle." By Gabriel D'Annunzio. (Heinemann.) 3s. 6d. net.

Set in the form of a three-act tragedy, and limited to three scenes, this story bears comparison with a minor melody played on the E string of a violin. The bare descriptions of the scenery, at the opening of each act, and then the continuing dialogue on the one theme, give an effort of a melody—always in the minor—that has not been harmonised, a work of simple notes, vividly and tragically intense.

The story is simply that of Aude, who realised in her stepfather her father's murderer, and of the completion of her vengeance and self-sacrifice. It is the work of a genius—of a Latin, impetuous genius, flinging forth that which is in him without restraint. Such is the effect, whatever may have been the craftsman's method, and the result is un-English, novel, and irresistibly sincere. The laboured epigram and wrought phrase are conspicuous by their absence; the prose of the translation has not marred the poetic thought of the original. Here is a very welcome addition to our library of translated works.

"Form and Colour." By L. March Phillips. (Duckworth and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

Taking the west as form and the east as colour, the author shows in this work the part Christianity has played in reconciling one with the other, and in blending them into a more accurate conception of life. "Form," as the word is used in this book, is synonymous with intellectual progress, with mental and practical development, with the material outlook of western civilisation; "colour" is synonymous with emotion, with the negation of material things and the entirely spiritual development of the east; Christianity, bringing emotion to the hard and practical development of the Greek ideals, brings about the development of the spiritual side of humanity through the material, rather than by contemplative negation of the practical side. This is the author's main thesis.

But the work does not end with that. It is a minute and extremely interesting study of western and eastern architecture, which is used in support of the views here expounded; it is a summary of art—and there are few criticisms of art that are more interesting than the author's comparisons of

the Florentine and Venetian schools; yet he does not wander in byways, but every criticism that is made is a part of his whole task, which is to show the duality of the world, the intellectual and emotional sides of life, and the solution of life in the reconciliation of these two. The completion of this reconciliation forms "the very essence of the present and future purposes of art."

It may be that the "art for art's sake" school will quarrel with many of the conclusions arrived at in this book, in which the fusion of spiritualism and realism is recognised as the underlying problem of many perplexities. However this may be, the book is one that will make for progress, not only in art, but in life itself. It is sincere and scholarly, a landmark in criticism, and a work of exceptional interest.

Mr. S. P. B. Mais, who is English Master of the Army Class at Sherborne School, has written "An English Course for Army Candidates." It is designed to meet the ever-increasing demand for a highly specialized treatment of the subject as required by the Army Council. Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson are the publishers.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY

The King's first visit to his army in France was a historical incident; not since George II. had the British Sovereign been within earshot of the guns of war. His Majesty's second inspection of his army in France was no less remarkable for his fine address of congratulation to the soldiers of the French Republic. It was drawn up in noble sentences, and will rank among the greater documents of the Great War. The King has the gift of concise expression, and his personal proclamations (for instance, his recent appeal for recruits) invariably contain vivid phrases that remain in the mind.

The Duchess of Albany has now returned to Claremont from Harrogate, where she has been through a "cure." H.R.H. was fortunate in her weather. Never has Harrogate been more beautiful than this October. The autumn colouring was magnificent; there was frequent sunshine, and the moorland air most exhilarating. From the Spa's point of view, this has been the best October on record; the Royal baths have been busier, and the hotels fuller than ever before at this time of year. It was only quite at the end of the month that people began to leave. Between Harrogate hotels there is honourable rivalry. Two or three dispute the supremacy, the Prospect being one which under its present manager, M. Elleboudt, an eminent Belgian hotelier, has regained its old prestige. Its situation is excellent, just above baths and pump room, with a delightful view over the Stray.

The marriage of Lieutenant Walter Scott, son of the late Mr. J. S. Scott, and Margot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. March, of Chalet du Parc, Cannes, France, will take place quietly at St. Andrew's, Ashley Gardens, next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mr. Walter Scott, so named after his grandfather, a remarkable man, is nephew and heir-presumptive to the baronetcy now enjoyed by Sir John Scott, of Beaucherc, Northumberland. This dignity was conferred in 1910 on Mr. Walter Scott, who was then in his eighty-first year, a notable instance of honour long deferred. There was some slight annoyance in Scottish circles that there should arise another Sir Walter Scott, who had no kinship or relation with Waverley. The late baronet was quite aware of it, but, as he said, he could not help it, for Walter was his only name. He was proud of his lowly Cumbrian origin, and of the position which he had made for himself.

The first baronet was one of the handsomest old men the writer has ever met, a magnificent head, masses of snow-white hair and strong features; he was a most charming companion, full of shrewd sayings and amusing anecdotes. In ordinary course the bridegroom of next week will be Sir Walter Scott, for he has only the one name.

Sir Home Gordon is to write a biography of Dr. W. G. Grace, to which Lord Hawke, President of the M.C.C., will contribute an introduction. The book is to be published by Messrs. Constable. Sir Home Gordon appeals to all who possess documents, anecdotes or reminiscences of "W.G." to forward them to him as soon as possible at 2, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. He promises that all documents will be carefully returned within a few weeks.

"Look! there's the King of Servia," said an excited lady during luncheon at Prince's restaurant the other day. But it was not the King of Servia, but Croydon's former M.P., Sir Robert Hermon-Hodge, whose fierce white moustache certainly gives him a resemblance to the monarch of our gallant Ally. Sir Robert is a staunch patron of Prince's; he is also the Honorary Colonel of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, and horse-breeding, a most useful occupation in these times, is one of his hobbies.

Two farms on Lord Rayleigh's Essex estate have been lent to the Women's Farm and Garden Union so that women can be trained in milking and field work. The animals

have also been lent, but the Union has been asked to provide a woman supervisor and pay her wages. The candidates for training are to be carefully chosen, and only picked pupils will be allowed to take advantage of this very generous offer. The well-known Rayleigh Dairy Farms are under the management of Mr. Edward Trutt, Lord Rayleigh's brother.

The idea of women working on the land in the place of men called up to join the colours, is being energetically forwarded by the Women's Defence Relief Corps. Unless there is an adequate number of women to take the place of men's labour there is bound to be a shortage in the food supply. This Corps has done splendid work during the current year, and it has just received a very appreciative letter from Lord Selborne.

No more auspicious time could have been chosen for the appearance in a more modern form of the late Mrs. Ballin's well-known magazine, *Baby*. It is now to be published monthly (price threepence) under the title *The Mother's Magazine*. The fact that Mrs. Cloudeley Brereton is its editor is a guarantee that it will keep abreast of the newest ideas concerning the child from babyhood to maturity. Only now is the country awakening to the deplorable ignorance which surrounds the first stages of human life in the homes of Western Civilisation. The November number of the *Mother's Magazine*, the first in its new guise, is admirable; I recommend it warmly to all interested in home and childhood. And I have not the least doubt that under Mrs. Brereton's editorship it will go on from strength to strength.

The "Women and Their Work" Exhibition which Queen Amelie is to open at Prince's Skating Rink next Tuesday is one which every woman ought to attend. It is the second one organised by the *Daily Express*. A special section will be devoted to the resuscitation of village industries, like lace-making, toy-making and linen-weaving, which have been destroyed by German cheap competition. Demonstrations in agriculture and horticulture from a woman's point of view will also be given. In the three weeks from the 8th to the 27th, Prince's Skating Rink will be the centre of woman's interest.

I have before me the *Cliftonian*—the magazine of Clifton College—and I venture to take from its pages this fine verse, which is entitled "The Roll of Honour":

YE, who your warriors weep,
Weep now no more:
In glory wrapped they sleep,
Their warfare o'er.
England for Freedom fought;
Clifton for England wrought;
And these—oh, not for nought
Our burden bore.

Mavourneen, at His Majesty's Theatre, is both pretty and witty, with the exception of a rather tedious and uninteresting first scene, which is brightened, however, by the appearance of Miss Lily Elsie in unexpected and unconventional fashion. This scene is laid in the West of Ireland, and the rest of the play deals with the court of the Restoration. In introducing Charles II., Buckingham, Pepys, and other characters of the period, it treats of a well-worn theme, but one that is ever popular.

Miss Lily Elsie, as "Mavourneen," has scored a brilliant success. She captivates the audience from the moment of her appearance, and her witty, vivacious interpretation of her part is largely responsible for the interest of the play. Buckingham, Lord Arlington, Charles, and Samuel Pepys, are other outstanding characters, and the mean, self-effacing Chiffinch is a well-played part that will perhaps hardly win the recognition it deserves. *Mavourneen*, as a whole, has all the elements of popularity, and we wish it the success it deserves.

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WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY
WHICH ENABLES EVERYONE TO
SAVE LARGE SUMS IN WEEKLY
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HOUSEHOLD TO TEST THE SPLENDID
ECONOMIC ADVANTAGES OF
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ONE TON OF COAL
GO AS FAR
AS TWO.

The introduction of the wonderful chemical compound "Seldonite," which doubles the "life" of coal, or, in other words, cuts in half the coal bill, is resulting in something like a sensation.

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Ladies are now finding that they are able to have in kitchen or drawing-room the brightest, cosiest and hottest fires they wish, and yet make one scuttful of coal treated with "Seldonite" go as far as two ordinary ones.

A saving such as this is, of course, greatly appreciated, all the more so because servants are pleased when "Seldonite" is used, for fires burn clearer, need less attention, and there is practically no waste, dust or soot.

No matter how small or large your coal bill, you can effect a wonderful saving by using "Seldonite," and if you use, say, one ton of coals a month you can easily save from £10 to £15 during the coal fire season.

In order to give the public a most advantageous opportunity of testing "Seldonite" in their own homes, the proprietors have decided for a short while to send post free the full-size 4s. box (sufficient to treat one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite, or Slack), with full directions, to all readers for only 2s. 6d. Orders and remittances, however, must be sent within the next few days. Five boxes will be forwarded (whilst this offer lasts) for only 10s., or eleven boxes for 20s.

A MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Already "Seldonite" has found thousands of users who appreciate its cleanly and splendidly economical advantages, and testify to their appreciation by constant repeat orders.

Among the many thousands of delighted users of "Seldonite" are the following:—

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who writes:—"I have found 'Seldonite' most satisfactory, and shall be glad if you will send me eleven more boxes."

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who writes:—"I find 'Seldonite' very satisfactory, and shall feel obliged if you will kindly send me five more boxes."

Lady Renshaw,

who writes:—"Please send me five more boxes of 'Seldonite,' for which I enclose Postal Order. I find that 'Seldonite' effects a distinct saving in coal, and, moreover, produce a clear, bright fire."

Lady Tuck,

who writes:—"I am quite satisfied with the economical results of the use of 'Seldonite' in conjunction with coal. Please forward eleven more boxes."

The Hon. Mrs. Roger North,

who writes:—"I have found 'Seldonite' most satisfactory. It makes the coal burn much brighter and last much longer."

Lady George Loftus,

who writes:—"I find 'Seldonite' most satisfactory. It not only makes the coal last much longer, but it gives out greater heat and makes the fire burn more brightly."

Lady George Hamilton,

who writes:—"I am much pleased with the 'Seldonite.' I find it useful and a certain economiser of coal."

Sir Arthur Holland,

who writes:—"I have been treating my coals with 'Seldonite' and find that they last much longer than they did prior to the application of your preparation."

Lady K. Keves,

who writes:—"I certainly find that when using 'Seldonite' we burn less coal and it gives a very bright fire."

Lady Robertson,

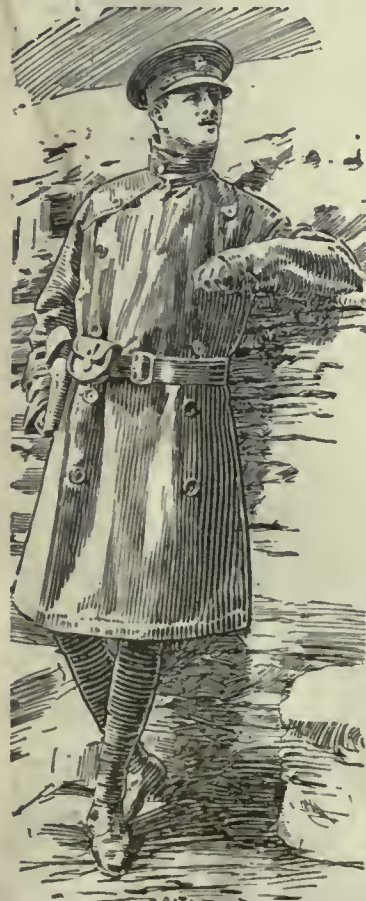
who writes:—"We have found 'Seldonite' in every way satisfactory, and have often recommended it to friends."

"Seldonite" is easily used, and is alike suitable for factory, hospitals, schools, clubs, kitchen, greenhouses, drawing-room or dainty flat. It does not smell; there are no fumes. It is perfectly healthy. Indeed, no one knows that it is in use, except that the fire burns consistently, warmly, cosily and brightly without any attention.

To take advantage of the special offer made above, readers should send remittances of 2s. 6d. for the full-size 4s. box (sufficient for one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite or Slack), 10s. for five boxes, or 20s. for eleven boxes, addressing their letters to Seldonite Laboratories, Ltd., 586, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

"Seldonite" can also be obtained from Harrods, Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores, John Barker's, Spiers and Pond's, John Barnes, Ltd., etc., etc.

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In ONE coat combines the comforts and services of THREE, each of which can be worn separately.

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Will withstand hours of rain. Proofness is unaffected by heat, cold, or hard wear. Keeps out cold wind, yet is never overheating.

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THE WEST END

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

Just the Thing.

It is a great event when the small boy leaves petticoats for more masculine attire. Delightful suggestions in this particular way are being brought forward by a very noted children's outfitter. Chief amongst them is a special design, bound to make an instant appeal which it makes to every mother through its adaptability.

This consists of a workmanlike striped shirt, on to which a pair of knickers neatly buttons. The shirts are beautifully made and, save for a little breast pocket, an exact imitation of a man's shirt. They have a turn-down collar, a centre box pleat and allow plenty of room. These shirts are lined so that for winter their warmth and comfort are assured. The brief knickers follow the usual lines of their kind and they are unusually well made and cut.

These pretty shirts and knickers combined make the most attractive suit possible to imagine. They are made in many different fabrics. The shirts are generally white, with blue, pink or brown stripes, the knickers matching in colour. A white silk shirt striped with golden brown looks fascinating with knickers of brown velvet or gaberdine, and for more practical purposes shirts of white and blue striped flannel are allied with knickers of hard wearing blue serge. Many mothers are buying knickers and a couple of shirts, of which one can be silk and the other flannel, so that two styles are achieved almost at the cost of one. Prices and a full range of patterns will be promptly forwarded to all asking for them.

Boxes for Packing.

Brown cardboard boxes, specially strengthened for packing goods to the Expeditionary Forces or Prisoners of War are being sold in grosses by a large London firm.

They have appeared in the nick of time, for they are wanted if ever an article was. Packing is all-important where gifts for abroad are concerned, and if this is not satisfactory it is quite possible that the parcel will not reach its destination. Even if it does, the contents are likely to have suffered in transit as many have proved to their cost. These special boxes, however, smooth all difficulties away.

They are designed on the principle of a Japanese hamper box, being made in two parts, one-half of which fits tightly over the other. Like a Japanese hamper, also, they are telescopic, so that they can expand with their contents. When the lid reaches well down to the end of the under part they are 6½ inches deep. The length is 12½ inches and the width 6½ inches. Their moderate price is 3½d. each, while the offer of a dozen boxes for 3s. 3d. is an inducement to the economically minded who like saving on a quantity.

For Easy Reading.

A very clever idea may be found with a portable folding book-rest called the Refereader, which can be used with any chair, at a table, or when the reader is lying in bed. The Refereader is made with a stay rod, which rests on the floor, while the book stand itself balances comfortably on the knee. When the rod extends along the bed, balance is equally well maintained. For more convenient use with a table this stay rod is made in two parts. These detach, so that a short rod on the lines of the back of a photo frame is left behind and keeps the book-rest in position.

The Refereader makes the most welcome present to our wounded soldiers, for it holds newspaper, magazine or book with equal ease, and helps the weary hours in bed or chair to pass. Knitters also, who have got into the habit of reading whilst they knit appreciate it, and it thus appeals to men and women alike.

A pamphlet giving particulars and fully-illustrated will be sent to all interested in the contrivance, and shows through

(Continued on page 529.)

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BEST WASH FOR WOUNDS,
BEST MOUTH WASH,
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DESTROYS ALL DISEASE GERMS.



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The County Gentleman
AND
LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVI No. 2792

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1915.

[PUBLISHED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

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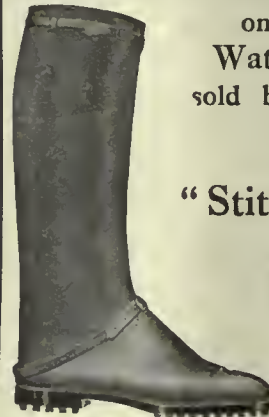
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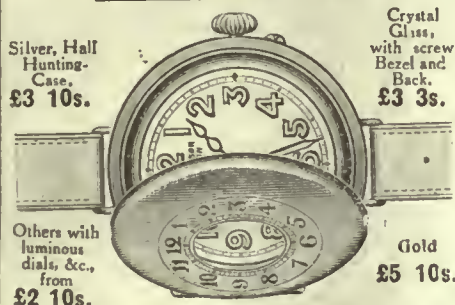


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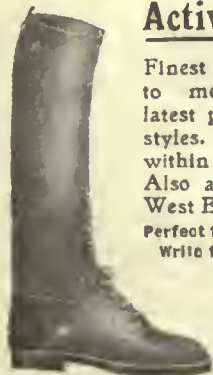
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Boxes of 6 dozen, 5s.

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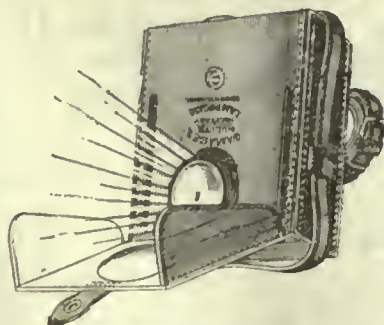
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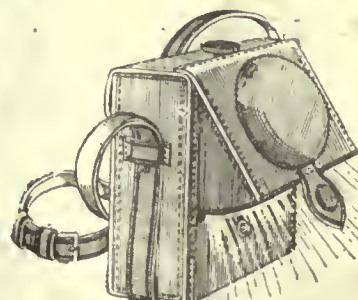
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THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

AN article in the current issue of the *Nineteenth-Century* entitled "True National Service" takes the country to task for not being whole-heartedly a "nation at war." This article is in the tradition of our English habit of self-depreciation so widely and in many ways so wholesomely developed since the decay of rowdy jingoism after the Boer War; but is conceived in a spirit of generous idealism, is temperate not carping, and very rightly prescinds from the vexed question of conscription. It is indeed a fair and moderate expression of that criticism of national shortcomings which tends to take the form of distrust of the general spirit of the people; which, recognising the obvious clumsiness of our democratic method and the hazard of mingling political with military considerations clamours for regimentation; seeks for simple solutions of infinitely complex problems; and is a little led astray by the claims of symmetry and convenience and by the magic of phrases.

Unlike the most of the critics of his school, however, the writer insists on the supreme importance of the aftermath of war; recognises implicitly perhaps, rather than in set terms, that victory is a means, not an end; recognises, even, that there are victories which may be worse than defeat—a hard saying to many.

"Be the cause what it may, the result what it may, so long as freedom be maintained, war has its rich rewards, as well as its griefs and sacrifices, for a people who put their hearts and souls into the struggle. And when a wide view is taken of the abiding as well as the transitory results, it becomes clear that these rewards are of greater value than any of the spoils and conditions which victory can win. War, which can burn out the effete and decadent products of luxury and ease, can also inject new force and virility into the veins of a nation; but, good as its surgery may be, the cauterising and cutting will simply leave a people weaker if they do not submit themselves body and soul to the cure. It is upon the spirit in which a nation throws itself into a conflict that much of war's best recompense depends."

That is a passage which all but the doctrinaire pacifist and the egregious jingo could fairly subscribe. It is, then, the more worth while to examine whether there lurk no fallacy in the generous rhetoric with which the writer develops his thesis. His main proposition is that, all questions of military efficiency aside, the way of the State *claim* to service is a more excellent way than that of the State *call* to service, because the spiritual fruits of war will accrue to a nation in the proportion in which it is a "nation at war." A "nation at war" is a nation where everyone is ordered rather than urged to take his share of work or fighting or financial sacrifice.

These are both assumptions that must on reflection be substantially modified. It seems certain, so far as anything can be certain in these praeter-physical regions, that the abiding moral

effect of a widespread voluntary response to the State call is greater than the automatic response to the State claim.

The corporate effect on a people of the sum of conflicts fought out by multitudes of individual wills, conflicts of right and duty against ease, indifference or fear, or quite often of duty against duty, ought to be immeasurably greater in the spiritual kingdom, if there be anything in the doctrine of responsibility, than any wholesale acceptance of an organised system. It is notoriously easier to assume a difficult and dangerous duty in company with others than freely to elect to face it. The deliberate choice by so many of our race of all that service involves is almost the most magnificent single phenomenon of the war.

True, all this business of heart-searchings and individual decisions may be a clumsy and in an obvious sense inefficient process. But we are here considering, at our author's invitation, not efficiency, but spiritual effect. We find, indeed, the same sort of clumsiness as is inherent in all democratic action where a real, not merely a nominal freedom is exercised. Autocratic regimentation, is the "efficient" system as our German enemy has unquestionably proved; so uncomfortably efficient that a Ferdinand can push a nation into war in a cause which his people almost certainly disapproves. The processes of democracy where responsibility is thrown upon the citizens not upon the head or the dominant clique are ponderous and tiresome, and have their own dangers. But that we should be spiritually advantaged to surrender our substantial heritage of freedom in this desperate crisis of our fate is a very dubious inference.

Let us give the whole matter a concrete turn. Had German Labour reached the stage of political freedom attained by Labour in Great Britain there would have been no such war as the present—a consideration which is pregnant with the suggestion (especially with regard to this matter of the fruits and consequences of war) that even extreme democratic privilege is not a thing lightly to throw aside. It is by no means to assume that Labour is impeccable. Just as the "managing classes" have found it hard to divest themselves of a traditional habit of thinking of the workers as so many cogs in the machine, mere material of war as of production; and retain the honest belief that labour had got a little out of hand with its rights, reservations and restrictions: so Trade Union enthusiasts tended to be unduly suspicious of the "bosses," have been a little intransigent, and very much too much inclined to set up organised labour as a sacrosanct corporation with conflicting loyalties within the state; while individuals, and groups mischievously led, have unquestionably adopted positions which they will be glad to be able to forget. Yet it remains true, most significantly true, that the stubbornness of organised labour and its instinctive opposition to the clamour for "regimenting" has been for all its elements of perverseness and danger a substantially good thing.

(Continued on page 5.)

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For what has happened? Slowly, and by force of reasoning from actual observed fact and circumstance the leaders of labour have been brought to an understanding of the position; have won the consent of the men they represent to substantial sacrifices of hard-won privileges, sacrifices which are only not appreciated by the comfortable classes because their bearing is so little understood; and are freely and of their own choice behind the Government in the determination to prosecute the war to the inevitable end of honourable victory. It is certain that, had the dragooning method been applied, even if an open rupture had been avoided, which is very much more than doubtful, the hands of the few mischievous extremists who frankly look upon the war as "labour's opportunity," would be immeasurably strengthened; a sullen undercurrent of opposition would have swollen into spate as time went on, would have burst its barriers, and have begun to be most dangerous just in those later difficult moments of this fateful struggle when such a breach would have its most disastrous effect. The trend of English Labour opinion has been steadily advancing to a firmer support of the war—that is, the great gain to set off against the minor losses. No thoughtful student of labour politics but realises now the mistake of the dragooning tactics adopted in the early stages of the munitions controversy, for instance. The inference is difficult to escape.

Indeed the whole of our war experience helps us to outline a very consistent doctrine. The way of autocracy, of regimenting is the apter, the more symmetrical process. The way of persuasion, in view of the actual political condition in which England found herself, is not merely the safer but the sounder way. Its good effects will tell long after we have forgotten its dangers. And it is by no means improbable that labour itself which unquestionably tended unwarrantably to isolate its problems and to detach its interests from the interests of the nation as a whole, will much more readily admit the claims of discipline and solidarity in national emergency on the very proper terms of its own due share in the making of the necessary plans. The National Emergency will not be past when victory is won. It will only enter a new and longer phase; and such a fact as this laborious and critical working out and comprehension of the problems of national organisation will have an illimitable importance in the task of the future. Such a result is worth the sacrifice of some vaguer spiritual profit and, indeed, has very definite spiritual implications.

Our author, too, is concerned to show that the share of England in the war has been less whole-hearted than that of the other belligerent nations, and that, therefore, her spiritual reward will be less. It would seem fair to claim, however, that England though from the peculiar circumstance of her tradition of sheltered isolation and her freer constitution she may have come more slowly to the realisation of her responsibilities, has by no means shown less conscious and devoted zeal in the great affair. It would be obviously absurd to say that Frenchman, Russian or German fights only because he must; but it is true that every enlisted Britisher has fought because he has actually willed it; and it is the consciously-willed action far more than the imposed and accepted action that affects the spirit. But are

there not circumstances which make the participation of England even more spiritually significant to her people than that of any other country? It may be true that she is threatened with ruin in the ruin of France: but it is certain that such a danger was nothing like so clear to our people as the German menace was to the French and the Russians. It is equally certain that it was chivalry and not the sense of fear which made the popular national decision to make war on the despoiler of Belgium. In a very true sense the participation of Great Britain as a people, distinguished for the moment from Great Britain as a Government, was something nearer an act of knight-errantry than of mere defence. Sterner realisations have been imposed upon these first rough apprehensions, but such things have their effect on the course of the war and in the aftermath of war, and as index of spiritual values they are full of meaning.

Even in his remarks on the bargaining and profiteering activities of labour and capital though the spirit of his attack be admirable, our sensitive critic averts his eyes from practical facts. It is the truth, not a furbished up excuse, that England needs to keep going a great deal of her machinery of wealth production. It is a less picturesque way of being a "nation at war" but it faces realities. Nor can any stroke of the pen do away with the profit-system. No such attempt has been made by any belligerent simply because it is impracticable. When our Government came to the relief of the Stock Exchange and the Banks the ignorant cry was raised that it was ready to rescue the capitalist while abandoning the working man. Government came to the support not of the financier but of the financial system which, for good or ill but in fact, was the basis of our wealth production. Suppose some sudden clearness of vision had shown it to be as hopelessly bad a system as our socialist doctrinaires assert, no other could have been suddenly substituted. The same holds good with the "profit-system." Here is a delicate machinery for the production of wealth based on the use of capital which must have earnings or be destroyed. Especially at this moment when restrictions are rightly put upon the investment of unfunded savings the only source from which manufacturers can meet the claims of increased depreciation and necessary extension is—profits. Whether the confiscation of them should have gone further is a matter of detail. No absolute balance could have been guessed; and no fatal disturbance of the balance could be risked. So too the actual balance between the wage share and the profit share which had always been determined by bargain necessarily continued to be so determined. That balance shifts as prices shift. Wages cannot meet the increased cost of living; a new balance is struck by bargain; sometimes by quarrel because men are human and even in war time honestly differ about facts and figures. It is this clumsy unsymmetrical and in many ways inequitable, but roughly working system which the idealist is tempted to represent as a sordid fight between manufacturer and workman for plunder while his fellows are dying for him. It is in the main an illusion of oversensitive vision. An imperfect world of which war is the most grievous and the stupidest flaw must blunder through its work in this queer way. There are no forthright, precise solutions.

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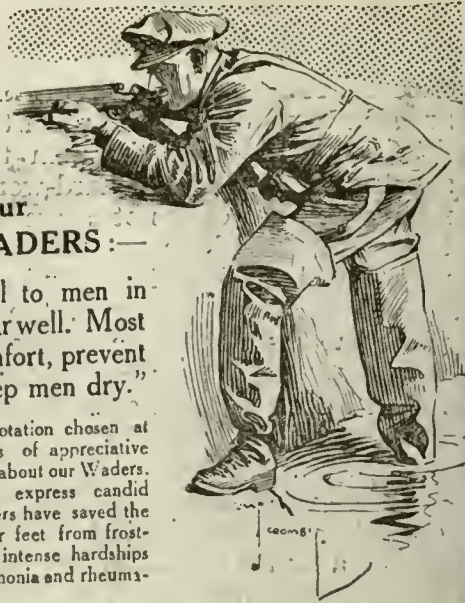
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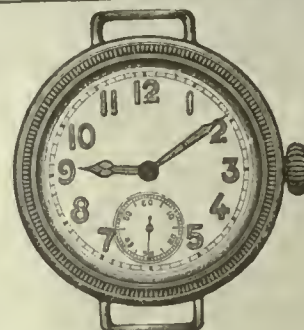
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THE ADVANCE ON VELES.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THERE never was a moment, since Prussia's overwhelming chances of victory were destroyed for ever by Joffre in the Battle of the Marne, when it was more necessary for opinion in this country to distinguish between the *moral*, the *political*, and the *strategical* effect of a military action.

The three categories are closely connected and react one upon the other, but they may be separately and clearly defined.

They stand in relative military importance the exact contrary of what they are in the eyes of disturbed or insufficiently instructed opinion. Moral effect counts most when the nerves of people at home are on edge, strategical least. Yet in the conduct of war strategical effect in the field is to mere moral effect on civilians as a hundred to one. And it is the chief test of judgment in any campaign to put these three categories in their right proportion.

Each of these three categories reacts upon the others. And therefore both the less important ones react upon the main one, which is the strategic. Nevertheless, it is possible to define each clearly and separately. This I will proceed to do before going further.

(1) *Strategical Effect*.—The military object in war being to disarm the armed forces of an opponent, every military action which directly tends through military effect alone to reach this end we speak of as strategical (or tactical in the case of a particular battle) and its effect we call *strategical* effect.

(2) *Political Effect*.—A military action, though it do not tend directly to the disarming of the enemy, may affect his political organisation, that is the structure of his State, so that indirectly the conduct and right ordering of his armed forces will also be affected. Such a result we call a *political* result, and we speak of the military effect of the action in question as *political* effect.

(3) *Moral Effect*.—Lastly, a military action may be of such a nature as neither to affect the armed strength of an enemy nor even to affect directly the political organisation of the enemy, and yet to strike forcibly the imagination of neutral and civilian belligerent opinion—usually in proportion to its ignorance of military affairs. This last effect we call a *moral* effect.

For example, the flank march on Sedan had a *strategical*, the capture of Napoleon III.'s person a *political* effect. Napoleon I.'s hold on Moscow had a *moral* effect alone—which the Russian commanders wisely discounted.

None of these three effects of a military action can be neglected. If men were all thoroughly instructed in the nature and character of military operations; if they submitted to a perfect discipline; if civilian opinion, in no matter what degree of instruction, denied itself any activity against the professional conductors of war, then all that would have to be considered would be strategical

results, or perhaps in addition, those rare political effects of a military action which go directly to the heart of a State, and of their very nature must affect the conduct of armies.

But mankind being what it is, lesser political effects may have grave results upon the conduct of armies, and even mere moral effects may have disastrous weight.

It is the business of all those who desire to inform opinion justly during the present crisis, to distinguish between and to give no more than their proportionate weight to these three categories, and to prevent the least important, the moral, from affecting through lack of information the most important, the strategical.

THE BALKAN EXAMPLE.

I have said that the Balkan business, particularly at this moment, affords a complete example of all this. The truth could be illustrated by the following consideration.

In mere strategics, that is, regarding the war merely as a struggle between two existent armed forces, *each occupied in disarming the other, and occupied on that alone*, the Balkan adventure of the Austro-Germans was, and is, negligible. It is undertaken with less than a twentieth of the allied bodies. It would obtain for the enemy, were it successful, some supply of copper (of which he still has plenty for purely military purposes), some supply of cotton (of which he has plenty), no india-rubber (of which he is in acute necessity), and no appreciable amount of wool, the necessity for which he also feels. The opening of a direct line to Constantinople could lead to no conceivable decision. He cannot largely munition or equip any very considerable Turkish force in reserve, and even if he could, the Turkish reserve is not there. He could not reach any vulnerable point, such as Egypt, even if there were such a reserve, and even if he could equip and munition it, until so many months had passed that his losses by attrition would already have changed the face of the war. Finally, even if all these premises were as untrue as they are true, the vulnerable point so reached, though the wounding of it would be politically grave, could not finally affect the issue on the great Eastern and Western fronts, where alone the war can be decided.

Politically, the matter stood otherwise. There was in the first place the indirect but rapidly approaching result upon neutrals. The enemy had already secured the aid of the Bulgarian forces, equivalent to about one-tenth of his existing forces upon the Eastern front, or rather more. To neglect the Balkans as strategically unimportant might have led to the appearance of further forces now neutral upon the enemy's side. First a force adding another tenth to his eastern armies, next

a force adding very nearly double as much. If all the Balkan neutrals joined the enemy, his forces in the East would increase 40 per cent.

There was another political effect. To strike at the Balkans was to provoke inevitable indecision for the moment among the Allies. The over-running of Serbia was a thing very dangerous to Russian prestige, an anxious matter to England, least important to France. Finally, the moral effect of German troops in Constantinople (what is but a handful in such a war as this, say but one division, would make a prodigious show in the eyes of the populace) directly affects that great Mohammedan world, the relations between which and the Governments of France and Britain are so exceedingly complex and delicate.

The mere moral effect of the Serbian tragedy, the cry of "Saving Serbia" may—as a military motive—be neglected. But to save the Serbian Army from destruction, and to "Stop a rot" in the Balkans is another and far more defensible policy.

Under such circumstances it was to those who were alone fully possessed of the facts, and who could alone weigh all the elements of the situation, political and strategic, one against the other, to decide whether a Balkan expedition were advisable in spite of its strategical insignificance and on account of its political value.

Not without hesitation and not without grave divisions of opinion the die has been cast in favour of an expedition limited to a certain number,

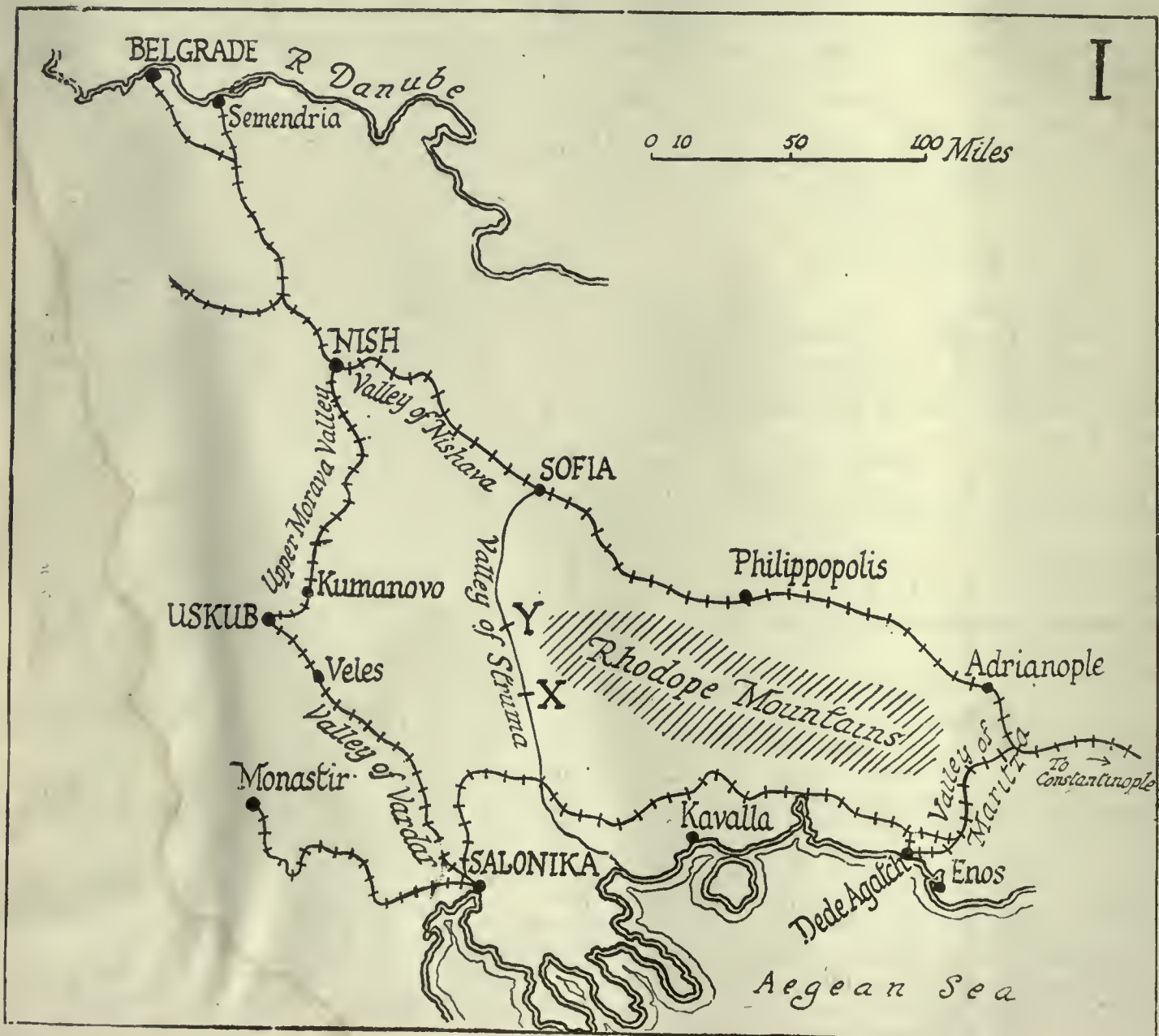
which number we are not at liberty to discuss.

This expedition, *political* in inception, will have for its now *strategical* object the following clear motive: To turn the enemy's adventure, if possible, into a blunder; to take advantage of every weakness the situation presents to him, although that situation has been created by his own initiative.

THE THREE LINES OF ADVANCE.

It is abundantly clear, not only from the simplest examination of the map, but from the history of every campaign between the Danube and the Ægean, from Roman times to our own, that two great lines of movement alone exist in this region and that everything will depend upon the combination of these two great lines of movement.

The first consists in the valley of the Serbian Morava continued by that of its tributary the Nishava, and then, after a low saddle continued eastward down the valley of the Maritza to Adrianople; then the road leads over open and rolling country to Constantinople, a fortnight's march away. The other runs from the Gulf of Salonica up the valley of the Vardar to Uskub, north of which, after a low saddle at Kumanovo, it follows the upper valley of the Morava, to the junction of that river with its tributary the Nishava, at Nish. North of Nish the two great avenues run together to the Danube. These two unique routes are followed to-day by



the main lines of railway as they were in the past by the great Roman roads. The first is the line of road and railway Ethendsia-Belgrade-Nish-Sofia-Philippopolis-Adrianople, and so to Constantinople. The second is the road and railway Salonica-Uskub-Nish-Semendria-Belgrade. It is the possession of the first which forms the military objective of the enemy at this moment. He has probably at the moment of writing reached that objective, and, though it will take some time to put the line into working order where the Serbians in their retirement have destroyed it, yet within no very great delay the Austro-Germans, their Bulgarian allies and the Turkish forces beyond, will be holding one continuous avenue of supply and movement from the Danube to the Bosphorus.

Now let us see how that advantageous position suffers from the presence of an enemy who can only approach from the sea.

In order to examine that problem we must first note that the reason those two avenues in the Balkans have the prime importance just noted, is that they are the sole continuous trenches to be discovered in an abominable tangle of mountains. To threaten the Nish-Sofia-Adrianople railway from the sea, that is, from the south, there are but three avenues of advance. First, the valley of the Vardar up from Salonica; secondly, the valley of the Struma, which has no port at its mouth, but which may be reached from the port of Kavalla; thirdly, the lower valley of the Maritza, which leads up from either Enos or Dedeagatch to Adrianople. Along some one of those three avenues alone can those holding the main line to Constantinople be menaced.

The shortest of the three roads is that of the Maritza valley. It has a railway, it is flat open country, it is a distance of not more than a week's marching. It outflanks the great mass of mountains lying to the West. The disadvantage under which that advance suffers is the neighbouring presence of considerable Turkish forces. There is here a political point of some importance. The Bulgarian population may be technically in alliance with the Turks, but they would probably ill receive the presence of Turkish troops in the heart of their State. The Turks, acting in their own country, or just beyond it, in the Maritza valley, would be very much more formidable.

The second avenue, that by the Struma valley, leads directly to the heart of the Bulgarian State and menaces the capital, Sofia. Its grave disadvantages are that it possesses no railway, that it gets into more and more difficult land as you go northward till more than half the distance, and that even a road passable to the traffic necessary to a modern army appears to be lacking in the middle of the section between X and Y upon sketch I.

On the latter point, the evidence of any traveller who has recently seen the district and is capable of judging the capacity of the road to carry guns and motor traffic would be valuable. I have not yet been able to obtain such evidence. I only know that the latest maps give a break in the road in the gorge of the Struma. They represent that break by a track only.

Between the Maritza road and the Struma road you have, for 150 miles, the mass of the Rhodope mountains, with no single road, I believe, which will carry guns from one end to the other. Finally, there is the road of the Vardar up from

Salonica, upon which all eyes are for the moment turned. This advance has the advantage of an existing railway, a continuous road beyond Veles and a good port for supply upon the sea at its base. But it has the disadvantage of coming right up against the mass of the enemy's forces and of striking him where his communications are easiest and shortest.

With very large forces, forces considerably superior to those of our three enemies combined, the obvious strategy of an advance from the Aegean, would be a triple movement in which everything would depend upon preventing the enemy's knowing where the main force was thrown. There is a lateral railway along the Aegean from Salonica eastward to support such a plan, and the striking force when it reached the main railway would be certain of finding inferior numbers approaching.

But the problem unfortunately is not of this kind. The problem is how, with forces which will necessarily remain inferior, to render the tenure of the main Constantinople railway uncertain, and to compel the Austro-Germans to send, or attempt to send out of depleted numbers, continual reinforcements into this new field.

SITUATION OF THE SERBIAN ARMY.

There can be no sensational developments in our favour expected. All that can be asked for is the immobilisation of an increasing force of the enemy in the south-east of Europe—that is, supposing, of course, the present neutrals to remain neutral.

The one leading fact, so far, in the Austro-German adventure is that it had to be made with an insufficient number of men because there were no more to send. It may be doubted whether, including the Austrian contingents, a quarter of a million men crossed the Danube. It is more probable the total number was little over 200,000.

And the next point to notice, of equal importance with this, is that the Austro-German force coming from the north met with a great deal more resistance than it expected, suffered far more severely than the enemy's higher command had allowed for, and may, if a mountain warfare during the winter months is skilfully conducted, be compelled to call for continual reinforcements at the hazard of its remaining reserves.

It has taken forty days to go an average of little over forty miles. It has lost enormously—perhaps a third of its original effectives. It has not yet begun to deal with that mountain country where there are no roads for its heavy artillery. It has taken hardly any prisoners—even adding civilian officials and auxiliaries (as the Germans always do) to their lists, and the wounded in captured hospitals. They do not count as prisoners 4 per cent. of the Serbian Army. Its advance has only been able to follow a deliberate and well-organised retreat so far. Its human material is already markedly inferior. The best opportunity of the Allies would seem to reside in the keeping perpetually open of a situation which Napoleon in similar circumstances called "an ulcer," but whether this can be done largely depends upon the fate of the Serbian Army, and its present position and opportunities for retirement and survival as a fighting force must be our next consideration.

If a contour map of the Serbian portion of the Balkans be considered we shall perceive one very



striking character about it. The State consists, in the main, of barren and exceedingly difficult highlands in the centre, south and west, merging into easier hill country in the north. The nucleus of the highlands may be defined roughly by the shaded portion in the accompanying map, and it is remarkable that roads, passable to vehicles in any useful degree, come up only a few miles from the valleys that bear the railways into the foothills and then stop at the borders of the highland country. For instance, down the valley of the western Morava, running from Ujitze to Krushevatz, there is a road, and most of the way a railway as well. And southward from this valley up to the edge of the highlands, there are roads along which a vehicle, but hardly ever motor traffic, could travel, and the heads of these roads are at mountain villages as Ivanytza and Ushche, while a similar road runs from Nish up to Prokuplje. But beyond these roadheads there are nothing but tracks, leading through the wildest conceivable tangle of barren mountain land. The whole district is of this character, right away to the Adriatic, and whether it be called, politically, Serbia, Montenegro, or Albania, matters little to the strategics of the campaign. The Serbian army, having retired upon those highlands, *if it is supplied*, has a new advantage against an enemy whose sole superiority lay in artillery, and whose infantry effectives are manifestly beginning to deteriorate.

That modifying phrase, however, "if it is supplied," is all-important. For the same conditions of ground which make it easier to resist

in such hills make it correspondingly difficult to bring forward munitions. Supply from the Adriatic would pass, even if it went to the north, so as to avoid the hostile Albanian tribes, across nothing but mule tracks in the hills, and would come from very poor sea bases at Antivari or St. Giovanni. Everything depends upon this question of supply, and it is a matter upon which we have no information.

THE STRATEGICAL VALUE OF USKUB AND THEREFORE OF THE ALLIED ADVANCE ON VELES.

Meanwhile, there is this further point of considerable interest at the present moment. The mass of highland country, possessing in all its extent no plain save that of Ipek, is pierced by one fairly easy avenue of communication. It is the road going up from Uskub over the low and easy Katchanik pass to Metrovitza—followed so far by the railway, and thence continued to Novibazar. The Bulgarians have pushed up this road to the Katchanik pass. The Austro-Germans are pressing no further than the roadheads on the north upon advance posts, corresponding to the broken line in Sketch II. At the extreme end of this, by Visegrad, they have suffered a sharp reverse at the hands of the Montenegrins, and in general, they are held at the edge of the wilder country. But the Bulgarians pushing up from Uskub, past Katchanik towards Metrovitza, are obviously a very serious threat indeed.

It is clear from the elements on Sketch II. that this *one and only* avenue of advance into the

heart of the Highlands from Uskub, turns the Serbian position in the hills on which they have fallen back. There is not only a railway, but a good road down the valley as far as Metrovitza, and there is a road—though rather worse—on as far as Novi Bazar. With the enemy in possession of this Novi Bazar road, the Serbian army is enveloped—or within a few days of envelopment. The Bulgarians would be across, or nearly across, the remaining space open for retreat and supply.



Now the power of the Bulgarians to pursue this plan entirely depends upon Uskub. When they can no longer hold Uskub, their control of the Novi Bazar road, and their chance of pushing up it, is lost. For Uskub is the entry to the line and the sole entry. It is the door at the end of a passage. But the holding of Uskub depends, as we saw last week, upon the fate of Veles.

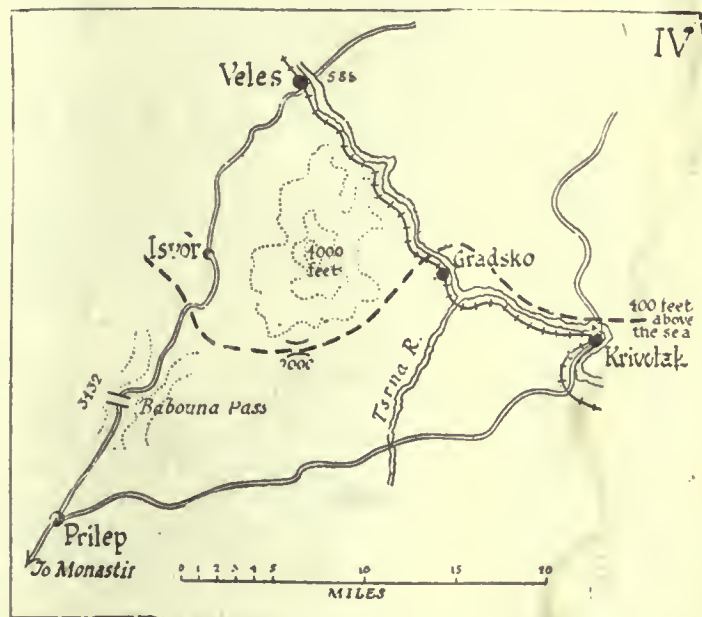
Uskub, as we saw in the sketch which I now here reproduce, stands at the head of a triangle of fairly open plain, such that anyone pressing on from Veles northward towards Kumanovo would compel the evacuation of Uskub. Indeed, it is probable that upon the occupation of Veles by an enemy in strength, the Bulgarian troops already engaged beyond Uskub, in the Katchanik valley, would have to be recalled, and that the Bulgarians would fight in the Plain of Ovitch, keeping the opportunity to retire if necessary upon Kumanovo. It would be extremely risky to remain at Uskub with a strong force advancing against them from Veles.

There is therefore a very high interest attaching to the present operations of the French, British and Serbians in this district and, though we have no opportunity for judging the chief factor of all—that of the numbers here present, on either side, with the *date of arrival* of the Allies—yet we shall do well to pay the most particular attention this week to the Allied effort South of Veles. The nature of these operations we can appreciate from such a sketch as Sketch IV. here appended, the scale of which is a fairly large one.

Some ten days ago the Serbians, with not more than five or six thousand men, were holding the Babouna Pass. This pass covers Prilep, and

beyond Prilep Monastir. The mere occupation of either of these places was not for the moment of vast importance, but the thrusting of the enemy back down the road towards Veles was of considerable moment. The French at the same time, had pushed up the Vardar from Salonica as far as the station of Krivolak. The Bulgarians had tried to stop them some days before, and had been thrown back.

Now when the Bulgarians attacked the Babouna Pass in strength (perhaps somewhat less than a division), the Serbians not only maintained their position on the height (which is not quite 3,000 feet above Veles, and some 16 miles off, but broke and pursued the Bulgarians as far as the neighbourhood of Isvor at the bottom of the pass on the Veles road, an operation in which they were assisted by the timely arrival of a British contingent of cavalry. It is clear that the Bulgarians had massed on this road the greater part of their locally available forces, because the French were able simultaneously to push up to Krivolak. There is no road up the Vardar valley here, only a track. The railway was presumably intact up to the Tsarna river, which formed the first obstacle in their advance. The French carried this obstacle, and occupied, when the last despatch was sent in, the station and hamlet of Gradsko. The whole front here, therefore, runs as does the broken line on Sketch IV., with the centre bent back by a mass of mountains 4,000 feet high, or about 3,500 feet above the river. Communication was maintained between the left and the right over a pass of 2,000 feet. It will be clear that with further forces Veles, now only one day's march away from either end of the line in this neighbourhood, will be seriously threatened. We do not know in what force the allies are acting, but it is clear that a thrust here, if it is to be maintained, threatens



Veles, through Veles Uskub, through Uskub the Bulgarian hold of the Katchnik, through that the whole of the enemy's plan for surrounding the Serbian army.

AN EPISODE NEAR RIGA.

Our readers will remember the momentous headline, "Germans nearer Riga," quoted from the *Times* in these columns the other day. The allusion was to a point very far distant from the main attacks on the city and,

what is more even there no German advance had taken place.

There comes, as we go to Press, the news that in this very district the enemy has failed again—so much the *Times* itself can hardly dispute the failure. He has abandoned the belt between Kemmern and the Aa, leaving behind him great quantities of stores. The Russian communiqué describes this breakdown as due to the pressure of their own forces. The German account is not yet to hand. But it is clear that all along the Dvina line the enemy is barely holding his own at the cost of admitted and most expensive local failures. He was turned back this week, for instance (for the sixth time in a fortnight), in an attempt to cross the river near Jacobstadt. It is true that his action here on the extreme north immobilises a great number of the Russian effectives, and that this is probably his main object; but it is also true that he is paying a very heavy price indeed to attain that object.

Along the rest of the Eastern and on the whole of the Western front, there is no further news worthy of analysis at the moment of going to press.

MARAUDING.

In the news of last week there was a minor point upon which every student of the war in the Allied Camps will immediately seize, but which must be dealt with very cautiously in the present state of our information. It is quite a new feature in the reports, and refers to the state of discipline within the enemy's forces.

I say that such news must be dealt with cautiously, because in every war there is a natural tendency to ascribe to the enemy difficulties or weaknesses which are possible but not capable of positive proof.

These reports of bad discipline may be of the same kind. One only hears of such things through spies and occasional neutrals, and they are things not capable of statistical measurement, but dependent entirely upon moral impression.

None the less, it is significant that the incidents referred to should now be noted for the first time and upon the Russian front. There are persistent and even detailed accounts of marauding in two parts of that front: in Courland among a population largely German-speaking, and in the marshy region East of Pinsk. While to this second item is added in the reports the presence of local guerilla bands fighting the marauders.

Another piece of evidence is very detailed. It is said that on October 8th last there was a local mutiny upon the communications at the station of Pnievo; that two officers were killed and a certain number of soldiers: that the mutiny was due to discontent with the conditions in which the families of the latest reserves had been left in Germany.

Now it is worth noting that the various points of this story fit in one with another.

The date is a month old. It does not pretend to be a sharp bit of news; it is something apparently told by a witness who has got round to Russian Headquarters after a prolonged delay. That is very much what happens on the Western side. A piece of news from behind the German lines is almost the more likely to be true in proportion to the time, within reason, it took to reach the Intelligence Department. Next observe that the last reserves, bad material, and married men advancing in life, are represented as having felt

this kind of grievance. Lastly, the incident appears at a point back upon the communications.

Further, the story tallies with what we hear from many other sources of discontent, with the tiny allowance now being given to the families of Reservists, coupled with the very serious increase in certain prices.

One must not make more of such little indications than they are worth, and even if all these new accounts are true there is something to be said which diminishes their importance.

That something is this:—In the old armies, analogy with which is often misleading, maraudings and little local mutinies were an almost invariable sign of rot. The great breakdowns of the past, notably 1812, started in exactly that way.

But the armies of this great war are quite different from the armies of the past, and in this particular respect of mutiny and marauding are governed by three new conditions. First, the armies are wholly national—identical with the nations concerned, so that public opinion corrects the beginnings of a rot.

Secondly, information is conveyed instantaneously from one part of the army to the other and little local beginnings of a rot can be quickly checked.

Thirdly, each national group feels, down to the humblest private soldier, that it is fighting for a supreme stake; the peril of disaffection is acutely felt by all, and so is the necessity for discipline.

On the other hand, we must not forget that symptoms of this sort in the Prussian service are graver than they would be in any other. The strength of that service consists in this as much as in anything else, that the discipline, though not applied as universally as in some other services, is exceedingly severe where it *does* apply. Things are at a high tension in every unit and a crack is the more formidable. For instance, in all armies there is some friction between N.C.O.'s and men. But in the Prussian service the men really do detest their non-commissioned officers to a degree which the normal hardships of a soldier's life does not discover elsewhere.

PRICES OF FOOD IN GERMANY.

There has been mentioned in these reports the discontent caused by the rise of food prices within the Central Empires, and we have had many reports of this for a long time past and of its consequences. Here, again, we must not exaggerate. The strain is local and applies only to certain articles, but it is quite certain that it is being felt in particular places with regard to particular things very severely, and it is not possible or even probable that it may lead to trouble during the winter. It is felt in four ways: In the matter of meat (including pork, which is the German staple); in the matter of wool and textiles, which make a difficulty in clothing; in the matter of the exceedingly small and insufficient allowances to the families of the men at the front; and in the matter of employment.

All the talk we hear about German national organisation does not belie the fact that modern Germany is, in the main, a plutocracy; and that the mass of its urban population is proletariat. The same is true of Great Britain, but Great Britain has met the danger by lavish allowances to the proletariat side of the State out of the pockets of the capitalist side—at the risk of finding

the latter grow restive. The German Empire has met the difficulty in no such fashion. The enormous profits made by contractors and munition works, by the great trusts that control food and raw material, by the Squires (the officer class) above all, have been left unchecked, and the Government of the German Empire seems unable to tackle the financial interests that are its real masters.

An extremely interesting point in this connection is one that has, I think, been missed in the discussions on this side of the German shortage: to wit, the inability of the Government to insist upon the slaughter of cattle.

There is a very real deficit in meat, but of the cattle in the Empire much the larger part must be regarded as the capital of the agrarian interest, only a fraction can be regarded as its income.

Now the slaughter, by government order, of a comparatively small proportion of the stock or "capital" would relieve the pressure. But that would be equivalent to interfering with the profits of the agrarian interest. It would be compelling them at the same time to suffer a loss of a portion of their capital, and to see a diminution in the value of their goods. Such a step as this the German Government does not dare to take.

We have grown accustomed in this country to regarding modern Germany as a sort of absolute machine in which everything is done to the advantage of the State, and it is imagined that in time of war this mechanical way of living is extended until it covers the whole of German life.

That is a great error and a piece with all other ignorant admiration of the enemy.

The impression of clockwork movement is only obtained at the sacrifice of a great many other things necessary to the conduct of war which do not for the moment concern us, but especially of one thing, most essential to the conduct of war, which exactly concerns this very question. And that is the authority, the dictatorship, of government over its citizens in times of war.

Germany only gets the appearance of mechanical accuracy by taking the greatest care *not* to use the authority of Government where it fears that authority might come under a strain. It is capricious in its newspaper censorship—far more capricious than are the French—and it is impotent in the face of any great financial power. Krupps is allowed an "*Imperium in Imperio*," which the French or British Governments would not tolerate for a moment. It draws profits from the taxpayer at a rate which would make opinion in Paris or London explode. But no one in Berlin dares challenge them: least of all the Government.

We have an excellent example of that in the advice—something more like an order—given by Ballin (whose name we shall do well to record and to remember long after the war is concluded) for the sinking of great liners. It appears to have been a policy by no means unanimously accepted, even among the few who direct naval affairs in Germany. It was obviously extremely risky. If the submarine war were to fail, crimes of the *Lusitania* sort would count very heavily against those who committed them. Nevertheless, the crimes were committed in spite of all misgivings, and would

seem to have been committed mainly because Ballin, the financier, desired them.

The hesitation to relieve meat prices, though not in the same plane morally, is politically of the same nature. The government stopped short of an act of authority against things stronger than itself. You have exactly the same thing in the hesitation to tax. The contrast between British and German finance here, is perhaps the most striking of the minor effects of the war.

The whole of this new phase is only just beginning, and we must watch it with increasing interest as the hardship increases throughout the winter.

The talk of revolution is nonsense. The North German never has, never can and never will rise against a master. He lives by the will of a master. He understands no other way of living. But though there will be no rebellion from within against the small wealthy class that orders Germany, its actions may breed despair; and despair is more dangerous to a State at war than rebellion.

The moral is, of course, that every kind of economic pressure we can possibly bring to bear against the enemy must now be brought to bear in full force. Had we brought that pressure to bear in good time with a wise disregard for the feelings of neutrals, the campaign would be more advanced than it is.

Talking of German supplies it is curious that part of the vague fears produced by the new German move in the Balkans, is that the enemy can now—by the Danube route—import the things he lacks.

One paper has talked vaguely of his "tapping the resources of Asia," while another has said that the Balkan adventure is equivalent to the "raising of a siege."

All that is great nonsense. The Turkish Empire can export a little corn and a little wool. Cotton the enemy unfortunately stands in no need of for his propellant explosive for a long time to come. Oils and fats, which he is beginning to need very seriously, it exports for less than a million all told in normal years. Rubber, which the enemy needs more than anything, cannot reach him by this gate. Whatever else the junction with Constantinople effects it will have no serious effect upon Germany's lack of raw material in the future.

H. BELLOC.

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. are responsible for the publication of a little shilling volume of verse entitled, *At the Front*, in which are included the best of war poems from Shakespeare to Rupert Brooke, including the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Browning's "Prospice." Both in its form and in the nature of its contents this little book makes an admirable companion for a man on active service, and it ought to rank as a popular Christmas gift from relatives at home to their men on service.

Some Phases in the Life of Buddha (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.), taken from Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, is a volume of extracts from Arnold's work adapted for amateur performance with very few properties, and with incidental music by Hubert Bath. Full stage directions and instructions with regard to scenery are given, and the whole is well within the capabilities of the average group of amateurs—so long as a sense of the dignity of the theme is maintained. Mr. Hubert Bath's incidental music is tasteful and fitting to the text, forming an apt illustration to the work, and showing great knowledge of and regard to the period which the "phases" represent, which evidently the composer has studied closely. He is to be congratulated on his success in by no means easy task, for few Western minds are able to compass the true poetic spirit of the Orient.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S WAR LECTURES.

Wolverhampton: The Picturedrome, Wednesday, 8 p.m., Nov. 17, illustrated. Walsall: New Town Hall, Thursday, 8 p.m., Nov. 18, illustrated. Chester: Music Hall, Friday, 3 p.m., Nov. 19, not illustrated. Liverpool: Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Nov. 19, 8 p.m., illustrated. Edinburgh: Usher Hall, Saturday, 8 p.m., Nov. 20, illustrated. Glasgow: St. Andrew's Hall, Monday, 8 p.m., Nov. 22, illustrated.

FOREIGN OPINION.

WE print below citations from the leading papers of Paris, so that our readers may realise the views that are held in France. It is our intention to give from week to week extracts from European journals of standing in order to afford a better comprehension of public opinion in countries other than Britain. The Socialists' Manifesto, which was published in the *Reitch* of Petrograd, and is reproduced here, is a remarkable document:

The German Mind.

This view of the German mind as exemplified by German Professors comes from *Le Temps*.

The case of the German Professors is interesting. Ever since the day of their precious manifesto they have stuck in their rut, and events on the Eastern and Western fronts have taught them nothing. It seems as if the whole tribe had been militarised, so to speak, as if they were playing their part in the army's mobilisation, from sheer discipline and with no regard for facts. Thus men of great intellectual attainments will stoop to the vile task of convincing, or attempting to convince, a population which has suffered from the worst German atrocities, of the beauty of the Teutonic ideal. These men should have acquired a sensitiveness forbidding them to insult the distress of their victims. Professor Luther, the inventor of asphyxiating gas, has no such scruples. He has actually gone to Warsaw to prove that, in spite of devastated countries, millions of dead and countless cities in ruins, he, and all cultured Germany with him, is convinced that the Imperial policy is the best in Europe, and that the salvation of the world depends on the triumph of German arms by any means, however barbarous. He announced his hatred of England and God's determination to punish the foes of Germany, and he produced a map retouched in the German manner, a map whereon the whole world had been Germanised.

These German professors have dreamt of tyrannising over the whole of European culture, and they will not forego their dreams, although the Imperial armies are well-nigh exhausted, and Germany is now hated with a hatred which not a whole century of peace will make us forget.

Question of Numbers.

M. Maurice Barrés writes as follows in the *Echo de Paris* on the vital question of numbers:—

I hear on the best authority, the authority of those in a position to see most of the game, that German resources, so liberally squandered at the beginning of the war, are beginning to fail. Our latest successes have brought us nearer to the time when Germany will not be able to maintain the strength of her armies. From such facts as these the Kaiser is flying to the consolation of his splendid—or at least splendacious—Eastern dreams.

Will these dreams come true? The Kaiser says so, he believes it. He is going East to find soldiers for his wasted regiments. Will he ever get there? Possibly. Will he return? That is another story. And meanwhile, to man this expedition, he is risking the breaking up of his army on three fronts: He will lose in France, in Russia, and the gateway of Italy, and in the depths of Serbia better men, Germans though they be, than he will gain in the Turks with whom he hopes to replace them.

* * *

M. Jean Richepin in *L'Intransigeant* has the following on the same question:

This war has no precedent in history, if we except the invasions of almost prehistoric days, when whole races would totally exterminate each other. In those days, and in ours, one factor, and one only, could decide the issue—the extent of the human material in hand. Therefore, at this hour the whole point on which the question will inevitably turn is the authentic number of effectives which Germany can still dispose of. Everything depends on it. Does Germany possess a sufficient number of effectives to complete the work which she has undertaken? Our conclusions are based on German information. They are the statistics of German wastage, as published in Germany. And, be it noted, this wastage is ridiculously underestimated. We know that Germany does not include in the number of her losses those men who die of wounds, nor the hopelessly infirm, nor the numbers incapable of further service.

The average monthly wastage, estimated after this fashion up to the fifteenth of October, is calculated at 300,000 men. It is safe to assume that this average will, in future, be exceeded because of the inferiority of Germany's new effectives, and because of her opening-up of her third battle front in the East.

If we accept M. Théry's figures in the *European Economist*, figures based on the manual of the German Army, this army, when it was first mobilised, consisted of nine million men, including the whole of the Landsturm. And from this number, swollen by inefficients good only on paper, we deduct the number of losses, underestimated, as aforesaid in the familiar German manner, we get the exact amount of human material which Germany can still command. Therefore, it follows that Germany's supply, though helped out by Turks and Bulgarians, must dwindle, whereas our resources are practically endless, including, as they do, Serbians, Belgians, Italians, besides the men of the immense British Empire, and inexhaustible Russia; that is to say, practically the whole of civilised humanity, except a few insignificant neutrals, if such should still be left on the day of our certain victory.

Position in the Balkans.

M. Gustave Herve writes in *Guerre Sociale*:—

General Joffre went first to Italy and then to England, and everybody knows that his mission was to convince Cadorna and the English Ministry that a big effort was needed in the Balkans, which effort would relieve him of the necessity of reducing his own army on the Western front. Not at all! Let not the new Government imagine for a moment that Italian, Russian and English efforts will free us from doing our bit.

We landed first at Salonika, and Sarraill went straight to Serbia. The whole world admired us for it, but let us not rest satisfied with that admiration. Let it not be said that we did what we did for formality's sake. Besides, our help is ridiculously inadequate. If it be limited to the 60,000 men mentioned in the papers of the Neutral Press, then we can do no more than guard the railway line to Salonika. We shall not have a man to spare to worry the Bulgarians who, having taken Uskub are now well on their way to Mitrovitza. We must send 150,000 men because to attack Bulgaria experienced men are wanted, men not possessed by England at present.

In spite of our admiration for our Ally's armies we must not forget that only the first army which she sent to us last August could lay claim to much military experience. To stop Bulgaria's game we must have experienced men, the sort of men whom only we at present can supply.

Russian Socialists' Manifesto.

The following remarkable manifesto has appeared in the *Reitch*, one of the leading papers in Petrograd:

We, the undersigned, belong to many sections of Socialism, and although we differ in many particulars, we all agree in this. A defeat for Russia by Germany would mean our defeat in the struggle for freedom. Let the whole country unite against the common danger.

We make our appeal to all men who live by the sweat of their brow. Our country is invaded, and the enemy threatens Kief, Petrograd and Moscow, and never before have we had to fight so well-prepared and organised a foe. The situation may become desperate, unless the working men of Russia will make a supreme effort. If Russia should be crushed her defeat will result in intolerable suffering for the working man. After the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 the indemnity was paid mostly by the French working classes and the worst results of economic depression reacted on them. A Russian defeat would mean far worse than this. A modern war carries with it unparalleled expenses, and Russia is economically less sound than her Allies, not counting that her Provinces are further impoverished by invasion. Should Germany conquer she will claim an indemnity compared with which the sum paid in 1870, would be a trifle.

Nor is this all. It is no secret that German Imperialism intends to realise its dreams of colonisation at our expense. Should Germany win, Russia will become a German colony, and our peasants, turned out of their villages, will find no foothold anywhere. In the West, Germany's victory would mean the triumph of the old over the new, because England, France and Italy are far ahead of her in political development. Germany alone has no representative government. If we cherish our democratic ideals, we must fight for them, and our Allies. Indifference means national suicide.

THE AMERICAN NOTE.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

WHEN all the great Powers of the world but one are involved in war, the lot of the solitary peace keeper may be commercially profitable. But it cannot be either ethically or diplomatically easy. Nothing has yet so well exemplified the difficulties of President Wilson than the Note which Mr. Page, acting (as I have no doubt His Excellency was glad to be able to say) on instructions from the Secretary of State in Washington, has just presented to Sir Edward Grey. There are two things about the Note which are remarkable. Its matter—which broadly speaking, amounts to a sustained protest against every exercise of our sea power, except the driving of German merchantmen off the sea—and its manner, which is of a brusqueness that somehow seems unusual in diplomacy. Some of the experienced journalists who have treated the subject in the daily press, assure us that the general political situation in the United States makes it necessary for the President to extend his protest over the widest possible field, and to express it in terms as harsh as possible. It must be wide, to cover all legal claims for damage that may some day be put forward; it must be firm in tone, to square with the attitude taken in the Berlin disputes. They suggest in fact, that this sweeping and peremptory protest must accordingly be discounted. No doubt in dealing with Great Britain, American Governments always allow themselves a latitude in speech that is not customary in other correspondence. And this latitude is generally interpreted as an evidence of an underlying certainty that when the worst has been said, the worst is over.

There is, on the other hand, abundant evidence that large numbers of American producers, packers, exporters and shipowners see magnificent opportunities of developing a trade, both directly with the countries now at war with us and indirectly with neutral nations contiguous to our enemies' frontiers, and they are furiously (and most naturally) angry that the officers of the British Navy are continually on the look out to thwart designs asserted to be—even if they cannot always be proved to be—perfectly innocent. It is to be remembered that, whether these cotton growers, metal speculators, provision merchants, and others are hyphenated or not, they are at any rate Americans. Their interests, therefore, are American interests. If the Washington administration were actuated by the most hearty sympathy with the Allied cause; if it believed that our enemies were also the enemies of every American moral and political ideal; if it wished those ideals to triumph by the triumph of our arms, yet, if it did not feel that the American community were united in sharing this belief, it could not do other than speak up in defence of its nationals' rights and interests. That those rights were being asserted to the injury of our common civilisation would make little difference. Unless the country were as a whole on the Allies' side, Washington

would still make a feint of protest, even if it had no heart in the protest.

But it would be well for us to remember that nothing since August, 1914, has happened to convince us either that America as a whole is on the Allies' side, or that the Washington administration has the slightest sympathy with one side more than with the other. Whatever the success or failure of Mr. Wilson's general administration may have been, his success in preserving an official neutrality has undoubtedly been complete. And this being the case, we have no reason for doubting that, in taking up the cause of those Americans who wish to make money out of our enemies, just as other Americans are making money out of us, Washington is acting in perfect sincerity. We must then look at the controversy on its merits, and not in the light of a political interpretation that may have no substance.

AN INDICTMENT OF SEA POWER.

The protest can be regarded as arising out of procedures alleged by the Americans to be both novel and illegal. Shortly, it asserts that the Order in Council of March 11th, 1915, created a *quasi* blockade of Germany, a condition the United States declines to recognise as lawful. If the blockade itself is a vicious proceeding, all the Prize Court proceedings arising out of it are vicious also, and the Courts themselves the puppets of an executive act which has no validity. Our embargo is not a proper blockade, because the Baltic ports of Germany are open to Scandinavian trade. Our claim to prevent the entry into neutral ports of goods destined for Germany, is unprecedented, and flatly and entirely illegal. Every act, therefore, in our assertion of the right of search arising under either of these two heads, forthwith becomes indefensible. And even where our right of search is properly enforceable, we have asserted it in an illegal manner by compelling the neutral ship to come into a British port for examination, instead of this operation being carried out—as it used to be—at sea. Finally, as if this were not enough, we have introduced an unheard-of practice. We have actually looked elsewhere than at the ship's papers for finding grounds for suspicion and evidence of bad faith. It is all an intolerable violation of neutral rights.

My readers would not thank me for expatiating on the technicalities of the position; though the answer to most of them seems at once obvious and cogent. But changed conditions must be recognised. It is the spirit and not the letter that matters. The old law contemplated sea war as it was: we have to take it as it is. What is unprecedented is not necessarily unprincipled. Let us then for the present pass on to the merits of the case, leaving the legal points undiscussed—pausing only to repeat that practically everything we have done to stop Germany having the use of the sea either as a source of

supply or as a free road to neutral markets, is included in the protest. This makes it certainly a comprehensive indictment. But its very comprehensiveness is, from our point of view, its most hopeful characteristic. We have only to assume it a just indictment to realise its weakness. Let us ask ourselves a simple question, "What would happen if we admitted—as Washington contends—that the whole of our proceedings were illegal and indefensible, and ceased all these practices accordingly?"

WHAT SEA POWER EXISTS TO DO.

The purposes of a predominant fleet are to defeat or demobilise the enemy's sea forces, in order that it may—

- (1) Assure a safe passage to our armed forces ;
- (2) Assure the sea-service of supplies to ourselves and our Allies ;
- (3) Exercise upon our enemy—so far as that enemy is dependent upon sea supplies—the pressure of siege.

A beleaguered city can be brought to submission either by irresistible military attack or by intolerable privation. It can be saved from the last when supplies are brought in. The besieged are none the less relieved if the supplies that reach them are brought, not by their own nationals, but by neutrals. The value of the British Fleet in the European Alliance depends on its power to achieve these three objects. All are vital to the success of the cause for which we are fighting—the reduction of German strength by hunger, by shortness of metal, no less than the reduction of the German forces by fighting them on land by sea-borne armies. If we may not ask the ultimate destination of cargoes shipped to Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Christiania or Stockholm, then there need be no limit to German imports at all, unless indeed they are limited by the capacity of the Dutch and Danish railways and of Norwegian and Swedish shipping. We should certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that German imports and exports were not crossing the Atlantic in German bottoms. But our command of the sea, whose only weapon is siege, would be brought to nullity.

Do the countrymen of the great Mahan seriously wish us to admit, if our siege of Germany does not immediately square with the "juridical niceties" of an old-world law, that it is the siege and not the juridical niceties that must go by the board? And observe, we are not asked to make this sacrifice in the cause of justice and humanity. No inhumanity, no barbarism, no murder, nor even threat to life, no cruel suspense to passengers, are alleged. It is injury to property that is the sole grievance, and, as neutral trade has always suffered in war, it is not the *fact* of injury, but its *legal* as contrasted with its *moral justification* that is in issue. One answer then to America—it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of their own argument—is to set out the military position that would follow from the American contentions being admitted.

AN ALLIED, NOT MERELY BRITISH CASE.

But there is surely a far stronger reply than this to be made. And before we discuss it, a preliminary point should be remembered. Both in laying an embargo on German exports and imports, and in enforcing that embargo, Great Britain is not acting solely for herself. She is acting for an

Alliance. The American protest, therefore, should be addressed as much to Russia, France, Belgium and Japan, whose agents in this business we are, as to Great Britain. And if, through the accident of previous correspondence, the Note is addressed to us alone, there is no conceivable reason why the answer should not be in the joint names of the five Governments. There would be one advantage in this that would not be without an argumentative value. Mr. Page quotes Sir Edward's interpretation of the "Springbok" case, offered when the unlucky Declaration of London was being drafted, and it is not an interpretation that strengthens our case. Is there not much in the Foreign Office records in this matter that had better be jettisoned? A reply sent on behalf of all our Allies need not carry this burden.

THE HIGHER APPEAL.

Given a joint reply to America, is it possible to base it on something loftier than the law of property? The controversy up to now has run upon familiar lines. It is urged that American trade has suffered so that there is a substantial grievance to be remedied; next, that our actions by which such damage has been inflicted, are not strictly in accordance with previous case law. We deny the damage by pointing to the general import and export returns, and then fall to a legal wrangle over the latter-day meaning of old decisions. Would not a plain statement of the real position make it easier for America to endure what cannot be prevented!

When all Europe was in profound peace, the Central Empires devoted themselves, with a vast sacrifice of money, to producing an armed force of unprecedented numbers, of unheard-of mobility, and equipped with the implements of war on a scale beyond any independent expert's conception. To prepare this vast instrument of conquest, three years were devoted, and then without a suspicion of provocation by any European Power, without a single one of such Powers being in the least prepared, war was not only unexpectedly declared, but we all found ourselves engaged in an entirely unexpected kind of war. It was a case of unscrupulous aggression.

At the beginning of August, 1914, Belgium was a country entirely undefended and indefensible in any modern military sense of the word. Its safety lay in the honour of the neighbours who had guaranteed its safety. It was one of these guarantors that first threatened, then conquered, then outraged, and is now exterminating the people who had relied upon his honour. It was an act of which it has been well said that it was a challenge to the conscience of the world. Russia, France, and Great Britain are fighting in obedience to that challenge. We are in the field to vindicate public faith and to make a similar violation of it impossible in the future.

The perfidious preparations of our enemy gave him a vast initial advantage. He had challenged Europe to a game which he alone knew. He did not expect Great Britain to accept the challenge. He reckoned without Great Britain's Fleet. He found that he too had to play a game he did not know. Our entry into the field checked his victorious progress. Our command of the sea secured our own and our Allies' supplies, and these, with our wealth and manufacturing resources have given them staying

power. Sixteen months of war find the Allies' equipment approximating to the enemy's. A far shorter period of blockade by sea has brought the enemy's stocks of a hundred necessities both of life and of war, to a perilously low level. If that process continues, his strength must be sapped. And the process need not be a slow one. If that process is arrested, if supplies can reach him in indefinite quantities, he can recommence the campaign with something of his former and terrific vigour. Unfettered imports would give him a new lease of fighting life—a lease may be of several months.

Is the replenishing of German fighting supplies the thing America wants? Is the object of this protest to strengthen German arms, to increase her hopes of victory, to make the task of exterminating Serbia—as she has already exterminated Belgium—easier and more expeditious? Does America, in short, wish by diplomacy to do for Germany what the German fleet cannot do for itself, what indeed not even America in arms could be sure of doing?

It may not be entirely in accordance with diplomatic usage for a reply to be sent, not to Mr. Page, but to the American President, and not by Sir Edward Grey but jointly by the belligerent Allies. It may be unusual to point out that we are being asked to abandon what all countries with sea command—the Federal Government of America certainly not less than others—have regarded as almost the chief weapon of its victorious fleet. It may seem rather startling to ask the United States to choose between the ravishers of Belgium, the authors of the Lusitania murders, the avowed breakers of all public faith, the unblushing advocates of any barbarism or inhumanity that helps to win, and those of us in Europe who still stand for the Right, and are cheerfully sacrificing ease and wealth and life solely that Right should prevail. But when, after all, these are the issues, might not frankness succeed where diplomacy has failed?

SUBMARINES AND THE EASTERN CAMPAIGNS.

We must not be surprised if we hear in the future of very great extensions of submarine activity, nor yet if, so far as naval events go, we hear of very little else. The course the sea war has taken seems to preclude all reasonable probability of a fleet action, and, in modern conditions, the country whose main fleet is unable to keep the sea, is unable to keep any other surface ships upon the sea at all. The British and Allied navies, then, will find their chief activities in conveying and protecting the armies sent by water. The enemy will find his only activity in attacking these military communications. And where the enemy's communications and supplies are water borne—that is in waters where our surface ships cannot enter to paralyse his use of the sea—our own attack will be limited to submarines. How effective that attack can be, the sinking of the *Undine* once more proves.

The entry of certain German submarines into the Mediterranean was announced from Paris at the beginning of this week, and the event was treated in the French Press as if it were an entirely novel portent. This is, perhaps, due to the fact that, when the submarines

were sent from Cuxhaven into the Dardanelles the fact that they were observed on their journey down the coast of Spain and through Gibraltar was not communicated to the public. The theory therefore obtained credence that they had somehow been sent down the Danube and come upon the scene via the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles. But it is not practical to send submarines by this route, and there is no evidence that any boats have ever come from Pola. The passage by the Atlantic and Gibraltar is practicable; it is the only one that is available for German craft, so that if the enemy sends more submarines by a route which others have already taken, it is only what was to be expected. A recent telegram from Salonica states that Allied troops are landing in that port at the rate of 5,000 per day. The importance to the enemy of deranging these landings is obviously paramount. It is, however, characteristic of the German submarine captains that, instead of going straight to the field where their operations might be of greatest military value, they should be hanging about the Western Mediterranean and sinking merchantmen of insignificant tonnage.

I have commented recently on what must necessarily happen as a consequence of our campaign against the under-water boats that have for the last eight months been destroying British, Allied, and neutral merchantmen in these waters. The departure for the Mediterranean illustrates my argument. If, as seems certain, Great Britain and France decide to engage the enemy on the largest scale in a land campaign in Serbia, Bulgaria and in European Turkey, then it will be necessary to concentrate anti-submarine units up the Straits, even at the cost of leaving our merchant shipping once more open to attack. It seems quite necessary at this point to impress upon the public, that the enemy is bound to do his worst against the military forces seaborne to the East, and that no defensive measures can be completely successful. A certain proportion, though probably only a very small one, of the troopships and transports will, therefore, be sunk. If this is thoroughly understood by the public, there will be no occasion to keep the fact of these losses secret. They are not likely ever to be large enough to generate a weakness that should be hidden from the enemy.

"LAND AND WATER" PIANO FUND.

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—On behalf of my Ship's Company, I desire to thank you, and through you, those who so kindly subscribed towards it, for the excellent piano we have received. How highly it is appreciated may be judged from the fact that it is in constant use every spare moment when the motion of the ship will permit it.

It has already unearthed quite a lot of talent. It will be all the more appreciated now that the days are shortening and the cold weather is approaching.

With best wishes from all hands.—Yours faithfully
R. S. GORF, Lieut. Commander.

H.M.S. *Garland*.

Indirect Laying (1s. net), published by Messrs. Forster Groom and Co., is a simple explanation by an artillery officer of the steps that must be taken to get a battery on to its line of fire, together with a statement of the reasons for each step in the process. Although the problems connected with gun-laying are discussed in technical detail, the whole of the book is well within the comprehension of any intelligent N.C.O., and the book is one that is worthy of careful perusal by artillery officers and non-commissioned officers, as it brings common sense to bear on a subject that at a first glance appears extremely difficult, and thus renders artillery training easier and more attractive.

MR. A. H. POLLEN will lecture on "The Navy at War" on behalf of naval and military charities at Harrow School, Saturday, November 13th, at 8 p.m. Oundle School, Wednesday, November 17th.

THE SQUIRE'S POINT OF VIEW.

By L. March Phillipps.

IT may seem presumptuous for an individual to attempt to gauge the thoughts of his fellow-countrymen, but to many the deepening and growth of the sentiment of patriotism during the past year, and the gradual development into definite shape and relief of the idea of country, must seem a phenomenon not only interesting and striking, but with an important bearing on the future. A year ago patriotism was present among us, was indeed a very quickening incentive and inspiration, but it was far from being the strong and substantial thought which it is at present. It is true of all great ideas, certainly it is true of patriotism, that its full effect is not immediate, but cumulative and progressive. You do not get all the virtue out of patriotism by saying "England," any more than you get all the virtue out of religion by saying "God." Realisation comes by enduring, by persevering, by suffering, and is a matter of inward enlightenment and an enlarged understanding before it takes effect on conduct.

Such a cumulative influence is operating to-day no doubt on many English minds and characters, and with especial force it seems to me to be operating on those country people whose lives are so closely knit to everything that is most English in our scenery. Perhaps at this season of the year especially, among the red and yellow woods and copses which so vividly recall the sports that English people used to be so fond of but now no longer regard, the development and growth of the deeper sentiment I speak of is more apparent. It is so evident that some influence stronger even than love of sport broods over the country. The underwood that should rattle to the sticks of beaters is silent and deserted. Rags of orange-coloured leaves hang limp and dejected as if they shared in a melancholy which they cannot explain. No sound is heard. No pheasant, itself a fragment of autumn colour, floats forward over the tops of the trees, no heavy monosyllables of guns fall like hammer-strokes on the October air.

Concrete Patriotism.

To one who recalls the usual aspect of these scenes the change may well seem more than a change in outward show and aspect. It goes indeed pretty deep into human nature. What are the thoughts which occupy the attention of English squires to the entire exclusion of that intense reality, sport? The war is in all minds, it will be said, and that no doubt is true; moreover, besides that, they have too often to mourn the loss of those in whom not their affections only but all their hopes and forward-looking thoughts were centred. But it is not anxiety or grief which engrosses the minds of Englishmen to-day. It is not the sacrifice but the object for which the sacrifice was paid which chiefly concerns them. A concrete idea of patriotism is taking shape in their minds. England is fighting. England is in peril. Their thoughts, turned to a common object, no longer dwell exclusively on things personal to themselves.

What is worth pointing out is that this idea of nationality, bringing with it the hope of national unity, which now, not indeed among politicians and pressmen, but in the hearts of, perhaps, a more truly representative British class, is strongly growing and taking shape, is of a real importance and likely to exert a practical and steadily increasing influence on national affairs. The English squire has not as a rule the literary habit, nor is he often loquacious, so that, in an epoch when so much of the business of life is carried on through the newspapers and in committee rooms, he remains perhaps the most silent as he still is the most influential of social classes. Nevertheless his instinct is of the surest and has not failed in the present instance to disengage the essentials of the situation; and it is of the surest, precisely because he is closely in touch with English life and more susceptible than most people to the promptings of national identity.

Thus nurtured he possesses what one may call the national standard of vision, whence also he derives his talent for sticking to essentials and resting in them and not being led astray by super-

ficial detail. His views on politics are of a perfectly Doric simplicity. Out of the welter of the past year one or two permanent features remain; to one of which, the formation of the Coalition, he ascribes particular importance because it appeared to realise the vision always in his own mind of national solidarity.

A Natural Adaptation.

The Squire for one saw from the first in the Coalition Government nothing but the necessary and natural adaptation of the political machinery to existing circumstances. A party is but a portion of the country, how then can it govern and control an effort of the whole country? That a national crisis must be dealt with by a national government struck his country intellect as an obvious truism. As to newspaper charges, that this or that Government or group was "honeycombed with corruption," or "motheaten with intrigue," or that its individual members were animated by exclusively base and sordid appetites, the squire, I believe, has never much regarded them. His instinct recognised the hackwork of politics the more readily that he held a positive explanation. It was the need, as his patriotic sense assured him, of a whole people to act in unison which brought the non-party Government into existence.

That moment for the Squire was one of intense significance. The machinery of unity was actually in being. It needed only for the country at large to do its part, to act up to the existing arrangement, and to support and strengthen the Government with the full tide of the national will. We know, of course, what happened. We know how the controversial instinct which could no longer find a free outlet in Parliament was, in defiance of all undertakings and honourable understandings, exploited by the press, and how in consequence every class and section of the community was penetrated by a furious spirit of dissension and discord. I say we all know this, but our knowledge is apt to be obscured by details connected with special charges and particular factions.

The Squire's knowledge is not so obscured. He sees the political landscape with an extraordinary clearness, as you might see one or two bald hills rising into the sky. Like a bald hill he sees the fact that a national government was in being, claiming national support and dependent for strength to cope with the crisis entirely on that support. And like another bald hill, he sees the fact that, owing to a wanton indulgence in the spirit of faction, that support was denied and the national energy, instead of being wielded like a great battering ram against the foe, was diverted and frittered away in a long course of internecine squabbles and disputes. Beyond this the Squire does not examine. No other than these two gaunt facts—the Great Attempt, the Great Betrayal—dominate his political vision. But, after all, from the point of view of England, are not these the two facts that count?

The Spirit of Patriotism.

To what extent other sections of society are adopting the same standpoint I know not, but I have little doubt that the spirit of patriotism, that is, the capacity to feel and think and act in union, is everywhere on the increase.

Naturally, influences so profound must be veiled in a certain obscurity and will remain inarticulate until the work of transformation they are effecting is more or less complete. Until that time comes, therefore, we shall very likely go on as at present, tolerating the overt expression in our midst of weakening and cowardly fears and condoning in our daily press a course of criticism which inevitably makes for the disintegration of the national will. But what I would point out is that beneath these surface evils there is forming in the body of the nation an intense realisation of country, which in due course, by the unconsciously exerted effects of its influence, will silence the ill-omened voices among us and by securing unity will secure victory.

The truth is, as I said to begin with, that the fullness of strength contained in the idea of nationality has not yet come into bearing. It is easy to speak of patriotism

with a certain cheapness, but indeed this profound ideal is of very gradual effect, acting upon character slowly and revealing itself in the ways we have been speaking of, in the obliteration of irritable and factious motives and the development of a single absorbing purpose. Weight and volume, as of a mighty accumulation of water behind an embankment, characterise its action. But we must be prepared to have patience, to let it extend its influence by degrees. Sickened we all are of the discord in Parliament and the press, and well do we know what we want. It is all comprised in the one word "Silence"—silence and to back up and strengthen Government and Army with the will of a united people.

All who have ever conceived what such a backing means, all who have divined that a nation's strength in war is in the last resort but the measure of its unity of purpose, must shudder at the inconceivable folly which is dissipating this source of our best energy. Nevertheless, help is on its way. The national consciousness begins to take effect through individual differences. The spirit of union is overcoming the spirit of separation; at least its presence is making itself felt; it is stirring.

Behind London's shrill party and press clamour one seems to feel an impulse gathering as different to the other as English woods and moors are different to London's streets and pavements.

THE TURK IN ASIA.

By Sir Thomas Holdich.

Lady Sykes has brought out her husband's book, *The Caliph's Last Heritage*, (by Col. Sir Mark Sykes Macmillan's, 20s. net), at an opportune time. The Near East practically means Turkey in Asia, and it is to Turkey in Asia that the moving drama of the war will certainly call public attention ere long, in a manner, and to an extent, that has not yet been touched. The book includes twenty-seven chapters of history embracing a period extending from Persian times, about 600 B.C. to the Omayid Caliph, 750 A.D.; 1350 years of perpetual struggle and intertribal war, varied at times by the sweep of Arab irruptions and all the terrible tragedy of obliterated nationalities and civilisation trampled out of existence.

So rapid and so tragic have been the movements on this chess-board of the world that the story of them is always thrilling, even in much less able hands than those of Sir Mark Sykes. Sir Mark possesses such a charmingly easy literary style that this long-extended human drama becomes almost fascinating, especially where the sequence of events is traced from the babyhood of Mahommed to the full realisation of Ottoman power in Europe and Asia. He writes, too, as only a man can write who is thoroughly at home in the scenes he describes, and is in heartfelt human sympathy with the sentiments of the people who most nearly represent the heroes of his story. There is no straining after effect by the use of extravagant terms of admiration, or the reverse. The actors in these turbulent scenes are just ordinary human beings in an extraordinary atmosphere of environment and motive; and they act as men would act now under similar conditions. There are no saints and no devils.

Romans and Parthians.

Here and there new light derived from local observation is thrown on the pre-Mahomedan periods of Mesopotamian and Anatolian history; the weary wars between Romans and Parthians fifty years before our era, and the reasons for their inconclusive character, as well as the subsequent wars between Romans and Persians which ended with the capture of the Emperor Valerian, are told with a soldier's appreciation of the geographical difficulties which determined military results, and they are not uninteresting even in these days when campaigns are still conducted in distant corners of the earth where the highest and latest developments of military science are either unattainable or inapplicable.

Considerable space is devoted to the rise and fall of that ephemeral commercial capital Palmyra, and to the melancholy evidence of decadent and spurious art exhibited in the ruins; but the comparison between its faded splendours and the quasi-magnificence of the decorative furniture of the Hotel Cecil is perhaps a little strained. The effect of both on the taste of the author seems to be equally disagreeable, but Time has intervened with too much space for any such comparison to be really effective.

The real kernel of this compressed history—its central interest—undoubtedly lies in the story of the early days of the prophet Mahommed. How, from an illiterate boyhood he rose to be a stump orator—a ranter in the market place—with a confidence in his mission and belief in his destiny that is nothing short of sublime, is told

as only a man could tell it who knows his Arab by heart. There was nothing of the charlatan and impostor about Mahommed in the author's opinion. On the contrary, it was in times of deepest disappointment and affliction that he rose to the highest inspiration. Truly he was without honour in his own country. It was his own tribe, the Koreish, who not only repudiated him, but were his bitterest foes through the best years of his life whilst he was pleading for the one true God and planting the seeds of the new faith in Medina. And when success came he succumbed to it like any smaller man. There is nothing divine in the gradual development of the enthusiast into the stern fanatical leader of men who could deal out nothing less than Paradise to his friends and Hell fire to his enemies. He became obsessed with the idea that his Heaven-sent mission which ensured that Allah should always be on his side was one of death and destruction to all who opposed him, and he was ever ready to cut off the heads of any of his Generals who gave not "God the glory" when victory crowned their efforts.

Mahommed's Character.

This study of Mahommed's character is deeply interesting. We have seen something like it elsewhere quite lately; the dormant lust for destruction breaking out with the power to destroy. Through all these early troubles of Mahommed there runs a vein of common human sympathy; the steady and clear-headed devotion of his first wife; the unswerving and self-sacrificing attachment of his friends (who did not in the least believe in his mission) his own most human grief at the death of his little son, and the final prayer that passed his dying lips "Lord forgive me."

The oft-told story of the marvellous success of Islam is told again concisely, but modern interest will centre itself rather upon the position occupied by the Caliphs in Mesopotamia and the rise of Bagdad to greatness under Arab rule.

It was the Caliph Al Mansur, treacherous, crafty and inconceivably cruel, who founded Bagdad. Sir Mark Sykes spells the name Baghdad, but he omits to observe that in the year 1848 Sir H. Rawlinson discovered bricks inscribed with the name and titles of Nebuchadnezzar forming an embankment of solid brickwork on the eastern bank of the Tigris, when the river was six feet below its normal level. As the name Bagdad occurs in one of the Assyrian geographical catalogues of cities in the time of Sardanapalus it seems probable that Al Mansur selected the site of the Assyrian city for his new capital, and retained the original name—Bagdad. The extraordinary care and provision which was exercised in the planning of the town by Al Mansur in order to render his palace and the administrative offices safe from any local attack by placing them within three concentric circles of wall defences almost certainly applied to that part of the city which is on the right or western bank of the river. This western suburb is now barely one-fourth the size of the gigantic irregular narrow-streeted and slatternly city which adorns the eastern bank and which has absolutely no plan whatever to recommend it. The whole city now is surrounded by a single brick wall with towers at intervals, the Tigris intersecting it. Although the days of its greatest magnificence are long past, it never-

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The Squire for one saw from the first in the Coalition Government nothing but the necessary and natural adaptation of the political machinery to existing circumstances. A party is but a portion of the country, how then can it govern and control an effort of the whole country? That a national crisis must be dealt with by a national government struck his country intellect as an obvious truism. As to newspaper charges, that this or that Government or group was "honeycombed with corruption," or "motheaten with intrigue," or that its individual members were animated by exclusively base and sordid appetites, the squire, I believe, has never much regarded them. His instinct recognised the hackwork of politics the more readily that he held a positive explanation. It was the need, as his patriotic sense assured him, of a whole people to act in unison which brought the non-party Government into existence.

That moment for the Squire was one of intense significance. The machinery of unity was actually in being. It needed only for the country at large to do its part, to act up to the existing arrangement, and to support and strengthen the Government with the full tide of the national will. We know, of course, what happened. We know how the controversial instinct which could no longer find a free outlet in Parliament was, in defiance of all undertakings and honourable understandings, exploited by the press, and how in consequence every class and section of the community was penetrated by a furious spirit of dissension and discord. I say we all know this, but our knowledge is apt to be obscured by details connected with special charges and particular factions.

The Squire's knowledge is not so obscured. He sees the political landscape with an extraordinary clearness, as you might see one or two bald hills rising into the sky. Like a bald hill he sees the fact that a national government was in being, claiming national support and dependent for strength to cope with the crisis entirely on that support. And like another bald hill, he sees the fact that, owing to a wanton indulgence in the spirit of faction, that support was denied and the national energy, instead of being wielded like a great battering ram against the foe, was diverted and frittered away in a long course of internecine squabbles and disputes. Beyond this the Squire does not examine. No other than these two gaunt facts—the Great Attempt, the Great Betrayal—dominate his political vision. But, after all, from the point of view of England, are not these the two facts that count?

The Spirit of Patriotism.

To what extent other sections of society are adopting the same standpoint I know not, but I have little doubt that the spirit of patriotism, that is, the capacity to feel and think and act in union, is everywhere on the increase.

Naturally, influences so profound must be veiled in a certain obscurity and will remain inarticulate until the work of transformation they are effecting is more or less complete. Until that time comes, therefore, we shall very likely go on as at present, tolerating the overt expression in our midst of weakening and cowardly fears and condoning in our daily press a course of criticism which inevitably makes for the disintegration of the national will. But what I would point out is that beneath these surface evils there is forming in the body of the nation an intense realisation of country, which in due course, by the unconsciously exerted effects of its influence, will silence the ill-omened voices among us and by securing unity will secure victory.

The truth is, as I said to begin with, that the fullness of strength contained in the idea of nationality has not yet come into bearing. It is easy to speak of patriotism

with a certain cheapness, but indeed this profound ideal is of very gradual effect, acting upon character slowly and revealing itself in the ways we have been speaking of, in the obliteration of irritable and factious motives and the development of a single absorbing purpose. Weight and volume, as of a mighty accumulation of water behind an embankment, characterise its action. But we must be prepared to have patience, to let it extend its influence by degrees. Sickened we all are of the discord in Parliament and the press, and well do we know what we want. It is all comprised in the one word "Silence"—silence and to back up and strengthen Government and Army with the will of a united people.

All who have ever conceived what such a backing means, all who have divined that a nation's strength in war is in the last resort but the measure of its unity of purpose, must shudder at the inconceivable folly which is dissipating this source of our best energy. Nevertheless, help is on its way. The national consciousness begins to take effect through individual differences. The spirit of union is overcoming the spirit of separation; at least its presence is making itself felt; it is stirring.

Behind London's shrill party and press clamour one seems to feel an impulse gathering as different to the other as English woods and moors are different to London's streets and pavements.

THE TURK IN ASIA.

By Sir Thomas Holdich.

Lady Sykes has brought out her husband's book, *The Caliph's Last Heritage*, (by Col. Sir Mark Sykes Macmillan's, 20s. net), at an opportune time. The Near East practically means Turkey in Asia, and it is to Turkey in Asia that the moving drama of the war will certainly call public attention ere long, in a manner, and to an extent, that has not yet been touched. The book includes twenty-seven chapters of history embracing a period extending from Persian times, about 600 B.C. to the Omayyid Caliph, 750 A.D.; 1350 years of perpetual struggle and intertribal war, varied at times by the sweep of Arab irruptions and all the terrible tragedy of obliterated nationalities and civilisation trampled out of existence.

So rapid and so tragic have been the movements on this chess-board of the world that the story of them is always thrilling, even in much less able hands than those of Sir Mark Sykes. Sir Mark possesses such a charmingly easy literary style that this long-extended human drama becomes almost fascinating, especially where the sequence of events is traced from the babyhood of Mahommed to the full realisation of Ottoman power in Europe and Asia. He writes, too, as only a man can write who is thoroughly at home in the scenes he describes, and is in heartfelt human sympathy with the sentiments of the people who most nearly represent the heroes of his story. There is no straining after effect by the use of extravagant terms of admiration, or the reverse. The actors in these turbulent scenes are just ordinary human beings in an extraordinary atmosphere of environment and motive; and they act as men would act now under similar conditions. There are no saints and no devils.

Romans and Parthians.

Here and there new light derived from local observation is thrown on the pre-Mahommedan periods of Mesopotamian and Anatolian history; the weary wars between Romans and Parthians fifty years before our era, and the reasons for their inconclusive character, as well as the subsequent wars between Romans and Persians which ended with the capture of the Emperor Valerian, are told with a soldier's appreciation of the geographical difficulties which determined military results, and they are not uninteresting even in these days when campaigns are still conducted in distant corners of the earth where the highest and latest developments of military science are either unattainable or inapplicable.

Considerable space is devoted to the rise and fall of that ephemeral commercial capital Palmyra, and to the melancholy evidence of decadent and spurious art exhibited in the ruins; but the comparison between its faded splendours and the quasi-magnificence of the decorative furniture of the Hotel Cecil is perhaps a little strained. The effect of both on the taste of the author seems to be equally disagreeable, but Time has intervened with too much space for any such comparison to be really effective.

The real kernel of this compressed history—its central interest—undoubtedly lies in the story of the early days of the prophet Mahommed. How, from an illiterate boyhood he rose to be a stump orator—a ranter in the market place—with a confidence in his mission and belief in his destiny that is nothing short of sublime, is told

as only a man could tell it who knows his Arab by heart. There was nothing of the charlatan and impostor about Mahommed in the author's opinion. On the contrary, it was in times of deepest disappointment and affliction that he rose to the highest inspiration. Truly he was without honour in his own country. It was his own tribe, the Koreish, who not only repudiated him, but were his bitterest foes through the best years of his life whilst he was pleading for the one true God and planting the seeds of the new faith in Medina. And when success came he succumbed to it like any smaller man. There is nothing divine in the gradual development of the enthusiast into the stern fanatical leader of men who could deal out nothing less than Paradise to his friends and Hell fire to his enemies. He became obsessed with the idea that his Heaven-sent mission which ensured that Allah should always be on his side was one of death and destruction to all who opposed him, and he was ever ready to cut off the heads of any of his Generals who gave not "God the glory" when victory crowned their efforts.

Mahommed's Character.

This study of Mahommed's character is deeply interesting. We have seen something like it elsewhere quite lately; the dormant lust for destruction breaking out with the power to destroy. Through all these early troubles of Mahommed there runs a vein of common human sympathy; the steady and clear-headed devotion of his first wife; the unswerving and self-sacrificing attachment of his friends (who did not in the least believe in his mission) his own most human grief at the death of his little son, and the final prayer that passed his dying lips "Lord forgive me."

The oft-told story of the marvellous success of Islam is told again concisely, but modern interest will centre itself rather upon the position occupied by the Caliphs in Mesopotamia and the rise of Bagdad to greatness under Arab rule.

It was the Caliph Al Mansur, treacherous, crafty and inconceivably cruel, who founded Bagdad. Sir Mark Sykes spells the name Baghdad, but he omits to observe that in the year 1848 Sir H. Rawlinson discovered bricks inscribed with the name and titles of Nebuchadnezzar forming an embankment of solid brickwork on the eastern bank of the Tigris, when the river was six feet below its normal level. As the name Bagdad occurs in one of the Assyrian geographical catalogues of cities in the time of Sardanapalus it seems probable that Al Mansur selected the site of the Assyrian city for his new capital, and retained the original name—Bagdad. The extraordinary care and provision which was exercised in the planning of the town by Al Mansur in order to render his palace and the administrative offices safe from any local attack by placing them within three concentric circles of wall defences almost certainly applied to that part of the city which is on the right or western bank of the river. This western suburb is now barely one-fourth the size of the gigantic irregular narrow-streeted and slatternly city which adorns the eastern bank and which has absolutely no plan whatever to recommend it. The whole city now is surrounded by a single brick wall with towers at intervals, the Tigris intersecting it. Although the days of its greatest magnificence are long past, it never-

theless still ranks high in the estimation of the oriental Moslem. Sir Mark Sykes regards the reign of Haroun el Raschid as the apogee of Bagdad's splendour; but it is clear that very little of his architectural embellishment has survived. It is probable that subsequent irruptions of Moguls and Tartars have destroyed its ancient buildings just as completely as they have effaced the plan of the original city; but the fact remains that there is hardly a building of importance now in Bagdad excepting, perhaps, the palace in the north-west quarter, and the Merjaniah mosque (both of which are comparatively modern) and the ancient tomb of Haroun's favourite wife Zobeide, which has survived all vicissitudes on the right bank of the river.

Sir Mark thinks it probable that the Moslem Caliphs regarded the chronic war with the Greeks on their western frontier in "the light of a useful and amusing entertainment," and were unwilling to embark seriously on the conquest of Asia Minor and the capture of Constantinople for fear of leaving Bagdad, which they regarded as the key of the Abbasid Empire, and without which Persia and Khorasan would inevitably be lost. A wholesome respect for the difficulties of a military invasion of Asia Minor from the south may have been a more persuasive argument in favour of leaving that land of mountain barriers alone; anyhow, they gradually raised Bagdad into the position of the Arab capital. Meanwhile, the mercantile trade of the East poured gold into Bagdad and supplemented its enormous gains in loot derived from raids into Asia Minor, India and Turkestan. Bagdad was the centre of a vast commercial traffic, and art, literature, philosophy and poetry were patronised and encouraged. Thus the city became the centre of culture as of wealth; and it still retains much of the ancient flavour of its mediæval renown.

Turks of Mesopotamia.

The old Turks of Mesopotamia still talk of Bagdad as if it were one of the universities of the world. Undoubtedly the occupation of that city would create a great impression on the whole Moslem world, but it would be an impression which carried little or no religious significance. Bagdad passed into Ottoman hands in the year 1534, when it was captured by Sulaiman the Magnificent; who thus, according to Sir Mark, completed the eastward march of the Ottoman Empire. This seems open to question. Bagdad was retaken after this date by Shah Abbas the Great, and was again besieged and captured by Amurath the Fourth in 1638 A.D.; and it only then finally became an Ottoman possession. This was nearly 200 years after the European power of the Ottoman Turk had been consolidated in Europe.

The story of the dramatic rise of an obscure Asiatic tribe to the position of a great European power, and subsequently to the sovereignty of a huge slice of Asia, presents no new historical features, but Sir Mark justly observes with regard to the present position of that power, that there is no positive Turkey, or Turks, but an Ottoman Empire ruled by a Turkish dynasty, which governs a population of Moslems, Christians, Jews and Pagans. The official language is Turkish—that is, a corrupt dialect of the Turki talked on the Oxus, but not in itself an original language.

The second part of the book under review is a record of travel in Asia Minor and Northern Mesopotamia, which was spread over many years. The easy style of the author renders these traveller's tales not merely good reading, but most instructive literature, and it is not difficult to gather from them the nature of those influences which render him so sympathetic with his subject when dealing with the infinite variety of oriental humanity to be found in the Near East. He lived amongst the people, and, so far as any European can plumb the depths of oriental mind and imagination, he has done so. Some excellent figure photographs illustrate this part of the book; but the mapping generally (of which there is a good deal) is not quite so satisfactory. Where it is a guide to the successive phases of international occupation of territory it is very useful, but where it is designed to illustrate the geographical features of Asia Minor as they affect the road from Northern Mesopotamia to Constantinople, it is hardly a success.

In no part of the world has geography influenced history so vitally as in the Near East. The serried ranks

of mountain ridges and ranges which form barriers to approach from the south and which are only to be turned from the north east, are not made sufficiently definite in these maps. The Taurus range and its geographical outworks, the Anti Taurus and Amanus, have been world-famous obstacles to military movement through all time. They were never more important than now when the narrow gateways to Syria and Cilicia may yet again be crowded with advancing hosts. None of the maps really illustrate these important features. This is, however, a criticism which may be met by the statement that the book is not a treatise on military geography. It is from any other point of view a most interesting and valuable work, especially appropriate to the present march of events. It is sure of a wide circulation.

POETRY AND VERSE.

In the new volume of poems by Stephen Phillips, *Panama and Other Poems* (John Lane, 4s. 6d. net) may be set aside "Helen to Paris," "The Passing of Julian," "Penelope to Ulysses," and fragments of one or two other short poems; as to the rest, it is difficult to realise in it the life and vigour and gift of expression that made of *Paolo and Francesca* more than mere versifying. The story of Semele has been better told than here; the legend of Gilbert and his Haidee has been more touchingly expressed in prose than in these ten brief cantos, and, to hark back to the beginning of the book, the conceit with regard to man joining the Atlantic and Pacific after God had set them asunder, and comparing this with the ritual of the marriage service, may be quaint and even daring, but it bears no relation to poetry.

Penelope, questing for the returned Ulysses to "clasp me with the world, with nothing less," and Helen, turning from Menelaus to Paris in the knowledge that she turns to her soul's master, are presented with classic purity and force; these two poems redeem the volume from the level of the commonplace. Save for these and very few other exceptions, the volume hepspeaks a mere laureate turning out verse to order, rather than a poet of such proved genius as Mr. Stephen Phillips has shown in earlier work.

Half the emotions that men know, and more than half, are expressed in *Dartmoor Prison Lyrics*, by Oliver Davies (Erskine Macdonald, 2s. 6d. net). The author, as a member of the prison staff, had unique opportunities of learning convict ways of thought, and these he has reproduced in more than mere verse. Strength, pathos, humour, and the cunning of the born criminal are here expressed, and the volume is not lacking in real poetic feeling.

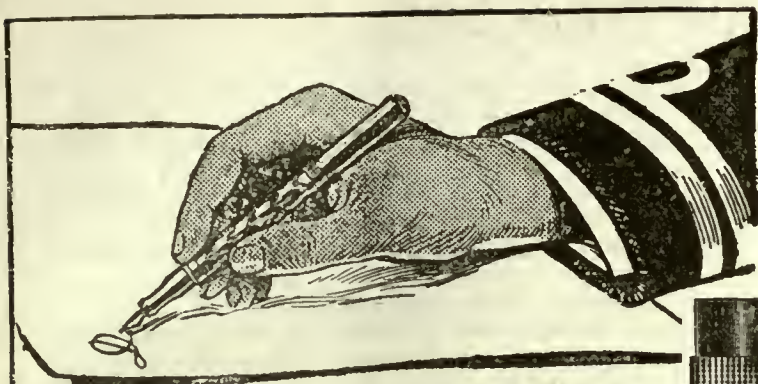
In *Poems by Two Brothers*, Richard and John Beresford (Erskine Macdonald, 2s. 6d. net), a finer and more delicate note is struck by Richard Beresford. Some of his South African poems, notably the verses "To D.M.B.," contain word-pictures that recall vividly the country they concern, and in reading one may see, mentally, "many a little hill," whence "the smoke creeps down." The following verses by John Beresford are slighter, less virile in quality, and sometimes almost banal. So many London-lovers have sung the praises of Kew Gardens and Wimbledon Woods, and there is little new to be said with regard to the power and nature of love. More of form than of spirit characterises the work, which belongs to a species of literary youth.

Half of Irish fantasy, and half of the spirit of childhood, make up *The Adventures of Seumas Beg*, by James Stephens (Macmillan and Co., 2s. 6d. net). Although these adventures are at times told far more in verse than in poetry, yet there is in them something so whimsical, so expressive of the dreams of a child, that the series is extremely entertaining. Thus—

"The moon comes every night to peep
Through the windows where I lie,
And I pretend to be asleep . . ."

and in the reading, many into whose hands the volume falls will remember how they, too, pretended. It may be that they will read some of these Celtic fancies to their children, and in such a case the interest of the listeners will not fail.

Songs from the Trenches, by Captain Blackall, a shilling volume issued by Messrs. John Lane, is worth more than passing perusal. The author, to adapt Kipling, has sung of the little things he knows about, and in such fashion has he sung that he transmits the emotions of the trenches to the reader. "Digging," "Billets," "The Padre," and half a dozen other of the poems in the volume—for they are poems—are strong, good work, Kiplingish in form, perhaps, but voicing the emotions of men in war time in such a way as to command attention and appreciation. The author makes us realise, as he himself has realised, the wonderful pluck, endurance, and unflinching cheerfulness of the men in the trenches, and in his unstudied verse he has embodied a good lesson for the many who "try to write poetry."



For the NAVY

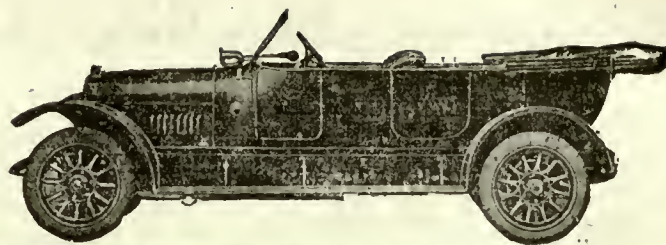
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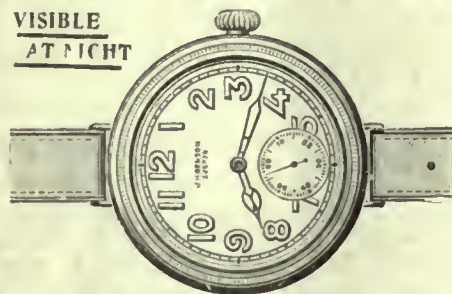
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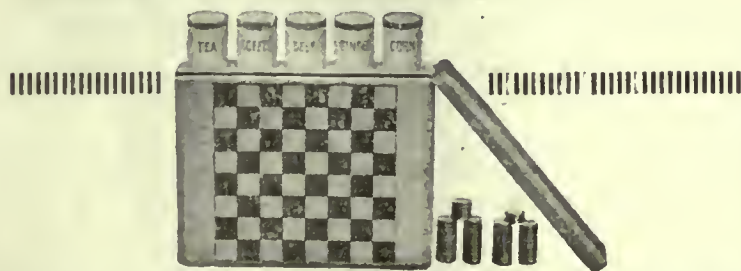
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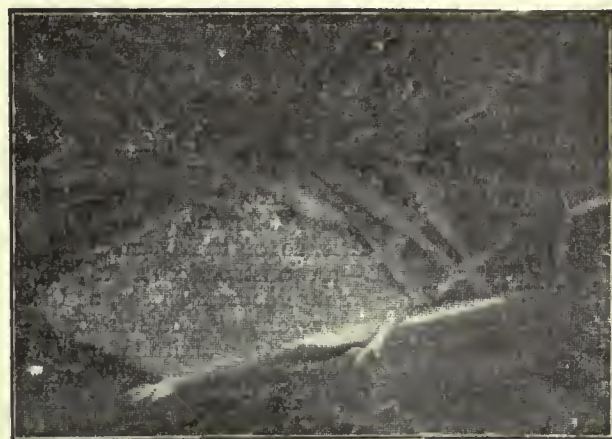
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The book that excels all others this week is the *Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book*, edited by Mr. George Goodchild and published by Messrs. Jarrold and Co., which will be on sale for three shillings from to-morrow onwards in every book-shop and on every book-stall. All profits accruing from the sale will be set aside and handed over to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson for the benefit of the brave fellows at St. Dunstan's, so every purchaser may feel he or she has directly contributed towards the welfare of those who have sacrificed so much in defence of our national ideals.

But no one need think because of this that the three shillings obtains no literary value in return. The reverse is very much the case. They will get their money's worth and more, for a better illustrated volume of short stories has not been compiled for a long time. The list of writers include Mr. Galsworthy; Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who has a typical and delightful article on "Shakespeare and the Germans," which ends with this characteristic phrase: "Every great artist in his heart scorns art as compared with the greatness of God and man"; Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. A. C. Benson, and Mr. H. G. Wells, whose story "The Land Ironclads," written eight or nine years ago, is a curious example how forecasts of modern war have both succeeded and failed. Mr. Wells foresaw trench warfare, but did not visualise the mobility of great guns.

Both Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Austin Dobson contribute poems, which have for their burden the sadness and courage of blindness. But in this connection the best thing in the book is an article by Mr. Charles Marriott, describing with great charm the splendid work that is being done at St. Dunstan's under the supervision of Mr. Pearson, to whose personal courage and energy Mr. T. P. O'Connor pays a fine tribute. The frontispiece is the work of Mr. Hugh Thomson; Sir Luke Fildes, Mr. Lewis Baumer, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and Mr. Heath Robinson are among the artists.

"Pointed Roofs." By Dorothy M. Richardson. (Duckworth and Co.) 6s.

This novel forms the first part of a series of which the collective title, apparently, is *Pilgrimage*, and it may be remarked at the outset that this business of running six shilling novels as parts of a serial is badly overdone. The present book is a detailed analysis of a girl's life. Miriam Henderson leaves her very suburban home and exceedingly slangy sisters in order to take the post of governess at a school in Hanover. At the receptive age of seventeen and a half she finds plenty of scope for enthusiasm in her new life, and the wonders of German music and literature are revelations to her. In other branches of knowledge she finds herself grateful to the teachers of her own English school days; on the whole, she settles down happily in her new life, and many of her reflections are worth following.

She notes the attitude of the German masters in the school to their pupils—a condescension, as to inferiors. They throw crumbs of knowledge *de haut en bas*, as though it were not worth while to bestow any zest on her sex. "She came to the conclusion that the whole attitude of the Englishman and of Monsieur — towards her sex was different from that of these Germans." It is easy to see with Miriam's eyes the future of the average German girl. All in the school were completing their sets of house linen; all could cook; each expected to marry and become a dutiful *hausfrau*. "They were placid and serene." In the end she ceased to wonder that the German masters dealt out their wares to these girls so superciliously.

The first part of the series ends with this phase of Miriam's life, and, despite a certain jerkiness of style and looseness of construction, it forms an interesting first part of a fairly promising novel. In spite of Mr. J. D. Beresford's prefatory eulogy, it is no more than that.

"With the Russian Army." By R. R. McCormick. (Macmillan and Co.) 6s. net.

The chief value of this work lies in the absolutely unbiassed view of the writer, who is neither pro-German nor pro-Allies, but always and distinctly pro-American. He was privileged to see the Russian front in the days before the retreat from Warsaw, and he pays full tribute to the efficiency of the Russian armies and the magnificent work that they have done, while in addition to this he details, with strictly impartial pen, such atrocities on the part of the Germans as ought to make the world shudder. Not that his book lays stress on atrocities, but here and there, in the course of his writing, he mentions an incident that proves the ultra-barbarian methods with which the Germans are waging war—and this, from the

pen of such a pronounced neutral, is of value to the Allied cause. Eminently sane and reasonable, the book is well worth reading—and we trust that it will be widely read in America, where it will go far to counteract the effects of German propaganda—in other words, the lies of our enemies.

"My Own Past." By Maud M. C. Ffoalkes. (Cassell and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.

Among writers in a general way, confession is the order of the day, but there are few volumes of confessions as frank as this, in which is told the way in which Lady Cardigan's memoirs, those of the Crown Princess of Saxony, and two others were compiled. In addition to being frank, the book is a very witty one; it is the story of a woman who, whatever may be claimed against her, has had the courage to face life and fight her own fight. It is a book that publishers on the whole will not like, for it gives away too much; it is a book that the readers of biography and autobiography ought not to miss, for it bears the stamp of utter sincerity and does not fail in its interest from first page to last.

"Spindrift." By Geoffrey Callender. (Cambridge University Press.) 3s. Net.

This collection of extracts from English prose is designed to show the influence of the sea on English literature, and the editor's selections, ranging from Wycliffe and Chaucer and Malory to Dickens, Thackeray, and Froude, include all the great authors of the intervening periods. It may be that too much space is given to Marryat and to Smollett, for these are exceptionally influenced by the sea and its doings, but the volume as a whole is thoroughly representative of the best in English literature from the earliest period to the early and middle nineteenth century. It is a book to read for the interest of its extracts, and as an anthology of sea-prose it is a book to keep.

"Psmith, Journalist." By P. G. Wodehouse. (A. and C. Black.) 3s. 6d.

Psmith in New York, nonchalant in the midst of adventure, and with all his affectations intact, is as mirth-provoking as in the city, which is saying a good deal. The book is made up of rollicking fun and sensational adventure which never degenerates into melodrama; it will form a good companion for a railway journey or an evening by the fire, and the many who already know Psmith will be grateful for this reappearance, while those who do not yet know him would be well advised to get the book at once and be thoroughly amused and interested.

"The Child of the Sea." Retold by S. R. Littlewood. (Simpkin Marshall and Co.) 5s. Net.

This re-telling of the story of Amadis of Gaul forms a delightful gift book for children of either sex. Miss Honor Appleton's charming pictures in colour are of the kind that will appeal to all children, and the text, lacking the heaviness of Southey's translation, is condensed to such length that the chapters are interesting, and the story is well told. We commend this as a very acceptable Christmas gift book, so well produced that it is a pleasure to handle and read.

Three very useful little handbooks for young officers have recently been issued by Messrs. Forster, Groom and Co., of 15, Charing Cross. First among them is *Rapid Training for Young Officers* (1s.), which embodies a number of lectures on such subjects as discipline, map reading, outposts, musketry, etc., and supplies information on the essential points of military training in concise fashion. *How to Become a Useful and Efficient Officer* (6d.), contains a number of tips that will enable an officer to understand and handle his men in the way that gets most out of them, and a *Guide to Courts Martial Duty* (1s. 6d.), gives the procedure for an officer detailed for this disagreeable but necessary duty. These three manuals are written by practical men in practical fashion, and will help to smooth the path of the junior officer.

Hints and Tips for Members of the O.T.C., published at 6d. by Messrs. Forster, Groom and Co., is intended as a manual of reference for members of the Officers' Training Corps, and to save them the trouble of searching through the official drill books in connection with routine matters in signalling, musketry, camp discipline, and the like. *Musketry Instruction*, published by the same firm at a shilling, supplements the official text book by translating official instructions into common-sense English, and will be found very useful by officers and N.C.O.'s engaged in training their men in the use of the rifle and in miniature range shooting.

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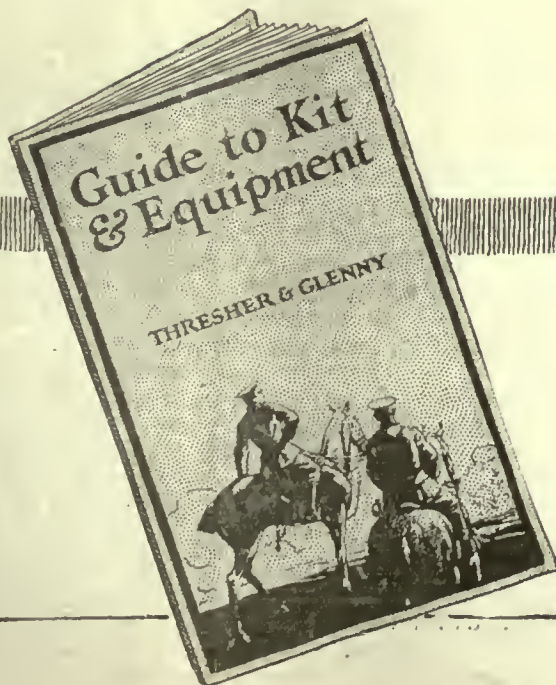
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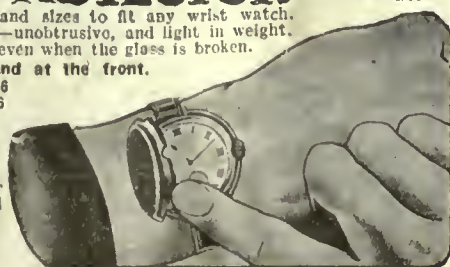
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BRITISH SPAS AND GERMAN BADS.

By Francis Stopford.

CHELTENHAM last month celebrated the bicentenary of the discovery of its mineral waters. Bath re-opened on Monday with due pomp and ceremony its Grand Pump room. Harrogate this summer and autumn has been responsible for more "cures" (almost double the normal average) than at any period in its history. Buxton and Llandrindod, Strathpeffer and Woodhall report big influxes of visitors. There is not a British Spa in this troublous year which has not done exceedingly well. This is as it should be, but why has it not always been so?

It is a question which ought to be thoroughly thrashed out, for the writer believes it to be but a small part of a much bigger problem which will have to be faced courageously sooner or later. Lord St. Aldwyn attributed the decline of Cheltenham as a health resort to the desire for foreign travel which possessed English people the latter half of the eighteenth century. This shrewd diagnosis of the primary cause of the decline seems to be accurate. The Grand Tour instituted among a certain section of Society a vogue for foreign ideas. This vogue spread to fashions of dress, manners and living. French *plats*, for instance, ousted British dishes, not altogether unreasonably, from the tables of the few who were qualified to contrast the relative merits of both. But as these few happened to be persons of consequence, their habits were subjected to that debasing form of flattery—insincere imitation, and "insular" became the favourite taunt to be hurled against any Briton who dared to champion the good qualities of his own land. It was the old story of the little drop of water, able to hollow the stone or to inflict the most hideous torture imaginable on the brain of a Chinese malefactor. Year by year, generation after generation, the Briton who dared to defend British institutions against international rivals was suppressed by the small sneer, "Insular, insular!" until at last people on these islands did honestly come to think there was nothing good on this side the narrow seas, and that the only way to arrive at a fair comparison was to contrast their own faults and weaknesses with the virtues and merits of neighbouring nations.

The Devil's Darling Sin.

The Teuton would not have been the Teuton if with his engrained cunning and quickness to seize an advantage, fair or unfair, he had not exploited this absurd humility for all it was worth. In point of fact, the devil's darling sin, "pride that apes humility," has come very near to turning this land into the devil's dominion. Having escaped, let us once for all purge our minds of the offence and for the future take a bold and sturdy pride in every good thing which Nature has bestowed on "this sceptred isle, this earth of majesty."

We have all sinned and done amiss. Only this autumn the writer visited, for the first time, Harrogate, that cup of healing waters lifted high on the Yorkshire moorlands. It was a revelation. Harrogate had been regarded by him aforesaid as a sort of one horse place with which people had to be content who had not the money or the time to go to Carlsbad, Marienbad or Kissingen. He can trace exactly how this impression had been created, and he has now awakened to the truth that the one obstacle to Harrogate having been hailed as the finest watering-place in Europe, has lain in the fact that it was English, not German or Austrian. It is not only the natural waters that give pre-eminence to Yorkshire's Siloam, but its exhilarating air and its glorious views and still more that wonderful system of baths which has been installed there, and which is constantly being added too. A new "cure" has only to be properly vouched for by medical authorities to be instituted. The men of Yorkshire have no absurd views on humility.

And is not the Tyke a match for the Teuton? Let us be clear on this point. Only in Germany and England are British watering-places consistently run down. When a few months before the war, Belgian enterprise was endeavouring to revive the fashion of Spa, it was not in Germany but in England that it sought a general

manager. Had Bath not been alive to the true value of Mr. John Haddon, he would have been lost to that city. Now, the general manager of a fashionable watering-place, if he be a good man, should be a despot, a benevolent despot, all executive power being vested in him by his Committees, for he holds in his hand the future of his little realm; its success or failure will depend on him. He must enjoy the confidence and generous support of the administrators whom he represents.

Shrewd Business Men.

It will interest the many visitors of Harrogate to know that the well-being and progress of that watering-place is entirely in the hands of the Corporation, the members of which are shrewd North Country business men, with wide interests and a very genuine and right pride in the virtues and advantages of their town. Their chief executive officer, Mr. Broome, a Yorkshireman by birth, possesses rare energy and large ideas; and he is determined that Harrogate henceforth shall be above rivalry. Criticism is invited; suggestions are welcome; the foolish thought that because much money has been spent, therefore everything must be perfect is entirely absent. It is realised that the prosperity of the Spa is largely in the hands of that small section of the community which, from the very nature of birth and upbringing, is inclined to be most critical, and their tastes are carefully studied; their wishes attended to. This is the right attitude of mind and no one will ever convince the writer that there exists any real reason why British Spas cannot be made superior to German Bads.

The doctors in this country should agree among themselves to drop the old *clichés* of Nauheim treatment, Kissingen water, etc., etc. Because from a natural spring in a Yorkshire dale there bubbles forth water strongly impregnated with iron and alkali, that does not make it Kissingen water; it is Harrogate water just as much as if it issued from the Old Sulphur Well, hot and strong. Whether it be at Harrogate, Bath, Buxton, Cheltenham or elsewhere, let us be done with this Continental nomenclature of waters, douches, treatments, etc., and adhere to plain English in the future. It may be urged that this is a very small matter. It is small—small as the drop of water, but constantly in operation it has a great effect.

Expenditure of British Gold.

It is impossible in a brief article to write all one would like to write on this subject. But it is obvious that the hour has arrived when it is the duty of every Briton to support British Spas in the future. If only it were possible to obtain figures showing the amount of good sterling British gold that was expended at German and Austrian bads during, say, the five years 1909-1913, this reason would become even more apparent. Whatever faults may have lain with British management and administration in the past they are being rectified, but let not this be overlooked, that those faults have ever been magnified a hundredfold by Continental rivals. The fact that many hotels at British watering-places have been under Teuton management has foolishly been accepted as a tribute to the attractions of those places, but the possibility has been ignored that these same Teuton managers may have possessed a larger or more permanent interest in some Teuton bad, and that while doing the best for themselves in the land of their adoption they never lost an opportunity to proclaim the superiority of the "cures" in the land of their birth.

When these islands were under Roman occupation, British waters were considered not a whit inferior to any of the fashionable springs scattered throughout the Roman Empire. And the old Romans had a much more intimate experience of baths than modern Germans. There is no reason why this should not be so again. Henceforth we must play our own game and no longer be bluffed into the belief that a thing is inferior merely because it is British and good because it is German. We have had enough, more than enough, of that.

Recruit Your Health

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which is advocated and used by Lord Alverstone, Lord Nunburnholme, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Ex-President Roosevelt, Sir Malcolm Fox, Sir William Crawford, J.P., Viscount Hill, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mrs. Alfred Illingworth, Alderman Broadbent, J.P., Rev. F. B. Meyer, and has also received Medical endorsement so weighty and complete as to leave no loophole for doubt as to its soundness.

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Spine.	Influenza.	Weakness.
Debility.	Insomnia.	Weight
Dyspepsia.	Lumbago.	Increased.
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The System is taught at the Muller Institute, 45 Dover Street (opposite Tube Station), Piccadilly, W., under the personal supervision of the author. No medical man is attached to it, and no one suffering from an organic complaint will be accepted as a pupil, except with written approval of his own medical man. It is an honest, intelligent and experienced attempt to supply the public with a much-needed want in the matter of health exercises.

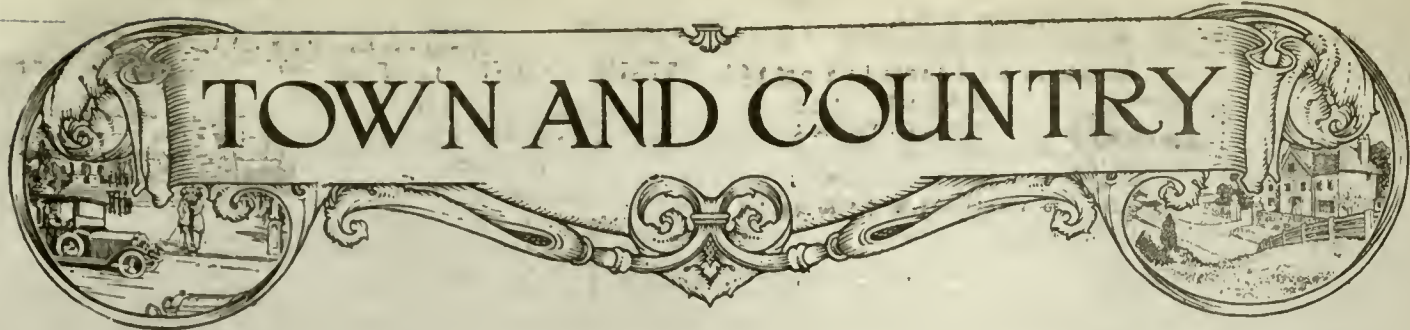
Personal Lessons. Personal and private instruction is given at the Institute in bright, airy rooms, one of which is reserved for the pupil's exclusive use during each lesson. Pupils are taught individually by fully-trained instructors or instructresses under the direct control of Lieut. Muller, and, in the case of Ladies and Children, under the supervision also of the Lady Director.

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Free Booklets. Lady enquirers will receive a copy of *The Royal Road to Health and Beauty*, which explains how the practice of the Muller System ensures a shapely and graceful figure, a clear skin and the cure by natural means of the many ailments which frequently impair "the picture of health." There is a separate booklet, also post free, for Gentlemen.



The Queen sent the other day to St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, for the blinded soldiers and sailors, £75, which was forwarded to her by Mrs. Starling, of Herrwood, Tengatt, Natal, as the result of a garden *fête*.

Last week Queen Alexandra, who was accompanied by the Grand Duchess George of Russia, with Princess Nina and Princess Victoria, paid a visit to St. Dunstan's. To-morrow everyone will be able to buy the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book, a review of which appears to-day on another page.

The Grand Duchess George of Russia, with Princess Nina, who have spent the summer quietly at Harrogate, came to town last week and were the guests of Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House. While there they accompanied Her Majesty on a tour of inspection, not only St. Dunstan's being visited, but the offices of the Queen Alexandra Field Force Fund and the National Egg Collection. In the afternoon they went on to Buckingham Palace to see the King and Queen.

Lady Salisbury, with Captain Ormesby Gore and Lady Beatrice Gore, and Lord Robert Cecil, were among those lunching a day or two ago in Jules' Restaurant in Jermyn Street, which continues to be a most favourite restaurant, especially with good people who like quiet places. Every night for dinner Jules' Restaurant is full, and he himself is always there seeing that everybody is comfortable. It is this personal touch that goes such a long way. One has only to ask for something a little different, if the menu does not happen to suit, for it at once to be cheerfully and pleasantly agreed to.

Lady Edith Charles wishes to thank all her friends for their very kind letters of sympathy, to which she regrets she is unable to reply.

The problem of Hunt management this year would have been much greater, but for the fine spirit of ladies keenly alive to the importance of keeping the sport going. Lady Portal, in spite of personal inconvenience, has retained the mastership of the Vine; Mrs. and Miss Inge still share control of the Atherstone; while in Shropshire and Montgomeryshire the United Hounds have been taken over by Miss W. B. Whitaker. Then the wives of many absent M.F.H.s are undertaking the responsibilities of "Acting Master." In Ireland Miss Edith Somerville, of the West Carbery, and in Wales Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, of the Neuadd-fawr, and Mrs. Blandy Jenkins, of the Llanharan, continue to show how very successful lady Masters of Foxhounds can be.

Sir Gilbert Greenall came over from Ireland last week to preside at the council meeting of the Hunters' Improvement Society; as usual, he made Almond's Hotel in Clifford Street, his headquarters. There was a very full meeting of the Council, and condolences were sent to Lady Emily Van De Weyer on the death of her husband Colonel Victor Van De Weyer, who was one of the oldest members of the Society and had always taken a great interest in its work. The dozen new members elected at this meeting included Lord Minto, Mr. R. C. Monson and Captain C. D. Miller. Afterwards Sir Gilbert entertained one or two friends at luncheon in Almond's little restaurant which has been very busy.

Even in war-time experiments in cuisine are allowable, and Charles gave me at the Ritz the other day a new way of serving the familiar fillet of sole, which introduced new flavours and was altogether a delightful surprise. But it is difficult to improve on sole as cooked at the Ritz, with aubergine, that homeliest of vegetables; one only wishes it were more common in this country.

The marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Bertram Romilly and Miss Nellie Hozier is to take place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on the first Saturday in December. Miss Hozier is a sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill, and

Colonel Romilly, a son of Mr. Samuel Romilly, a great-grandson of the great Sir Samuel Romilly. The Romillys are Huguenots and according to Burke, at the time of the revolution of the Edict of Nantes, came from Montpellier and settled in Hoxton. One would have thought they would have come from Romilly, a small town to the south-west of Paris which is famous in that it was the extremest limit of the German invasion of 1914.

The Church Army is organising a big Sale of Work for the relief of distress in France and Russia, to be held at the Portman Rooms on November 23rd. It is hoped that Princess Arthur of Connaught will have got over her operation then and be able to open it. Comtesse Benckendorff and the Vicomtesse de la Panouse are to be amongst the stall holders.

A *Matinée* is being organised by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in aid of the Special Fund for the Sick and Wounded Horses of the British Army at the Front, at the St. James's Theatre on Tuesday the 16th. The Queen and Queen Alexandra have granted their patronage, and a number of prominent artists are kindly giving their services.

The *Café Chantant*, which was held in the new ball room of the Piccadilly Hotel last week on behalf of the Brondesbury Park Military Hospital, was a great success; the big room was crowded and everything went off very well. This beautiful ball-room at the Piccadilly was a revelation to many; it was only finished a few months before the war, and had never come into general use, so that many who attend regularly the Piccadilly restaurant and grill-room have no idea of its existence.

Readers of *LAND AND WATER* will remember the imaginative story Mr. Algernon Blackwood wrote for it a few weeks ago entitled "A Soldier's Visitor." The soldier was wounded, had lost the use of his legs, and the author made him dream he had acquired a new power of overcoming space. It was a beautiful poetic conception. The strange part of it is that it happens to be true to life as this extract from a private letter shows:—

I have lost both legs below the knee—unfortunately not in serving my country. In the latter part of your story you speak of the soldier's dream; how space is more or less nothing to him, and how he can soar, etc. I have never been to sleep without dreaming, and of all my dreams, this particular one which your soldier dreamt is by far the most frequent. It is absolutely true.

Sir Robert Laidlaw, whose death occurred last week at the comparatively early age of 58, made a fortune in the East by using the Government as his private bill-collector. He went to Calcutta and opened with a partner, Mr. Whiteaway, a cheap drapery shop about thirty years ago. They awoke to the fact that the Value Payable Post, which was in existence, made it possible for them to do a cash business throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan. The V.P.P., as it is called, was originated for the benefit of Europeans living in out-of-the-way stations. A parcel is handed into the Post Office, the amount to be paid on it is stated, and the Post Office undertakes to deliver the parcel, collect the money, and remit it to the sender for a small fee.

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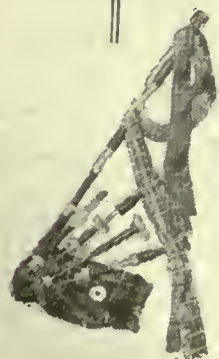
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WARNER, SHEPPARD & WADE, Ltd., beg to announce that they will hold their next SALE of about

70 HORSES

comprising Hunters, Harness Horses, Hacks, Cobs, and Ponies, at the REPOSITORY, LEICESTER, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, at 12 o'clock, which will include—
The Belvoir Club Hunters, comprising 18 horses which have been cub hunted this season.
5 Horses, the property of Lt.-Col. Lord Charles Bentinck, who is on active service.
4 Good Hunters, formerly the property of the late Capt. W. S. Blackett.
Also other horses. Further particulars next week.

MESRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that their SALES at Knightsbridge are held on Mondays, and comprise:—
HUNTERS, HACKS, HARNESS HORSES, COBS, and PONIES, also CARRIAGES, HARNESS, etc.
There is an exceptionally good demand for each class of horse.
For stalls, conditions of Sale, and Catalogues, apply to Messrs. Tattersall, Knightsbridge, London.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's Lane, London, established 1753 (one minute from Tube Station, Leicester Square, five minutes from Charing Cross).
The Sales every Wednesday and Saturday at 10.30 include Horses from London Jobmasters; also Hunters, Hacks, and Harness Horses, and every description of Working Horse for private use, farmers, and tradesmen. Carriages, Saddlery, Harness of all kinds. Motor Auctions every Wednesday 1.30 and Saturday 12 o'clock, also on private sale. Trial runs arranged.
Sales and Valuations, town and country.
W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.
Telephone, 5102 Gerrard.

The 'IMPERVUS'

ARMY REGULATION SLIP-ON RAIN-PROOF COAT.

Also indispensable for Motoring, Shooting, Traveling and Hobbies, etc.



This coat is treble proofed by a special process to prevent Rain and Wind from penetrating, and is made and designed to allow for comfort in every movement, and makes the usual inconveniences of rainproof garments absolutely impossible.

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THE ADMIRALTY have given official permission for raising a Battalion of 1000 men, which will be strictly limited to Public School or University Men and who will serve together as a unit.

SERVICE for the period of the WAR.
Military Training. Ages 15-35.

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STAMPS.—Breaking large collection (Many unused and mint). Selection of any country sent on approval at 8d. in the 1s. discount from catalogue prices.—B. C. WATT, 83 Mildred-avenue, Watford.

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CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

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Genuine Misfits, &c.

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ALL SIZES IN STOCK, READY FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR.

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All Goods sent Carriage Paid in U.K. and to Members of the B.E.F.

Brig. Gen. writes from France: "The Field Service Boots arrived safely and fit perfectly—better, in fact, than the last pair I had made to order, and for which I paid £6 6s."

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ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.,
Regent House, Kingsway, W.C.

THE WEST END

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

Christmas Puddings.

Before many more weeks are out Christmas will be with us once more. Whatever we may feel inclined for personally, most of us are determined that Christmas, at any rate, shall be celebrated by our soldiers and sailors at home and abroad. Christmas and Christmas plum puddings are coupled together by custom of centuries' standing, and times such as these are the last in which old traditions must fail.

Rich plum puddings have been put up on purpose for the Front in basins and tins by a well-known firm, and are being sold in great quantities. These puddings are ready cooked, so that they can be eaten cold, and on the other hand, can soon be warmed through. They cost 1s. 1d. a lb., but the price per lb. is lessened for puddings of larger weight. Particulars of these varying prices will be forwarded on request.

The same people are also selling Territorial puddings, this being in reality a species of good plum duff. These puddings are also ready cooked and are packed in parchment, this in its turn being covered with a cotton cloth. The puddings travel exceedingly well, and are sold in 2 lb. sizes for 1s. 8d. They are an idea for those wanting to send out something less expensive than the Christmas plum pudding of orthodox type.

A Word to Knitters.

Soft silky yarn, woven from camel's hair, is making its instant appeal to all who are knitting socks, mufflers and mittens for the troops. Not only does it knit into exceedingly warm and comfortable garments, but it is undyed, and therefore supremely safe.

This camel hair yarn is naturally of khaki colour, and to the casual eye looks precisely like carefully prepared khaki wool. Those who appreciate camel's hair rugs and blankets are bound to like this yarn, for it is of the same soft consistency that pleases them in these instances.

Superior though this camel's hair yarn is, and in spite of the general rise in prices, it still is being sold at a particular shop for 4s. 6d. a lb. It washes and wears exceedingly well, and in every respect is an article for which to be grateful.

The New Fur Collars.

The latest thing in fur neck wear appears very opportunely at the present time. It is simply a deep becoming neckband of fur fitting cosily round the neck and finished at one side by a pretty picquet of velvet flowers, or a big fur button.

These fur collars are already well launched in Paris, the Parisian preferring them at the moment to more ostentatious stoles and scarves. They are also sure to find favour over here, and this their most moderate prices equally surely aids and abets. It is not often that Fashion's latest fancies so generously help the economically minded as in this particular instance. Pretty swathed collars of seal or natural musquash with a velvet flower matching any colour in frock or hat are but 30s. Collars of black fox are 35s. 6d., and black wolf several shillings cheaper. Many other furs are also available and all are lined with soft silk or crêpe de chine.

Those who prefer a narrower collar will be delighted with some in Kolinsky sable for 28s. 6d., framing the face with a fascinating shade of warm bronze brown, and giving the same finish to a toilet that all the other models do.

Hats and Their Trimmings.

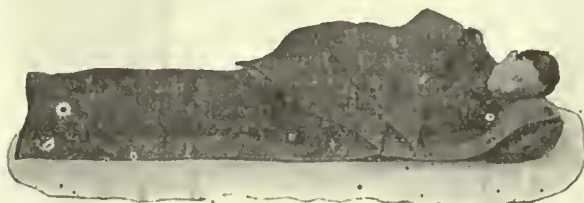
Such a thing as an overtrimmed hat is hardly to be seen at the present, and indeed it would seem as if most women were vying with each other as to who can wear the simplest millinery. Nothing meets the case more neatly than a clever trimming of ribbon, but this needs to be marked with the

(Continued on page 32.)

Mappin Service Equipment

Mappin Service Equipment is the outcome of actual Active Service Experience, and is of that high quality always associated with the House of Mappin; Comprehensive List post free to any address.

Sleeping Bag.



Pure brown wool triple sleeping bag, exceptionally warm and well made. An ideal Christmas Present.

£2:5:0

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Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

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158-162 Oxford St., 2 Queen Victoria St., 172 Regent St.,
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"From California's Sun-kissed Vineyards"

LET Patriotism be your reason for barring German Hock and Moselle—let Economy induce you to try "Big Tree" California Wines—and let your palate judge if it is not an advantage in quality to make "Big Tree" your choice.

"BIG TREE" HOCK & MOSELLE

are delightful and superior to the German products. Delicate wines of low alcoholic strength, fully matured, and brought to perfection in bottle.

Colonel ——— writes: "Big Tree" Hock No. 7 is equal to the finest German Wine I have ever tasted."

Per doz. Per 2 doz.
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"Big Tree" Hock, No. 8 21/- 24/-
" " " " 7 31/- 34/-
" " Moselle, 9 23/- 26/-

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Grierson, Oldham & Co.
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under bond for Officers at
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against rain, sleet or snow, yet healthfully self-ventilating.

LUXURIOUSLY WARMING
in cold or stormy weather, yet remarkably light-in-weight.

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Worn by Lord Kitchener. This Patent weather-resisting coat provides a double safeguard from throat to knees, and fastens without buttons.

BRITISH WARMS

Great Coats, Caps, Puttees, Shirts, Sleeping Bags, The Dawaac — combined Bivouac and Valise, and every detail of equipment.

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Infantry or Cavalry patterns, with or without Detachable Fleece linings. Provides perfect protection against wet or wind.

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in Tenace Whipcord — a Burberry cloth of phenomenal strength, made from botany wool. Will outlast three ordinary uniforms.

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W. LONDON
8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; Basingstoke and Provincial Agents

THE WEST END

(Continued from page 81.)

touch of the expert, or a very amateurish effect is the unhappy result.

A shop, which has long been famed for its delightful ribbons, is now showing a large collection of ready-made up ribbon hat trimmings. Especially pretty are the ribbon hat bands, finishing at one side with a sharply tied accordion-pleated bow. These are just the thing for a sailor-shaped hat or one of pliable velvet or velour, and as they cost the moderate price of 2s. 11d., cannot be looked upon in the light of an extravagance. Another attractive ribbon band passes through a pleated ribbon buckle, while yet a third has a series of cleverly pleated ribbon rings. Ribbon cockades, very adroitly pleated and made are a veritable consolation to the home milliner, and like the rest, are available in almost every known kind of ribbon. Two of these placed at different angles make charming trimming for a hat. The well-liked French tinsel-edged ribbon is much to the fore, and black with a dull gold edge is a great favourite.

The firm concerned have devoted one page of their Autumn Catalogue to these ribbon trimmings, and readers wanting a charming hat at small cost will be well advised to send for it to see the pictured examples.

A Writing Wallet.

The most convenient writing wallet for a soldier imaginable is made exactly on the principle of the usual type of pocket-book. It is specially designed to slip into a field service jacket pocket, and is a model of compact neatness.

The wallet is made of durable pigskin, and besides containing writing materials has a pocket for visiting cards and stamps, this is a discreet hiding space for a photograph. Fitting securely into a slot is an indelible pencil, and other details are envelopes, writing paper and postcards. Each of these has a special compartment to itself, and takes up an almost incredibly small amount of space, while there is also a place for received letters.

The designers of this wallet are to be congratulated upon thoroughly knowing their business, and its considerate price is 5s. 6d.

(To be continued.)

The latest reports from the jewellers say that pearls are selling remarkably well even in these days of financial strain. Most people prefer pearls at the moment to the more ostentatious diamond, and they are, moreover, when well-chosen and carefully bought, always a good investment.

Afternoon teas and entertainments are to be given to soldiers and sailors of the Expeditionary Forces during the cold weather months. Queen Alexandra is the patron, and a small committee is hard at work drawing up the details and making the necessary plans. Arrangements are being made for the conveying of about 100 men from the various hospitals to and from the place of entertainment. The Grosvenor Hall, Buckingham Palace Road, was the place chosen for the first two afternoons, and it is hoped that later on even larger parties of our wounded will be invited and entertained.

Small feathered hats looking as if they hailed straight from the poultry yard are being much worn in Paris and have already arrived over here. They are small, rather impertinent, and being soft and becoming suit nine women out of ten. Some of them are of black coque's feather, others of guinea-fowl plumage, but one and all are intensely serviceable, and resist the attacks of wind, wet, and bad weather in the most satisfactory way. They are without doubt an excellent accompaniment to a tailor-made coat and skirt, and that is all the majority of us ask now-a-days.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb have moved their Regent Street premises to 175, Regent Street, and their new establishment is well worth a visit. It spreads over three floors which are easily reached by lift or staircase, and all that can be wished for in the way of clocks, jewellery, silver ware and the like, is to be seen displayed to more than usually good advantage. The new premises must certainly be voted a triumph for all concerned, from the architect downwards. Many people will pay them a visit on purpose to note the clever arrangement of the downstairs gilt spiral staircase leading into the silver department. It may safely be said that underground premises have rarely been brought to such a state of perfection as these; but this is true of every inch of this latest contribution to London's greater showrooms, as visitors will be quick to discover. Show pieces and novelties in the way of table silver, jewellery and toilet accessories are now on view to mark the first weeks of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's occupation.

RELIABLE FURS AT SPECIAL PRICES

SEAL MUSQUASH FUR COAT (as sketch), designed and made by our own highly-skilled Furriers from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The shape is quite new, being cut in full lines. The collar is of rich dark Skunk Fur, and the lining of good Fancy Silk.

Special Price **16½ Gns.**

Similar Coat, extra full shape, with skunk collar and cuffs, 25 Gns.
Similar Coat, with skunk collar and cuffs and deep flounce, 35 Gns.

GIFTS FOR OFFICERS.

SLEEPING BAGS, in waterproof khaki twill, lined fur, light and warm, to fold in small compass, from 5 Gns.
KHAKI ALL-WOOL BRITISH WARM COATS from 6 Gns.
LEATHER WAISTCOATS, lined reliable fur, from 69/6
FUR WAISTCOATS, in Natural Nutria, lined flannel with leather backs 6 Gns.
FUR ENGADINE CAPS in various furs, from 21/-

Debenham & Freebody.

Wigmore Street,
(Covendish Square) London.W



**Two-Year
Warranty.**

12 x 10

INCHES

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to any
Address in
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**Satisfaction
Guaranteed.**

LARGE quantities of these bottles are being ordered privately as gifts to Hospitals, Ambulances, etc. Obtainable only direct. Size 10 ins. x 8 ins., 4s. 6d. Size 12 ins. x 8 ins., 5s. Full standard size, 12 ins. x 10 ins., 5s. 6d. Post Free in U.K.

These special hot-water bottles are made to H. & G. specifications; for hard use in hospitals. Now available for private purchasers. Direct guaranty from H. & G. to you. Follow instructions and you will not experience trouble. Strong construction. Patent quick-filling, non-scalding stopper. *None genuine without H. & G.C.C. mark*—recognised as the mark of reliability in the foremost hospitals in the world.

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Address all orders—
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**INEXPENSIVE
VELOUR CLOTH
TAILOR-MADES**

We have recently been successful in purchasing a large quantity of fine quality ribbed and plain Velour Cloths in black and a good range of colours, with which, in order to keep our workers employed during the intermediate season, we have made about 300 Tailor Made in various new designs, many of which are trimmed with fur. These Coats and Skirts are made by highly skilled tailors, and the fit, shape, and finish are of a very high standard, whilst the value is quite exceptional. Owing to the fact that the material is limited and cannot be repeated, these garments cannot be made to measures or sent upon approval.

REFINED STREET SUIT, as sketch, in fine quality soft finished velour cloth in good colours, perfectly cut and tailored. Collar, cuffs, and flounce of coat trimmed with wide skunk opossum fur. New well-cut skirt.

SPECIAL PRICE 6½ GNS.

Actual value 9 gns.

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"THE ORILUX"

**THE ONLY ELECTRIC LAMP WHICH HAS STOOD
THE TEST OF ACTIVE SERVICE FOR YEARS.**

**EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS
FROM THE FRONT:—**

"The most useful article in my kit."
"I hear nothing but praise of your lamp on this side."
"You have made your name famous amongst officers."



THE ORILUX LAMP is fitted with key for signalling and switch for constant light. The light can be operated without opening the case, which is fitted with a hood to throw the light downwards. The case is provided with loops for attaching to a belt, and provision is made in it for carrying a spare bulb.

PRICE £1 1 0 (Postage to the Front, 1/- extra)

Extra Battery in sealed tin, 2/- (Postage to the Front, 1/- extra). Extra Bulb, 1/6, postage 2d.

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J. H. STEWARD, Ltd., Opticians,
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Established 64 yrs.

MOSS BROS & CO^L

TAILORS

Military. Sporting Town & Country Kit



Since the Outbreak of the War we have supplied a larger number of

OFFICERS
with
UNIFORMS
& **EQUIPMENT**
than any other firm.

We have the Largest Stock in LONDON of FIELD SERVICE UNIFORMS correct in every detail, Ready for immediate wear, or Made to Measure in 24 HOURS.

In addition to Uniforms of every description we have in stock every Article necessary for an Officer's Outfit, including Field Boots, Prismatic Binoculars by **ZFISS, GOERZ** and **ROSS.**

Also Prismatic Compasses (Mark VI. and VII.).

20 & 21 KING STREET COVENT GARDEN W.C.

Telephone: 8164-1 Gerrard. and 31 & 32 BEDFORD ST. W.C. Tel. Address: "Parsee, Rand, London."

Rimasop

Sleeping Sacks

Windproof & Waterproof

For the coming Winter Campaign.

Messrs. RIMMELL & ALLSOP, of Bond St., are introducing a greatly improved Sleeping Sack for officers' use. They call attention to the following features:—

1. Instead of opening at the side, the Rimasop Sleeping Sack opens at the top, well out of reach of all ground water.
2. The flaps which cover the opening can be adjusted according to the direction of the wind. All draught is thus excluded, and a frequent cause of rheumatism removed.
3. Even if every part of the Sleeping Sack except the opening be totally submerged in water for hours together, the sleeper will remain dry. This is due to the SANRAINE lining. Though light and soft as eiderdown SANRAINE offers greater resistance to water than any other known fabric. Indeed it is largely used in the making of life-saving garments for use at sea, as SANRAINE will keep 20 times its own weight afloat for many weeks.

The price of the Rimasop Sleeping Sack, Sanraime-lined throughout, is **£3 7 6**

Orders should, if possible, be placed in advance, as when winter sets in there may be some delay in meeting the demand for these Sleeping Sacks.

Rimell & Allsop

Sporting and Military Tailors,

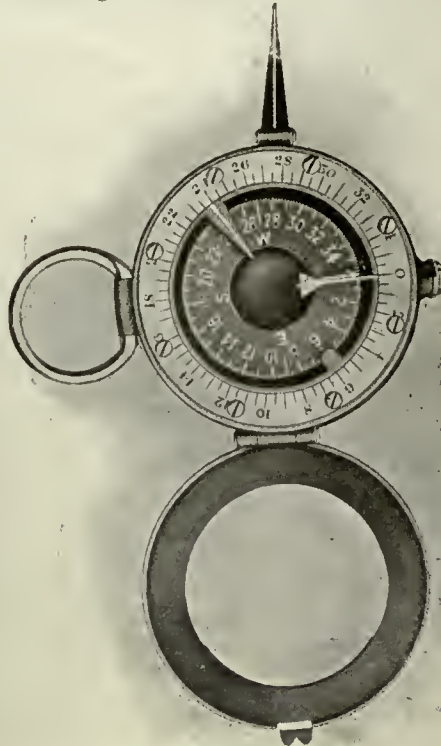
54 New Bond Street, London, W.

TERMS—Cash on or before delivery.

The Creagh=Osborne Compass,

INFANTRY PATTERN.

The steadiest form of liquid compass, with every division radium painted, rendering the whole card luminous in the dark.



No. 2701, Price in Leather Belt Case with Protractor and Book **£4 10s.**

No. 2702, Price with fixed sight **£4 0s.**

No. 2703, Price in Leather Sling Case **£4 10s.**

Wrist Straps fitted, **5s.** extra. Creagh=Osborne Protractor, **3s. 6d.**

HENRY HUGHES & SON, Ltd., 59 Fenchurch St., E.C.

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Leather Waistcoats

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NEW PATTERN.



73/95. A new pattern outside of light-weight slip finish rain-proof twill, lined throughout fine quality soft chamois leather, well ventilated, with adjustable throat and neck protector, full service length.

Price 63/-

Leather waistcoats of every quality and kind are illustrated in our list. "What Every Officer Wants."

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The County Gentleman
AND
LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVI No. 2793

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1915

[PUBLISHED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PRICE SIXPENCE
PUBLISHED WEEKLY



THE QUEEN

[By W. and D. Downey.]

Whose work on behalf of soldiers, sailors, and their families has been untiring
and whose sympathy with them has been unfailing

AN ARTIST AT THE FRONT.

By G. Spencer Pryse.



INDIANS AND MOTOR BUSES, NEAR POPERINGHE.

[By G. Spencer Pryse.]

WE left Antwerp one morning in September. It was necessary that we should be in Bordeaux next day. The first light of dawn shone behind the high cathedral spire as we rattled down on to the quay. Sentries muffled in sombre greatcoats, challenged and presented arms. Then we crossed the Escaut by that marvellous switchback bridge of boats that will always remain for me one of the wonders of the world.

There was an armoured car available to escort us through the danger zone. But I agreed, with my friend, that it would be better to rely solely upon his superior skill as a driver, and the great power of his racing Mercédès. Once clear of the fortifications we took the clearest road, making inquiries at each post, for it was impossible to say from hour to hour exactly where the enemy might be. Presently it became necessary to retrace our path and make a wide detour to the north, by tortuous *pavé* lanes and innumerable villages. Everywhere men of the *garde civique* in queer eighteenth-century top hats and tight-waisted greatcoats stood about, or sat at tables in front of the wayside estaminets, their arms piled beside the road. At times progress was rendered almost impossible by the presence of herds of cattle, driven in from the invaded country to the south. Many times also the road was blocked by refugees on foot and in every sort of vehicle, their hopes set upon Ostend and the sea. Clusters of Belgian cavalry held the cross roads, their officers shouting directions as we went by. Nearly every cottage had its flag. The people, in holiday dress, thronged the streets. It was late when we crossed over the frontier, slipping along the coastline by Dunkirk.

In Belgium the sentries had been gay and irresponsible like schoolboys; covering one with large obsolete fire-arms while waiting the *mot d'ordre*, in a manner that

certainly did not imply any nervousness as far as they personally were concerned. In France, on the other hand, the sentries, elderly men for the most part, with the memory of another war in their minds, spoke very seriously. And we assured them always that the news was excellent, but there was no time for us to stay and tell it. It was late afternoon. We pushed deeper into the Pas de Calais. The roads improved, and as time went by the barricades became rare, and then ceased altogether. The country in front was no man's land. Every town open. There were no troops. The enemy, sweeping westward and southward, had driven all before him. Our path lay between his flank about Amiens and the sea.

The road glimmered white and empty to the horizon. Now and then a shuttered house flew by. Even the inns were shut up. Somewhere we overtook a little party of black-robed men, bobbing up and down like a cluster of rooks as they hurried along with their small bundles, in evident terror at our approach. After that we saw no more people. Once, in the waning afternoon, a tall column of smoke stood up, far away to the south. Then another, right ahead, rising in great swirls from a cluster of poplars close beside the road, looking very ominous and black against the sunlit sky. It was a farmhouse, burning merrily, but not a living soul was to be seen.

Night came upon us as we ran through Abbeville to Rouen. Setting out in the very early morning, we left the war behind, travelling by Alençon and Le Mans, and Tours, and Poitiers, and Angoulême to Bordeaux. For me that day was not without its surprise. Since I left England I had seen no body of English troops. The Expeditionary Force had vanished into space. But at Le Mans the great cathedral square was filled with British infantry, and in the shadow of the vast

flying buttresses were drawn up rows of Maples' vans. From this moment my confidence revived. The appearance of these substantial vans, in that remote place, convinced me that somewhere somebody was dealing with the situation in a practical and sufficient way.

At that time, when the investment of Paris seemed possible, the whole official world, and a large part of the people as well, had taken refuge in Bordeaux. The daily scenes around the Allées de Tourny cannot be described. There was one entire family living in a taxi-cab. Melancholy could not thrive there. So soon as the news improved a spirit of subdued gaiety became evident. All along the streets were filled with brightly coloured crowds. Turcos and midinettes, ladies of the Croix Rouge in their white gowns and veils, sailors from the quays and harassed politicians jostled one another as though it had been a carnival. In Paris, at that time, the Boulevards were barricaded, and there were trenches across the approach to the Champs Elysée. The northern stations were choked with wounded soldiers and with most wretched fugitives.

There were to be seen all manner of incongruous things between the outskirts and the new fighting front on the line of the Aisne. Ruined towns lost interest altogether. I saw Rheims Cathedral after the fire, sodden with rain, shells falling from time to time. There is nothing more sordid than the litter made by shell fire.

It was the vintage time, and the weather generally glorious. The vintagers were at their work within sound of the guns. I remember an encounter by the roadside, where I found two women gatherers feeding a complacent sippet with grapes. Observing the approach of a motor, this man, with great care, removed a crown of vine leaves from his brow. He gave the directions I required without a trace of embarrassment. Even going so far as to define the exact nature of his occupation at the moment as being in some way associated with a broken field telephone.

As the car rolled away, turning in my seat, I saw him crowned once more. I remember also a flowery hedge, and behind it a string of dead Germans, perhaps forty, in a row. These men were not merely fallen prone, but crumpled up in a peculiar way. Most clearly I remember a huge, scantily-clad African, with an ancient lantern slung on to a pole. I found this man one evening as he

went to and fro at the head of a stretcher party bringing wounded out of the recesses of a wood, and have depicted the scene below.

It is only possible to form a complete picture of war from the rear. Actual fighting is curiously meaningless to the eye. You may contemplate an apparently deserted countryside, with here and there a puff of smoke. Overhead, perhaps, an aeroplane, and more puffs of smoke, very white and fleecy. From time to time figures of men scurry across a field, and bolt like rabbits, perhaps leaving two or three of their number behind, fallen in untidy little heaps. Occasionally guns appear moving to some new position like a flash. Only the continuous loud reports convey an idea of what is happening.

But right back, where supply columns and ambulances lie in strings like immense caterpillars; and where relief troops wait behind sheltering woods, or on communications where the nations of half the world are mixed up. Turcos and Irish and French chasseurs and Sikhs. Goats from India holding up motor 'buses crammed with enthusiastic recruits from London. Big guns with chameleon covers, trundled along by teams of straining horses. Perhaps a batch of prisoners under escort. It is back behind the lines that you may see what war looks like.

There also you may watch the endless throng of fugitives, tramping heavily beside the road, bent beneath the weight of their few possessions. Every part of the confused scene is brought into harmony by their mere presence, and by the simple poignancy of their gestures as they go by. Then all at once the medley assumes a clear and most profound significance. It is in such a place that war becomes visible, and an actuality to the eye.

I left Champagne before the struggle for Calais had begun. Since that time I have crossed often between England and France, and have remarked those changes in kit which have deprived the various combatants of some superficial picturesqueness. But picturesqueness is a trifling thing. So far as beautiful expression is concerned it is of no consequence what variety of national colours and patterns in dress come together on the field. Such colour as belongs to war will never be lacking. For all troops tend to assimilate the hues of the earth upon whose surface they fight. The neutral tint of war is more sombre than khaki. It is far quieter than blue or Prussian grey.



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[By G. Spencer Pryse.]

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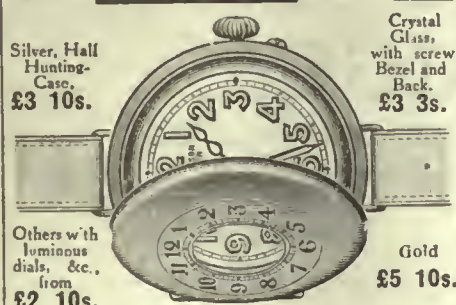


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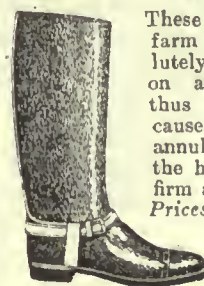
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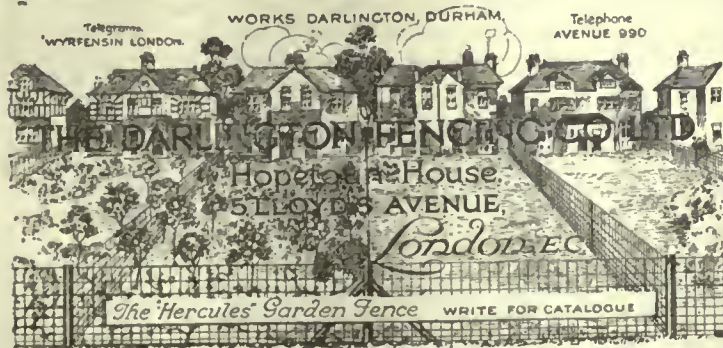
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THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

A SALIENT task that confronts us all here and now, in the interests of a fateful future, is the thinking out of the problems of Empire and of the implications of the Greater Commonwealth. It is not a subject to which the average man or woman has been wont to give much attention. A fairly spacious and general ignorance obtains, not only as to the special domestic problems of the Dominions, and the deeper difficulties and dangers that always harass or threaten the dependencies, but as to the constitutional structure of the Empire, the status of the component parts, and the great co-operative task—the contribution towards peace and right government which is her, never more apparent, destiny. It is an ignorance shared alike by breezy Jingoists of the unreflective type and by those who tend to look askance at the whole expansion of England as a disconcerting adventure a little needing apology. The Dominions are self-governing national units of one great state—the British Commonwealth. They are not, though they are frequently termed, possessions. They are no longer England's to do with what she will. They exercise a complete control over their domestic policy, and submit to a considerable, but indeterminate control over their foreign affairs, because they freely confess their membership of the imperial family, and recognise the necessity of some unified central direction. No other tie than free choice and acceptance of the body of laws, principles and customs which have moulded and conserved the British civilisation, holds them to the Mother Country and to each other. Secession at any moment is open to them, and it is unthinkable that any attempt should ever be made to coerce any reluctant member by force of arms.

If the dependencies stand on an essentially different basis, it is still broadly true that consent of the governed, tacit or expressed, is the real power that holds them. It is not to be supposed that a resolutely reluctant or widely discontented India could be held by the handful of soldiers and administrators which laboriously direct her destinies. Whatever the British in India are, they are certainly not an adequate garrison or army of occupation.

This, then, is the essential truth, that the right conception of Empire is expressed no longer in terms of possession and power but of responsibility. It is a conception, that if consciously and widely apprehended and developed, would modify very materially two unsatisfactory bodies of opinion; a somewhat truculent Imperialism on the one hand, and what used to be known as Little Englandism on the other.

Perhaps we are most of us more inclined to condone the extravagances of the more primitive and natural "patriotic" type, which, conscious of the power that has been exercised by British arms in the past, with an honest pride in British blood, not perplexed by subtleties, such as class and nationalist aspirations or continental susceptibilities and ambitions, accepts with practical good sense the outstanding *fact* of an immense Empire, easily stated in terms of population and territory and natural products, pleasantly

rubricating Mercator's projection, an Empire meant by the persistent favour of Heaven to be guardian of the world, linked, defended and victualled by the two supreme fleets of the world, the British Mercantile Marine and the Royal Navy.

Our other extremists belong to a pattern that it is a little more difficult but still necessary to suffer patiently. They regret "colonial adventures and entanglements" as tending to emphasise the softer ideas of domination—and thus far they may be wise; they are much exercised by our own innumerable domestic anomalies, discontents and injustices—and here, if they plead their own cause they are reasonable, if that of others less fortunate than themselves, they are generous; but when, not really approving that institution of the British Empire, and not being interested in its external problems, they proceed to prescind from or ignore what they regret and to focus their vision exclusively on home affairs, they are guilty of the unforgivable sin of politics—the unwarrantable simplification of complex issues. It is a sin which both types commit, but it is pre-eminently the sin of the intellectualist, of the subtle rather than of the plain man. One need not in these tragic days labour the point that it is a kind of sin which brings its heavy punishment.

To the practical thinker that can keep himself balanced between these extremes, the supreme fact is that there exists an entity, the British Commonwealth, which, because of its vast size and still more of its extended range—it is a complex of segregate and dissimilar units, not compact and homogeneous as the Empires of China and, in less degree of Russia—is the most significant single factor in the world's task of government and civilisation.

It has always been the fashion of our enemies and critics to describe the expansion of our Empire in terms of conscious swashbuckling brigandage and as an arrogant and oppressive menace to the world. And this description, with the substitution of conquest for brigandage and the qualification of benevolence for arrogance and oppression, is accepted with no particular misgivings by our patriots of the Jingo type. While, on the other hand, our diffident anti-expansionists, where they have not preferred to ignore the problem, have lent a certain colour to this view by understanding expansion as synonymous with aggression, and most unfairly isolating and emphasising such incidents as the deplorable Raid and the Denshaw affair. Yet it remains literally true, and is no gloss of the converted pirate in self-righteous old age, that almost every addition of territory, every acceptance of governmental responsibility has in the past been forced upon a definitely reluctant executive, and not consciously planned by Machiavellian spiders at the centre of a web. Every colonial adventure has been in first instance a traders' adventure. Most often that deplorable tendency of the trader to exploit, to corrupt, and at worst, to ill-treat the unsophisticated native has led to the intervention of the central government, either to control the white in the interests of the native, or to solve problems of defence and

government which have grown beyond the resources of the traders.

Speculatively, of course, it is possible to dispute any such right of the trader to establish his settlement, or of the government to put its power and resources behind the trader, and to exercise, in last instance, force to maintain such speculative, equivocal rights. But to adopt such a position is in effect to admit that (to take but an instance) the nomad Indian tribes should still be holding the North American continent and preventing the development of all that wealth which is the means of livelihood of the higher civilisations. It is a theory that cannot flourish outside the study. The practical business of running and feeding a crowded world disposes of such academic pleas, which, however, still unfortunately influence the beliefs of not a few amongst us. Indeed, if one pierces at a stroke right to the heart of the problem of world government, of civilisation, of the promotion of peace, one finds it ultimately to resolve itself into this difficulty of the clash of the higher and lower civilisations. It is a problem which cannot be shelved, and the least likely way towards solution is the ignoring of it. We shall beg occasion to dissect that significant generalisation in later comments. For the present it is important to assert the doctrine of Empire and its developments, especially among the less developed races, in its lowest terms.

Empire is primarily a stewardship. It prescribes very definite limits to the right of exploitation. It carries with it the duty of preparing the backward race for self-government. It assures to the members of that race full human and civic rights, withholding political rights only on account of practical difficulties which the abstract and symmetrical assumptions of the theorist do not face. If we look at the results, we can in the main, in no spirit of self-righteousness, claim that the task of British stewardship has been seriously attempted and not discredibly performed.

We have then two broad imperial problems: one a problem of trusteeship—the task of governing with justice and leading with fearless generosity towards political emancipation races which in *fact* not merely in theory, are incapable of maintaining peace and justice. This is the problem of the dependencies.

Our second main problem is that of finding a satisfactory machinery of co-operation with the self-governing, free peoples of the Dominions. It is a commonplace of British political method to continue a working arrangement, however illogical so long as it does in fact work, and only very slowly to grope or to be forced to a more complete settlement by circumstance. If it is an instinct of our practical genius to prefer the working anomaly to the theoretically perfect paper constitution, still the policy of *laissez faire* is unquestionably the frequent defect of this sound, practical quality.

Casual observers of imperial affairs may have missed what is most clear to interested students, that there exists a serious constitutional anomaly in the existing machinery of co-operation, which our brothers of the Dominions cannot long suffer. There is growing up in those Dominions a conviction, expressed tentatively here and there by their responsible ministers and journals and moving towards the formulation of a demand,

inevitable in any case and only to be precipitated by the War, for a responsible share, not merely in the discussion but in the decision and direction of those policies which affect the whole Empire of which they are not the subject but the independent, co-ordinated and co-operating parts.

It is a demand which when it is presented can for no sort of logical or practical reason be withheld. But it is none the less necessary that such a demand should be foreseen, pondered, discussed and widely understood by us so that the details of the machinery of co-operation may be wisely determined without needless friction or delay. It is quite obviously impossible that these politically self-conscious and self-directive nations should continue to be committed to policies intimately effecting their destinies, even to the supreme adventure of war, by the decisions of a cabinet or a minister elected by voters in these islands and, primarily, on some domestic issue. What the War has abundantly proved is, what no less terrible a trial could so well have served to prove, that British citizenship is a reality not a visionary conception; that the men of our blood and our tradition are content to die for it. There can be no question now, as there was in that miserable tragedy of *laissez faire*, the secession of the American colonies, of any reluctance on the part of the Dominions to take their share of the burden of our responsibilities. Ypres, Gaba Tepe, and even more significantly the quelling of the South African rebellion and the campaign in German South West Africa, have proved that for all time.

The immensity of the task of reconstruction and the safeguarding of the fabric and the spiritual heritage of our Commonwealth will draw us all the closer together. A just and liberal solution of our second problem will simplify that of the first—the problem of the wise government and development of the peoples of the Empire who are not politically emancipated. And, more immediately, this new vision of our destiny in terms not of power but of responsibility, especially when viewed in the light of the facts of war, should help to the modification of the postulates of extremists. He is indeed a hardy Jingo whose unqualified belief in the method of conflict over that of co-operation should survive this world catastrophe; and he an implacable precisionist who shall see no larger problems than strain the burden of this little land and shall fail to see that a new meaning has been given to the brotherhood of the British race in the crisis of a common danger, the exaltation of a common heroism, in the sorrows and exhaustion of a common loss.

There are no royal roads to peace. The world-state is the ultimate expression of any practical pacifism; and the world-state is indeed a long way off.

Meanwhile, a peace nucleus in the shape of a voluntary but intimate association of States comprising more than a fourth of the habitable world's territory stands ready for us to cement by intelligent foresight, by ready sympathy and mutual sacrifice, or to hazard by indifference, by greed, or by pusillanimous vision.

Is there not a possible harmony of Jingo and Pacificist doctrine in a creed of a responsible Imperialism; and work for their now conflicting energies in the task of the consolidation of the Greater Commonwealth?

THE BREAKING POINT.

By JOHN BUCHAN.

THE psychology of the fighting man in war has, so far as I know, never been made the subject of a professorial treatise. It is a work which we might have expected from the Teutonic genius, but perhaps the difficulty of making laboratory experiments stood in the way. The result is that the task has been left to the novelists, like Mr. Stephen Crane, and conspicuously Miss Mary Johnstone, whose two great novels on the American Civil War are not only fine history but fine philosophy. But, since mankind will always generalise upon a matter which so vitally concerns it, we have a variety of working rules, which every soldier knows but never formulates. One concerns the difficulty of sitting still under heavy fire. That is why the men in the support trenches which the enemy is shelling have a more difficult task than the attack. The chance of movement is a great relief, and the fact that a definite job is before a man gives him something better to think about than expectations of a speedy decease. That is why, too, the officer who has the problem of keeping his men together and getting them somewhere is likely to be less troubled with nerves than the man whose business is merely to follow. To keep the mind engrossed is the great prophylactic against fear.

THE DEFENSIVE.

The practical question which has often been discussed among soldiers is when the breaking point is reached—after what proportion of losses the defensive or the offensive will crumble. The question is really twofold, for the problem of defence is different in kind from the problem of attack. In the latter to carry on requires a certain modicum of hope and mental energy; in the former there need be no hope, but merely a passive and fatalistic resistance. It is useless to speculate about the breaking point in a defence. If men from pride or any other cause are resolved not to surrender they will perish to the last man. There were no survivors of the Spartans at Thermopylæ, or of the steel circle of the Scots at Flodden. Yakub and the defenders of the Black Flag were utterly destroyed at Omdurman. There were no survivors of the portion of the 3rd Canadian Brigade at the second battle of Ypres which held St. Julien. No man returned from that company of the 2nd Scots Guards who were cut off at Festubert on May 16th. They remained on the field of honour with a ring of the enemy's dead around them.

THE ATTACK.

But in attack the question of the breaking point is pertinent. After what losses will a unit lose its coherence and dissolve? The question, of course, only applies to corporate things, like a company, a squadron or a battalion, which depend for their military effect on training and discipline. A surge of individuals vowed to death will perish to the last man. A rush of Ghazis, determined to enter Paradise, will not cease so long as any are alive. Take the charge of Ali-Wad-Helu's horse-

men against the left of Macdonald's Brigade at Omdurman. Mr. Churchill has described it. "Many carrying no weapon in their hand, and all urging their horses to their utmost speed, they rode unflinchingly to certain death. All were killed and fell as they entered the zone of fire—three, twenty, fifty, two hundred, sixty, thirty, five, and one out beyond them all—a brown smear across the sandy plain. A few riderless horses alone broke through the ranks of the infantry." There is no rule for such Berserker courage. The question is how far discipline will carry men who have no hankering for Paradise.

THE OLD REGIME.

In the Eighteenth Century it carried them very far. Those were the days of rigid and elaborate drill, and a discipline observed with the punctiliousness of a ritual. It may have been inelastic and preposterous and destined to go down before a less mechanical battle-order, but it achieved miracles all the same. There was Marlborough's attack on the Schellenberg, where he lost in one hour more than a third of his men, and the Guards had twelve officers down out of seventeen, and yet succeeded. There was the assault by Lord Cutts on Blenheim village, when Row led his men steadily up under the French fire till he could tap the palisade with his sword. Most famous case of all, there was the advance of Cumberland's centre at Fontenoy to within fifty yards of the French Guard, when Lord Charles Hay toasted the enemy and the British looked coolly at a row of muzzles till the word came for their volley. Or, to take an instance from the end of the old regime, there was the Prussian infantry, who, on the day of Jena, faced Lannes at the village of Vierzehnheiligen, and for two hours stood dressed in line volleying steadily at the enemy in cover, because such were their orders. Napoleon and the armies of the Revolution changed all that, but they too could perform miracles, and the last charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo is among the classic feats of history.

CALCULATIONS ABOUT THE MAXIMUM.

In the latter half of the Nineteenth Century when human life began to be more highly valued and philosophers looked forward to the decline of war, people took to fixing a maximum loss in attack beyond which civilised troops could not keep cohesion. I have forgotten what the figure was, but it was exceeded in many cases, such as the Virginians' attempt on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg, and von Bredow's famous *Todtenritt* at Mars-la-Tour, when of the 7th Madgeburg Cuirassiers only 104 returned and of the 16th Lancers only 90. The maximum, whatever it was, ceased to have much meaning as the conditions of fighting changed, and it was altogether exploded by the performance of the Japanese at Port Arthur. The truth is that no such figure means much, for the power of a unit to advance after losses will depend entirely upon circumstances. The sense of winning, of being the spear-head of a

successful thrust, and of opening a port for a great advance, may add to corporate discipline the complete fearlessness of the fanatic. The human spirit may be keyed up to such a point that each man acquires a separate purpose distinct from the purpose of his unit, and will still go on however badly his unit is mauled. One battalion of the Highland Brigade which made the great advance at Loos on September 25th came out little over 100 strong with one officer. But the remnant had not lost in *moral*. They were ready to go on to the last man. So, too, with Marchand's Colonials in the Champagne battle of the same date. I have no exact figures of their losses, but more than one battalion continued to advance successfully when it was little more than a company strong.

INCREASED TENSION OF WAR.

At first sight one would be inclined to say that the most modern conditions of war must weaken the nerve power for an attack. The shattering percussion of the great shells, the curtains of shrapnel, the malign chatter of the machine-guns, the heavy fumes of high explosives, and such extra tortures as gas, asphyxiating shells and lachrymatory bombs would seem to make up an inferno too awful for man to endure. Besides, there is the maddening slowness of it all. In the old days battles were over in a few hours, or at the most a day. An attack succeeded or failed, but did not stretch into endless stages, each involving a new effort, and in the intervals the grimiest discomfort. Take that Champagne battle in the rain. When one trench was cleared another waited, and there was no respite for a second from the tornado of the defence's fire. We praise the *élan* of the Napoleonic armies, but what degree of courage and vigour is needed to drive forward an assault which cannot lead to the rout of the enemy but only paves the way for another desperate attack, and still another. Here is an extract from a letter of a French officer: "If you only knew what these days and nights are like! We are condemned to remain crouching in the mud, under an avalanche of shells, under an almost unceasing rain, with but few supplies brought up: in the midst of bodies more or less mangled by shot and shell, and in our ears always the groans of the dying and the moaning of the wounded."

INCREASED NERVE POWER.

Yet to meet this increase in terror modern armies seem to have attained an increase in nerve power. The explanation, perhaps, is that the carnival of violence carries with it its own cure. After a little experience of it the senses and the imagination are deadened. The soldier revises his outlook, and the new terror becomes part of the background and so gets half forgotten. If the tension at any one time lasts too long the deadening may stop, and the tortured nerves be exposed again. But if the senses are once blunted, and no opportunity is given for that awakening when the wheel comes full circle, the human soul will adapt itself to the strangest conditions. That seems to be one moral of the campaign.

THE BREAKING POINT.

With due preparation and careful handling it seems certain that even in modern war we can postpone the breaking point very far. But it is

easy to bring it near. Armies are delicate things, and the finer their temper the more readily will they be ruined by clumsy handling. To use raw troops in a serious movement before they have been broken to war is simply to court disaster and to be cruelly unfair to the troops themselves. It is well to remember that there is always a breaking point. The best forces in the world can be tried too high. In the trench warfare of last winter there were cases where men were left too long unrelieved—one French battalion actually stayed in the same trenches for over a hundred days. That was perhaps inevitable at the time, but it is folly to let it occur if by any possibility it can be avoided. So, too, with the use of troops in action. It is surely a mistake to send in a battalion too often and at too short intervals, more especially if that battalion is seriously depleted. There is grave danger of a battalion in such circumstances losing heart. The vigour of the offensive will go, and at the best will be replaced by the fatalism of the defensive. There is no better regimental material in the world than that which we now possess. It is our business to use it, not to abuse it; for otherwise we may stumble upon the breaking point.

AFTER CARE OF BLINDED SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—Men who have been blinded in fighting for us, and who have been trained at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, in one of the many forms of industry taught there, are now, so to speak, leaving school and starting life for themselves. We who have been engaged in their training feel very strongly that our responsibilities should not end with the completion of this. The blind home-worker has little chance of becoming a useful self-supporting member of the community if he is left to himself. The purchase of raw material, the making of goods, the maintenance of a satisfactory standard of excellence and the marketing of articles made represent, collectively, a task which is beyond the powers of the blind worker to accomplish satisfactorily.

So it has been arranged with the Council of the National Institute for the Blind that they shall establish a branch, the primary object of which will be the after-care of these men. Its headquarters will be in London, and it will be under the management of Mr. Thomas Martin, who for some years past has been Superintendent of the School for the Blind, at Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.

The benefits of this branch of the National Institute will be as rapidly as possible extended to competent blind home-workers throughout the kingdom.

These benefits will include the supply of raw material of the best quality at cost price, supervision by experts whose duty it will be to see that the work is kept up to standard, and the purchase at retail prices of all goods which are sufficiently well turned out. In the case of workers who have been trained in such occupations as Massage and Boot-repairing, every effort will be made to secure them continuity of well-paid employment.

These measures will to a great extent make up for the handicap under which the blind work. They will enable a steady, conscientious man to earn an amount approximating to that within the capacity of the sighted worker.

But very considerable funds will be needed to carry out this plan in a businesslike and satisfactory manner. I feel sure that there are many among your readers who will feel that in spite of the numerous calls to which they have so generously responded of late, this is another to which they will readily respond. In doing so they will be showing the measure of their appreciation for the blinded soldiers who have so bravely taken up the burden which has been laid upon them and have fitted themselves to fight the battle of life as gallantly as they fought the battle of their country.

Contributions sent to me at the National Institute for the Blind should be made out to the After-care Branch of the Institute.—Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON,

(Chairman—Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee).
(President—National Institute for the Blind, 226, Great Portland Street, W.)



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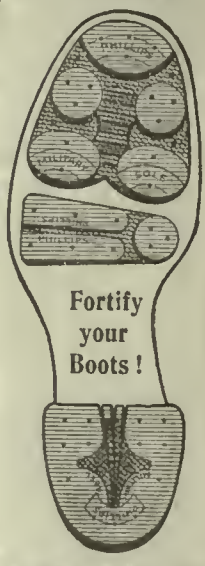
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THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

A GOOD general idea of the Eastern front is valuable at this moment for two reasons. First, that it illustrates all those main points upon the present state of the campaign with which instructed opinion is concerned; secondly, because the Russian front is, and will remain, mobile; that is, fluctuating.

Let us develop those two points.

As to the first: that the Russian front especially illustrates the present nature of the campaign in its main elements.

The elements in the present situation of the Great War upon which all instructed opinion reposes may be thus summarised:

(1) The enemy has risked the Balkan adventure mainly with the object of dividing the Allies and of producing a political effect. He has done so in the hope that this political effect may have strategic results in bringing in certain neutral forces upon his side. In this hope he has been already gratified in the case of Bulgaria.

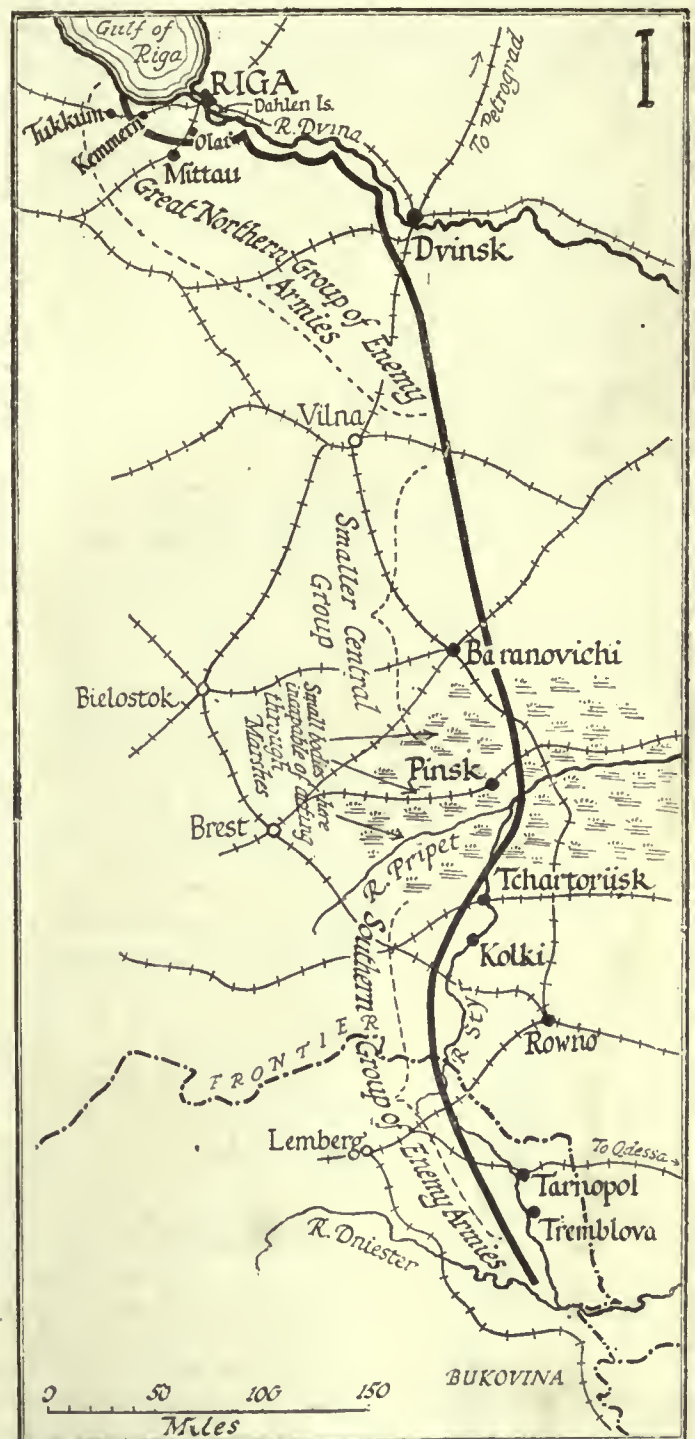
(2) He has been compelled to make this diversion because the end of his efficient reserves was in sight. He had already, in Germany, warned all men up to fifty-two years of age; in Austria-Hungary he had actually taken great groups of men up to fifty-one, and had already put some of them into the field. He was falling back upon men imperfectly cured and men who had several times been rejected by the doctors. He had of a really efficient reserve nothing but the classes of '16 and '17.

(3) But he estimated his chances of holding out through the winter (even with inefficient recruitment) as at least even chances because (a) he knew that on the Eastern front nothing could be attempted on a large scale by the Russians until their great lack of rifles began to get made up, and (b) even were the re-equipment of Russia to be completed before the end of the winter, the climate would forbid a really great Russian offensive to be undertaken before the early summer (spring in that land being worse than early winter itself).

Now the whole interest of the Eastern situation lies in the future discovering to us whether the enemy's calculation here is sound or unsound. And even as early as this moment, the middle of November, that drama is beginning to be played, and we are beginning to see the effect in action of the calculation the enemy has made. For we are witnessing (1) the growth of his inefficient recruitment; (2) the gradual re-arming of the Russian forces, and (3) the beginning of local offensives, at least upon the Russian side.

The line is familiar to the readers of this paper. It runs to-day from the Gulf of Riga just West of Kemma, then bends back north and east of Mittau to Olai and curls round, striking the Dvina near Dahlen Island. It follows the left bank of the River Dvina, now touching it, now a few miles off, until a point some ten miles from Dvinsk, where it falls back north and south, leaving the

junction of Baranovichi to the enemy and the town of Pinsk in the same hands. South of the Pripet Marshes this fluctuating line takes the form of a struggle for the crossings of the river Styr, the course of which it follows until the neighbourhood of Kolki. Thence it runs roughly southwards covering Tarnopol and Tremblova to the frontiers of the Bukovina.



Now as to the second point: the mobile or fluctuating character of the Eastern front.

We should form a very false conception of this line if we imagined it to be what the lines are in the West. The characteristic of the Western

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front is immobility combined with a normally even spreading out of the forces required to hold the line. But the Eastern front is and will remain mobile, and it does not consist in two long lines of men, more or less evenly distributed and facing each other, but in separate main groups of contending armies; one very large group on the Riga-Dvinsk front in the extreme north; one very large one on the Styr in the south, and smaller groups scattered through the middle part, and in the marshes of Pinsk unable to engage in any actions of importance.

The problem for the enemy is how he shall hold the Russians as they gradually re-equip themselves with rifles. This equipment of the Russians with rifles is really the whole business. If by a miracle one could put a million and a half rifles more upon the Russian front to-morrow, the trained men ready to use them are amply present and the enemy line could not hold. But the re-equipment is as a fact necessarily slow for these vast numbers, and meanwhile it is for the enemy to see if he can just maintain his strength sufficient to prevent disaster while the Balkan adventure matures. The thing has been blurted out quite frankly by the officer who is, upon the whole, the best of the German students on the war in one of the principal Berlin papers: "If," says this considerable authority, "we can maintain ourselves in Poland until we have done what we want to do in the Balkans, we need not complain." Whether his compatriots and their allies will succeed in this effort is the whole of the interest upon the Eastern front this winter.

In order to hold the Russians, though their equipment is steadily increasing, the enemy's plan would seem to be something of this kind:—

He bases himself upon the necessary *viscosity* of the Russian forces: That is, the inability of Russia to move great masses of men from north to south or south to north on account of her bad lateral communications. Sketch Map I. shows clearly why this is. The Russians have no one lateral line running North and South as they had when they still stood in front of—*i.e.*, to the west of—the line Riga, Dvinsk, Vilna, Baranvichi, Rowno. Part of that line they have lost—from just south of Dvinsk to just South of Baranvichi. It may be said "Though the Russians suffer from this handicap, so do the enemy; for they, on their side, have failed to obtain possession of all this line—which was their object. But the enemy, by skirting back westward a little to Brest, has ample opportunities. He can still move men from North to South fairly easily. Russia cannot. He hits as hard as he can, and over and over again upon the Dvina front in the extreme north in order to hold there the maximum number of Russians. For it is Russian success in the *South* that would be dangerous, politically as well as strategically. In the south he confines himself to preventing, at very great expense, a Russian advance.

Both these combined policies are exceedingly costly in men, but the cost is calculated and the calculation is that the expenditure during the winter of masses of less and less efficient recruitment will, at any rate, hold the Russians until the two new classes of '16 and '17 come in with the spring, and the Balkan adventure turns (as there is always a chance of its turning) in his favour. There are signs that the price, though calculated, is here and there too high. Probably what has happened in front of Riga is a small

local breakdown due to the too great killing off the new and imperfect recruitment at this extreme end of the line.

We must remember that though the equipment of the Russians in rifles will still take a long time, their re-munitionment for field artillery is by now fairly completed. We must further remember that though you may calculate upon paper the expenditure you mean to make of bad human material, the moral factor of error becomes more and more important as the material gets worse. Castelnau, in Champagne, with what are as good troops as ever took the field, or Bojadjeff, with his new Bulgarian forces can say: "I shall lose so many men in this plan; I shall then have so many men left; my losses will be made good by such and such a date; I shall then attack again at such and such a place, expecting such and such a loss." With good troops a General can put the problem thus mathematically, because he knows that the remainder who are not spent in an action will stand, and that after certain given losses are made good out of sound reserves, his army is as strong as ever.

But Hindenberg cannot make calculations of the same sort in front of Riga, because the human material which is being supplied to him is declining in quality. There are voluntary surrenders, and there are bad breakdowns. The evidence of these is quite clear, and is repeated and increases as time goes on.

This does not mean that there is a "rot"; it does not mean that this German Army group as a whole on this northern extreme of the line is as yet losing cohesion—far from it. But it means that the bad recruitment makes exact calculation more and more difficult. When your material is not quite at the level of the best troops, or, rather, when some lately added part of it is below par, you may, in an attempted offensive thrown back, lose very many more men than you had budgeted for, and every time this happens you must fill their places again with still worse material.

In other words, the enemy's policy on the Eastern front, deliberately and calculatedly expensive in men, is also not entirely under his control. The losses may, so to speak, "bolt": They may outrun the constable; the machine may "race." And that is the great danger which lies before the Germans here in the next few months.

In the Southern group the pouring out of human life by the enemy is even more remarkable, and even more necessary, because he dares not allow the political effect of a Russian victory to strike the Balkan imagination, and because he has there even worse material than in the North; because, also, the Russians are there fairly close to good bases of production and supply, and finally because the Austro-Hungarian troops, upon which the enemy mainly depends in this region, have at once a larger and a worse reserve of man power than the Germans. Hence the desperate—and so far successful effort to prevent the Russians from permanently crossing the river Styr and hence the recent holocaust of men at Tchartovinsk, where the railway crosses the river.

THE AUSTRIAN RATE OF RECRUITMENT.

In this connection it is interesting to note a piece of detailed evidence, unofficial, it is true, but bearing good marks of authenticity, which appeared

in the London Press of last Monday. It was from the pen of that occasional and very valuable Hungarian correspondent—or rather authority writing from Hungary, who from time to time gets letters through to the *Morning Post*.

In the midst of a great deal of most interesting general information we have a batch of statistics to which I would draw particular attention.

These statistics lay down the total Austro-Hungarian wastage at about 37,000 a day, of which half is provided by "returns," the other half by new—and now obviously inefficient—material.

This is much higher than the number estimated—deliberately scaled down it is true—in these columns. On the analogy of the British the Austro-Hungarians need fresh men at the rate of a total real wastage of more than a quarter of a million, but less than 300,000 men a month, and this again is much higher than the figures one would expect from the publications of the French Intelligence Department. But Austria-Hungary is probably losing more men in proportion than the German Empire at the present moment, both because the material upon which she is calling is worse, and because the comparatively narrow front upon which the enormous masses of the exceedingly effective Italian heavy artillery are doing their work must be very costly in life.

In the same set of statistics we have confirmed the figure of about four Austrian Corps as immobilised upon the Roumanian frontier. It is not a very large item, but it is interesting to see a deduction which was little more than guess work confirmed by a witness.

SITUATION IN MACEDONIA.

Public opinion in this country will be the steadier in the immediate future if it recognises in their general outline the elements of the position in the Balkans, the grave situation of the Allied forces there, and their yet small numbers—and the small numbers of their opponents—compared with the other theatres of war.

The first point is the question of scale, and that is something which the Press as a whole unfortunately leaves out, to the great confusion of its readers' judgment. The Germans and Austro-Hungarians crossed the Danube with forces amounting to round about 4 per cent. only of their total units in the field. In mere size the Balkan diversion is a small affair. They found in aid of their adventure, which could not even have been attempted by them single-handed, Bulgarian forces more than half as much again, but not double their own.

Against this there is a Serbian Army of about the same size as, or rather smaller, than the Austro-German force from the north, and a Franco-British force reaching by this time on the actual front more than a third but not yet half the total numbers of the Serbians.

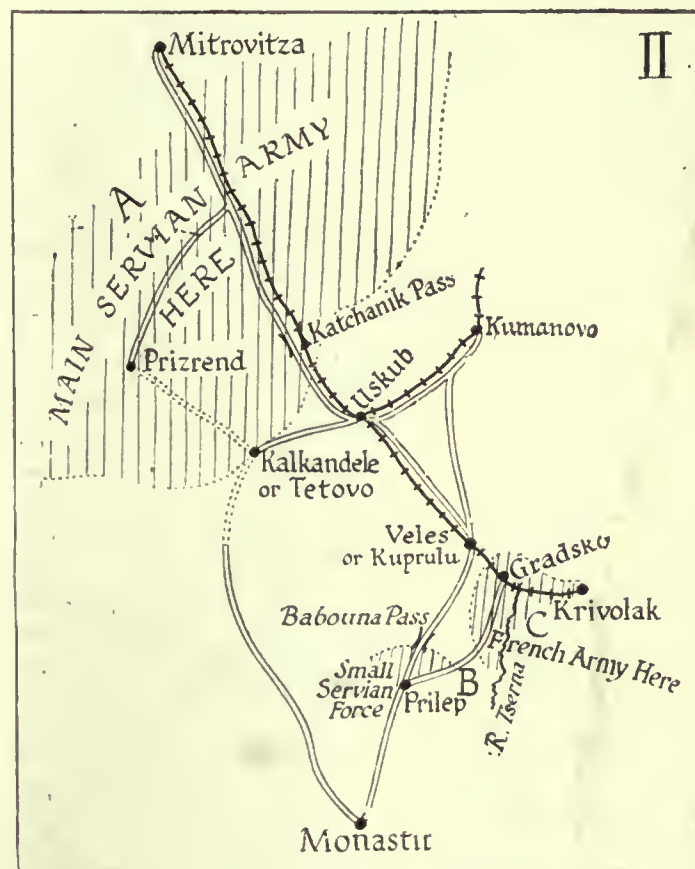
The next thing to appreciate, therefore, is that while the actual forces engaged are small, as the scale of this great war goes, *the Serbians and the French and English are very gravely outnumbered in this field, and will remain gravely outnumbered for a long time to come, and perhaps during the whole development of the Balkan adventure.* Matters will, of course, at once change in character if, or when, a Russian force were to appear on Bulgarian soil or an Italian force from the Adriatic or, still more, if Roumania were to move.

It must never be forgotten that the Allies went to the Balkans on the invitation of the Greek Government, which had further mobilised its own army, and ostensibly arranged upon our side forces nearly the equivalent of the whole Bulgarian body. The defection of these has changed the military problem from top to bottom, and we have in effect an enemy force which may be represented by **5** against a Serbian force (the supply of which is unknown to us and any defect in the supply of which will be fatal), to be presented by the figure **2**, while the Allies actually in line in the critical period we are just entering are represented rather by the figure **1**.

The effect of this superiority in the enemy's numbers is already apparent in the strategies of the big fight for Veles.

The readers of LAND AND WATER are familiar with the thesis put forward in these columns that Veles, also called Kuprulu, is the point we must watch. If it is occupied and the Allies advance beyond it northwards, Uskub, as we have continually repeated, is no longer tenable, and with the loss of Uskub by the enemy he also loses his one great avenue of approach into the heart of the Serbian Highlands by the railway and road over the Katchanik Pass to Metrovitza. Further, if the enemy had to evacuate Uskub, a junction could immediately be effected between the Allies at (B) (C), and the main Serbian Army in (A).

In a word, Uskub is the key of everything and Veles is the key of Uskub; that is, Veles occupied by a really large force capable of pressing forward.



The enemy, who had at first no more than a division at Veles, has taken full measure of the situation and is using his great superiority in men to check the advance on Veles, and at the same time to cut off the Allied forces in the south from the main Serbian army in the North: he has poured down on to the front before Veles a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth, and within the last few days a sixth division. He can both hold and out-

flank. He may do more than hold. He may recapture the line of the lower Tserna river which the French had crossed. There was a small Serbian force (B) with a small British contingent attached to it still holding (on Sunday last) the Babouna Pass. The French (C) on the same day still held the lower valley of the Tserna and the village and station of Gradsko. But the Bulgarians, in far superior numbers, are putting their whole strength into pressing back these southern forces, and the odds are so far in their favour.

The general situation may be grasped in this sketch map No. II, especially if the reader will remember that the whole district is a wild tangle of mountains, and that only where he sees a railway or a main road is the movement of large bodies of men possible, though there are plains roughly corresponding to the towns by which they are nourished. Thus Kalkandele or Tetovo (which the enemy fights so hard to retain, because it cuts all communication between south and north) stands on the edge of such a plain; a small, narrow, oblong surrounded by high mountains. Uskub, Kumanovo and Veles all stand in a triangle of more or less open country. Prisrend is at the edge of a similarly open upland.

But in following the strategics of the war in this corner, the only things that count are the railways and the roads. We must regard the mass of the rest as difficult mountain land.

So long as the Bulgarians hold us in the South before Veles they prevent all our efforts to succour, and to effect a junction with, the main Serbian Army in the Northern Highlands; they stand between the two. But there is more than this. By seizing Tetovo and holding to it, they prevent any supplies getting to the main Serbian armies by road from Monastir and by the mountain tracks through Prisrend. More and more is it proving true that the war here is a Bulgarian war. The Austro-German force is insufficient, it advances extremely slowly, it accounts for quite insignificant numbers of Serbian prisoners even by pressing in civilians to swell the number. It is dependent entirely on its heavy guns.

One point we must not forget is the fact that the German army here, not being under the restraint of Western criticism and observation, is acting with a barbarism unknown even in its Polish atrocities. There would be no value in mentioning this in a military survey, save for the following strictly military consequence: The civilian population, flying from those general massacres, which now accompany any German advance in Slav countries, gravely accentuates the problem of supply for the main Serbian army. That problem of supply remains the unknown factor and, at the same time, the most serious one. If the Serbian army cannot be supplied, the Balkan fighting resolves itself into a desperate attempt by the comparatively small Allied forces to hold, with no prospect of advance, a strip of Southern territory, the mere holding of which has no strategic value. If, on the other hand, the Serbian Army and people can be fed, and the former supplied with even small arm ammunition indefinitely, then, as the Allied force grows, there is a chance of a junction, of combined movement, and even of an advance towards the North. But it is difficult to see how the tide can really turn unless or until a Russian or an Italian force appears.

THE GERMAN CENSUS.

Several correspondents have suggested that we might be deceived as to German reserves of man power by the publication of false figures in the German census.

The hypothesis does not seem tenable for a moment.

In the first place an elaborate set of figures, with hundreds of cross divisions, could not be falsified in this fashion without detection. It would be a work quite beyond the power of any Bureau.

In the second place there is no probability *a priori* of such a thing being done. The ordinary work of any great government department is at once a gigantic and a straightforward affair. You cannot take hundreds of men into your confidence, nor make a whole department of State act as one fraudulent man. Prussian morals permit the forgery of documents in the interests of the State, but they cannot work miracles in lying, any more than the patient clumsiness of their organisation can work miracles in creating reserves.

Again, false census figures would be immediately susceptible of correction and discovery. You cannot considerably falsify country returns, for their falsity would be patent to the most superficial observer, while the returns of large towns are controlled by the known rate of inhabited urban areas. Given the type of building and the type of street and open space of a town like Frankfurt, for instance, and you can tell from its area upon the map, more or less, what its population must be.

Finally, there is the argument which, if the public were properly instructed would be the most popularly known, as it is by far the most important fact in the whole development of the war, that German numbers are not unexpectedly maintained, but are, as a fact, giving out exactly as was calculated. The rate of wastage, the proportion of efficient reserves, of inefficient, of total units, all these correspond with the official census figures, military and civil, of the German Empire. The French General Staff, having carefully calculated the rate of wastage and the opportunities for recruitment, decided that the efficient reserves would peter out somewhere about the present time. They are manifestly petering out, and the first batches of inefficients coming in; so long, that is, as the classes '16 and '17 are kept back.

Excluding these classes, a total German efficient mobilisable force of a little over eight million at the very utmost has lost from all causes counting "permanent margin of temporary losses" quite three million and a half, and yet has to keep going units in the field of over three million with auxiliary services hardly less than a million. The sum is simple and the result obvious.

A SUGGESTION.

In this connection, perhaps I may be allowed to make a suggestion. Why should not the authorities in this country publish, as the French Government does, statements from time to time for the information of opinion? The Press for some reason I have never understood fails to compile these statements. The public does not get any clear conception of the fundamentals of the campaign.

For instance, I will bargain that not one newspaper reader in a thousand has grasped the fact that the Balkan Campaign is on the small scale if it is compared with the great Eastern and Western fronts. The number of men the Austro-Germans have been able to scrape together for that adventure bears to their whole forces about the same relation that the people in the boxes bear to a crowded theatre, or the same proportion that the expenditure of eight pennies bears to the expenditure of a golden sovereign.

Similarly the authorities might issue statements of the rate of enemy wastage, statements of the rise of his food prices, the appeals for the last reserves, the belated character of the casualty lists on the enemy's side and their insufficiency, and a hundred things with which they are well acquainted and the publication of which would do no sort of harm but only good.

A CORRECTION.

We have received by the courtesy of a correspondent, Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, whose article appears elsewhere, a very long, detailed, and accurate account of the communications in Asiatic

Turkey, which go very far to correct the impression left on readers a week or two ago. Were a sufficient recruitment possible an advance from European Turkey towards Syria would be more rapid than I had allowed for. There is railway communication throughout save for the gap of the mountain range which bounds Asia Minor upon the south-east, and in summer, at least, the tracks of the Asia Minor tableland are good going, petrol traffic would be possible upon a considerable scale.

But it is of course the question of recruitment which really dominates the whole problem, and our correspondent, who has very high authority in this matter, confirms the view that no great recruitment from the native population is to be feared. The numbers are not sufficient, nor the opportunities for equipment, still less the opportunities for instruction within any useful time.

H. BELLOC.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is unfortunately confined to his room with a severe chill. The lectures at Wolverhampton, Walsall, Chester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, which were arranged for this week have to be postponed for a fortnight.

SUBMARINES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

IT is some months now since I first began in these columns the discussion of Germany's probable course with regard to establishing a serviceable command of the Baltic. A command, that is to say which would enable her to use the Courland ports for the supply of her army invading Russia. The position as I saw it was as follows: It would be impossible for the left wing of the German forces to advance very far to the North East, unless they could count upon avenues of supply far more ample than the railway services between Prussia and the Balkan provinces. It seemed quite certain that no advance to Petrograd could be undertaken unless the ports in the Gulf of Riga became available, and highly improbable that the forces stretching from Riga to Dvinsk could be adequately supplied unless Windau and Libau were free to transport and supply ships coming from Königsberg and Danzig. To use Riga and the other ports in the gulf of that name, would involve not only the capture of the town of Riga itself, but manifestly either the destruction or the effective blockade of the Russian main fleet. No regular service could be established through the Dirben Channel, if four Dreadnoughts and two very effective modern ships of an earlier type were lying within striking distance of that entrance.

On the other hand, even if the Russian fleet were defeated or interned, ports so far North would be no reliable bases of supply, if the sea service to them could be effectively interrupted by submarine attack. Now it was obvious from the armament of the Russian fleet, and from the very high reputation which the naval service of our ally has for gunnery, that it would be useless for the Germans to seek an action with that fleet unless they brought a force greatly superior in numbers against it. The six Russian ships alluded

to bring no less than fifty-two 12-inch guns into action on the broadside. To get a serviceable superiority, say 40 per cent., the Germans would have to employ the whole of their five *Kaisers* and say three of the new *Koenigs*. That would give a broadside of 70 guns against 52, and at some trainings a slightly larger margin. And even with this superiority the Russian fleet could not be opposed without the certainty of considerable loss, and a high probability of a very serious loss. Was it likely that any such risk would be run? For, if victory were purchased at the cost of three or four of these ships, German sea strength in the North Sea would be negligible, while the fruit of victory—namely, communications with Riga, would still remain uncertain, unless the submarine menace could be removed. The indications were, therefore, that no effort to win control of the Baltic would be made. And, as a fact, there have been no naval activities north of Libau, except the two reconnaissances, one in the Gulf of Riga, whose achievement was the unsuccessful attempt to blockade Pernau, and one in the Åland Islands, which achieved nothing. The price paid for these reconnaissances was doubtless too heavy to invite a repetition: it was, at any rate, clear that the Russian navy could not be attacked with impunity, and if the attack was to be renewed, it must be with overwhelming strength. The determining argument against a renewed attack was the evidence that even if successful it might be fruitless.

For these adventures coincided with the stranding of *E13* on the Island of Saltholm, and while the *Slava* and *Sivouch* were punishing the German cruisers in the Gulf of Riga, British submarines were attacking the German fleet elsewhere, and in point of fact got a torpedo home in the bows of the *Moltke*. It was an open secret

at the time that *E13* had not been engaged upon a solitary journey and if German complaints in the Swedish papers are any index to the truth, it would seem that our enemies are under the impression that British submarines have been fairly streaming into the Baltic ever since. At any rate the attack on the *Moltke* and the stranding of *E13* seem to have convinced the Germans that before attempting anything more ambitious against the Russian fleet in the hope of gaining the use of Riga, it would be just as well to find out how far the communications with Windau and Libau, which they already held, could be made safe. The fate of these communications is by this time familiar to my readers. Exactly how many transports have been sunk we do not know, but the number is considerable, and they are far from being the only naval victims. The *Prinz Adelbert* and *Undine* are acknowledged lost, the *Frauenlob* is reported from Sweden to have followed them. We can, therefore, assume that these captured ports have since mid-October been reduced to comparative inactivity. And we know that the submarine campaign is very far from being limited to transports only. Lloyd's and the daily papers have reported no less than 30 ore ships sunk between Sweden and the Prussian ports, and a Stockholm correspondent has been careful to explain that these are only the ships whose crews have been brought to Swedish ports. Of the ships sunk outside the German ports or nearer the German than the Swedish coast, we have so far heard nothing and shall hear nothing until the stories of the submarines are told us by the Russian Admiralty. Certain correspondents in Petrograd speak of a campaign in terms that are hardly credible. One, for instance, says that the sinking of transports is an almost daily occurrence. But limiting ourselves only to the ships as to which we seem to have reliable evidence, 40 seem to have been attacked successfully between October 10th and November 12th. Will Germany be able to organise any counter campaign to equal the efficiency of our North Sea, Channel and Atlantic patrols? If they cannot, it is obvious that von Hindenberg's efforts before Riga and Dvinsk must be greatly handicapped, and until the raiding is seriously diminished, we must expect him to continue to give ground as he has done during the last few weeks.

This attack on communications by submarines, brilliantly effective both in the Baltic and the Sea of Marmara, is one of the unexpected developments of sea power during this war. It is a weapon that our enemies have sought to use against us in the Channel, practically without success of any kind, and with only very moderate success in the Eastern Mediterranean. If only the enemy had a sufficiency of bases in the Mediterranean, one would expect the attack to be exceedingly effective, but Pola is nearly 1,200 miles from Salonika, and Constantinople is for practical purposes the only other base available. Except for these, the enemy submarines have to rely on some arrangement with supply ships from Spain, the only neutral Mediterranean seaboard, and to make rendezvous with these is too risky an affair for a permanency. Nor would such rendezvous be possible except at a distance from the field of operations, that would greatly diminish the value of Spanish assistance.

The reason why a sufficiency of bases is all that is lacking to make the enemy submarines formidable in the Mediterranean, is that the

submarine's immunity from attack is of course entirely a question of the size of the area in which it operates. It will be remembered, for instance, that in the first days of the submarine attack on British commerce, the field of their greatest successes was in the Channel between Dover and Portsmouth. Nearly twenty ships were, if I remember rightly, sunk within a few miles of Dungeness in almost as many days. But by the time defensive measures could be undertaken, the Channel was altogether cleared and remained apparently quite free from the presence of submarines for several months. But where the waters were wide and open, as in the waters North, West and South of Land's End, and in the North Sea, the attacks showed a crescendo of efficiency from month to month.

The most amazing thing in the success of our submarines in the Sea of Marmara is that the area to be patrolled is itself so small, and the entrance to it so exceedingly long and narrow. That we have lost *E20* there is deplorable, but it was fully to be expected. It is, indeed, almost a miracle that so many boats have made so many and such successful cruises, and so few been lost. It is the largeness of the area to be patrolled that constituted the chief German difficulty in the Baltic. Whether the closing in of winter will affect our campaign there adversely, I am not seaman enough to say. That it will add very largely to the hardships of submarine life is obvious, but will it make these hardships prohibitive? Whatever the effect of the approaching winter, the submarines are clearly doing much to relieve the pressure on General Russky, and we can hardly doubt that he will make the best of the opportunity while it lasts.

MR. CHURCHILL'S EXIT.

Mr. Churchill's retirement from the Cabinet is fortunately not a naval event at all, but its reception by a part of the Press points to an effort to use it to influence naval administration. Lord Milner's cry that the Cabinet is shedding not its weaker but its stronger men, has been echoed. Mr. Churchill's vigour, resource, enterprise and courage have been acclaimed, as if the Government, and especially the Admiralty, could ill bear the loss of them.

The real though bloodless victory of our fleet, *in being what it was, and where it was, when the war broke out*—a victory that started Germany powerless at sea from the very beginning, is set out as a purely personal achievement of the late First Lord's. Now it is all right to speak pleasantly of a Minister when he retires, more especially if it can be said that at any rate he failed gallantly. But here praise has outrun all reason, and seems to have been bestowed for ulterior objects. If comment on our naval administration is to be intelligent and discriminating, it is important that this situation should be examined. There is another danger also in the situation. Some writers see in his exit at any rate this good, that at least Lord Fisher is free to return to Whitehall. To those who believe that the right administration of the British Navy could have determined the war before this, and is essential to any determination of the war in our favour, the situation thus created is not free from serious danger. It is therefore in the highest degree important that it should be dealt with frankly.

The main point of Mr. Churchill's apology was that nothing was done while he was at the Admiralty except with the signed concurrence of the First Sea Lord of the day. No one had ever doubted that this was so. But he put forward this fact to clear himself of the accusation that he was an insurgent amateur, who had snatched the control of the navy from the seamen's hands. To prove his point he made very free with the seamen's names. Prince Louis, Lord Fisher, Sir Arthur Wilson, Sir Henry Jackson, Admirals Carden and de Robeck—their entire or partial concurrence with his various proposals came trippingly off his tongue. But it is to be noted that the points referred to them were given in general terms. The telegrams to Admirals Carden and de Robeck were paraphrased. But it is obvious that they were in terms to which only one kind of answer was expected. It was not advice, but concurrence that was asked, and the exact terms are after all essential. We all remember the story of the two sailors had up for fighting, when the party who was attacked asserted that he had found the aggressor in his hammock and had remarked to him in the civillest way in the world, "William, sez I, this is my 'ammick, sez I, I must trouble you to leave it, sez I." To which the aggressor responded, "If you please, sir, them was not the words he used. Bill yer (blank), sez he, hup, horf and hout of it, sez he, or I'll bung your (something) eye out." The general purport of the Carden and de Robeck reply-telegrams is clear. They acquiesced in the proposals made from Whitehall. But if responsibility is to be put upon these officers, the terms of the Admiralty telegrams to them is essential to defining that responsibility. So, too, of Sir Arthur Wilson and Sir Henry Jackson's share in the Dardanelles plan. To the outsider it seems a very unfair business to quote these officers' names unless the references to them are quoted textually also.

PASSING OF THE BOARD.

But a much larger question than this is involved. Remember the issue is: Was Mr. Churchill's Whitehall rule one in which he forced the sailors to agree, or the genuinely combined rule of himself and his advisers? The first thing to note is that from the beginning of his speech to the end he never even mentioned the Board of Admiralty. So far as the control of the Navy in war is concerned then, we have to accept the position that the Board, as a Board, is powerless. Constitutionally under the Orders in Council—if they are constitutional—this has for some time theoretically been the position. But just as Lord Fisher by resigning in time could have stopped the whole Dardanelles adventure, so too one cannot help thinking, that the other seamen on the Board, had they *combined* to resent it, could have made it impossible that they should be treated throughout as nonentities.

The Board being thus ignored, it is to be noted that Mr. Churchill consulted with Sir Arthur Wilson and Sir Henry Jackson, neither of whom were Chiefs of the War Staff. The position of each then must have been exceptional. We do not understand that at any stage he consulted Lord Fisher, Sir Arthur Wilson or Sir Henry Jackson *together*, or in *joint conference* with the War Staff. It seems almost to be clear that he was himself the sole channel of communication connecting the different advisers together. Mani-

festly if business is run upon these lines, if the admirals on the spot are, as Mr. Churchill informed us, brought into the matter through personal communications with himself, and only by way of reply to leading questions, then his disclaimer of personal rule becomes exceedingly unconvincing.

Mr. Churchill's career at Whitehall is then a supreme illustration of the danger of the personal rule in an expert field by one who is not himself an expert. Vigour, courage, resourcefulness, energy are real, and when rightly used, very valuable qualities. But if they centre in one whose power of self expression is so overwhelming as to make his ascendancy over those around him certain, then these qualities in a head of the Navy in war head straight for disaster. If a layman gets some bee in his bonnet, and instead of calling in a surgeon, operates—with fatal results—upon one of his children, we do not proceed to acclaim his "vigour, courage, resourcefulness and energy." The man who brushes aside the special knowledge of bankers, financiers, stock-brokers and accountants, and loses his fortune for his pains, is not held up to us as an example of bravery and enterprise. The hard case of the client who is his own lawyer is, after all, proverbial. These simple things are worth bearing in mind.

READINESS OF THE FLEET.

Finally, we get to Mr. Churchill's one success—the victory of the British Fleet in being where it was, and what it was, when war began. And as to this, let it be noted first of all that if this is set up as Mr. Churchill's *personal* triumph, the whole point of his apology—that his rule was not personal—goes by the board. It is, however, worth taking the three points separately. The Fleet's victory was due to three things—what it was, where it was, and when it was there. The Fleet of which Sir John Jellicoe took supreme command before the War, did not contain a single capital unit ordered by the Board of which Mr. Churchill was the political head. It was as completely Mr. McKenna's Fleet—or to be strictly correct, Lord Tweedmouth's and Mr. McKenna's Fleet—as the army that fought from Mons to the Marne, and held the lines in France to the fighting at Neuve Chapelle, was Lord Haldane's army. But it was not only a Fleet of great power—for which others than Mr. Churchill must be thanked—but it was a Fleet actually ready for war. Was this Mr. Churchill's doing? He would hardly say so himself. It is not to be forgotten that the instant readiness of the British Battle Fleet for war is not the fruit of any recent determination to have it prepared. It is an ideal as old as the British Navy itself, and has been a fully achieved ideal for the last half a generation. Indeed, it was within a very few weeks of succeeding Mr. McKenna that Mr. Churchill announced this well-known fact in the following terms:—"The main part of the British Fleet, in sufficient strength to seek a general battle, is *always ready* to proceed to sea without any mobilising of reserves as soon as steam is raised."

Let us next ask to whom is due the credit for the selection of the Fleet's war stations? The bulk of the British battle strength was until about 1905 centred in the Mediterranean. With the growth of German sea power and the approach of Russia and France towards an understanding with Great Britain, it became quite obvious that the Mediterranean was not the focal point of naval

danger. The Battle Fleets accordingly began to centre in home waters. From 1905 to 1915, there had never been the slightest doubt of the necessity of preparing for a sea war with Germany. Years before Mr. Churchill went to the Admiralty, the plans were laid for a North Sea concentration, if ever relations with Germany became critical. The lessons of periodical North Sea manœuvres doubtless resulted in a progressive modification of those plans. But it is idle to pretend that the plans of 1914 were the personal inventions of Mr. Churchill. They represented, so far as the very imperfect organisation of the Admiralty permitted, the mature judgment of the naval service. Had war broken out in 1910, 1911, 1912, or 1913, plans slightly different, but, according to the standard of that time, adequate to the situation would equally have been found ready.

Finally, there is the point that at the strategic moment, the Fleet, at any rate, was *at* its appointed station. But again, we must remember, that the plans to which I have alluded, were not limited to the selection of a war station. The essential matter was not the exact location of each squadron of the Fleet, but, that at the first breath of danger,

the Fleet should be there. To occupy the station was more essential to the plan than the station itself. The plan involved then its automatic execution. The discussion as to whether Prince Louis or Mr. Churchill gave the actual orders has always seemed to me a controversy about nothing. The right way to look at it is that *not to have carried out these plans* would have been an unthinkable dereliction of duty. To give the order was at once elementary and obligatory.

THE MORAL.

Mr. Churchill has remarkable qualities, and has tried sincerely to serve his country. He may in another field serve with success proportioned to his courage and energy. But at Whitehall he was a serious danger. One good thing may result from it. If the Navy is allowed to *organise* its technical knowledge and sea experience, so that grave questions are settled—not by this or that retired officer whose fame was earned in days when naval conditions were utterly unlike those of to-day, but—by the *impersonal* judgment of the younger men who know the weapons and methods of to-day, then Mr. Churchill will not have failed for nothing.

TWO WAYS OF WAGING WAR.

By Dr. E. J. DILLON.

AMID the crash of well built political air-castles and the deepening shadows of ministerial, parliamentary, and other crises there is at least one source of comfort which the Allies would fain claim for their own. The grounded conviction that one and all we are pursuing the same aim in various efficacious ways, with good hope of achieving it. Amid burnt-out enthusiasms and dissipated illusions we cling firmly to that rock of safety where hope and inspiration have their source. And evidences of its reality abound at every hand's turn. We cannot take up a journal without coming upon an interchange of cordial telegrams between the French and British Premiers, the Russian and Italian army commanders, the Speakers of the French Chamber and the Russian Duma, the various new Foreign Secretaries, all proclaiming in thrilling language the close solidarity of their respective peoples, their stern resolve to fight to the finish, their absolute certitude of ultimate victory.

HARMONY OF THE ALLIES.

Those cheering utterances warrant the belief that there never was such harmony among nations whose interests are so disparate, whose duties lie so far apart, whose friendship is of such recent date. The prompt, ungrudging acquiescence thus displayed by entire States in the painful surrender of national feelings and instincts for the behoof of the cause of collective civilisation is in truth a glorious portent. Two years ago it would have been scouted as an impossibility. To-day everybody appears to take it as a matter of course. Surely it is a pledge of final victory? It is universally proclaimed as such. The most pessimistic critic has never yet called that dogma in question. Patriotism prompts us to accept it implicitly. We may charge individual statesmen, even Cabinets, with disastrous blunders and call for such amends as Ministerial changes can furnish,

but we may not raise doubts about the bed-rock of our salvation.

Yet to me it seems that the time has come not indeed for recriminations but for clear thinking, plain speaking and resolute acting. Mistakes have undoubtedly been made, some of them fraught with appalling consequences, and in certain cases it was impossible to commit them without first doing violence to common sense. And violence was done unflinchingly. Then we witnessed the odd spectacle of the nation's leaders expressing astonishment at events in the Balkans which they themselves had rendered inevitable. But cursing the weather will not better the ruined crops. And to-day it might be more useful to cast a glance at the essential conditions in which the struggle is being waged and ask ourselves in what sense these conditions can or must affect the outcome.

The first significant fact that presses for recognition is that the harmony of thought, sentiment and aim which prevails among the Allies is no new factor in the situation. It was from the beginning, is to-day and will be unto the end. Consequently it confers on the Allies no immunity from—let us say the necessity of long consultations, heated discussions and decorous delays. It does not banish nor even temporarily suspend national aims, traditional policies, political and military reserves. On the contrary, it presupposes the full satisfaction of all these before it can exercise any beneficial action of its own. That explains how it came to pass that several months ago when Roumania was literally itching to draw the sword against Austria but first wanted to drive a lucrative national bargain with the Allies, the transaction was not concluded. For one of these refused to barter away to Roumania the strips of territory she demanded, and based the refusal on grounds which commended themselves to the others. And in this perfectly legitimate way the allied nations came to lose Roumania's co-opera-

tion and all that that would have involved. Thereat the Germans rejoiced exceedingly and cried out that the Entente Powers were at sixes and sevens among themselves. In this allegation there was of course no truth. Almost perfect accord reigns among them all. For when differences have to be they are agreed to differ.

In a similar way we negotiated with Greece. She, too, asked for terms and received the promise of all that was accounted fair just then. It is alleged that one condition which would have sufficed to turn the scale in our favour—a territorial guarantee—was denied her. If so, doubtless we are expected to assume that it was denied on excellent grounds. The result unfortunately has been what we know and may yet be supplemented by what we sometimes forebode. But there was no divergence of views among the Allies. They were perfectly unanimous.

DEFECTION OF BULGARIA.

The defection of Bulgaria and the tergiversation of Greece and the German inroad into Serbia connoted the abandonment of the first line of our defences of Egypt and the Suez Canal. It now became urgent to strengthen the second line, to rescue the Serbs from utter defeat and to impress Greece and Roumania. For these purposes a powerful military expedition was needed without delay. At first, however, our leaders were not sure that that was the best plan, and they employed so much time in thinking it over that there was little left for fitting out the expedition. Neither was it easy to obtain in adequate numbers men adapted for military service in a mountainous country like Serbia and to provide them with everything requisite for a campaign. France could not readily spare the troops. Great Britain could not muster them at such brief notice. Russia was equally unprepared and much too distant. What was to be done?

Of one accord people's thoughts turned to Italy who it was understood possesses large numbers of troops not actually employed at the front, and of troops too which are specially fitted for service in the highlands. Why not appeal to her in the name of the harmony that attunes the Allies to painful sacrifices. After all, Italy has interests, vital interests in the Eastern Mediterranean, in Albania, in the countries inhabited by the Ottomans. To take an active part in the war there would be to pursue her own national interests in a country where they are most seriously threatened and might be most readily furthered. That was the first impulse of the French, British, Russians, Serbs.

But it soon yielded to Italy's lucid and convincing explanations. Italy, it was pointed out, was and is heart and soul with the Allies. She entirely agrees with them about the necessity of the expedition to Serbia. She is convinced that to be effectual it should be prompt and formidable. She is persuaded that it is to the interest of each of the Powers without exception to contribute to its success. And she herself will set the example by fighting with even greater energy than before against Austria in the unredeemed territory. There she can be most useful to her friends. She would gladly lend a hand in the Balkans too, even at the risk of provoking actual warfare with Germany. But the question being purely military the Cabinet has to adjust its policy to the decision of the General Staff, and that decision is unfavour-

able to participation in the war on any new front. Moreover, Italy has co-operated in other ways with the Triple Entente in their Serbian expedition—in ways comparable to those in which Germany is helping Austria against Italy. Besides Britain's interest in the success of Serbia's resistance is greatly superior to that of the other members of the Entente. If Italy's stake were greater it would be reasonable to expect more from her than can at present be looked for. And lastly one may conjecture that the Italian General Staff, or say rather General Cadorna, who is prudence incarnate, has exercised his liberty of judgment in estimating the Allies' chances of success and may, with great respect for their opinion, have formed a divergent one of his own.

CO-ORDINATION OF FORCES.

Thus everything is being done rationally and with due regard for that measure of unanimity and co-ordination of forces which has been accounted necessary and sufficient. There is nothing, therefore, to complain of. Everything is being done by system. The Allies, although engaged in a life and death struggle, are not fighting for victory pure and simple. That would be an easy task, considering their vast resources of men and money. What they are contending for is victory to be achieved under a set of complicated and highly-creditable conditions. Before each outbreak of hostilities the potential enemy is to be treated as a friend, his assurances are to be accepted as against every other evidence of his intentions. No military preparations for the eventuality of his turning against us are to be made. To the organised newspaper campaign which is destroying his faith in the Allies military power, no response in kind is to be made. For to descend to any of those expedients would be derogatory to our dignity. In satisfying his territorial demands or meeting his attack, no sacrifices which any Entente Power considers too painful need be made. Hence Italy need not send men to Serbia, just as Russia did not abate her claims to the territory coveted by Roumania, nor Britain adopt conscription. The Entente cultivates freedom, dignity and nationalism while waging war.

And this is natural. For the members of the league it is explained are all peoples mindful of their traditions, proud of their past glories, jealous of their present possessions, solicitous for their future growth and each one unwilling to hold its national individuality in abeyance. Moreover, the Allies have not broken with the past. On the contrary, after the war everything is to go on as usual in their respective countries and meanwhile all the threads are to be kept intact. They have merely opened a parenthesis in their smoothly flowing life and are bent on closing it again as soon as possible. Meanwhile they have parliaments to consider party interests to further the future of the various régimes to consult, the interplay of social forces to watch and the just balance between civil and military authority to uphold. In other words, it behoves the Entente States to compel the grandiose struggle they are waging, its issues, its schemes, its preparation and its strategy into close connection with the changing, perhaps incoherent, dictates of that loosely ordered political life. And the duty of seeing all those internal interests felicitously counterbalanced must ever precede that of harmonizing the strivings of all the Allies, co-ordinating their forces and hurling these

against the common enemy. That is one source of our difficulties which it is meet that we should bear in mind, when tempted to criticise the Governments.

All the Allied peoples are represented by Parliaments to which the respective cabinets look for approval even in the prosecution of the campaign. Many regard this as a precious safeguard—the French prize it as a sheet anchor of civil liberty. But it may also become a clog on the only kind of action that can be successful in a ruthless struggle like the present. In normal times the nation identifies itself with the legislature; in war time with the army. *Inter arma silent leges*. To-day there is, there ought to be, but one thought, one striving—to carry the campaign to a successful issue. And this can be done only by placing competent men at the head of the enterprise and enabling them to translate their plans into acts without avoidable loss of time or fear of obstacles. If—to take an extreme and improbable case—the Government of a belligerent country were being reconstituted and the minister of one of the national defences who had worked out far-reaching plans, instead of being allowed to execute them were to be set on one side because of petty party intrigues, with what feelings could we then look into the future?

GERMANY'S METHODS.

No such vagaries can mar military prospects in Germany. There the War lords conceive grandiose projects knowing that they will be free to develop them in every detail without interference from Parliament or Parliamentary representatives. Had it been otherwise, the history of the campaign would have been different. If the German Reichstag wielded the power say of the Belgian Chamber, there is little doubt that some of the seemingly wild war plans that astonished the Entente world would have been vetoed as extravagant. The secret of German success is open to all mankind; the subordination of everything and everyone to the necessities of the war; the appointment of the most competent leaders to carry it on; the suppression of every let and hindrance to the free action of these. For nearly a year and a half we have witnessed, nay experienced, the marvellous results achieved by this simple recipe. Yet we are to-day, if anything, a little further from applying it—where it is legitimately applicable—than we were at the outset. The reason for this seeming remissness is highly creditable to the Allies—the possession of sympathies too wide for any mere military cause, of hallowed traditions and of a lofty political faith—all well worthy of being preserved.

Germany stoops to conquer. And she can stoop low. Yet we are told that she is on her last legs. Our press is filled with records of her tribulations. None the less, and although fighting against the vastest and mightiest empires of the world, she imposed upon them from the start her own choice of the place and the time of each decisive encounter. Her press exults in the thought that not once has it fallen to the lot of the Allies suddenly and effectively to break fresh ground, to create a new front, to organise a comprehensive scheme of attack.

It should be obvious by now that the task before the Allies calls for their entire strength and for the full exercise of the faculty of self-

abnegation where the common interest requires it. For it is hardly possible to persist in the methods and with the machinery heretofore employed without endangering or impairing the issue. Those methods and that machinery have been tested by results, which are what might reasonably have been anticipated. The Allies are determined to fight on; and they are possessed of adequate resources which only need to be handled with skill to make sure of victory. E. J. DILLON.

NEED FOR MORE UNITY.

The following letter on the need for greater unity of action among the Allies has reached us from one of our readers in Paris:

Est-il permis de dire aujourd'hui tout haut ce que les hommes clairvoyants disent tout bas depuis longtemps déjà—c'est que nos adversaires ont sur nous un avantage énorme qui consiste dans l'unité de plan et d'action résultant de l'état de vassalité dans lequel les Allemands tiennent leurs alliés? C'est probablement, à l'heure actuelle la seule supériorité qu'ils aient sur nous.

Les facteurs majeurs de la guerre—Armée, Marine et Diplomatie—des quatre nations ennemies se trouvent réunis en un seul faisceau tenu par une seule main. Il est banal de dire que l'unité de direction est nécessaire à toutes les entreprises humaines. Comment en serait-il autrement dans une guerre comme celle-ci? Cette vérité paraît bien démontrée aujourd'hui.

Nous ne devons pas perdre une heure de notre temps, une parcelle de notre énergie, en vaines récriminations: nous devons tout conserver pour l'action utile. Quelle est aujourd'hui cette action? Devons-nous accepter la constatation désolante que l'Entente restera une formule indécise, sans cohésion, devant une Alliance réelle et effective? Ou bien devons-nous chercher s'il ne serait pas possible de créer un organisme qui représente pour l'Entente ce que le Kaiser représente pour l'Alliance ennemie? Est-il impossible de concevoir un Grand Conseil de Guerre réunissant les quatre grandes nations de l'Entente, chargé exclusivement de l'étude de la stratégie générale et de tous les problèmes que comporte l'action commune en vue d'une pensée unique: vaincre. Il siégerait en permanence dans une ville à choisir. Nos Alliés et nous-mêmes y serions représentés par trois délégués pour chaque nation appartenant respectivement à l'Armée, à la Marine et à la Diplomatie. Ces délégués seraient dégagés de toute autre fonction et choisis sans aucune préoccupation de parti ni de considération politique parmi les hommes dont le caractère, le passé et l'expérience offriraient le plus de garanties.

La formule la plus effective doit être cherchée—celle que nous venons d'indiquer n'a qu'un but: c'est d'ouvrir la discussion. Néanmoins, dès à présent, nous y voyons un avantage très net—les décisions qui réuniraient l'unanimité pourraient devenir immédiatement exécutoires, puisque les délégués seraient en contact constant avec leur Gouvernement.

Dans un interview récent, M. le Président du Conseil a pris soin de nous dire ce qu'il entendait par "La Victoire," et nous sommes parfaitement d'accord. Mais nous ne l'obtiendrons qu'à la condition de posséder un organisme qui soit en mesure de maintenir constamment d'accord les points de vue et les possibilités des quatre grandes nations de l'Entente, et d'en déduire le plan des opérations générales.

The fifth edition of the Cambridge University War List is now published and is a formidable quarto volume containing over 11,000 names. Trinity College has 2,500; Pembroke 1,052, Gonville and Caius 952, Clare 750, Emmanuel 648, Trinity Hall 603, Jesus 559, King's 556, Christ's 540, and St. John's 513. It is a record of which the University may well be proud, showing, as it does, Cambridge University's fine spirit. There are 614 killed, nearly 900 wounded, and 123 prisoners and missing. The distinctions comprise: Mentioned in Despatches, 241; V.C., 3; D.S.C., 1; D.S.O., 36; Military Cross, 48; D.C.M., 4; K.C.B., 1; C.B., 2; G.C.M., 6; Médaille Militaire, 4; Croix de Chevalier, 10; Croix de Guerre, 4; Russian Orders, 5; Serbian Order, 1.

CAIN'S ATONEMENT.

By Algernon Blackwood.

SO many thousands to-day have deliberately put Self aside, and are ready to yield their lives for an ideal, that it is not surprising a few of them should have registered experiences of a novel order. For to step aside from Self is to enter a larger world, to be open to new impressions. If Powers of Good exist in the universe at all, they can hardly be inactive at the present time. . . .

The case of two men, who may be called Jones and Smith, occurs to the mind in this connection. Whether a veil actually was lifted for a moment, or whether the tension of long and terrible months resulted in an exaltation of emotion, the experience claims significance. Smith, to whom the experience came, holds the firm belief that it was real. Jones, though it involved him too, remained unaware.

It is a somewhat personal story, their peculiar relationship dating from early youth: a kind of unwilling antipathy was born between them, yet an antipathy that had no touch of hate or even of dislike. It was rather in the nature of an instinctive rivalry. Some tie operated that flung them ever into the same arena with strange persistence, and ever as opponents. An inevitable fate delighted to throw them together in a sense that made them rivals; small as well as large affairs betrayed this malicious tendency of the gods. It showed itself in earliest days, at school, at Cambridge, in travel, even in house-parties and the lighter social intercourse. Though distant cousins, their families were not intimate, and there was no obvious reason why their paths should fall so persistently together. Yet their paths did so, crossing and re-crossing in the way described. Sooner or later, in all his undertakings, Smith would note the shadow of Jones darkening the ground in front of him; and later, when called to the Bar in his chosen profession, he found most frequently that the learned counsel in opposition to him was the owner of this shadow, Jones. In another matter, too, they became rivals, for the same girl, oddly enough, attracted both, and though she accepted neither offer of marriage (during Smith's lifetime!), the attitude between them was that of unwilling rivals. For they were friends as well.

Jones, it appears, was hardly aware that any rivalry existed; he did not think of Smith as an opponent, and as an adversary, never. He did notice, however, the constantly recurring meetings, for more than once he commented on them with good-humoured amusement. Smith, on the other hand, was conscious of a depth and strength in the tie that certainly intrigued him; being of a thoughtful, introspective nature, he was keenly sensible of the strange competition in their lives, and sought in various ways for its explanation, though without success. The desire to find out was very strong in him. And this was natural enough, owing to the singular fact that in all their battles he was the one to lose. Invariably Jones got the best of every conflict. Smith always paid; sometimes he paid with interest.

Occasionally, too, he seemed forced to injure himself while contributing to his cousin's success. It was very curious. He reflected much upon it; he wondered what the origin of their tie and rivalry might be, but especially why it was that he invariably lost, and why he was so often obliged to help his rival to the point even of his own detriment. Tempted to bitterness sometimes, he did not yield to it however; the relationship remained frank and pleasant; if anything, it deepened.

He remembered once, for instance, giving his cousin a chance introduction which yet led, a little later, to the third party offering certain evidence which lost him an important case—Jones, of course, winning it. The third party, too, angry at being dragged into the case, turned hostile to him, thwarting various subsequent projects. In no other way could Jones have procured this particular evidence, he did not know of its existence even. That chance introduction did it all. There was nothing the least dishonourable on the part of Jones—it was just the chance of the dice. The dice were always loaded against Smith—and there were other instances of similar kind.

About this time, moreover, a singular feeling that had lain vaguely in his mind for some years past, took more definite form. It suddenly assumed the character of a conviction, that yet had no evidence to support it. A voice, long whispering in the depths of him, became much louder, grew into a statement that he accepted without further ado: "I'm paying off a debt," he phrased it, "an old, old debt is being discharged. I owe him this—my help, and so forth." He accepted it, that is, as just; and this certainty of justice kept sweet his heart and mind, shutting the door on bitterness or envy. The thought, however, though it recurred persistently with each encounter, brought no explanation.

When the war broke out both offered their services; as members of the O.T.C., they got commissions quickly; but it was a chance remark of Smith's that made his friend join the very regiment he himself was in. They trained together, went to the front together, were in the same retreats and the same advances together. Their friendship deepened. Under the stress of circumstances the tie did not dissolve, but strengthened. It was indubitably real, therefore. Then, oddly enough, they were both wounded in the same engagement.

And it was here the remarkable fate that jointly haunted them betrayed itself more clearly than in any previous incident of their long relationship—Smith was wounded in the act of protecting his cousin. How it happened is confusing to a layman, but each apparently was leading a bombing-party, and the two parties came together. They found themselves shoulder to shoulder, both brimmed with that pluck which is complete indifference to Self; they exchanged a word of excited greeting; and the same second one of those rare opportunities of advantage presented itself which only the highest courage could make use of. Neither, certainly, was thinking of personal reward; it was merely that each saw the chance by which instant heroism might gain a surprise advantage for their side. The risk was heavy, but there *was* a chance; and success would mean a decisive result, to say nothing of high distinction for the man who obtained it—if he survived. Smith, being a few yards ahead of his cousin, had the moment in his grasp. He was in the act of dashing forward when something made him pause. A bomb in mid-air, flung from the opposing trench, was falling; it seemed immediately above him; he saw that it would just miss himself, but land full upon his cousin—whose head was turned the other way. By stretching out his hand, Smith knew he could field it like a cricket ball. There was an interval of a second and a half, he judged. He hesitated—perhaps a quarter of a second—then he acted. He caught it. It was the obvious thing to do. He flung it back into the opposing trench.

The rapidity of thought is hard to realise. In that second and a half Smith was aware of many things: He saved his cousin's life unquestionably; unquestionably also Jones seized the opportunity that otherwise was his cousin's. But it was neither of these reflections that filled Smith's mind. The dominant impression was another. It flashed into actual words inside his excited brain: "I must risk it. I owe it to him—and more besides!" He was, further, aware of another impulse than the obvious one. In the first fraction of a second it was overwhelmingly established. And it was this: that the entire episode was familiar to him. A subtle familiarity was present. All this had happened before. He had already—somewhere, somehow—seen death descending upon his cousin from the air. Yet with a difference. The "difference" escaped him; the familiarity was vivid. That he missed the deadly detonators in making the catch, or that the fuse delayed, he called good luck. He only remembers that he flung the gruesome weapon back whence it had come, and that its explosion in the opposite trench materially helped his cousin to find glory in the place of death. The slight delay, however, resulted in his receiving a bullet through the chest—a bullet he would not otherwise have received—presumably.

It was some days later, gravely wounded, that he discovered his cousin in another bed across the darkened

floor. They exchanged remarks. Jones was already "decorated," it seemed, having snatched success from his cousin's hands, while little aware whose help had made it easier. . . . And once again there stole across the inmost mind of Smith that strange, insistent whisper: "I owed it to him . . . but, by God, I owe more than that . . . I mean to pay it too. . . .!"

There was not a trace of bitterness or envy now; only this profound conviction, of obscurest origin, that it was right and absolutely just—full, honest repayment of a debt incurred. Some ancient balance of account was being settled; there was no "chance"; injustice and caprice played no rôle at all. . . . And a deeper understanding of life's ironies crept into him; for if everything was *just*, there was no room for whimpering.

And the voice persisted above the sound of busy footsteps in the ward: "I owe it . . . I'll pay it gladly . . .!"

Through the pain and weakness the whisper died away. He was exhausted. There were periods of unconsciousness, but there were periods of half-consciousness as well; then flashes of another kind of consciousness altogether, when, bathed in high, soft light, he was aware of things he could not quite account for. He *saw*. It was absolutely real. Only, the critical faculty was gone. He did not question what he saw, as he stared across at his cousin's bed. He knew. Perhaps the beaten, worn-out body let something through at last. The nerves, overstrained to numbness, lay very still. The physical system, battered and depleted, made no cry. The clamour of the flesh was hushed. He was aware, however, of an undeniable exaltation of the spirit in him, as he lay and gazed towards his cousin's bed.

Across the night of time, it seemed to him, the picture stole before his inner eye with a certainty that left no room for doubt. It was not the cells of memory in his brain of To-day that gave up their dead, it was the eternal Self in him that remembered and understood—the soul.

With that satisfaction which is born of full comprehension, he watched the light glow and spread about the little bed. Thick matting deadened the footsteps of nurses, orderlies, doctors. New cases were brought in, "old" cases were carried out; he ignored them; he saw only the light above his cousin's bed grow stronger. He lay still and stared. It came neither from the ceiling nor the floor; it unfolded like a cloud of shining smoke. And the little lamp, the sheets, the figure framed between them—all these slid cleverly away and vanished utterly. He stood in another place that had lain behind all these appearances—a landscape with wooded hills, a foaming river, the sun just sinking below the forest, and dusk creeping from a gorge along the lonely banks. In the warm air there was a perfume of great flowers and heavy-scented trees; there were fire-flies, and the taste of spray from the tumbling river was on his lips. Across the water a large bird flapped its heavy wings, as it moved down-stream to find another fishing place. For he and his companion had disturbed it as they broke out of the thick foliage and reached the river-bank. The companion, moreover, was his brother; they ever hunted together; there was a passionate link between them born of blood and of affection—they were twins.

It all was as clear as though of Yesterday. In his heart was the lust of the hunt; in his blood was the lust of woman; and thick behind these lurked the jealousy and fierce desire of a primitive day. But, though clear as of Yesterday, he knew that it was of long, long ago. . . . and his brother came up close beside him, resting his bloody spear with a clattering sound against the boulders on the shore. He saw the gleaming of the metal in the sunset, he saw the shining glitter of the spray upon the boulders, he saw his brother's eyes look straight into his own. And in them shone a light that was neither the reflection of the sunset, nor the excitement of the hunt just over.

"It escaped us," said his brother. "Yet I know my first spear struck."

"It followed the fawn that crossed," was the reply.

"Besides, we came down wind, thus giving it warning. Our flocks, at any rate, are safer—"

The other laughed significantly.

"It is not the safety of our flocks that troubles me just now, brother," he interrupted eagerly, while the light burned more deeply in his eyes. "It is, rather, that *she* waits for me by the fire across the river, and that I would get to her. With your help added to my love," he went on in a trusting voice, "the gods have shown me the favour of true happiness!" He pointed with his spear to a camp-fire on the further bank, turning his head as he strode to plunge into the stream and swim across.

For an instant, then, the other felt his natural love turn into bitter hate. His own fierce passion, unconfessed, concealed, burst into instant flame. That the girl should become his brother's wife sent the blood surging through his veins in fury. He felt his life and all that he desired go down in ashes. . . . He watched his brother stride towards the water, the deer-skin cast across one naked shoulder—when another object caught his practised eye. In mid-air it passed suddenly, like a shining gleam; it seemed to hang a second; then it swept swiftly forward past his head—and downward. It had leaped with a blazing fury from the over-hanging bank behind; he saw the blood still streaming from its wounded flank. It must land—he saw it with a secret, awful pleasure—full upon the striding figure, whose head was turned away!

The swiftness of that leap, however, was not so swift but that he could easily have used his spear. Indeed, he gripped it strongly. His skill, his strength, his aim—he knew them well enough. But hate and love, fastening upon his heart, held all his muscles still. He hesitated. He was no murderer, yet he paused. He heard the roar, the ugly thud, the crash, the cry for help—too late. . . . and when, an instant afterwards, his steel plunged into the great beast's heart, the human heart and life he might have saved lay still for ever. . . . He heard the water rushing past, an icy wind came down the gorge against his naked back, he saw the fire shine upon the further bank . . . and the figure of a girl in skins was wading across, seeking out the shallow places in the dusk, and calling wildly as she came. . . . Then darkness hid the entire landscape, yet a darkness that was deeper, bluer than the velvet of the night alone.

And he shrieked aloud in his remorseful anguish: "May the gods forgive me, for I did not mean it! Oh, that I might undo . . . that I might repay . . .!"

That his cries disturbed the weary occupants in more than one bed is certain, but he remembers chiefly that a nurse was quickly by his side, and that something she gave him soothed his violent pain and helped him into deeper sleep again. There was, he noticed anyhow, no longer the soft, clear, blazing light about his cousin's bed. He saw only the faint glitter of the oil-lamps down the length of the great room.

And some weeks later he went back to fight. The picture, however, never left his memory. It stayed with him as an actual reality that was neither delusion nor hallucination. He believed that he understood at last the meaning of the tie that had fettered him and puzzled him so long. The memory of those far days of shepherding beneath the stars of long ago, remained vividly beside him. He kept his secret, however. In many a talk with his cousin beneath the nearer stars of Flanders no word of it ever passed his lips.

The friendship between them, meanwhile, experienced a curious deepening, though unacknowledged in any spoken words. Smith, at any rate, on his side, put into it an affection that was a brave man's love. He watched over his cousin. In the fighting especially, when possible, he sought to protect and shield him, regardless of his own personal safety. He delighted secretly in the honours his cousin had already won. He himself was not yet even mentioned in despatches, and no public distinction of any kind had come his way.

His V.C. eventually—well, he was no longer occupying his body when it was bestowed. He had already "left." . . . He was now conscious, possibly, of other experiences besides that one of ancient, primitive days when he and his brother were shepherding beneath other stars. But the reckless heroism which saved his cousin under fire may later enshrine another memory which, at some far future time, shall reawaken as a "hallucination" from a Past that to-day is called the Present. . . . The notion, at any rate, flashed across his mind before he "left."

COUNTRY HOUSE PARTIES.

By Scrutator.

WILL things socially, as well as economically, be altogether different when the war is over? This question or something like it occurs to most of us from time to time, and its discussion seems so far to have resulted in no satisfactory solution. Young people having dropped out of balls and dinners, race-meetings, and river parties, may well prefer to continue being useful rather than return to a butterfly existence. There is scarcely a young lady at the present time whose day is not devoted to war work of some kind, and it is surprising to everyone, including these girls themselves, how kindly they take to occupations which fifteen or sixteen months ago would have seemed impossibly dull and tedious.

What is certain as regards social life after the war is that there will always be house parties in the autumn and winter in some shape or form. Such gatherings have a useful as well as an amusing side and are bound to continue as long as the terms Englishman and sportsman are synonymous. Even at the present moment game must be shot so there is a good deal of country house entertaining going on in a quiet way. There are, of course, no big house parties such as used to assemble at this time of year for every week end and often during the inside of a week as well. Such would be voted unsuitable in war time, besides which most people are too busy and preoccupied, and most of the women, who really *are* practising economy not only talking about it, have not invested in the smart tea gowns and evening frocks necessary for such gatherings. A house party just now consists, as a rule, of a few relations and intimate friends, asked quite in an informal sort of way, and eked out as regards guns by one or two country neighbours who may for one reason or another not be serving.

Shoots for Brave Boys.

Moreover parties are often made up expressly for any "brave boys" who may be at home on leave from the front. To amuse these fighting men and to give them a change of ideas during their brief respite from the trenches is reason sufficient, even if there were no others, for not allowing shooting parties to lapse altogether. Only a week or two ago a distinguished Brigadier—one who is perhaps doing his bit as well or better than any General in France, although he has newly come to the job—was back in his native county for a week, and found a shoot with his neighbours on most of the days he was at home a welcome distraction, and one which enabled him to go back with a lighter heart to the hard work that must be before him and his division.

But apart from these altruistic motives for having war-time shooting parties, such gatherings are in many ways a good deal pleasanter than their more elaborate prototypes. As most of the guests are relations or intimate friends, there is none of that stiffness which often attended the social side of a big shoot; and a small cosy party of eight is far less of an anxiety to the hostess than a crowd of sixteen or eighteen guests who perhaps do not mix up very well. Another advantage to host and hostess is that it is usually possible to get a few people together at fairly short notice, instead of asking the really good shots months and months beforehand as used to be the case, only perhaps to be thrown over at the eleventh hour.

There is still the problem of how to keep the thing going when days are short and shooting stops early. But this is a good deal easier for a hostess than when she had to amuse larger and more exigent house parties. For instance to fix the points that should be paid at bridge at a price suitable to everyone was a matter of some anxiety, also to prevent a guest known to be impecunious from being unduly fleeced by a fellow guest "out" to make his or her expenses for the week. In these times war points of a shilling per hundred or at the outside a half-crown content everyone, and it is never the uncomfortable office of a hostess to speed the parting guest, knowing that he or she has had a bad week at bridge which could ill be afforded. In the same way, much

less is expected of a hostess in war time as regards the creature comforts of the guests she has to cater for.

The Simple Life.

We had travelled far from the days when men out shooting were content to sit under a hedge with a packet of sandwiches and a flask at mid-day. Elaborate luncheons in a tent or shooting lodge had become *de rigueur* with not only the inevitable Irish stew and cold meats, but even sweets and savouries, coffee, liqueurs and all the accompaniments of a smart luncheon in the dining room. War time has changed all this for the better. It is not only nowadays the sensible but even the smart thing to be economical, and elaborate food in country houses or at shooting parties displays quite as much bad taste as harbouring two or three six-foot footmen who might be and ought to be with the colours. Meals both indoors and out are much more frugal, and with the small house-parties that are now universal, dinners of four courses are the rule, with luncheons similarly reduced. And, incidentally, people are quite surprised at discovering that sport is as good, society as pleasant shorn of the elaborate meats and drinks without which before the war no shooting party was considered complete. We have been brought by distress and taxation much nearer to the simple life. Conversation in country houses is a good deal more solid than it used to be. This is not to say that young people are priggish, or have grown serious beyond their years. But the boys have looked death in the face and will probably do so again; the girls have been brought into touch with the realities of life in hospital, in work for soldiers' families and a dozen different ways. Therefore the silly chatter and inane practical jokes of two or three years ago find no place in shoots of 1915.

It always used to be said that few engagements resulted from young people meeting in ball-rooms during the season, but many from the shooting-parties of the autumn and winter. This one could quite understand because an acquaintance made in a country house was wont to ripen into intimacy more quickly in the three or four days of a shooting party than a friendship formed during six weeks of desultory meetings at balls, dances, and such like. Now of course there are no dances to meet at and young men from the front are only birds of passage. It seems; therefore, that a war-time shoot does not conduce to matrimony in the same way as did a house-party in the country in days of peace. This would be a subject of much more regret than it is, but for the fact that war weddings are extraordinarily plentiful.

A Change for the Better.

It is no good trying to think that country-house entertaining is what it used to be. A complete revolution has been wrought by the war in this as in all our other social amusements. Perhaps country house entertaining has not suffered so much as might have been expected by reason of the frequency with which those serving in France are able to run backwards and forwards. Still the house parties of 1915 bear very little resemblance to those of two years ago. This present time of storm and stress has advantages in showing up human nature in a good light. Those who go on country house visits for instance, spend much less on their own personal comfort; they provide themselves with fewer and less elaborate toilettes, are content with just a maid and a man instead of the retinue people used to take about to country houses with them, and it has even been remarked that guests often descend from a third class and not first class railway carriage on arrival. Nevertheless they tip with as much generosity as ever they did, and nothing is heard of cutting down Christmas presents. On the contrary, there seems a disposition to lay in even a larger stock than usual against the time for Christmas visits; so that those who have passed through a year of unusual anxiety and sorrow may at least begin the New Year with brighter and happier feelings.

TRANSPORT IN ASIA MINOR.

By Sir William Mitchell Ramsay.

Sir William Mitchell Ramsay is the greatest living authority on Asia Minor as distinguished from Syria and Mesopotamia. He has travelled widely in that little-known region of the world during the last twenty years.

MR. BELLOC'S articles on the War are always instructive; and his calculations, repeated and rendered more precise from week to week, seem to be made on sound lines and to afford the healthiest standard for judging the history and the rate of the "Decline and Fall of the German Empire." As he has himself stated in frank words some time ago in replying to criticisms, there are errors which have to be corrected in subsequent weeks.

In his article published on October 16th he speaks of "the mule-tracks of Asia Minor" as practically impassable for a German force, and bases his argument on this assumed want of roads in the country. In the first place, he forgets the existence of the railway from the Bosphorus across Asia Minor to Syria and Arabia, with two breaks in passes which have been traversed by countless armies throughout history. The railway is well enough built for good service, though not fitted to carry trains at a more rapid rate than 20 miles an hour; and there is a fair amount of rolling stock. The central line branches eastwards to Angora, and westwards to Smyrna, from which other railways radiate, and northwards to the corner of the Marmara Sea and the Dardanelles, and south-east or south in several branches (the longest about 300 miles). In the same number Mr. Pollen speaks of this central railway with deserved respect; but he even exaggerates it into an unbroken line from Haidar Pasha on the Bosphorus to Alexandretta. The break in the Taurus was complete at the beginning of the War, as I know; and I doubt if the work has been completed.

Mule-Tracks.

In the second place Mr. Belloc dangerously misconceives the character of the roads. There are, indeed, plenty of "mule-tracks," and I could show him photographs of waggons on mountain paths of apparently impossible character; but we took fairly heavy springed waggons over those paths without ever any accident worth mentioning. The light native springless waggon goes over the worst roads even more easily. But these are mountain roads. A great part of Asia Minor is a lofty level plain, where you can drive a waggon in any direction along many lines and paths during dry weather: I would engage to guide as many automobiles as you please from the Bosphorus to Tarsus and on to the remotest south-east corner of Cilicia by the southern sea, during the dry season of the year. The plateau with its soft fine soil, absolutely free from stones, becomes a sea of liquid mud, like pea soup, after several days of rain; carriages sink far above the axles, and cannot move. In summer, however, there is no difficulty in driving anywhere on the plateau, except occasionally. I would ask 12 days for the first automobiles, and take some sappers; for all the rest 8 days would suffice. The railway with its one break of 20 miles requires 5 days to carry passengers over the same journey. Some prospecting would be needed, because the roads that I have looked for in travelling are roads for horses or horse-waggons; and there are places where a motor-driver would follow a different line from waggoners (as they, too, would not always follow the horse roads).

The real difficulties of the Central Plateau are not in respect of roads, but in respect of food and still more of water. Small parties can obtain food and water everywhere; but the supply of both is limited. The feeding of horses is especially troublesome, and the chopped straw mixed with a little barley, on which the native horses live, would probably kill horses accustomed to more luxurious diet; but even this food is scarce, and travellers have often to carry two days' supply. Motor transport would avoid the ordinary traveller's greatest difficulty; but, of course, petrol, etc., are not obtainable anywhere.

Water sufficient for moderate-sized companies is never far distant. Villages are dotted all over the plateau. But large companies would have their line of route determined for them by the great natural fountains. The driest route across the plateau from Eski Sheher in the north to the entrance to the long pass of the Cilician Gates on the south is the most level and the best motor-road in all other respects except water. In the mountains north of Eski Sheher and south approaching the Cilician Gates, the roads are now excellently engineered, and well built, though there are places where sharp steep zig-zags would cause some trouble to motor cars, and would require care and perhaps some improvement.

Supply of Men.

Again, as to the supply of men, as I think, Mr. Belloc under-estimates. I am not able to judge about military value; but I know that men fit for the most trying field labour and long hours and a hard spare life of toil are much more numerous than he allows. The Arab-speaking population is reckoned about 14 millions, and the Turkish-speaking about the same, if the Christians are included. They are slow to pick up drill, and would need time to lick into shape; but German sergeants can kick men into shape in a wonderful way, and can make use of even unwilling soldiers. The military value of the different races varies much; but it is as needless to go into details on this subject as it is in respect of the lines of road.

The value of Constantinople to the Germans would lie mainly in prestige. It would be a serious blow to the Oriental belief in and respect for Britain. In a military way the occupation of the city with the small numbers that the Germans seem to be employing, diminished as they will be by the way, would not be very great; but a strong occupation, with time to apply the resources of Turkey and even Central Asia, would be a very much more serious business. There is, however, now no sign of that. Every week puts it more and more decisively in the category of the impossible. If the Kaiser found a train to carry him to Stamboul, it may be doubted whether he would get one to bring him back, unless he returned within 48 hours.

The weakness of Turkey lies partly in the race hatred that separates even Moslems, partly in the dislike of the "Old Turks" for the "Young Turks." The Old Turks are an overwhelming majority; but they have no leaders and no natural initiative; they accept the existing government. The "Young Turks" have taken care to kill off all the leaders of the majority, and trust to the wonderfully patient submissiveness of the rest. We have as yet not begun to turn this weakness to our profit; but it will tell in the long run, and might be expedited.

Turkey's Economic Value.

In his estimate of the economic value of Turkey to Germany, if the latter Power succeeded in occupying Constantinople, Mr. Belloc, in his last article is correct at the moment. The economic wealth of Turkey has been and is small. It can do little more than feed its own people, and most luxuries and some comforts are imported. Its exports are of small use now to Germany for the war. But give Germany even one full year's command of Asia Minor, and it has to be remembered that German plans look far ahead; the value of Asia Minor would begin to tell. Germany would not neglect the development of the country as Britain has neglected to develop the ancient wealth of Cyprus in 37 years of occupation. In fact, some grandiose German engineering plans are now beginning to increase the wealth of Asia Minor anew. Its mineral stores lie unused in large degree; but they are easy to tap. It was in the true sense the richest country in the world during the first six or seven centuries after Christ, more so than Egypt. The Arab wars did not destroy its wealth. It remained for the Turks to do that. At present this is not the place to enlarge on that topic, for I do not believe that Germany will be permitted to dominate Asia Minor.

THE EVOLUTION OF RUSSIA.

By E. Charles Vivian.



DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE

Carved Centre-piece on the Ivory Throne presented to Ivan III, Grand Duke of Muscovy, by Byzantium, on the occasion of his marriage.

the east. Early in the sixteenth century, Maximilian I wrote to the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights who ruled over Prussia—"Russia's vastness is a danger to us."

To the absence of Latin influence must be credited the late awakening of Russia, though there were many other contributory causes. Shut off from western Europe by the vast marshes and forests that are now Poland, Russia missed the colonising influence of Rome, the great civilising power of the first centuries of the Christian era. When Hastings was fought, when Britain was beginning to show signs of response to the intellectual and artistic stimulus of Roman and Christian influence, and the nations of western Europe seemed set in the path of steady progress—before the darkness of the middle ages fell on Europe—Northern Russia was little better than savage, and the south had no light but the glimmer that penetrated from Byzantium, and that solitary gleam dimmed by oriental prejudice and stolidity.

The republican communities of Kiev, Novgorod, and their kind, little settlements in a vast wilderness, formed the first strivings of Russia toward civilised entity, and ever as the conception of a state arose it was shattered by the custom of a man's dividing his authority at his death among his descendants, instead of vesting it in the eldest son or the fittest to rule. This system led to endless division and subdivision, instead of unity; here and there a strong man would arise and win rule over the whole, but at his death division came again, with the inevitable crop of family and fraternal jealousies. Thus, when the Tartar invasion came to pass, it was opposed by warring, divided communities, who might collectively have stemmed the rush of the Mongol swarms, but, separate as they were, fell easily. The influence of that invasion has persisted almost up to the present day; subtlety, servility, cruelty—all the worst qualities of which Russia as a whole can be accused are fruits of the centuries of Mongol and Tartar domination; as the Moorish period stamped ineradicable traits on the Spanish character, so the mark of Genghiz Khan is laid on Russia.

Food for reflection is to be found again in the end of the period of anarchy that followed on the fall of the Mongol power. Autocratic Russia of to-day owes its existence as a power to a butcher and a country squire, who led the people, evolved order out of chaos, and made possible the inauguration of the Romanoff dynasty. With the coming of that dynasty to power began the present system of rule, under which Russia has suffered much, but without which Russia of to-day would never have been. The semi-oriental influence of Byzantium, combined with the following influence of the Mongols, evolved a race which would have responded to no other

THE lack of interest in Russian history, and the lack of speculation on the beginnings of such an empire as Russia, must in part be credited to the fact that Russia itself was, until comparatively recent times, entirely shut off from intercourse with the western world, and though this shutting off was largely due to the policy of the early Russian Rulers, it was also due in part to German fears that a powerful state might awaken out of the turmoil that echoed faintly from

form of government to produce such results as now exist. All the early history of Russia is not so much the maintenance of order as the repression of anarchy, and for such a people as this stern rule was a necessity.

Few countries have histories more interesting than that of Russia, in spite of its late development; the unique incident of two armies fleeing from each other, each panic stricken, without a blow having been struck, belongs to Russian history; the story of the summit of Mongol and Tartar power, and that of the fall of the rule of the Khans, belong to Russian history, while episode after episode has its own peculiar and deep interest.

A comprehensive introduction, and more than an introduction, to the study of Russian history is afforded in Mrs. Howe's book,* which treats of the vital incidents in a thousand years in concise fashion, and presents the salient features and prominent personages of the various eras that have made Russia. From such a book one may not only gather knowledge of history, but—a far more important thing—insight to the forces that have gone to the moulding of the Russian character, and some conception of Russian ideals.

* "A Thousand Years of Russian History." By Sonia E. Howe. (Williams and Norgate.) 7s. 6d. net.

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The Old War Bridge at Stirling.

This as far as the plates and illustrations to the text are concerned, which form the main part of the work.

With regard to the text, it is to be doubted whether Mr. Shaw Sparrow, admirable critic as he proves himself, is at one with Mr. Brangwyn. It may be that the author's sweeping denunciation of Thames bridges, and especially of the Tower bridge, represents the opinion of the artist, but we venture to doubt it. Mr. Shaw Sparrow, denouncing the bridges of the Thames, is as ruthless as Mr. Brangwyn portraying a drunkard, but his text lacks the strength of the picture. He is controversial rather than convincing.

It must be added, however, that he is illuminating on Brangwyn art, and especially on Brangwyn bridges, and we may agree with him or differ from him, but we can no more ignore him than we can ignore the artist. With some of his conclusions we must agree, regretfully enough, and admit that British bridges do not compare in artistic proportion and fitness with the bridges of mediaeval France. But the

(Continued on page 25.)

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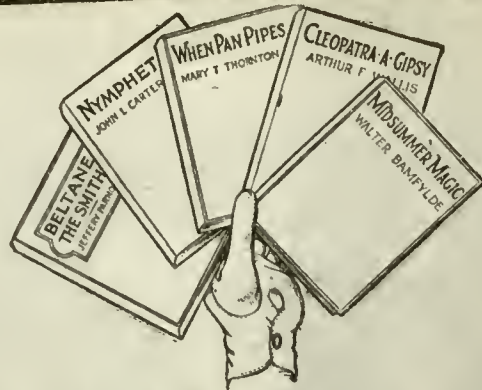
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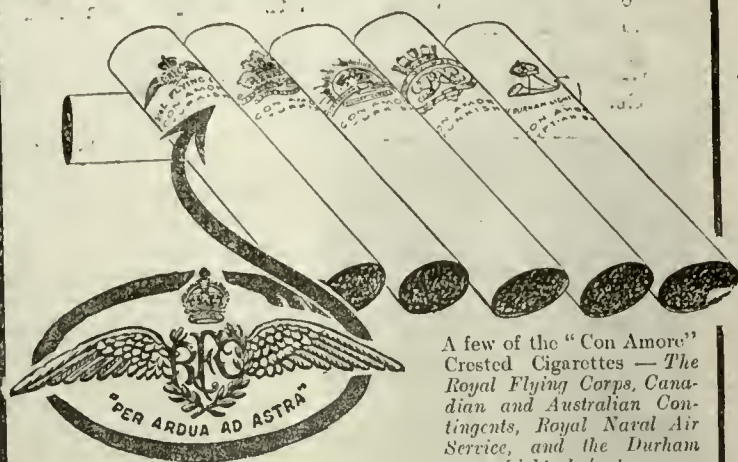
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On quantities of 200 and more, we send duty-free and postage paid at a reduction of 1/9 per hundred from ordinary prices. In ordering, you need to send Name, Rank, and Regiment, together with Remittance, when despatch from Bond will be immediately made.

J. Marcovitch & Co., Ltd.

Cigarette Makers by Hand,

13 Regent Street, Waterloo Place, S.W.



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THE FUTURE.

"All I can say is that if every Car set
as this one did then there is no
doubt that the Company has arrived at
as near perfection in the production of
lighting apparatus as is possible in this
imperfect world of ours."

Extract from "Land and Water."

Motorists are invited to write
for literature of the C.A.V.
Simple, Safe and Certain
System.



Frensham Ponds Hotel, Surrey.

The only light used when the photo was taken was that
from a pair of C.A.V. Headlamps on the Car.

C. A. Vandervell & CO.,

Electrical Engineers,
Acton, London, W.



The Queen, whose photograph forms the frontispiece of this special number of *LAND AND WATER*, has set an example in many different ways to the women of the Empire. It is perhaps not generally known that Buckingham Palace was about the first great house in the kingdom where true economy was wisely instituted; this was quite at the beginning of the war. It may be questioned whether any woman in the land has made with her own hands more garments for soldiers or sailors than Her Majesty. In the active interest the Queen has taken in the "Work for Women" Fund, she has stimulated the excellent efforts which have been made and which have yielded such admirable results in the better distribution and organisation of female labour.

An interesting birthday this week is that of the Grand Duchess Olga Nicolaiovna of Russia, who was twenty on Monday. H.I.H., as the eldest of the Czar's children, is next in remainder to the Russian throne and Empire after her brother the Czarewitch. Her mother had her brought up on English principles by English nurses, and when only a year old she accompanied her parents, first to Balmoral on a visit to Queen Victoria, and afterwards to Paris.

The little Princess arrived at the Paris terminus alone (the Emperor and Empress having alighted at Versailles), and had a reception all to herself at the Gare Mont Parnasse. The representatives of the President and the Foreign Office, and various other notabilities, bowed profoundly to a small person in white merino and a white cap and feathers, who in return bowed and smiled with perfect affability.

Looking round the congregation assembled for the Memorial Service of Lord Roberts on Saturday, it seemed as if every step in the great Field-Marshal's career was worthily represented. That Indian Mutiny veteran and V.C. Sir Dighton Probyn represented Queen Alexandra, he was only Lord Roberts' junior by one year; Colonel Sir John Dunne, who was present, is but two years younger. There were also men who had fought with Roberts in Kabul and Kandahar, as well as in Burmah and South Africa, and others who had worked with him in Madras, Bengal and the Punjab, as well as at home in later years. It was a marvellous gathering of servants of the Empire, many of them though wearing ribbons and decorations hardly known to the public.

The service was deeply impressive, and one left St. Margaret's, thankful that such sons were still born to Britain. The Pilgrims' Club, I notice, sent a wreath to the grave in the crypt of St. Paul's, which bore the inscription: "To the memory of a great soldier and a great gentleman." Surely the word "gentleman," used in this sense, has no degrees; Lord Roberts was a gentleman—a gallant gentleman or a simple gentleman if you will—but neither great, medium-sized, nor small. To use such an epithet in such a connection points to the fact that the writer was ignorant of the true inwardness of gentleness.

Very fair support, especially from lady exhibitors, continues to be given to what dog shows are being held. The strength of the Duchess of Newcastle's kennel is being well maintained. Her rough-coated fox-terriers have been going strong of late. Borzois and fox-terriers, of course, are the breeds with which some of her greatest successes have been scored, but they are by no means the only ones. Hunting folk will recollect how strong an interest the Duchess of Newcastle took in the building-up of her Clumber pack of harriers.

The Duke of Manchester, who is at present (not for the first time) in the public eye, has a son and heir, who was thirteen last month, and in whose veins runs the blood of many races. While descending paternally from the great Norman house of Montagu, his mother is a Ger-

man-American, his grandmother a Spanish Cuban, and his late great-grandmother a noble Hanoverian.

Lady Lovat, who has been cheered by news of her husband's complete recovery from the illness which for a time invalidated him in Malta, has arrived at 38, Grosvenor Gardens, and will be in London for some little time. During her recent stay at Beaufort Castle Lady Lovat, who is indefatigable in her labours on behalf of the Lovat Scouts, now at the Eastern Front, opened a very successful sale of work for this object at Beaulieu, and made one of the telling and touching little speeches for which she has a special gift.

With the Trollopes, as with many other old families, less store is set on a peerage than on more ancient dignities and honours. If ever the House of Lords were abolished and all peers became simple gentlemen, it would not be the older titles who would worry, for with them, at worst, it would only be reversion to type. The barony of Kesteven, which, by the way, is a division of Lincolnshire, a sort of county within a county, was conferred in 1868 on Sir John Trollope, the seventh to hold the baronetcy conferred by Charles I. on Thomas Trollope of Casewick. This baronetcy now passes to a nephew of the first Lord Kesteven, the eldest surviving son of the late General Sir Charles Trollope, K.C.B., Colonel of the 53rd Foot. The Trollopes have Plantagenet blood in their veins.

Bright sunshine poured into the rich but rather sombre interior of the Oratory last Wednesday during the wedding of Viscount Campden and Miss Alice Eyre. It lit up very effectively the gilded marble and the high altar (adorned with towering bouquets of white lilies and chrysanthemums), the geranium-pink of the Cardinal's cappa, the subdued black silk and white lace of the Scottish Abbot who "assisted" in the Sanctuary, and above all the creamy white, shot with silver and bordered with orange-flowers, of the pretty bride's long train, borne by a picturesque child in vivid turquoise-blue. Altogether a feast of delicate colouring; and there was a feast for the ears as well, for a boy of the famous choir rendered Gounod's "Ave Maria" with a fresh loveliness that made it seem almost unhackneyed, and the not less familiar "Sanctus" from the *Messe Solennelle* was given with astonishing effect.

It was a khaki wedding, of course, for Lord Campden and his brother and best man were both in uniform. But there was more state and ceremony about it than one has been accustomed to in war weddings. And the reception afterwards in Belgrave Place was like old times—crowds of smiling friends, unnumbered presents laid out and admired, and the bride-cake cut with proper formality. Altogether, a wedding on the good old lines, and a cheerful function which did everybody good.

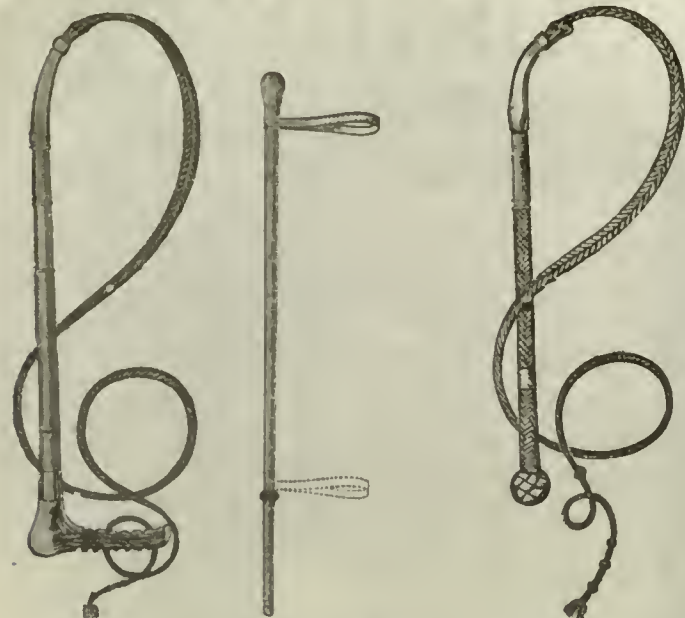
Later in the afternoon Mrs. Eyre, with the bridesmaids and other friends, went to tea at Rumpelmayer's, thus bringing a pleasant day to a close. Talking of Rumpelmayer's, his place in St. James's Street is becoming quite a favourite for luncheon. Certainly nothing could be nicer; every day there are little parties there. One is sorry to hear that Rumpelmayer will have none of his delightful miniature Christmas trees this winter; he cannot get them, but if anyone has kept theirs of last Christmas, he will be very pleased to refurbish it.

It is now definitely fixed that the wedding of Miss Asquith and Mr. Bonham-Carter is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Tuesday, the 30th. Has Miss Asquith chosen St. Andrew's Day as a delicate compliment to her father's Scot constituents?

Hunting people have naturally been particularly interested in the recently-announced engagement of Mr. W. M. Cliff

(Continued on page 29.)

PRACTICAL KIT



OFFICERS' HUNTING CROPS & THONGS

No. 15. Real Malacca or Malacca Cane, horn hook, silver collar, brown thong.

PRICE

25/-

COMPLETE.

LOADED STICKS

No. 1. Loaded Stick, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap ... £1 18 0
Do. steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap ... £1 5 0
Do., short length for RIDING ... £1 1 0
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No. 3. Officers' Newmarket Whip, whalebone centre, plaited rawhide, with plaited kangaroo hide hand part, loaded end, silver collar and thong ... £1 18 0
Do., plaited all over kangaroo hide, loaded end, with thong complete ... £1 15 0
No. 4. Root Neilgherry Cane, covered all over pigskin, loaded butt, with thong complete ... £1 1 0
Do. plaited kangaroo hide, loaded butt, with thong complete ... £1 5 0

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South African War, has been more than justified during the present campaign, which has conclusively proved it to be the most serviceable safeguard available against the rain, snow, wind, cold, mud and water which are the everyday conditions under which our own and our gallant Allies' Armies are fighting.

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"A Burberry was my best friend for months in front of Ypres. Not only did it stand the rain and wind perfectly, but seemed impervious to the filthy mud of the trenches, while its smooth surface made cleaning easy."

—J. K. Dunlop.

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READY FOR USE
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—E. Monro.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON

8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; Basingstoke and Provincial Agents

(Continued from page 27.)

and Miss Mabel Lilian Selby-Lowndes. Mr. Cliff is the son of the Master of the Dundalk Harriers in Co. Louth, while Miss Selby-Lowndes is the Master of the East Kent Foxhounds and niece of the Master of the Whaddon Chase. Another of her uncles, Mr. Cyril Selby-Lowndes, was, until the close of last season, in control of the Burstow Hunt, now amalgamated with the Old Surrey.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Free Buffet at London Bridge, under Lady Limerick's indefatigable guidance, is busier than ever. Queen Alexandra with Princess Victoria visited it last week. This canteen is rather more prominent than those at some of the other stations, which are in far too remote places for easy finding. Until there is a regular system of clear and prominent placarding many men will continue to go off by train unaware that but a few yards away there are good things waiting free for them.

This Thursday is Russia's Day, and no effort will be spared to make it a big success for the magnificent resistance of our Ally has touched the imagination of the people. All things considered I have come to believe that these "Days" are the best and cleanest way of raising funds by private endeavour.

The time has come for a few straightflung words over the "war" bazaars, etc., that abound. Many of them are little better than brigandage. A long list of patrons is compiled; armed with this, owners of stalls sally forth and hold up to ransom West-end tradespeople. There is no section of the community which, broadly speaking, has been harder hit than the West-end retail trade; it is by nature generous, and in many ways it has given freely to war funds. And these retail traders feel most strongly and rightly that it is not fair treatment for ladies to approach them and demand contributions in kind under the veiled threat of making mischief among their customers—ladies whom they know well are usually out for notoriety and some of whom they have good reason to suspect are the possessors of "sticky pockets."

Very different from this style of thing is the sale of Christmas presents which for many years now has taken place at the Cripples' Guild showrooms, 14, New Bond Street.

Millicent-Duchess of Sutherland and her daughter-in-law the Duchess of Sutherland, have fixed, next Wednesday, the 24th, for it. They are to be "At Home" at the salerooms from three to six o'clock. It is earnestly hoped that all interested in the training of cripples and all admirers of artistic and beautiful work will give the sale their presence and support.

Mr. Inskip, K.C., and Lady Augusta Inskip, have taken a house in Eaton Square for a year, and are in residence after spending the autumn at Dunskey, their home on the Galloway Coast. Lady Augusta's younger son, Mr. David Orr-Ewing, at present holds the honourable position of chief cadet captain at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, among his companions being Prince Louis of Battenberg's younger son, Prince Louis Francis. A large contingent of the cadets are expecting to pass out and go to sea at Christmas.

"Shackleton, Shackleton! the name's familiar. By the way, what has happened to Sir Ernest Shackleton, whom one used to see so often here?" This was a remark made last week at a luncheon party in the Carlton Restaurant, crowded as usual. Thus quickly are public heroes forgotten in these times. And it is this very winter that Sir Ernest Shackleton hopes to accomplish his journey across the Antarctic continent. He must be even now beginning it. Good luck go with him.

Go to the Alpine Club's gallery in Mill Street, just by the passage leading into Savile Row, and raise thanks to heaven there lives at least one Englishman who is not afraid of colour. It was on a drear November afternoon, soaking wet outside, that I found myself at Mr. Roger Fry's exhibition. Being but a little child where art is concerned, I was at the first startled and a trifle repelled by his contempt for conventions, but presently I seemed to understand him, and there unconsciously grew within me the feeling that I was in the centre of a summer garden full of colour and warmth and life. I make no attempt to analyse the sensation. All I know is, that no picture exhibition has given me more unalloyed joy.

The methods now in force to induce men to enlist voluntarily remind one of the *bon mot* spoken of a well-known Society.

(Continued on page 31.)

The NEW "LINCOLN BENNETT" WATERPROOF TRENCH CAP



The L.B. Trench Cap of Special Waterproof Material, 18/6 net. Packing and Postage to the Front, 1/.

IS THE IDEAL CAP FOR WINTER WEAR AT THE FRONT. WARM AS WELL AS WATERPROOF, COMFORTABLE AND RETAINS ITS SHAPE.

The **only** Cap with a properly designed Back Curtain fitting tight into the back of the neck and close to the sides of the face.

Write for these Specialties to be sent to you on approval.

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ANOTHER SPECIAL CAP. REGULATION SHAPE with SOFT FLEXIBLE BAND

INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE REGULATION STIFF CAP BUT GIVING ALL THE COMFORT AND ADAPTABILITY OF FITTING OF A SOFT CAP. VERY LIGHT WEIGHT.



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Professor R. T. Hewlett, in an article dealing with the above subject in "Nature," says:—"Thin and soft oil-silk made into stockings should be worn over an inner woollen sock and should be protected by an outside sock. The boots must be very easy and nothing tight should be worn round the leg."

The A.H.G. Combination Cholera Belt and Vest woven in one garment.

Perfect protection against chills on the liver and kidneys.

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For the brave fellow who has gone out to fight for King and Country there must be a **SPECIAL** Gift. What shall it be? Has he a fountain pen? Is it a **reliable** pen? If not, send him a Waterman's Ideal—"SAFETY" type. Waterman's Ideal is ever ready to write. It is the world's best pen. Military and Naval men regard it as a most treasured possession, for it enables them to keep in constant touch with home.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

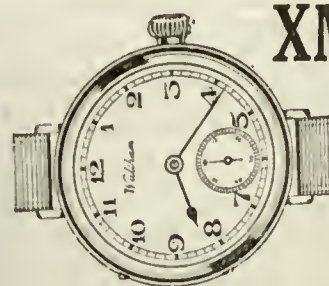
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Maximus	£11 15 6 No. 165	£4 16 8	Maximus	£11 11 3
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MOTOR TYRES



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These lozenges are quite different from the ordinary ant-acid preparations. They owe their value to an alkaline product which has remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night), and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments. They contain no bismuth.

A feature of the lozenges, which is attested by all who use them, is the *immediate* relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary meals can be taken without fear of indigestion.

Of all Chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning LAND AND WATER, to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES

SPECIAL

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Facing Matter, " "	£40
Special Positions " "	£50

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Two columns to the page. Size of column 12 x 3½. (Minimum space one inch) per inch	£1 15 0

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.,
Regent House, Kingsway, W.C.

(Continued from page 29.)

lady, whose impecuniosity was notorious. Said one of her dearest friends: "X. is entirely supported by involuntary contributions."

The late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, who has left a portrait of himself in khaki to the municipality of Cardiff, will thus go down to posterity in what was perhaps his most successful rôle—that of a soldier. His public school career—handicapped by his being a private pupil in a private house—was not noteworthy, nor were his Christ Church days an unqualified success. But he did very well as a subaltern in the Scots Guards, and better still when he buckled on his sword again at the outbreak of the present war. His leadership of a gallant Welsh regiment will be remembered with affectionate admiration when his short Parliamentary career is forgotten.

A Memorial Fund is being raised for Mrs. Percy Dearmer, whose death while nursing in Serbia has left many friends in mourning. It will probably take the form of a window in St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, her husband's church, or if enough money is raised something may be done in the way of a dispensary or hospital. Dr. Dearmer's wishes are being consulted.

The death has occurred in London of Miss Isabel Swinburne, the youngest and last survivor of the four sisters of the poet Algernon Charles Swinburne. None of them ever married; and Cardinal Newman's dictum that "the families of literary men have a tendency to die out," is illustrated by the fact that the poet was one of five children, none of whom left any issue. The Swinburnes are a Northumberland family of immense antiquity, their present head being Sir John Swinburne, seventh baronet of Capheaton.

British anglers whose enterprise has taken them beyond the salmon and trout streams of these islands to try their skill against the marine "big game" of the Pacific or the Gulf of Mexico, will be sorry to hear of the death of Dr. Charles Holder, President of the Tuna Club of California, the great authority on American sea-fish, and one of the pioneers of tarpon-angling. To kill a 150 lb. fish on a small rod and line little or no thicker than a salmon line—a powerful, tricky, agile creature, 6 ft. or so in length, that will fight for an hour or more, and perhaps leap clear over one's boat—is an enviable experience. It has lured sportsmen from all over the world. Lord Desborough and many other Englishmen have enjoyed this virile sport, and to Dr. Holder and his fascinating book *Big Game of the Sea* we have owed much for the opening up of this thrilling branch of sea-fishing.

Mr. H. C. B. Underdown, who is the Chairman and Managing Director of Commercial Cars Limited, has given his country house, Buckenham Hall, Norfolk, to the British Red Cross Society, for Hospital purposes.

Four members of the Artists' Rifles have held an exhibition at the Club, Loughton. Officially, they are Lance-Corporal E. Handley-Read, Private Gerald Ackerman, Private E. L. Pattison and Private J. Thorpe. Otherwise they are all well-known artists whose works have often been exhibited in the Royal Academy. Amongst much that attracted attention, perhaps the most noticeable, was Lance-Corporal Handley-Read's "Somewhere in France." It is a splendid study.

Had Mr. Willett of the Daylight Saving Bill lived but a little while longer, he would have seen his scheme almost come into being. The theatres are the first to lead the way. Miss Lena Ashwell is giving regular afternoon and only three evening performances, following Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie's example, and now we are promised pantomime at noon. How luncheon will be arranged it is difficult to say.

Members of the South Union Hunt have shown their appreciation of the sporting manner in which the wife of the Master, who is serving at the Front, has carried on the hunt in his absence, by presenting her with a miniature portrait of her husband painted on ivory and set in gold. Mrs. Burns-Lindow has determined to maintain the standard of sport in her part of Co. Cork, in spite of the difficult circumstances caused by the war. Major Burns-Lindow has now held the mastership of the South Union for six years, meeting with success equal to any of his predecessors in recent times. HERMES.

WHAT URIC ACID DOES FOR YOU.

SIGNS OF COMING GOUTINESS.

HAVE you ever paused to ask yourself if you are a gouty subject? Have you ever wondered if the fact that you seldom feel really well has anything to do with a gouty tendency? Have you ever realised how much a gouty ancestor may have influenced your health? Probably you have never given these questions a thought.

Nine out of ten gouty subjects are not aware of their constitutional weakness until their health has been seriously undermined by the impregnation of the system by uric acid.

There is no surer sign of the tendency to goutiness than sharp pains in various parts of the body.

It is a great mistake to imagine that because these pains do not last for very long they are not significant of any serious trouble to come; in fact, this mistake is responsible for quite 75 per cent. of the worst cases of gout, because if only the gouty tendency is checked during the early stages when it sets up these pains, it is quite impossible for any serious gouty malady to occur.

EARLY DANGER SIGNALS.

If you have these occasional pains—either sharp, stabbing pains or dull aches—your course must be to adopt a remedy which can free your system from the uric acid which causes them, and which is also responsible for the very many other everyday symptoms which are probably troubling you—such symptoms as acidity, heartburn, pain after meals, indigestion, flatulence or sluggish liver.

Also, if this uric acid has been in your system for some considerable time it may have caused the formation of small lumps under your skin in various places, notably on your finger joints, ankles, the outer rims of your ears and on your eyelids, while you also may experience irritation and burning of the skin with or without inflammation, especially between the fingers, in the palms or on the ankles.

The treatment of which you are in urgent need, if any of these signs are present, is Bishop's Varalettes, because this is the only remedy which can neutralise and eliminate from every part of your system the uric acid and its compounds which give rise to these troublesome symptoms.

Uric acid is a waste product constantly being made in every system subject to the gouty habit. The task of getting rid of uric acid devolves upon the kidneys and liver, and if they fail to eliminate it as fast as it forms the uric acid gets into the blood and is, therefore, carried to every part of the body—muscles, tissues, organs and joints all sharing the fate of uric acid impregnation.

COMMON GOUTY AILMENTS.

Without the correcting influence of Bishop's Varalettes the uric acid continues to gain a stronger hold upon the system, and finally results in an acute attack or the chronic form of some one or more of the numerous gouty disorders. What form of ailment this will be depends on where the uric acid happens to accumulate.

For instance, if it should be in a joint the result would be gout or rheumatic gout (rheumatoid arthritis), characterised by painful, inflamed and swollen joints. If in the muscles an attack of lumbago may occur in the lower back, or gouty rheumatism causing pain and stiffness in the limbs.

Two of the most distressing gouty ailments are caused by deposits of uric acid in the very sheaths of the nerves—i.e., sciatica and neuritis. In the former the deposits cause that burning, stabbing pain which reaches down the thigh to the knee and sometimes to the heel, and entails such acute suffering and lameness. Neuritis is a similar affection of the nerves of the arm. The gouty matter also penetrates to the skin, in which its presence causes the irritation and other unpleasant external features of gouty eczema. When the compounds accumulate in the kidneys and bladder, stone and gravel result and cause excruciating agony.

AN ANTI-GOUT DIETARY.

In a booklet compiled by the manufacturers of Bishop's Varalettes you will find the outstanding facts in regard to all gouty troubles, facts that are of most practical use to the sufferer and to those who are threatened with a gouty future. This booklet, moreover, explains how Bishop's Varalettes work—how they positively overcome the gouty habit and eliminate the root cause of all gouty suffering. An important feature in this booklet is an anti-gout dietary, which shows at a glance what the gouty subject may eat with safety and what are the foods and beverages to be avoided.

A copy of this little book will be forwarded you post free on application to Alfred Bishop (Ltd.), Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 48, Spelman Street, London, N.E. Please ask for Booklet N.

Bishop's Varalettes may be had of all chemists at 1s., 2s., and (the 25 days' treatment) 5s.; or direct from the makers, as above. Post Free for 1/3, 2/4, or 5/4.

“Operations in the Dardanelles.”

Mr. ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT

Will lecture again on “The Operations in the Dardanelles” at the

QUEEN'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.

Sole Lessees—CHAPPELL & CO.

On Wednesday, 24th November, at 3 p.m.

Sofa Stalls, 10/6, 7/6 and 5/-; Grand Circle, 10/6, 7/6 and 5/-; Balcony, 5/- and 2/6; Area, 2/6; Orchestra, 2/-. Doors open at 2.15 p.m. Seats may be booked at the Queen's Hall, usual agents, and at the offices of

“The Sunday Times,” Windsor House, Kingsway, W.C.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett will also lecture on the same subject in the following towns—

TOWN HALL, LEEDS	NOV. 22	ABERDEEN MUSIC HALL, ABERDEEN	NOV. 29
TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM	” 23	KINNAIRD HALL, DUNDEE	” 30
ALBERT HALL, NOTTINGHAM	” 25	ST. ANDREW'S HALL, GLASGOW	DEC. 1
FREE TRADE, HALL, MANCHESTER	” 26	USHER HALL, EDINBURGH	” 2
PHILHARMONIC HALL, LIVERPOOL (Aftern'n)	” 27	ASSEMBLY HALL, BELFAST	” 3
		DUBLIN	” 4

FOR PREVENTION OF GUN DEAFNESS.

THE MALLOCK-ARMSTRONG PATENT EAR-DEFENDER

Approved by and Supplied to the British Admiralty.
Used in All Branches of the Services and in Aircraft Factories.

EFFICIENCY
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PRICE
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TEMPORARY
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Loud sounds cannot reach the ear.

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Medium Sweet & Dry

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CHAMPAGNE

CIDER



Always welcome to those who know its deliciousness.
A pleasant surprise to those who taste it forthrightly.
WARDS OFF GOUT & RHEUMATISM.
Write for free Illustrated Booklet to the Manufacturers,
H. P. BULMER & CO., HEREFORD.

Wholesale London and Export
Agents:
Findlater, Mackie, Todd and Co.,
Ltd., London Bridge, S.E.



“Make the boy interested in Natural History if you can.”

—So wrote the late Capt. Scott in a letter from the Antarctic.

“WILD LIFE” is the most generally interesting nature magazine ever produced, and so is a gift worth giving to the rising generation.

A subscription of 30s. a year—or 2s. 6d. a month—will enable you to act on Capt. Scott's advice, and so benefit anyone you are particularly interested in.

Full particulars can be obtained from

THE WILD LIFE PUBLISHING Co.,
55 Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Christmas Shopping & Gift Section



The Christmas Post at the Front
"ANY FOR ME ?"

GIFTS FOR THE SERVICES.

HOW TO SEND THEM.

VARIOUS associations have been formed on the model of Queen Alexandra's Field Force Fund for sending out gifts to units on service, and to numbers of men serving in one unit, but the average giver finds that the business of sending out a present to an individual soldier or sailor involves more care and trouble than the selection and procuring of the gift. The majority of the large stores and trading concerns, however, relieve purchasers of all trouble on this account, as, if the full address of the man for whom the gift is intended is handed to them, they will undertake all the business of packing and forwarding.

Many occasions arise, however, where this is not possible. For the benefit of those who desire or are compelled to pack and despatch their own gifts, it may be well to mention that there is no fear of such delay and confusion as arose at the beginning of the war, for the postal service is now admirably organised and equal to all emergencies. The following excerpts from regulations governing the correspondence of and parcels for men abroad will be useful. Three distinct fields of work have to be considered; there are the men of the British and Indian Expeditionary Forces in Flanders, the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, and the prisoners of war interned abroad. Each of these must be considered separately.

British Expeditionary Force.

The rates of postage for the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders, and for the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, are identical. For letters, the rate is a penny for every ounce or part of an ounce; for books or newspapers the rate is a half-penny for every two ounces or part of two ounces; for parcels up to three pounds in weight the rate is one shilling per parcel; over three, and not more than seven pounds in weight, is. 4d. per parcel; over seven pounds and not over eleven pounds, is. 7d. per parcel. All parcels over eleven pounds in weight, destined for any of the troops abroad, must be sent to the Military Forwarding Officer, Devonport, carriage paid to Devonport, and the carriage for the remainder of the journey must be defrayed by the addressee if necessary.

The addresses of all letters and other postal packets intended for members of the Expeditionary Force should include the regimental number (if known), the rank, full name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment or other unit to which the intended recipient belongs, and the words "British Expeditionary Force." Special care should be taken in addressing correspondence or parcels for officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who may be detached from their units and employed on other service.

The rate of postage and other arrangements for the Indian Expeditionary Force are the same as for the British Expeditionary Force, except that:—No precise information can be given as to the distribution of units of the Indian Force and parcel packets for members of the I.E.F. should be addressed to the care of the India Office and marked—"Indian Expeditionary Force." In other respects, packets should be addressed as required in the case of the B.E.F.

Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

In view of exceptional conditions of transit, involving several transshipments and exposure to weather, it is necessary that parcels for the M.E.F. should be very carefully packed. It is recommended that they should be as nearly round as possible and well padded with shavings, crumpled paper, or similar protective matter, and wrapped in waterproof paper.

In the case of all men serving abroad, no parcels under eleven pounds in weight will be accepted by the Military Forwarding Officer at Devonport, and no parcels over eleven pounds in weight will be accepted by the post office authorities.

Prisoners of War.

Letters, post cards, parcels, and money orders may be sent free of all postal charges to prisoners of war (of whatever nationality) interned abroad and to British civilians interned in Austria-Hungary and Germany. The address must be written very distinctly in ink, and in the following form:—

Rank, initials, and name of the addressee.

Regiment, or other unit.

British (or French, etc.) prisoner of war.

Place of internment.

Country in which interned. (Germany, Austria-Hungary, Holland, etc.), c/o General Post Office, Mount Pleasant, London, E.C.

The rank, of course, is to be given in the case of military persons only, and the name of the place of internment, if known, should always be stated. Parcels not bearing this particular are refused, but letters, post cards, and money orders which do not include the name of the place of internment are accepted at sender's risk of delay and non-delivery.



What of the Xmas Gifts for your gallant fighting friends?

THEY should be PRACTICAL presents, of course, and if you are undecided as to just what to give glance through the following suggested items—we have it from an authoritative source that these are the very articles our soldiers and sailors need most. A detailed list of Service Goods suitable for Xmas Presents will be forwarded post free on application to anyone who mentions "Land & Water."

CHAMOIS LEATHER VESTS. sleeveless. Each 17/6

CHAMOIS LEATHER VESTS, with sleeves. Each 35/-

CHAMOIS CARDIGANS, with sleeves. Each 42/-

TAN LEATHER VESTS, with sleeves, lined wool. Each 45/-

TAN LEATHER UNDERCOATS, half length. Each 45/-

TAN LEATHER JERKINS. Each 21/-

HEAVY CHAMOIS CARDIGANS. Each 45/-

TRENCH COATS, interlined with Oil Silk; also with detachable Fleece lining. Each 25 10 0

"MIRANDA" LIFE-SAVING WAISTCOATS (as supplied to the Admiralty) in Navy Dungaree. Each 15/6

Also in Navy Robicord. Each 21/-

KIT BAGS. Tan Waterproof Service Kit Bags—with best hand-sewn strapings. Each 63/-

SAFETY RAZORS:— "Gillette" Sets, with spare blades. Each 21/-

"Auto Strop" Sets, with spare blades. Each 21/-

"7 o'clock" Sets, with spare blades. Each 10/6

"Clemak" Sets, with spare blades. Each 5/-

Ditto, with stropping machine, etc. Each 10/6

TORCHES. Electrical Torches. Each 5/-, 6/6, 12/6, 14/6 & 18/6

SERVICE LAMPS. Officers' Electrical Service Lamps. Each 21/- & 27/6

WRIST WATCHES. Silver Lever Service Wrist Watches. Each 25/6, 27/6, 30/-, 32/6, 35/-, 47/6 & 50/-

WRIST WATCHES. 9 ct. Gold Service Wrist Watches. Each 60/- & 70/-

TINDER LIGHTERS. Tinder Lighters for the trenches. Each 1/6, 2/6, 3/6 & 5/6

SHAVING MIRRORS. Unbreakable Metal Shaving Mirrors. Each 10jd., 1/6, 3/6 & 3/11

FLASKS. Metal Flasks. Each 2/9, 3/11, 5/11, 6/11, 12/11 to 25/-

CIGARETTE CASES. Velvet Case Leather Cigarette Cases. Each 2/11

CIGARETTE CASES. Solid Silver Cigarette Cases. Each 11/6, 15/6, 18/6, 21/- to 63/-

KIT WALLETS. Kit Wallets—containing stationery. In waterproof khaki cloth. Each 1/11

In real Pigskin. Each 5/6

GLOVES. Waterproof Leather Gloves with strap wrists—for Motor Transport wear or for the trenches. A pair 3/11

GLOVES. Asbestos Gloves. A pair 8/11

Gauntlet ditto. A pair 11/3

STOCKING PUTTEES. Khaki Stocking Puttees. A pair 5/6 and 6/11

SCARVES. Khaki or Navy Woollen Scarves. Each 2/6, 2/11, 3/11 and 4/6

HANDKERCHIEFS. Khaki Hemstitched Handkerchiefs. Per doz. 3/-

CAP COMFORTERS. Khaki Cap Comforters. Each 1/6 & 3/6

SWEATERS. Knitted Wool Sweaters. Each 5/11, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6 & 14/6

JACKETS. Knitted Wool Jackets. Each 5/11, 10/6, 12/6 & 16/6

TOILET CASES. Roll-up Khaki Waterproof Service Toilet Cases—with all necessary fittings and hussif. Each 10/6

PURSES. Solid Pigskin Portsea Purses—best make. Each 2/11

PIPES. Excellent Briar Pipes. Each 1/-, 1/6 & 2/6

AIR CUSHIONS. Khaki Waterproof Air Cushions—shaped specially for use as head pillow. Each 4/6

DRINKING CUPS. Service Collapsible Drinking Cups. Each 1/3, 1/9, 4/6 & 7/6

SERVICE KNIVES. Service Knives—containing Tin Opener. Each 3/6

Peter Robinson's
OXFORD STREET

LONDON W

Peter Robinson, Ltd.



THE WEST END

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

ONCE more we are facing a Christmas under war time conditions; once more all the questions relating to it are here to be answered. What shall we do, what shall we buy, how shall we regard it? With but a few exceptions, it is probable that most of us are arriving at a unanimous opinion, and as the days go on even those few will more than likely modify their views. Granting that some reasonable concessions are made to the circumstances by which we are all gripped, Christmas is as important as ever it was. It is in war time, in particular, that none of us can afford to neglect the Yuletide token. For a little while then at least we can turn our thoughts restfully to the season of Peace and Goodwill, and be infinitely better for it. The smallest gift convinces our friends and relations that in a time of untoward hardness somebody thinks kindly of them, the briefest exchange of Christmas Greetings heartens every man Jack of us for days to come.

Apart from this, however, there are two classes of equally important people who must not for a single instant be overlooked this Christmas. In the first are our soldiers and sailors, in the second the children. The great London shops have been quick to see this and are well supplied—in spite of many trade difficulties—with just the presents both will like. And as a parting word it may be noted that in spite of a general rising of prices in every direction Christmas presents as a whole remain obligingly low in their price. Full heed is paid to the war purse and its spending capacity, and utility is the watchword of the successful Christmas Catalogue.

For Treasury Notes.



It is not always easy to meet with the right thing at the right time, but with Christmas in the near future some silver cases for Treasury Notes are bound to appeal. These cases are in plain silver, so that there is ample scope for monograms, initials or date to be engraved upon them should this meet the buyer's fancy.

Inside these cases are moiré lined, and through the cleverest contrivance, in which crossed elastic bands play a prominent part, the notes are held securely in place. The ingenious manner in which this comes about can better be seen than described. Suffice it to say that all that is necessary is to place the notes inside the case without fastening them in any way. Close the case, turn it over, open it, and *hey presto!* there are the notes fixed beyond fear of loss behind elastic bands.

These cases are well made and light and can slip equally well into a man's coat pocket, or into a lady's handbag. Treasury Notes are so easily mislaid or lost that a case in which to keep them is a positive necessity. The ones in question are above all things practical, but they please the eye into the bargain.

The Winter Campaign.

Warm fur gloves, suitable for all men, but specially so to the soldier, are worth a moment's attention just at present. They may be found in many kinds and guises, but some which appeal particularly are of khaki brown ponyskin, this by its nature being more impervious to rain than many fur gloves are.

Every detail of these gloves is excellent. They are long gauntlet gloves coming well up the arm, so that they are both protective and warm. Nearly all the glove is ponyskin, but the palm and thumb is of well-tried leather. Still further enhancing their comfort is a cosy sheepskin lining and the glove slips on and takes off very quickly and easily.

The firm responsible have gloves at all prices, ranging from 13s. 6d. They are lined with wool, sheepskin, or fur,

and are strapped across the wrist or held taut by strong elastic, so that no chilly blast can enter.

Shetland Wool Cardigans.



Handweaving and handknitting are amongst the many recommendations of some Shetland Wool Cardigan jackets designed to keep a man warm through the coldest of weather. These Cardigans, though lengthy and containing a quantity of wool, are yet surprisingly light, and when in use a man could not tell he was wearing one were it not for the great comfort it gives.

They are made by a firm who are renowned both sides of the Tweed, and in many other places as well, for the excellence of their goods. It is perhaps inevitable that on first seeing them thought of the men now facing winter in Flanders and Serbia should spring to mind. They seem specially designed to suit their purpose. For one thing they are of very neutral colouring, for another they are of undyed wool, and thus follow stringent medical requirements. It is perhaps almost needless to say that garments of undyed wool are of inestimable advantage to a wounded man, for there is then no fear of blood poisoning through their medium. These Cardigans are kept in natural shades of grey, brown and light mole.

They fit easily beneath a service jacket, taking up practically no space at all. And last but by no means least is their reasonable price of 11s. 6d.

Floating Flower Bowls.

The idea of stalking flowers and letting them float prettily in a rather shallow bowl of water is still new to many people. With each day that passes, however, it is more widely spread abroad, for it has special claims upon the economical as well as the artistic mind. For one thing, a few flowers used in this way go a great deal farther than double their quantity previously did. Charming results at very little cost can be gained from adroitly arranged floating flowers, and it will be found that being surrounded by water in this thorough manner they last three times as long as they would if arranged in the ordinary way.

With an eye to the advent of Christmas a firm who have for some time made a speciality of these floating flower bowls are ready with them in many different types and sizes. There are various kinds of bowls in plain white glass, these being crystal clear and most attractive. Sizes in this particular kind range from quite a small bowl to one of considerable size. Originality is the keynote of some floating flower bowls in black Wedgwood china, this lending itself specially well to the purpose, and showing up the colours of the floating flowers to strong advantage. To still further enhance their charms special stands on which the bowls can be placed are sold.

Nor must mention be missed of yet another kind of bowl. These are made in puce-coloured glass, and strike an old-world note. Further particulars and prices of this welcome type of bowl will be supplied on request.

Concerning Chocolates.

The economical trend of the times is being triumphantly tested by some delicious chocolates now being put up in full weight quantities in pretty ribbon-bound boxes, these being given free. In the ordinary way, buying chocolates by the pound does not mean the inclusion of a box to hold them. In the ordinary way, also, buying a box of chocolates means that something is paid for the covering as well as the contents.

(Continued on page 559.)

Remember there are no Chemists' Shops in the Trenches,

Consequently, the sort of time the men have there depends pretty largely upon the sort of friends they have at home, and upon the supplies they send them.

Boots **The Chemists'** specialities for campaigners ensure for them more comfort, more convenience, less suffering and less danger than would be their lot were they neglected.

Boots **The Chemists'**

WATER STERILIZERS

Service as rendered by Boots Water Sterilizers is Life Saving Service, because they completely destroy all Typhoid, Cholera, and allied organisms, possibly present in contaminated water.

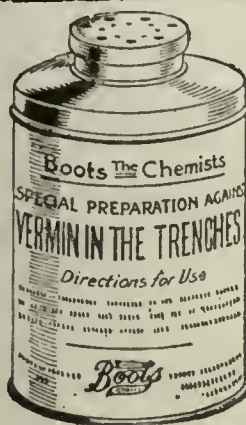
Far more valuable than anything else to the campaigner is good health.

Impure water is probably one of the most insidious enemies our men confront.

If two of Boots Water Sterilizers are dropped into the service bottle of drinking water, and allowed to stand for half-an-hour, the result is a pleasant-tasting, thirst-quenching drink that is **SAFE**.

Boots Sterilizers are approved by the War Office, and millions of them have been sent to the British Troops.

Price **1/-** per bottle of 50 Tablets
By Post **3d.** extra.



Boots **The Chemists'**

VERMIN POWDER

FOR THE PEST OF
THE TRENCHES.

Men who at home are used to immaculate cleanliness, and to whom the thought of a single one of these pests on their bodies would, ordinarily, be revolting, cannot get away from the attentions of body parasites while serving with the colours in France and Belgium. Officers and men alike are troubled with these disgusting vermin, unless an application be used to destroy and prevent their existence on the clothing or person.

Boots Vermin Powder is the Preparation that does that and **THOROUGHLY TOO**. In spite of imitations galore, it is still the best. It is like Toilet Powder to look at and to use. It is cleanly, efficient, and is supplied in a sprinkler tin for convenient and economic use.

Price **9d.** per tin.
By Post **3d.** extra.

Boots **The Chemists'** POCKET CASE OF COMPRESSED MEDICINES



This tin pocket case is compact, measuring $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and half-an-inch deep. It is easily carried about. It contains five well-known simple medicines in tablet form. They are **REGEPIRYN (ASPIRIN) TABLETS**, for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, MELOIDS, for the Throat. **QUININE AND PHOSPHORUS TABLETS**, for Nerve Strengthening, and giving Tone to the System. **RAPID COLD CURE TABLETS**, for the speedy cure of influenza and Colds. **CASCARA TABLETS**, the gentle laxative.

PRICE **2/9** PER CASE.

Boots **The Chemists'**

AROMATIC TUBES



Price **9d.** per box
of 12 tubes
Postage **1d.** extra.

Convenient little sealed tubes filled with liquid smelling salts. They counteract fatigue and faintness experienced during hot weather.

Useful to ambulance sections, nurses, and physicians. Can be carried when the ordinary smelling bottle would be far too cumbersome.

Boots **The Chemists'**

ICYCLONE



Price **1/3**

In Campaigner's Metal Tube.
Postage **3d.** extra.

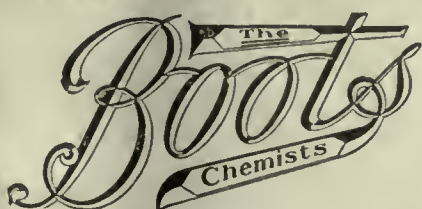
Is just solidified Eau de Cologne, and the best—Boots White Heather Brand.

It fills a long felt want as a Campaigner's Comfort.

The soldier equipped with a stick of Icyclone can overcome the difficulty of washing by simply rubbing his face with Icyclone and wiping with a cloth. A clean fresh feeling is the result.

Objectionable odours are naturally prevalent at the front; the metal tube containing Icyclone can be used as a smelling bottle.

After shaving, Icyclone is splendid.



Principal London Branch
182 REGENT STREET, W.
Also at **15, NEW BOND STREET, W.**
OVER 100 BRANCHES IN AND AROUND LONDON.
555 Branches in Town and Country.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

The County Gentleman
AND
LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVI No. 2794

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1915.

[PUBLISHED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PRICE SIXPENCE
PUBLISHED WEEKLY



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[By Joseph Simpson, R.B.A

LORD KITCHENER

On Public Duty in the Balkans.



New BARKER STORE

"The finest household store in London."

LADIES BUYING warm comforts to send to their friends at the Front or in Camp find the MAN'S SHOP at BARKERS luxuriously appointed, with every facility for pleasant shopping; where every and any article a man wears or uses can be purchased in the one shop at the one visit. Men on active service appreciate to the full the requisites sent them from Barkers because they answer the requirements of the moment and in themselves are sensibly devised and are serviceable, being well-made of the finest materials.

Delightful Xmas shopping luncheons in the magnificent Restaurant
The popular rendezvous for Afternoon Tea
Music 3 to 6

XMAS HAMPERS FOR MEN AT THE FRONT

Barkers have been sending out huge numbers daily of hampers specially made up to provide a variety of acceptable delicacies. Orders for Xmas parcels should be given at once

BARKERS SEVEN AND SIXPENNY BOX

CONTAINING:
1 tin Roast Turkey
1 Pudding
1 pkt. ... Muscatels & Almonds
1 lb. Figs
1 tin Best Shortbread
1 lb. Mixed Biscuits

Per 7/6 Box.

Including packing and postage to France; 1/- extra to the Mediterranean. If sent to Prisoners of War in Germany the price is 6/- per box.

A Postcard, with sender's name and address, is enclosed in each box for acknowledgment.

BARKERS HALF-GUINEA BOX

CONTAINING:
1 tin Roast Turkey
1 Pudding
1 pkt. ... Muscatels & Almonds
1 lb. Figs
1 box Dates
1 pkt. ... Mixed Nuts (Shelled)
1 tin ... Best Scotch Shortbread
1 packet Mixed Biscuits
1 tin Café au Lait

Per 10/6 Box.

Including packing and postage to France; 1/- extra to the Mediterranean. If sent to Prisoners of War in Germany the price is 9s. per box, postage free.

A Postcard, with sender's name and address, is enclosed in each box for acknowledgment.

BARKERS ONE-GUINEA BOX

CONTAINING:
1 tin Roast Fowl; 1 Jalantine Turkey and Tongue; 1 tin Finnon Haddock; 1 tin Herrings in Tomato Sauce; 1 tin Sausages; 1 tin Sardines; 6 Foster Clarke's Soup Squares; 1 tin Café au Lait; 1 tin Nestles Milk; 1 tin Bivouac Cocoa; 1 tin Bovril Tablets; 1 tin Marmalade; 1 tin Strawberry Jam; 1 Fruit Pudding; 1 pkt. Loose Muscatels and Almonds; 1 tin Oxo Cubes; 2 tins Potted Meats; 1 lb. Plums; 1 tin Ealing biscuits; 1 tablet Antiseptic Soap; 1 tin Matches; 1 pkt. Trench Candies. Carriage paid to destination in France.

Per 21/- Box.

BARKERS TWO-GUINEA BOX

CONTAINING:
1 tin Whole Roast Fowl; 1 tin Tongue; 3 tins Turkey and Sausage; 2 tins Steak and Kidney Puddings; 2 tins Sausages; 1 tin Fruit Pudding; 1 Golden Pudding; 2 tins Sardines; 2 tins Herrings in Tomato Sauce; 1 tin Ealing Biscuits; 2 tins Milk; 1 tin Café au Lait; 1 tin Bovril Tablets; 1 tin Oxo Cubes; 1 tin Honey; 3 tins Jam; 2 tins Marmalade; 1 tin Peaches; 1 tin Pears; 2 lb. tins French Plums; 1 pkt. Trench Candies; 1 tin Matches; 1 bar Carbolic Soap; 1 Swab; 1 Tin Opener. Carriage paid to destination in France.

Per £2 2s Case

BARKERS THREE-GUINEA BOX

CONTAINING:
1 tin Whole Roast Fowl; 1 tin Tongue; 3 tins Turkey and Sausage; 3 tins Sausages; 4 tins Potted Meat; 3 tins Herrings in Tomato; 3 tins Finnon Haddock; 2 tins Camp Pie; 2 tins Fruit Puddings; 2 tins Sardines; 12 Assorted Soup Squares; 1 tin Oxo Cubes; 1 tin Plain Assorted Biscuits; 1 tin Digestive Biscuits; 3 tins Condensed Milk; 2 tins Cocoa and Milk; 2 tins Coffee and Milk; 2 tins Jams; 2 tins Marmalade; 1 tin Apricots; 1 tin Peaches; 1 tin Pears; 1 tin Pineapple; 1 bottle Worcester Sauce; 1 bottle Chutney; 2 1-lb. tins French Plums; 2 pkts. Cluster Muscatels and Almonds (best); 3 tablets Antiseptic Soap; 1 tin Matches; 1 Swab; 1 Tin Opener. Carr. pd.

Per £3 3s. Case.

A full list of commodities, suitable to send Post Free.

John Barker and Company Ltd.
Kensington High Street

Telephone: 3520 Kensington.

W.

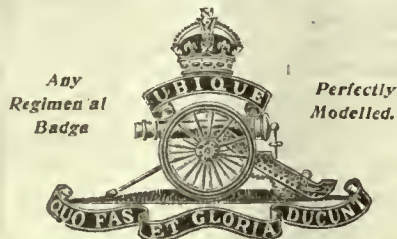
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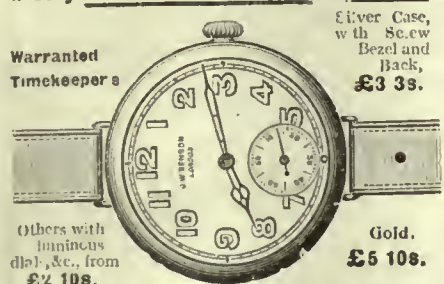
Military Badge Brooches



Any Regimental Badge Perfectly Modelled.
15 ct. Gold and Enamel, £4 10 0
Others in stock from £3.

Large Selection in Diamonds, or Gold and Enamel. Sketches sent for approval.

"Active Service" WRISTLET WATCH
Fully Luminous Figures & Hands



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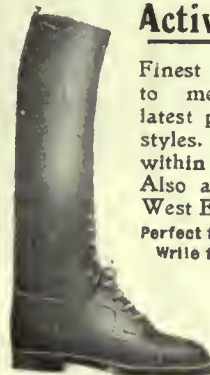
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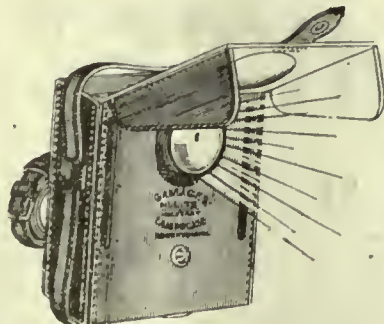
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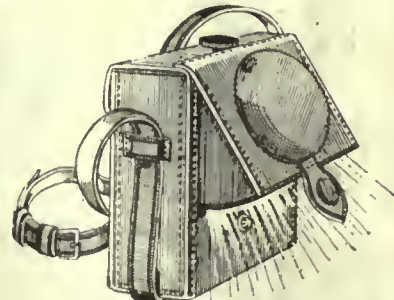
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THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

TO learn to think of Imperialism in terms of responsibility rather than of power and dominion, that is the task of the coming days. And it is possible and necessary for us to give yet fuller meaning to this great ideal in terms of fellowship. A wider and truer patriotic ardour can attach itself to the conception of the British Commonwealth than to that of the British Empire, provided we avoid the danger of understanding it in terms of cash benefits. A great Fellowship, whose object is the common well-being of all its members—that is the fair democratic interpretation of empire. It is the truest and highest interpretation and contains the best hope for the healing of the wounds and bitterness of our times and the times to come. To what dark places the contrary conception of aggressive dominion can lead, we have seen in the example of an enemy nation. We can only build out of fellowship, not out of hectoring dominion, a general loyalty sufficient to face the heavy sacrifices which will be necessary if we are to hold together, not so much what we have won, but what we have grown to be—a distinction by no means without a difference.

If we analyse this concept of fellowship, we shall find that it is easy for us to accept it in its more general and obvious sense; the difficulties and the greater advantages begin with its more intimate implications. There is, for instance, a very general conviction, testified to in our accustomed phraseology, of our sense of fellowship with the men of our blood overseas. Most of our Canadian, Australasian and South African brothers, who have rallied to the defence of the Empire, have done so with no such long-headed sense of the gravity of the future international situation as necessarily affects the responsible statesmen of their respective lands; but, with a more instinctive, natural loyalty to the old Flag and the old Country. This sentiment of the blood tie is a generous and a noble feeling, nor will any amount of rationalising by superior pseudo-intellectuals persuade the man of normal instincts to the contrary. It is a spiritual feeling, which setting a great idea before personal considerations, lifts men clear of the material trammels that always tend to choke their lives. It is a fellowship realised in action, which yet remains in the region of the national and general, and does not reach down into the personal and particular.

This sense of fellowship and joint membership of the British Commonwealth should be carried here in the Mother Country down into the sphere first of the class, then of the person. We fight not as servants led by masters, but as brothers-in-arms. With us, as with our allies, the relation between officer and man is more comradely than in the armies of our chief enemies. It is the best hope of our future.

For, most surely, this is the fullness of meaning of this fellowship, that we are not only brothers, but our brothers' keepers, not in war merely, or chiefly, but in peace; not at the gates of death

alone, but in the common way of life. "It has never been an easy thesis to grasp. But there is no escape from the remorseless logic of it. You cannot summon simple men in the name of freedom to a common danger of death and mutilation, and send their broken remnants back to disabilities that by no too great exaggeration may in many instances, be called slavery. You cannot rally them as brothers in the day of danger, and turn from them or against them as strangers when the danger is passed. If these words have any significance it is because they are not hastily adopted from the picturesque vocabulary of the impatient agitator. Our conviction is that the way to social justice is a long and difficult and by no means a clear way; that a civilisation which has taken many centuries to shape by gradual and laborious processes of trial and error, cannot be shattered at a stroke, and at a stroke refashioned nearer to the heart's desire; that there are no ready-made or permanent solutions as our glib extremists aver; that it is change of heart and head in the many rather than change of plan by the few that is wanted; that at the worst surgery, not dynamite, is the proper cure for the sick body—and the state is surely a sick body rather than a dilapidated or unsanitary house. But in the proportion that we deprecate dynamite should we be eager to welcome the acceptable and necessary surgery. If we feel the danger of sudden transformations, it is incumbent upon us to set going, not to block, the processes of wholesome change. Those of us who clamour against the tyranny of fussy and short-sighted legislation would do well to emulate the devoted activities of those extreme progressives, who, whatever the defects and dangers of their method, at least put the labour of thought and driving energy of work into their task. If we believe that democracy not less than autocracy needs discipline, a discipline self-imposed, freely accepted, and then obediently submitted to, we must not retain the bad habit of believing that discipline means the regimenting and management of only the less wealthy and less vocal classes.

It is, of course, by no means necessary to assume that the faults are all on one side of that vague line (hard to determine, but recognised none the less as a reality) between the well-off with their parasites and the poor. So far as labour and socialist agitation is the mere envy of the possessions of others; so far as it misrepresents the motives or underestimates the sincerity of the conservers, and it does this often quite consciously as a matter of fighting tactics; so far as it plays (as in some quarters in the present crisis) the desperate and—because it is gambling on tremendous and incalculable issues—the desperately wicked game, of using the country's difficulty to compass its own sectional ends, we can indignantly repudiate it and thwart it. It is, however, by no means easy to disentangle perverse and unscrupulous from fanatically conscientious motives in this old quarrel. There are deep wrongs that

(Continued on page 5.)

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(Continued from page 3.)

need righting and there are honest advocates who even now cannot alter their perspective sufficiently to see that this is not the time for righting them; and that a crop of bitterness and misunderstanding may come up as the result of this unhappy policy. It is not frankly possible to see how anyone can honestly put forward the thesis that the present war is the device of capital and privilege to forge yet stronger fetters for labour and the dispossessed. But there is a very real danger that circumstance may forge such fetters. It is even possible, and this is to grant the most that can be granted to the extremist, that men who never were wicked enough to devise such a monstrous and incidentally suicidal project, may be astute enough to use it, only half consciously, to such an undesirable end. Labour has kept green a memory of what tragic evils resulted from that development of industry which followed the freedom of Europe from the Napoleonic threat. Is it entirely unnatural that it should fear some faintly analogous development of industrial re-organisation in the lean days of the new freedom of the future, in which a century's privileges may be swept away? We shall not understand our labouring folk if we do not realise that much of the trouble we have had to deplore is the result of this real fear which is in their blood. It is no small part of our crime that so many of us are completely out of touch with all this feeling and the reason for it, as to be incapable of putting any other interpretation upon labour unrest than that of disloyalty, greed or cowardice. There is in truth here a loyalty to an ideal and to class, conflicting with the loyalty due to the State; mischievous therefore and dangerous beyond the knowledge of those who foster it on the one hand and ignore it on the other.

And here, if we are convinced and honest democrats (and not convicted hypocrites) we must needs pass our thoughts in review. Loyalty like love is a sentiment that cannot be exacted or commanded. It can only be won. If, as is the fact, Labour questions the good faith of the managing and possessing classes, is this suspicion entirely unreasonable? Is it not broadly true that we reap what we have sown; spontaneous loyalty and affection where we have acted with liberality and justice according to our lights, as in the case of the over-sea Britons and our native subjects; distrust and suspicion where there has been and still is cause for such distrust?

Have we contrived to make the England that is so dear and lovable a land to us, a thing good to die for, to be maimed for? Have we made it so good and dear a thing for these others? We float in dangerous realms of sentiment if we envisage a time close at hand when everyone shall be equally or approximately industrious, capable and prosperous, selfless or devoid of unregenerate ambition. But it is in our power to refuse to play the game of life with loaded dice.

It might be illuminating, for instance, to examine how the retention of the system of filling the coffers of the two historic parties by the sale of honours must appear, say, to a member of the Labour Party. It is a particularly significant example because here is a thing which cannot be defended by any single argument in right reason, or on any principle of ethics; and as any but fanatics know, it is not easy to find an abuse of which the evil is so clear or the remedy so essenti-

ally simple. Here is the degradation of that fine word and thing, honour; a most despicable and shameless simony. If, as some wag suggested, frank subscriptions for party purpose gave the right to set in place of honorific letters, a certain number of noughts before or after the subscriber's name, there could be no possible objection; but to degrade by such adulterations the honours fairly won in worthy fields can serve no purpose of the State. It is no defence that there never has been an untainted fount of honour, for at least this particular taint can be removed, leaving the system purged if still imperfect; and what is democracy for if not to point a more excellent way? It is less than no defence, it is an indictment, to plead that parties must be formed and money found to finance them. Such naked cynicism would corrupt any system and to our observer from the ranks of Labour, the whole apparatus can only appear as a deliberate loading of the political dice against him and his class. One need not accept the fantastic thesis that politics is only a put up job between the "ins" and the "outs," a contest of wits between two groups ranged in merely nominal opposite camps, less divided in their opinions than united in their desire for "boodle," to be convinced that the continuance of the present patronage system is intolerable; and that there can be no possibility of the good faith of the conservers being accepted by the wreckers till it is modified out of existence.

There are indeed more pressing abuses than this, but there is perhaps none so clearly indefensible, so readily remediable. These comments are less concerned with the direct advocacy of policies than with the thoughts that go to mould and modify policies. This acceptance of our Empire as an actual and glorious fellowship ranges us as brothers in a common cause of justice and mutual charity in peace as in war. Such a fellowship would cut right athwart the miserable strata of our class quarrels. If it demands that sectional loyalties such as Labour rightly fosters should be subordinated to the general purpose, it just as surely demands the surrender of privileges and handicaps, which, retained, make the suggestion of fellowship a rather poor joke. It is a long way to this high and splendid land but it is a clearer way than many of us have thought. These are dark days and in the darkness we may fitly dream. It is the kindness and justice in our common blood not the power and energy that we have most to hope from. We, who have suffered together in war shall be called to suffer together in peace; who have fought for justice sake, to labour for justice sake. Else all this sound and fury and blood signify less than nothing—than which could be no more dreadful tragedy. We can fashion out of the agony of our trial a glorious hope, not of the remedy of all human ills—life flies not on such swift wings—but of a new day which will tolerate no remediable wrong and shrink from no class or personal sacrifice, because we shall have learnt the inner meaning of the supremest sacrifice

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FOREIGN OPINION.

The German Mind.

M. Maurice Barrès, the famous writer, gives expression to this view in the *Echo de Paris* of November 15th :

There is something unutterably ponderous about the workings of the German mind. Pedantry is the rule. Even the leading lights in the land liked to marshal their facts dogmatically, explaining the obvious every inch of the way. One remembers the unnecessary insistence of the great people like Goethe, Wagner and Bismarck. And the nation is exactly like its famous men. It explains itself before everybody, careless as to who may hear. It is so certain of its superiority that there is no tone of apology about it.

In the *Zukunft* two articles by Maximilian Harden, of the Bismarck school, will explain my meaning. After having enumerated all the blunders committed by the Entente, he suddenly breaks off to demand peace, "peace with Serbia, from whom we shall take Macedonia, giving her Albania and some ports on the Adriatic; peace with Italy, whom it is not part of our programme, nor that of Austria to ruin for ever; a definite understanding over Belgium, and we shall have unravelled the Gordian knot. The advantage is all on our side; this, the psychological moment may never occur again."

This is what Harden wrote on October 16th :—November 6th finds him still harping on the same note. "Bismarck was great," he says, "because he had the courage of his convictions. He knew when to go to war, and when to make peace. It was his duty to foresee the course which a war would take, and to stop it, at the risk of his life his honour and his glory, if he felt that it would drag on unhappily. There are limits beyond which war is not profitable to anybody."

This is said by a German who speaks with authority, who, to carry conviction, invokes the patron saint of the country. Germany must make peace while she still holds securities. To delay, is to risk losing everything.

What are these securities? Belgium, part of our country and of Russia, Poland and Serbia, in all probability. Germany's plan is to dominate and to intimidate the world. But what if the world should refuse to be intimidated? Even if we were to lose the Balkan campaign we have at our disposal more men and more material than the Central Powers, and these must tell in the end. Maximilian Harden knows it.

German Victories.

The *Journal des Debats* on the same date discusses the various victories which Germany claims :

We know, thanks to information received from neutral countries, that the Central Powers have a way of their own of interpreting events. They point to the map of Europe, insisting on victories in Russia, victories in France, in Belgium and in Serbia, and, from a merely geographical point of view, the sight is impressive enough, especially as the Continent of Europe alone is insisted upon. The Colonies are not even mentioned, still less the sea, where the Allies in spite of the murder of a few civilians, still have, and always have had, absolute mastery.

According to all the rules of the game, peace should now be concluded, a peace with honour which William II., well known for his pacific intentions, would be delighted to sign for the sake of his own country and the salvation of the world in general. Unfortunately, his excellent intentions are frustrated by the stupid villainy of France, by inexcusable malice in Italy, by culpable British perfidy and unthinkable Russian brutality. And everybody in Germany knows that Serbia had the audacity to present Austria with an impossible ultimatum, that Belgium violated German neutrality, etc.

Hindenburg in London.

This from *Le Temps*, deals with a new German publication which should be of interest in England :

Critics of contemporary manners complain that the true significance of the war has somehow escaped the literary genius of Germany. At present, German poets go on writing their sentimental sonnets, as if nothing at all had happened, and famous novelists merely add a warlike touch or two to the local colour of their tales. "Where is the genius," Germany asks, "who, catching the true meaning of this colossal struggle, shall immortalise it for all time"? It is unthinkable that the Kaiser should have gone to war without duly appointing some gifted personage to chronicle his diplomatic triumphs, and the heroism of his soldiers.

We hasten to add that Germany's organisation is not at fault this time. The great work on the war has actually been

written and its first edition will run to 50,000 copies. The subject "Hindenburg in London" is, to say the least of it, surprising. We have seen details of illuminating chapters such as, for instance: "With the army at Calais," "The crossing of the Channel," "Fighting in the South of England," "Aeroplanes over the Thames," "The last battle of the Century," "Before London," "In London," etc., etc.

One may object that Hindenburg has not reached Calais, has never crossed the Channel, nor entered London in state. But are we sure of it? Germany may, for aught we know to the contrary, be better informed than we are. The House of Lords the other day said some hard things about the labours of the Censor. He may have chosen to suppress the news of the taking of Calais, the crossing of the Channel, and the rest of that enticing programme. Besides, even supposing all this not to have happened yet, nothing can prevent it from coming off in the near future. The author has merely reckoned on a certainty. Whatever may, or may not happen, the good people who will have paid their two Marks for this splendid piece of work will remain firmly convinced that the Kaiser's army really did cross the Channel and that Hindenburg, on horseback, processed impressively through the City of London.

The appearance of "Hindenburg in London" is a little previous—to express it charitably. But the book may have its uses after all. When the German professors, at present missionising Turkey, will have managed to have taught the Turk their language, it will no doubt command a sale in Constantinople. And, we may be sure, that the Turks will believe every word of it.

The Moment for Decision.

The following is from *The Patris*, a leading journal of Athens, in sympathy with M. Venizelos :

Time presses; only a few days, and the inevitable must happen. The Balkan drama is drawing to its close, and Greece, till now a more or less indifferent spectator, will share in the general disaster. No amount of initiative, no good will, no supreme effort will help us to-morrow. It is now, or never. Bulgaria threatens Greece. Let us not be deceived by those who pretend that Greece will be in a position to confront Bulgaria, and to settle accounts with her by and by. What we could not do to-day, we shall not be able to do to-morrow.

Greece, considering her national and geographical position, should not have remained neutral. She should have joined the Entente if only because the latter has no interests in the Near East. Austrian policy tends to one end only—Salonica. When, after the first Balkan war, Salonica became a Greek possession, Austria cajoled Ferdinand of Bulgaria into war in the hopes of snatching Novi Bazar from Serbia and Salonica from Greece. To-day, in spite of the former failure, she has not given up hope. And Austria, let us remember, is Germany's ally, the German outlet, as it were on the Mediterranean.

Diplomacy's Purpose.

This is from the *Novoye Vremya*, of Petrograd :

War was declared fifteen months ago, and what changes have we not seen since then? Fifteen months ago, Turkey was neutral; now she is fighting us on three fronts. Bulgaria's intentions, we fondly imagined, because M. Radosloff told us so, were entirely friendly. To-day the nature of their "friendliness" has been revealed. Fifteen months ago Greece had almost decided to side with us. To-day she declines to believe in England's offer of Cyprus, convinced that only a Kaiser can bestow gifts.

What is the meaning of these lamentable failures? In Russia, when a voice is raised to protest against our foreign policy, our diplomats never fail to muster an imposing array of excuses. "Diplomacy," they say, "is labour lost in the Balkans. Give us a decisive victory over the Austro-German troops, and the trick will be done." No doubt; but was diplomacy invented for this?

Victories, we know, speak for themselves. If our troops were to enter Berlin, diplomacy would have no trouble at all to obtain favourable terms of peace. But these terms would be the work of the sword, not of the pen. Is it for this that we spend seven million roubles a year to keep our Embassies going? Does our Diplomatic Corps imagine that the country exists for it, when it ought to know that it exists for the country? Diplomacy must speak before, not after, the guns, and our Foreign Ministers are paid, not to make capital out of victories, which is hardly necessary, but to make good on temporary defeats.

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THE ITALIAN FRONT.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE Italian front, after many months during which it has presented no more than the normal process of siege work, has given us in the last few days a new point of interest.

To appreciate what that point is we must repeat those salient characteristics of the fortress of Gorizia which were analysed in these columns during the summer.

The reason that Gorizia holds the importance it does in the scheme of Austrian defence may be briefly stated thus: The Austro-Italian frontier is one of mountains; not a mountain ridge, but a vast mountain district spreading back northwards and eastward from the Italian plains following its march; line of high peaks and high, very rare, passes.

In this formidable region it was the very first business of the Italians to secure the "doors," so to speak, whereby they were threatened an invasion. The exact line of the political frontier had been drawn by those who were always their enemies at heart and had become in the last few months their declared enemies, in such a fashion that all the valleys debouching upon the Italian plain were in the hands of the Hapsburgs. It is a point which Mr. Freshfield has admirably brought out in his paper to the Royal Geographical Society, that the Italian peninsula always suffered, from the grasp the northern Powers had upon the passes of the Alps. Even during those many centuries which saw Italy politically divided and no more than the "geographical expression" of the famous and hackneyed tag, men appreciated the weakness which the Italian states south of the Alps suffered from such a state of affairs. With the unification of Italy that weakness became even more glaring.

The first act, then, of Italy at war with the Hapsburgs, her hereditary enemy, was to push forward into the valleys and to shut the doors of invasion.

This the Italian army, with enormous effort and after overcoming difficulties the like of which are unknown upon any other front, has successfully accomplished. But beyond those valleys there was no opportunity for advance until another more feasible task—though that in its turn a task of great difficulty—was accomplished.

Nothing could be hoped for in the Alpine region until the historic frontier of the Isonzo was forced. On that extreme eastern limit of Italy the country south of the Alps is more open and it is possible to manœuvre with great forces. Just beyond it lie Trieste and Pola, Austria's openings to the sea.

But the Isonzo frontier, from the point where it leaves the mountains to the Adriatic, covers little more than one long day's march.

It was therefore possible for the enemy easily to mass upon so short a front great bodies of men which forbade the forcing of it. It must always be remembered that a line reposing securely

upon its two flanks is strong, not in comparison to the force which can attack it, but rather in proportion to the number of men whom one can put to its defence. A larger force cannot deploy more than a certain amount of men to attack a short line and a far smaller force is sufficient to hold that line against greatly superior numbers.

The enemy, then, was certain to be able to hold this open gap between the mountains and the sea with, say, three or four army corps. They would suffer losses from the perpetual bombardment to which they would be subjected. Those losses would be made good by drafts from their reserves, and so long as those drafts could be steadily produced, the line could certainly be held.

The function of Italy therefore on this front was to bleed Austria, to compel the perpetual drafting of men down to this essential and vulnerable spot. And that function Italy has steadily and successfully pursued during all the past months. The Italian effort has accounted first and last for fully ten army corps—perhaps for twelve.

But Austro-Hungary does not merely hold this line as a continuous entrenchment. She also depends for her safety there upon a certain strategic situation imposed upon her by the nature of the country, by the extreme importance of her retaining Trieste and Pola, and by the means of communication which have been constructed consonant to the geographical conditions and the political and military centres to be served.

Now in the complex of those geographical and political conditions the town of Gorz or Gorizia is of capital importance.

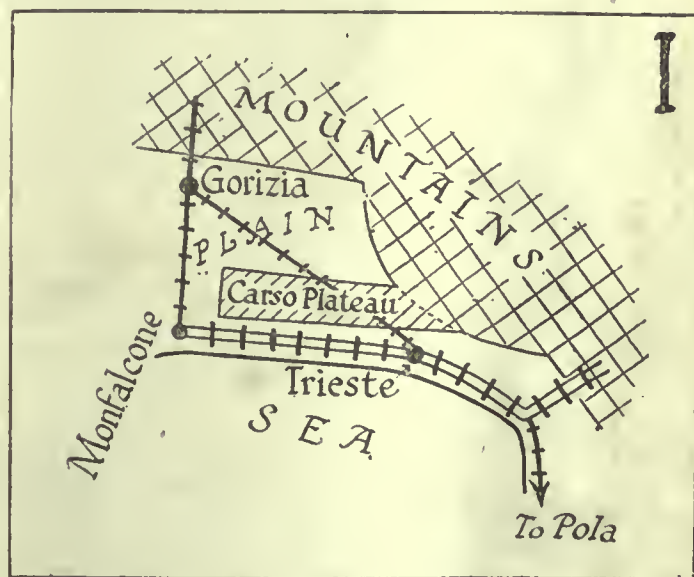


Diagram I sufficiently indicates why this should be so. Gorizia is the point upon which those railways converge, which come down from the Alps on to the Adriatic littoral along the Isonzo front. From Gorizia start two lines of railway to Trieste, and from Trieste to Pola. True,

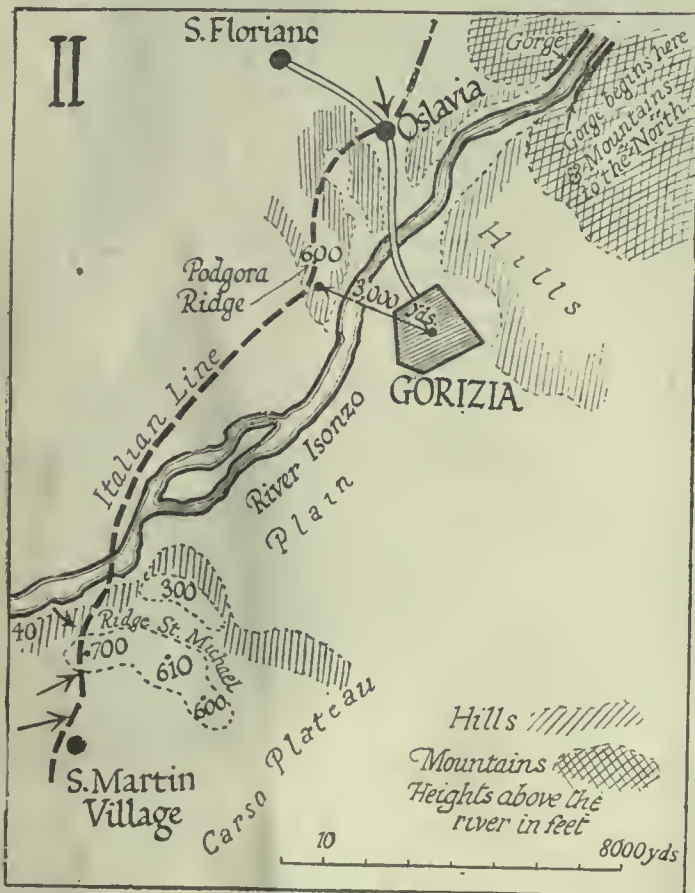
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those railways can be destroyed before the enemy abandons them, and one of them, that through Monfalcone along the Isonzo valley, is already held by the Italians, but the geographical conditions of the region, even if there were no railways but only roads, are sufficient to give Gorizia the character it has of a "key" to the whole of this region.

Gorizia stands at the foot of the mountains in the midst of the plain by which an army can advance upon a fairly broad front over the Carso plateau towards Trieste. So long as Gorizia and its plain are in the hands of an enemy no army could venture along the narrow sea road between the Carso and the Adriatic.

But once Gorizia falls Trieste can be turned from the North. The way in which the railway lines run shows the importance of Gorizia, as we have seen. But quite apart from these it is clear that, the enemy having elected to make a stand here at the foot of the mountains in the open plain and north of the Carso, if he loses that position, the Italians can occupy the plain, take the Carso plateau from the north and so render Trieste untenable. Upon Gorizia, therefore, has centred for these many months past the chief interest of the Isonzo front.

Granted then that Gorizia is the key to all this district, we must next note from the point of view of an Italian advance beyond the Isonzo front two heights of capital importance. These heights are, in the immediate neighbourhood of Gorizia, the Podgora ridge and, five or six miles to the south, on the edge of the Carso plateau, the ridge of St. Michael, which stands in a sort of semicircle north of the village of St. Martin.



The accompanying Sketch II will show what the importance of these two heights is and how the Italians are attempting to acquire them.

The Podgora ridge stands 600 feet above the Isonzo itself, and immediately dominates the town. The St. Michael ridge dominates, not the town

itself indeed, but all that perfectly level country between the Carso plateau and Gorizia.

A position in the sense of a dominating height has not to-day (what with observation from the air and the accuracy of long range indirect high trajectory fire) the same meaning that it had a few years ago. When you capture a dominating height you don't drag your guns up to the crest and pulverise what is beneath it. But a position has none the less a capital value, even under modern conditions: witness the immense advantage the Turks have in the Dardanelles by their grasp of the heights above the Allied lines. From such crests one can observe the effect of one's fire and one can prevent the enemy from concealing his movements and emplacements.

It was repeatedly urged in these columns, during the summer when the siege of the Gorizia district began, that the Podgora ridge would prove the solution to the problem. If the Italians can hold that ridge they can break the Isonzo line at the fortified point Gorizia.

In the same order of ideas, though somewhat modified, lies the importance of the St. Michael ridge to the south. The Italians once fully in possession of the St. Michael ridge can do what they will with the plain beneath that ridge and Gorizia.

It is therefore upon these two heights, the Podgora ridge and the St. Michael ridge, the latter a sort of excrescence upon the Carso plateau, that the Italian efforts have been converging for all these months.

Now the news of the last few days is to this effect:—

An assault upon the Podgora ridge has carried several trenches after an intensive bombardment, has failed to reach the crest, but has come to within a few yards of it. That is the first point.

The second point is that detached Italian columns advancing by the road from the San Floriano to Gorizia have come down to Oslavia valley, and have proceeded so far as the village of Oslavia itself, which has been carried. The value of this second point is that a further progress down the valley turns the Podgora position.

Thirdly, five miles away to the south the St. Michael ridge, though again not carried any more than the Podgora ridge, has been attacked with renewed success. Here, indeed, certain points of the crest are actually held, but the grasp of our Allies upon the position as a whole is not yet achieved. The highest point, about 700 feet above the river on the western end of the ridge holds out. So do two other summits, in the centre and on the western edge, and it remains to be seen if the Italian effort will be sufficient to carry the whole. If so, when the Podgora ridge and the ridge of St. Michael are in Italian hands Gorizia is at once in peril. There is no practical opportunity (though there has been much talk) of attacking from the north. The defile of the Isonzo begins a mile or two above the St. Floriano road. Further south upon the Carso plateau work done and advances achieved did not bring the Italians near enough to the Gorizia plain to give them observation posts from which to control it. But if Podgora goes and St. Michael goes, then the Gorizia plain is at the mercy of the observers, under the direct action of their guns, and presumably the citadel will have entered the last phase of its defence.

If it be asked why the last few days have been so critical in this section, and why there has even been a certain amount of preparation in the

enemy's press to accustom opinion to the loss of Gorizia, the immediate answer is that the last Italian offensive nearly, but not quite, succeeded in its violent assault upon the Podgora ridge and the ridge of St. Michael, and the Austro-Hungarian Government in its own organs and through neutrals who watched the battle, prepared opinion for immediate defeat. That defeat the Austro-Hungarian forces did not for the moment suffer. They lost ground, but the last climax which would have decided the matter was denied to the Italians.

But if the question be put in another fashion, and if we ask why Gorizia has been allowed to fall into such peril at all, the answer is undoubtedly the difficulty of supplying men. The losses along this front have been very heavy, for it is here only that the Austro-Hungarian forces come under the fire of an organised and numerous heavy artillery.

We must always remember that the organised, concentrated fire of heavy guns nowhere meets the enemy in the East. It is on the French and Italian fronts alone that he meets his equals, or his superiors, in this arm.

Now the losses corresponding to the proper use of such an arm (the Italians have had many months in which to accumulate munitions, while their heavy artillery is of known and proved excellence) have been undoubtedly very heavy, and the Austro-Hungarian monarchy has for many weeks past been in some difficulty for men. It has recruited its units with elements of more and more doubtful efficiency, and it is probable that the Serbian effort has cost more men than was expected. Meanwhile it is clear that orders have been received to prevent the Russian movement across the Styr in Volhynia from taking too great an extension, and four army corps are permanently immobilised watching the Rumanian frontier.

IMPORTANCE OF ROUMANIA.

It may be noted in this connection that this same Roumanian frontier is of capital importance at this moment, not only to the enemy, but to the Allies.

Should Roumania elect to join our enemies (at whatever future risk to her as a State) she not only brings in perhaps thirty divisions of new material admirably organised, but she releases fresh Austro-Hungarian forces just at a moment when the rest of that army is in most crying need of recruitment. The entry of Roumania might prolong for another half-year the resistance of the Austro-Hungarians on the Italian front.

Conversely, if Roumania should ultimately throw in her lot with the Allies, it is, from the point of view of numbers, a revolution for the enemy. For even if the Austro-Hungarian reserves are not yet at the point of exhaustion, they are at the least under a very heavy strain. The appearance of considerable forces in the Eastern theatre of war would not merely call upon Austro-Hungary for renewed or exceptional efforts, it would probably put those efforts beyond her reach. Of such importance is the political question of the Balkans and, in particular, this problem of Roumanian neutrality to-day.

One thing has appeared, the most lamentable, from the experience of the last few weeks. It is this. The Allies, when they were first startled into this by the crass pride of the German pedants, designed sincerely and openly a national policy for Europe.

They went into the field to restore, belatedly and after long toleration of Prussian contempt for right, the freedom of national wills. They proposed to fight for an affirmation of those rights.

Prussia herself held in subjection certain populations, notably the Poles, whom she could not govern, and only hoped to destroy. Austro-Hungary meant nothing but a jumble of varying jealous peoples each at issue with the rest. So unnatural a unity was kept together only by the illusion of the Hapsburg authority. The war, for the ancient civilised peoples of the West, meant then, the redemption of Belgium and of Alsace Lorraine and the acquirement for Italy of the Italian provinces still unredeemed, the freeing of the Slavs, the establishment of a stable equilibrium at last in Europe on the basis of that freedom they themselves enjoyed.

The action, provincial and isolated, of the petty Balkan States has strained and warped this ideal. One of the smaller Balkan States—or rather its King—has already refused to accept it, and has preferred treason to the common cause. Greece, at the moment of this writing, hesitates. Roumania also hesitates. If that hesitation be determined against the cause of nationalism, then the upshot of this campaign can but be the ruin of these great hopes of national justice, and the survival of the smaller nations as mere dependents of the victors.

I say again it is lamentable, but unless this immediate crisis be successfully passed it is inevitable.

Civilisation will certainly not tolerate its general peril at the hands of little new nations which it fostered and almost created in better times. If they prove incapable of national honour they must sacrifice their titles to national independence, and when Europe can breathe freely again, and when the Prussian cancer is cut out, the little nations will fall under tutelage—not wholly for their good.

THE POSITION IN SERBIA.

It is now unfortunately clear that the enemy has in his hands the whole of the Balkan situation.

This misfortune is due to three causes. The too prolonged interval between the first German offensive on October 6th, and the advance of the Allies. Second, the fact that the Serbian authorities elected to make their principal stand in the North of the State.

Thirdly. The lack of supply.

The two first causes now belong to the past and a discussion of them would be useless in a survey of military operations. But the third is a present matter, is still capable of remedy and needs the examination of those who would intelligently follow this phase of the great war.

In the first place, let us establish the truth of the main statement. The occupation of Serbia by the enemy is in the main due to the lack of supply from which Serbian forces suffered. How do we know this?

We know it from the course which the Serbian retreat has taken.

In the first days of the operations, when the line of the Danube and its immediate vicinity was being defended, the Serbian army was directly exposed to the fire of a heavy artillery which it could not match. There were trained against it pieces up to 12 in. in calibre, and perhaps even larger pieces. To meet these it may have had a

piece or two lent by the Allies, and possibly a few fortress guns dragged from their original emplacements, but in general one may say that the Austro-German bombardment could be met by nothing to count over 6 in.

We have here only a repetition of what is to be seen all over the Eastern field of war. It is the point which most sharply differentiates the eastern from the western theatres. As compared with their foes on the East the Central Powers can produce heavy pieces in vastly greater amount and the ammunition for them. It is true, not only of Serbia, but of Russia, and not only of Russia, but of Roumania and Bulgaria, not only of Bulgaria, but of Turkey, not only of Turkey but of Greece. And this inequality is carried on to every department in which modern industry counts. In petrol vehicles and machinery of all kinds, in the making of rifles, in the supply even of small arms ammunition, the Central Powers have, and necessarily retain, a vast superiority over the younger world to the east of them. On the West, where they meet an old civilisation superior to their own, the Central Powers have no such advantage. They possess, indeed, far more workshops and a greater supply of coal and of iron, but they have no such power of rapid concentration and of meeting a new situation as have the older and more civilised nations against whom they are pitted. And these civilisations, further, through the excellence and numerical superiority of the British fleet, have command of the sea. In the West, therefore, their heavy gun work is dominated by that of the French, British and Italians.

Now the Serbians, being thus subjected to a greater superiority in heavy artillery upon the part of the enemy, nevertheless maintained themselves in the north for something like three weeks. That is, till pretty well the end of the month of October. If any one will be at the pains of marking upon a large map the various positions occupied by the Germans and Austrians in the three weeks following their first shots across the Danube, he will appreciate not only the truth of this statement, but its informing character.

The Serbian army, mainly massed along this northern frontier, was able, during all that time, in the face of such immensely superior artillery, to keep up a desperate resistance and to check the advance of the enemy.

Why was this?

It was because the Serbian army was still provided with ample munitionment for its task.

Of that there can be no doubt. Had there been any husbanding of munitionment the effort could not have been undertaken. But note what followed. After this initial period, during which the Austro-Germans had been subjected to murderous punishment and had probably lost for the moment *something like one-third* of their effectives, the enemy's advance in the north had been so slow as to attract the attention of every military student in Europe and to provoke both excuses and grumbling in Britain. Just when the edge of the outer highlands was reached the Serbian retreat becomes rapid. The Austro-German as well as the Bulgarian advance proceeds by regular days' marches and the tale of losses on the enemy's side begins to fall, and that of captures from the Serbians to rise.

It was insisted upon in these columns that the test of the Austro-German effort would be made when the highlands were reached. There the heavy

artillery was badly handicapped, the roads ceased and were replaced by tracks, save for one or two main highways. The winter weather further handicapped transport and the mountains gave every advantage to a mobile infantry over an invader tied to a heavy siege train. But it was also pointed out that this crucial point of the campaign would take its character entirely *from the condition of Serbian supply*, and it is now abundantly proved that that supply has been exhausted in the northern fighting.

Just when the country began to be in favour and the weather also, just when a well-supplied host could have used its infantry to the greatest effect, the Serbian retreat, instead of making a pause, was accelerated on every side, and that phenomenon, I repeat, cannot be ascribed to anything but the exhaustion of supply.

Now, this fact once established, we gather from it an important lesson with regard to the future of the campaign. The rate at which the allied forces can be landed and munitioned from the single base of Salonica is strictly limited. Even if the Western powers were prepared to put in a quarter of a million men they would not have that force deployed and ready for action in less than six weeks, and the supply of it by two single-line railways in country with not half a dozen main roads, would be a very grave problem.

But supposing this maximum to be there established. It has against it ultimately a force of *double* the size. If the Austro-Germans have kept their units in this adventure up to their full complement, then with the Bulgarian forces added, they would be double the extreme number which the Allies could put against them. The enemy would be holding mountain country with full opportunities for munitionment behind him, and it would be impossible for the Allies in the south alone, under such conditions, to achieve anything at all.

But if we add to the position of the Allies in the south, other new forces with the two extra factors of *position* and of *numbers*, it is a very different problem. If the Allies, working up from and based upon Salonica, find, acting in concert with them, an Italian, or a Roumanian, or a Russian, or even a Serbian force, not only have they the added numbers, but they have those numbers acting upon a flank of their enemy.

Of these hypothetical reinforcements one only is actually in the field—the Serbian. That force is believed to be in numbers not far short of 200,000 men, or at any rate, with the Montenegrins still over 150,000.

There is no certitude in the matter. We have no contemporary Serbian declaration of losses, and the enemy claims are obviously exaggerated, but a trained force still in being and still organised, of, let us say, more than six divisions, and perhaps eight, or even ten, is apparently present in the mountains, and has preserved in its retreat the greater part of its artillery as well. It is falling back westward. The mass of it is less than a hundred miles from the Adriatic. It is not an effective force upon whose co-operation we can count, because it lacks supply, and the very first chance of *prolonging* to our advantage (we cannot now hope for a long time to *turn it* to our advantage) the position in the Balkans, lies in munitioning and supplying that army. If that can be done, and if the fire can be kept alight, even on the extreme

western edge of the highlands, the game may be kept going until other forces appear in the field.

Now the supplying and munitioning even with small arms ammunition alone, or even food for such a force in such a country is not an easy problem to solve. If we take the whole stretch of country from the Montenegrin frontier down to what is called to-day, rather artificially, the Albanian frontier, we shall find in it only one possible avenue of supply, and that avenue is indifferent, or rather, exceedingly bad.

Observe the conditions as they are expressed upon the accompanying Sketch. The Serbians



have lost Novi Bazar, they are about to lose Mitrovitzá. They are, so far as concerns the main body of the army, in the mountains in the district A.A., with their Government at Prizrend. They are falling back on the Montenegrin plain of Ipek.

We may altogether neglect, for the purposes of this calculation, political frontiers, and consider only the nature of the ground and the sympathy of the populations.

The nature of the ground is a wild tangle of mountains, with two open spaces, the plain of Ipek (on the edge of which also stands, to the south, Djakova) and, sixty miles away towards the Adriatic, the open country round Scutari, which has a very bad shallow port at San Giovanni, with a few other bad little ports and roadsteads immediately to the north. Everything west of the line B.B.B. is held by the Austrians, and everything east of the line C.C.C. is in the hands of the Austro-Germans or of the Bulgarians. If we are to munition the Serbian army, where it retreats into the plain of Ipek or into Montenegro, there is only one track by which it can be done. It is the track which leads across the hills from the plain of Scutari to Djakova, crossing three passes at F, G and H, not very high, but none of them, if I am rightly informed, practicable for modern traffic: That line of about sixty miles in all its detours, or, say, four to five days' going for any considerable train of sumpter animals or primitive wheeled vehicles, is the only opportunity: to the south, unless the Bulgarian advance is checked, the avenues of supply, poor as they are, are blocked. Northern tracks lead only into Montenegro, itself closely blocked on every side, save upon the patch of sea-coast at and immediately to the north of San Giovanni.

Meanwhile to the south of this mountain track, in great numbers, and actually upon its course, if we take the political frontier of what is called Albania, are the mountain tribes, Catholic and Mohammedan, opposed to the Slav cause, and Orthodox mountaineers, who will also be hostile.

It is said that the enemy is already providing these with arms and munitions. It is clear that such an avenue, abominable in itself as a way; rendered more difficult by the ground through which it passes, and, worst of all, interrupted by a hostile population, can only be cleared by determined effort on the part of the Allies, and if this be made in time it may yet be possible to save the Serbian army.

FRENCH ATTEMPT NEAR VELES.

The particular steps by which the enemy achieved his end, and established himself between the main Serbian force and those of the Allies can now be followed in great detail, thanks to a long communication which appeared in the Press of last Tuesday, the 23rd.

I will repeat in passing, by the way, what was said in these columns last week with regard to another subject, that it would be of the greatest value if the Government or the military authorities would help as far as possible the continual publication of such statements. It is quite impossible to see the war as it is without such detailed statements from time to time.

Basing oneself then, upon this information, what we find is this.

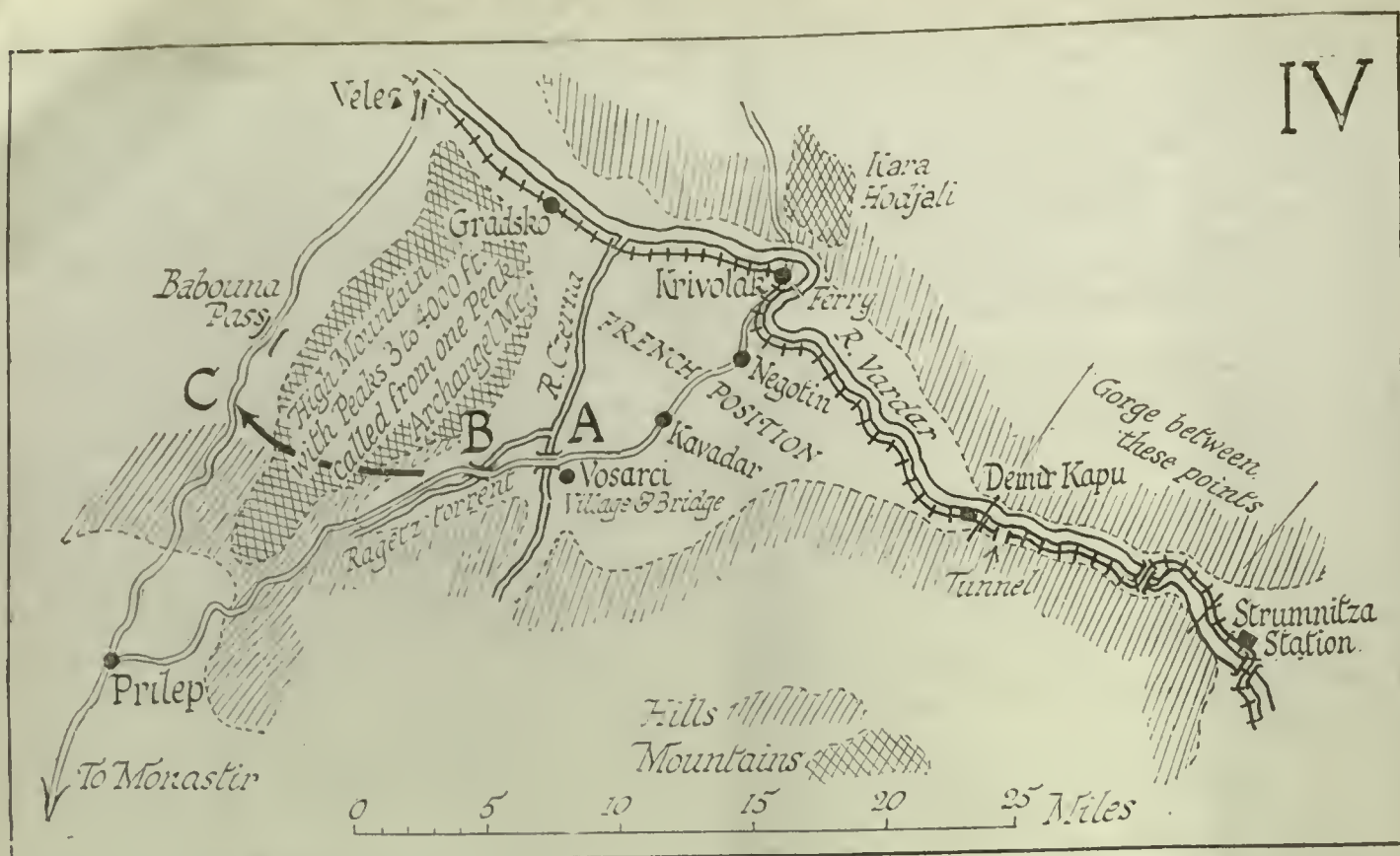
The French Commander-in-Chief arrived at Salonica exactly a week after the first Austro-German crossing of the Danube.

It was clear that an attempt to effect a junction with the Serbian forces or to relieve the pressure upon them, must consist in an advance up the railway which follows the Vardar valley. It is, of course, a single-line railway and presumably not over well supplied with rolling stock. At about the 140th kilometre from the S. Ienica terminus there begins a very narrow gorge called the Demir Kapu (Iron Gate) ravine. The more open valley south of this gorge has for its chief siding Strumnitza station.

The chief siding of the more open valley north of the gorge is Krivolak station.

The first thing to be done was to prevent the Bulgarian division, or perhaps two divisions, that were already operating in this neighbourhood, from seizing this gorge. It is very vulnerable, because through the greater part of it the railway runs along no more than a ledge between the rapid unfordable Vardar river and precipitous rocks, while at its northern end the line can only be carried on by going through a rock tunnel. Further, just north of Strumnitza station was another vulnerable point, the bridge which carries the line across the Vardar. The French commander at once made it his first business to push up to Strumnitza station and occupy it, and immediately after to seize the Demir Kapu gorge before the Bulgarians had time to arrive and occupy Krivolak station and siding to the north of it.

The French advance guard were in occupation of Krivolak a week after the arrival of their Commander, that is, a fortnight after the first Austro-German attack on the Serbians in the north. It was only a weak detachment, but it was followed by reinforcements, and four days later, on October 23rd, a few troops were ferried across the Vardar, which was rolling in spate from the heavy rains, and these troops prepared and held a position upon the further, or eastern, bank. Four days later again, on October 27th, the General in command arrived at the head of the advance at Krivolak station and determined to occupy the



height of the Kara Hodjali which dominates the river and the railway from the east.

The advance guards of the Bulgarian forces had already appeared upon the crest of that mountain. It was clear that if they held it in any force Krivolak and the railway leading to it, and thus the whole of the Vardar valley in that neighbourhood, was untenable. The only means of passing the river at this point was a single boat, and with this alone, the French managed by incessant labour to get a whole regiment over on to the Eastern bank. Kara Hodjali hill was occupied, the Bulgarian outposts withdrew. But the importance of the Kara Hodjali was immediately recognised by the enemy, though too late. He ordered an attack in force upon the mountain on the 30th October, and began it upon the 4th and 5th November. Both the attacks were thrown back and the possession of Krivolak was now secure.

We learn with interest in connection with this Bulgarian attack upon the Kara Hodjali, that pieces of 6 in. calibre appeared upon the enemy's side.

A pontoon bridge was constructed upon the line where the old ferry boat had first been used to convey the French force so precariously across the river, and in making this pontoon bridge, we learn from the same authority that English engineers lent their aid.

The possession of Krivolak being thus firmly established, the next object of the French was to extend their left so as to get into touch with the small Serbian force which was holding the Babouna Pass and covering Prilep. If that could be done a united armed body, perhaps three divisions, or, at any rate, more than two divisions, strong, would hold considerable Bulgarian forces in front of it and might conceivably so relieve the pressure on the main Serbian army to the north. Should the Bulgarians be unable to reinforce this ridge quickly enough, the French would push on to Veles, and once north of Veles they would have made the Bulgarian hold on Uskub impossible, as we have seen in previous issues of this paper. But the enemy could reinforce as rapidly as

he chose, and forces which ultimately outnumbered the French, and the few Serbian troops in the neighbourhood, by about three to one appeared against this southern front. No French advance was possible from Gradsko station, and the attempt to effect a junction with the Serbian troops in the Babouna Pass at C failed.

There is only one road by which that junction could be effected. This road leaves Krivolak, passes through the villages of Negotin and Kavadar, there crosses the rapid "black" river (the Czerna) by a long wooden bridge A, the Vosarci bridge, and thence goes up into the mountains, over another bridge B, which crosses the torrent called Rajec.

All that march the French column, operating towards the west to seek and join the Serbians, accomplished without difficulty and without apparently meeting any resistance.

But within about ten miles of their objective, before they reached the summit between B and C, beyond which one overlooks the Prilep valley, they came in contact with the bulk of the Bulgarian forces upon the slope of the mountain called from one of its peaks Archangel. The French were unable to carry this height against the superior forces that held it. With further reinforcements it would seem that they intended a second attack, but meanwhile the small Serbian force at C, not quite ten miles away, which they were attempting to join from B, had in its turn, been faced by such growing numbers of the Bulgarians that it had been compelled to fall back from the Babouna Pass and to retire behind Prilep. From that moment any further attempt of the French to extend their force westward was without purpose, for the force with which they desired to effect a junction was no longer there. The French retired, therefore, and entrenched themselves in the triangle of fairly open country which is bounded on the west and east by the Czerna and Vardar rivers, both of them unfordable. To this position, from the village at its centre, the name of "the entrenched camp of Kavadar," is given. There, at the moment of writing, the allied effort in the

South stands, the French force holding its advanced post on the Kara Hodjali hill on the east, protecting the valley. They are faced by forces now at least three times their own. They rely for munitionment and supply upon a single line of railway running to their base at Salonika over a hundred miles away, and passing in one place through a narrow, highly vulnerable gorge. To their left, but not in touch with them, the remains of what was, even originally, a very small Serbian force have been forced back upon Monastir, the Bulgarian occupation of which was, and perhaps is still, delayed for political reasons. (At the moment of writing, Tuesday evening, there is no news of the occupation of Monastir.) On their right certain English forces lie in the region of Lake Dorian, and these are in touch with the French position at Kavadar; the extreme right of the line still extends, it would seem, into Bulgarian territory.

But the whole of these positions in the extreme south of Serbia are manifestly a defensive held by forces far inferior to those in front of them, and as yet unable to affect the general situation. The note of this general situation is the retreat of the Serbian army westwards towards the Adriatic, and the occupation of nearly the whole State securely by the enemy's forces, including, of course, a complete grasp of the main railway which was his objective and the reparation of which will give him open communication with Constantinople. Whether that army can be of effective use again depends wholly on supply.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN AMERICA.

It is always worth noting the German propaganda in the United States. Not because this propaganda is likely to have any military consequences, but because it gives us the measure of the enemy's mind.

There is an attitude with regard to Germany too common in this country, which is roughly as follows: That the modern German (the North German, that is, the Prussianised German who is directing this war, and who is the master of all the rest), is better fitted for war than the Allies whom he attacked.

It is not the moment to discuss that theory. I should myself have thought it self-evident that a military nation invading with an advantage of about two to one, getting badly beaten at the end of ten days, finding its whole plan ruined, deserved no extravagant praise. But, at any rate, the opinion is there. If that opinion be traced one step further back you will find it reposing upon another opinion: that this opposed military superiority is due to something called "efficiency." The word has no meaning, of course, save in connection with some particular object. Thus if a man draws a steam-engine he can be efficient as an instrument for drawing it beautifully, or as an instrument for drawing it with mechanical accuracy. He cannot be efficient both ways.

Anyhow, this vague idea of "efficiency" as a label for the North German state of mind was rubbed too hard into academic England during three whole generations to be eradicated by anything save the visible and final defeat of the enemy—by his accepting terms. Those who are persuaded of this virtue in their enemy conceive of it, I imagine, as a sort of exact co-ordination of the

whole country to the end of the war, coupled with the presence of all the elements that make for success in war.

In the first point they are right. Modern Germany is exactly co-ordinated for war. But in the second they are wrong. Though all the social elements *present* are co-ordinated for war, not enough are present. Germany has organised thoroughly all the elements she possessed, but she has not been able to command the *full quota* of elements necessary to success. She is like a man who should bring to the organisation of a picture gallery a full knowledge of prices and an eye for line, but who was colour-blind. The most conspicuous example of a gap in their methods is the giving of military initiative to certain of her officers, on the ground of their social rank as civilians. It will appear very clearly, when we can get the full history of the Battle of the Marne, how grossly unmilitary superstition contributed to the turning of the war in that particular action. Remember that the gap opened between Wurtemberg and the guard.

Now, among those elements which are lacking to the enemy is judgment in the affecting of neutral opinion, particularly in the United States.

If "efficiency" means taking a great deal of trouble, there is no doubt that the Germans are efficient in their American propaganda. But if it means taking trouble in the right way (which is surely its proper meaning) then that propaganda is inefficient.

I am writing this after reading dozens of articles either suggested or dictated, or paid for, or merely contributed, by German influences in the United States, and I discover the German work here to suffer from two very grave weaknesses. The first is inability to keep the team together, "to keep the traces taut." One agent is saying one thing, another another, and there is the most ridiculous confusion and contradiction.

The second weakness is much more serious. It is the complete neglect of, and contempt for, what I may call "the informed minority."

As to the first point, anyone who carefully consults German propaganda work, not only in America, but in that part of our own Press which is playing the German game, or in the Scandinavian countries, or in Holland, is immediately struck by this lack of co-ordination.

Let me give an example: An American journalist, the other day, one of those tiresome "neutrals" whom they use for our edification, was told that the enemy losses on the Western front were only *one-third* of the Allied losses on the same front.

The folly of the statement needs no comment. But my point is not that. My point is that in the same week there appeared in another similar pronouncement in another country, the statement, also German, and also false (though just less ridiculous) that the Allied losses were "at least fifty per cent." more than the enemy losses on this same front!

Another example of the same lack of co-ordination is the carefully prepared statements in one set of papers emphasising the lack of food and raw material in the enemy's country, and equally prepared statements ridiculing our estimates of that lack. The Germans at the head of the Bureau which arranges these things would probably tell you that one set of statements was made for one market and the other for another. But that is

a first-rate example of the inefficiency to which I allude. For while the one falsehood will be told say, to the Scandinavians, and the other opposite falsehood to, let us say, the Americans, both are at once put side by side in the Press of the world!

But the second fault seems to me graver. It consists, as I have said, in the neglect of the "informed minority."

In all the acres of print—subsidised articles, interviews, specially published brochures and the rest of it—with which the enemy floods the United States, I have not seen one example of an appeal made to the soldier or the military historian.

Now the United States are fortunate in the possession of experts in these matters. The citizens of that country have produced some of the very best military writing, criticism and history, which the modern world has seen. The technical training of the small, but highly exercised, body of American officers is universally recognised to be as good a thing of its kind as there is in the world.

Yet the German goes so badly to work that he not only makes no appeal to these leaders of military thought whose judgment will inevitably leaven the mass of opinion at last, but he actually flouts that instructed opinion, even when he puts on a trained soldier to write.

Take the case of Bernhardi. Here is a really great military writer, recognised as such, and admired as such, throughout the world, and nowhere more than in France and England. Yet Bernhardi, as we have seen in past issues of this paper, when he writes a pamphlet for the American public, writes what he knows to be political rubbish and rhetorical rubbish, without one true military argument.

I read, the other day, in one of the American journals an article by a soldier who had himself served in the Prussian Guards. It was an article full of patriotism and not disfigured by violence. But the only approach to a military statement in it was the stupefying remark that the Germans "held lines in the West upon which they could stand pat for any length of time that suited them." In other words, he so despised his public that he presented to them the conception of an army either not subject to wastage or provided with an infinite recruitment! He knew, and every soldier knows, that the average rate of wastage on the Western front for the enemy is certainly over 120,000 a month, probably a great deal above that figure. He knew that the recruitment of the German units with efficiency had run its course, and that there remained or would quite shortly remain, nothing to draw upon, but categories of increasingly inefficient recruits, and the classes '16 and '17.

There were any number of military arguments he might have used to state his case. He might have said, what I fancy the German General Staff on the whole thinks possible, that the lines could be held all winter, even with the increasing inefficiency of their recruitment, and that the new Classes coming in with the spring might conceivably effect a decision. He might have pointed out the difficulties attaching to any alliance; the problem of recruiting in England; the smaller population of the French; the "Interior Lines" of the Austro-Germans—and so on. Instead of that, he chooses to put the matter in as grossly unmilitary a fashion as any sensational hack-writer.

I cannot but believe that this clumsiness will begin to affect American opinion adversely, par-

ticularly when the results of the increasing difficulty in maintaining the German effectives begin to appear with the progress of the winter. There are already signs that the Press in America is receiving the influences of instructed opinion in that country. Nowhere in the world is the nature of a war of attrition better grasped than in the country where old men still remember as part of their personal experience what it was that determined the defeat of the South, and where the nature of that great campaign is familiar to every scholar.

H. BELLOC.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S WAR LECTURES.

December 8th.—Wolverhampton, Picturedrome. 8 o'clock.
December 10th.—Liverpool, Philharmonic Hall. 8 o'clock.
December 11th.—Edinburgh, Usher Hall. 8 o'clock.
December 13th.—Glasgow, St. Andrew's Hall. 8 o'clock.

BAGDAD OR BAGHDAD.

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—In the article by Sir Thomas Holdich which appears in your issue of the 13th, in review of Colonel Sir Mark Sykes' work, "The Caliphs' Last Heritage," he speaks with greater confidence regarding the correct name of Al Mansur's Capital than does the writer of the article on "Baghdad" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, in a passage otherwise corresponding with the remarks of the more recent writer.

This passage notes that the name "Bagdad" recorded in an Assyrian catalogue of towns may very possibly represent the after site of the capital of the Caliphs. There is no suggestion that Al Mansur gave to his capital any other name than that it bears at present, and has borne so far as I am aware since its foundation. Sir R. Burton mentions several variations that have been observed in the spelling of the name in certain manuscripts, but they do not appear to be of any importance; and there appears to be no reasonable doubt that the name given by the Arab founder was Baġhdād or Baġhdād, where unaccented a is the "fatna" or indeterminate vowel. It is quite possible, even probable, that he was aware of the ancient name of the former town (which Assyriologists have written in English characters as Bagdad), though Arabic authors have denied that the existence of any former town on the site was known.

Richardson mentions two alternative derivations, which were probably known in Al Mansur's day. One Bāġh-Dād. The Garden of Dād, an ancient Assyrian deity, the other Baġhdād, Baġh gave or The Gift of Baġh, Baġh being also an Assyrian deity. Of the two the latter is perhaps the more convincing. I think the term Baġh or Buġh runs through several of the Ancient Semitic languages as the name of the deity of the earth and its production. Again we find that Sir R. Burton quotes Mr. L. C. Casartelli "La Philosophie religieuse du Masd'islam" . . . The ancient title Baġh, the O. P. Baga of the Cuneiforms . . . and the Bagha of the Avesta whose memory is preserved in Baghdad—the city created by the Gods (?). The Pahlavi books shew the word in the Compound Baġhōbakht lit=what is granted by the Gods."

It is, I think, stated by authorities that the cuneiform inscriptions have only one character to represent e.g. audk, and also that in the Assyrian language the gutturals of the older forms had been smoothed down to a very great extent, but it is worth remarking that the writer of the article on the scientific languages in the Encyclopedia remarks regarding this, "So at least it would appear from the writing or rather from the manner in which the Assyriologists transcribe it." But supposing the Assyriologists to be absolutely right, the more ancient forms of the word would apparently have been pronounced with the guttural. The Arabic had never lost it, so what can justify the suggestion that Al Mansur did more than revive the ancient name with the spelling and pronunciation of his native language? As for us, surely we can hardly do better than call places by their names in the living language of their inhabitants?—Faithfully yours,

E. A. JOHNSON.

Ballinapierce, Enniscorthy.

P.S.—It is bad enough to have to write Baghdad (because we have no accepted system of transliteration), to represent a word whose first vowel is the indeterminate, and the second a sound as broad as our "Ah," but surely we need not go further and replace the marked guttural ghain by a hard g because some ancient Assyrians did so (or are said to have done so in the distant past.)

E. A. J.

NAVAL SENSATIONS.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE week has been marked by two naval sensations. From Sweden comes the unofficial and unconfirmed tale, that a fleet of Dreadnoughts convoyed a very numerous flotilla of submarines round the Skaw to the Sound. And so greatly does any news of forward action by the fleet move us, that many felt as if we must be upon the eve of great events. The story is, as I have said, not endorsed officially and for reasons which I will give later, does not appear to be exceedingly important news even if true. But the Greek blockade, on the other hand, is of enormous importance. Those of us who urged six weeks ago that pressure should be brought to bear upon King Constantine, may see in it a hope that the weapon of sea power may after all now be used, if not to its full effect, still to far greater effect than hitherto. The present circumstances of the war invest the advantages to be got out of our command of the sea with an importance that becomes greater day by day. The general diminishing of Germany's supplies is a fruit of sea power that is already doing its work, though it is very doubtful if all that could be done in this direction is actually being done. But for the moment I am thinking less of the effect on Germany of a modified form of siege and more of the increasing importance to us of amphibious warfare.

RELATIVE POSITIONS ON LAND.

The first phase of this war saw the Germanic Allies enormously superior in numbers, and with a ratio of field guns, of siege guns and, above all, of machine guns far higher than that possessed by their opponents. They had the advantage of a long considered plan and they chose their own moment for striking. From the first their very great superiority on land was, at every point, manifest. Their object was to use this superiority to get an immediate decision against France, because, as soon as Great Britain was in the war, France was the only one of the two Allies with which Great Britain could co-operate effectively. If France were crushed Germany would be dealing with two isolated enemies. Great Britain would have nothing but her sea force with which to carry on the attack; Russia would have been cut off except for such supplies as could reach her through Archangel and Vladivostok. These avenues could not materially have lengthened the period of Russia's successful resistance once the united force of both Empires, undisturbed by a war in the West, could be concentrated against her. If there were no possibility of bringing any military pressure to bear upon the Germanies, then the pressure of German Armies upon Russia must have been overwhelming. Not that the whole of Russia could be conquered and occupied, but that the difficulty of maintaining an army in being and building up a new army with which to conquer two such armies would practically become insuperable. In such a war then the *indirect* effect of Great Britain's sea power would have been too slow in working to make it possible for Russia to

wait for it. Thus Russia would have had to follow France either into surrender or at best, compromise, and Great Britain would have been left face to face with Germany alone. Had things gone like this, sea power would not have influenced the Continental war at all. And the ultimate issue would have been between a victorious army and an invincible fleet.

Fortunately, the plan broke down by the failure of the German thrust at Paris. And the cost of failure in men to the Germans was very much greater than the cost of saving France to the French and their Allies. After several preliminary failures, the final stroke at Russia came a great deal nearer to success than the stroke at France, and though it too failed, it was probably a failure that cost the German Allies fewer men than it cost the Russians. Still, after both German efforts, the net land forces of the *Entente* Powers—omitting Italy, because for various reasons the Italian army can hardly be counted as part of the available man power of the Allies—is to-day considerably in excess of the remaining man power of the enemy, the situation having reversed itself in sixteen months. And, although the pressure of sea power has not brought about such real famine as should lead to any speedy break up of the German combination, it has, nevertheless, brought about serious shortage both of food and other necessities of life, such as wool and cotton, and of many necessities for war such as copper and the rarer metals.

By man power, up to now, I have meant *equipped* man power. Of trained men unequipped, of men both untrained and unequipped, and indeed of men even unenlisted, the Allies have very large resources, and the Germans possess practically no reserve at all. For the Allies ultimately to bring very greatly superior man power into the field, is simply a question of the time necessary for the production of the weapons, munitions and equipments. If, then, *no disturbing element intervened*, it would be inevitable that in course of three, six, nine, or twelve months, the military forces of the Allies would become so overwhelmingly the greater as to ensure a favourable military decision.

GERMANY'S ONLY CHANCE.

It is, therefore, the main business of the two Germanies to introduce an element into the war which will either bring about a military decision, or what will be almost as effective—such a political disturbance as to frighten or fatigue the Allies into a pace that gives Germany another chance. The Eastern adventure is an effort to obtain both, if possible, but certainly one of these two results. If it could result in Roumania and Greece joining the Germanic Powers with their armies, in such a manner as to carry with it a German freedom to employ the whole forces of the three Balkan Powers and Turkey against us in the near East or against Russia, or even on the Western front, then there would seem to be some ground for expecting such a change in the military

situation as might make the ultimate Allied victory look less immediate than it looks now. And if such a sweeping success were too much to hope for, there might, at any rate, be political results incalculably valuable for two reasons. It must put fresh heart into the Germans. It might disturb the self-confidence of the Allies by taking it as its weakest point.

Our enemies having, not only the armies but the whole machinery of Government of two empires under a single control—and that not a civil but a military control—is able to ensure that its diplomatic and its military policy go hand in hand. Against this unity of idea and synchronism of action, we have to oppose a tripartite direction, principally, if not entirely civilian. Three diplomatic organisations differing entirely in tradition and method, three armies, of which two are cut off entirely from co-operation with the third, and the co-operation of these two beset by the obstacles of difference of language, of tradition, of armament and so forth. But there is a third difficulty on the Allied side, the full force of which I think has hardly been appreciated. It is that, if Germany's Eastern stroke is to be countered, there is no means open save by the co-operation of military and naval forces. The intricacy of the problem of amphibious warfare is proverbial. Never has it been more completely or perhaps more tragically illustrated than in the account of the Dardanelles Expedition which Mr. Churchill, the principal actor in the matter, gave to the country a week ago. How much more involved must the problem be when instead of combining the land and sea forces of a single country, you have to combine two kinds of army with two kinds of navy. The merit of the German stroke at Serbia, is that to counter it, the Allies must be involved in the most difficult of all political, diplomatic and military problems. They have to use their command of the sea for a purpose which tests their capacity for unity of action to the utmost.

CRUCES OF AMPHIBIOUS WAR.

This then is not a situation in which we can neglect any weapon or any use of it. People forget that in amphibious war there is only one advantage to be got by those that make it. It is the advantage of throwing *superior numbers on a point where the enemy does not expect them*. If circumstances deprive you of the elements of surprise, your campaign may be all the weaker for being amphibious. This weakness does not only exist when there is uncertainty as to communications being secure—though obviously lack of such security is a very terrible weakness. The real weakness lies in the restriction of numbers involved in putting an army first into ships, then off the ships on to the land. In moving troops by land, the speed of movement depends upon the number and condition of the roads. In moving troops at sea, it depends upon the number and speed of the ships available and the facilities for embarking and disembarking. You are in a bad case if the enemy can concentrate quicker than you can.

The final and perhaps the crowning weakness of amphibious war is the difficulty of holding open a line of retreat. Armies on land can be made to retreat either by defeat in the field, or an effective threat at their communications. It is presumed that no country would embark upon amphibious

war unless it had control of the sea; the second danger, therefore, need not be contemplated. But the first danger remains. If a sea-borne army has to retreat once more to the sea, the problem of further retreat is a problem of re-embarkation. Writing in LAND AND WATER six weeks ago, I touched on this subject in connection both with the first landings at Salonika and with the problem of withdrawing our troops from the Dardanelles. It is this problem which we may be sure is the true explanation of the pressure now being brought to bear on Greece by the beginnings of a mercantile blockade. For it would be suicide to go further in the matter unless the safe possession of Salonika were certain.

URGENCY OF THE MATTER.

As to the blockade itself it is impossible not to regret that that this measure was not adopted some time ago. The patent facts that it was in our power to bring sea power to bear on Greece, that Greece was peculiarly susceptible to such pressure, and that the enemy was using military threats to keep Greece from fulfilling her obligations to Serbia, all made it clear enough in the first weeks of October that we should have to use force to save the situation, and that only one form of force was available. Writing in these columns on this subject on the 16th October, I limited myself to the guarded phrase: "If it were legitimate for us to learn from the enemy, our diplomats might remember that Greece alone of the Balkan States already has great maritime interests and had always envisaged a still greater future on the sea."

Possibly the six weeks' delay in taking action is to be explained by the obligation we considered ourselves under to carry France and Russia with us in every step we took. If so the delay is a tribute to the enemy's judgment. It is, at any rate, quite incredible to suppose, as has been hinted, that we waited to hang up Greek shipping until the Christmas dried fruit imports were safely in our warehouses!

ENEMY SUBMARINE SUPPLIES.

The Blockade of Greece, if there is craft enough at the Allies' disposal in the Mediterranean to make the blockade truly effective, may quite possibly affect the fortunes of the war in an unexpected direction. We know from several sources that there is a considerable number of German and possibly Austrian submarines in the Mediterranean, and it is clear that they are not being supplied either from Constantinople or from Pola. That they can get all they need, either from the African coast—as Nelson used to do—or at rendezvous arranged with Spanish ships somewhere off the coast of that country, is really not half so probable as that a certain number of Greek ship masters should have been brought into this business. As we have recently been reminded, the Greek mercantile marine includes a very large number of small trading steamers, which are either owned by their Captains or at any rate by small syndicates of traders and adventurers. These men are in business for profit, and are extremely unlikely to be influenced in their action by any sentimental sympathy with the Allies. Greece abounds with small ports, and it would be well within the limits of German capacity to engage a number

of these enterprising navigators in the service of their submarines. A strict blockade, if it serves no other purpose, may give us the opportunity of seeing to what extent if at all, this traffic is being carried on, and that will be useful information whatever the political results of the blockade may be.

MORE SUBMARINES FOR THE BALTIC.

It is perhaps wiser to regard the story of Dreadnoughts escorting our submarines to the Sound more as symptomatic of the state of mind of observers in Sweden and Norway, than as evidence of the somewhat sensational events it represents as having happened. That more submarines will be sent into the Baltic we may take for granted, probably in point of fact as many as the situation there calls for. There is, of course, a limit to the number that can conveniently be kept supplied by our Allies, and equally a limit to the number that can be spared. But it is known that large orders were placed for submarines when the war began, and it is not unlikely that while the Russian preparations for looking after our submarines have been increasing, our own supply of submarines has grown far beyond our home needs.

If cruisers, battleships and torpedo-boat destroyers were sent to escort submarines past the Skaw and into the Cattegat, it would not probably be with the primary idea of protecting the submarines. It is quite possible that sweeping movements of all arms of this sort may from time to time be undertaken, but it would be more with the idea of catching any German cruiser bold enough to push its way out than to stand between the submarine and the cruiser. For that matter, it is far more likely that the cruiser would be afraid of the submarine than the sub-

marine of the cruiser. Enemy destroyers, of course, stand on a different basis. They are fast and small and difficult marks to hit with a torpedo. But if it were intended to convoy the submarines, to protect them against destroyer attacks, one would expect the convoy to consist chiefly of destroyers also. The story describes the British flotilla as being driven off by superior German numbers.

The primary object of convoying, if it were done, would not, I imagine, be to make the journey any safer for the submarine, but only to ensure a longer surface passage to it. Running awash, modern submarines can do anything from 16 to 19 knots. The under-water speed of the fastest is scarcely ever more than 10, and it takes a considerable period on the surface to store up the electrical energy necessary for running under water. It is, therefore, well worth while to save the submarine every hour's submersion that is possible. And once in or through the Sound, it is important that the submarine should have in reserve its utmost capacity for submerged work. If anything like the numbers mentioned by these correspondents have gone through, it seems reasonable to look for still greater stringency in the blockade of the Russian and Courland coasts. There has been little news from this field of war for some time, but it is to be remembered that we may hear of no new casualties, because both the Russians and the Germans have good reasons for keeping the progress of the campaign secret. Much of the news that reaches us from Sweden and Norway is obviously unreliable. Note for instance that there is no confirmation of a successful attack on the *Frauenlob*.

A. H. POLLEN.

[The above was written before the Foreign Office statement of Wednesday, November 24th.]

LIFE OF RUSSIAN FUGITIVES.

By Stephen Graham.

THE greatest phenomenon of this autumn in Russia is the great movement eastward of the Slav population of Western Russia—Poles, Little Russians, Russians, Lithuanians. Some two million have fled at the approach of the Germans, and all roads north, south and east are crowded day in day out with the everlasting procession of old men, women and children, with their carts and their horses and their cattle.

All Western Russia is on the road, and the distinctive dresses of a dozen provinces may be noted, the different style of the sheepskin and its embroidered sleeves, of the ornamented cottons of the women, of the way of doing the hair. The rich, the townsfolk, have long since gone by rail and have got into the more comfortable places in Central and Eastern Russia. They were thick at the great termini of Moscow, and Kiev and Petrograd last August, and have been distributed. But the poor are on the road and afford an historic, though pathetic and even harrowing spectacle. Ahead come the stronger, the better fed and the less poor, and behind them drags the long crowd less and less hale, the broken, the weary, the desolate. Along the great highways are established relief stations—"pitatelny punkti"—where free food is given out—bread, hot tea, pork-fat, salt, where medical aid is afforded, police orders as to direction received, shelter given to a few. The police direct the stream to this road, or that road, and give to each family a paper with a written allocation. There is endless difficulty over providing food, over attending to dysentery and typhoid cases. Fortunately there is neither typhus nor cholera, and the autumn weather is unusually warm and dry. But there is appalling distress. Just before

leaving Petrograd I heard Purishkeyevitch give his impressions of the road. He had travelled in his relief car past leagues of carts, listened to the cries of lost and frightened children in the forests and given the help he could, emptied all his provisions and medicines as he went. His story brought tears to the eyes. Another Russian who has been along the roads describes the streets of Roslavl, the first great Russian town reached by the Poles and Little Russians coming out of the broken and ruined West.

"Along the main street of Roslavl, from earliest morning till the darkness of night, without interruption, without ceasing, go two processions, one one way, the other the other.

"On one side of the road come an endless series of grey carts, one after another endlessly—and pass away towards that stretch of the road where yesterday we saw innumerable camp bonfires.

"On the other side, coming from that place, come refugees on horseback, some astride, some side-saddle on little worn-out horses. They go to the town market.

"Betwixt the two processions is the long empty alley of the street.

"On neither side is a word spoken.

"It is as if funeral processions going in opposite directions were meeting one another. They do not look at one another's faces; it is as if they passed without remarking.

"Are these who go to the town going to seek food? To enquire what further orders have been given as to their point of destination? No, no, they are carrying coffins back to the town. Mostly children's coffins.

"A peasant is carrying a coffin on his shoulders.

Silently after him, and without weeping, strides his peasant wife and clinging to her skirts, chilled, bare-footed children also without words and without cries.

"Look, here comes a large coffin from which folds of a bright cotton dress are hanging. It is a girl who has died.

"Four girls are carrying the coffin. They go back to the town, that she may be buried in the right way, with the due ritual, in the proper place.

A Funeral Procession.

"The little procession goes past, simple, beautiful, melancholy, but no one stops to look round or even turns the head. No one meeting the procession crosses himself, nor draws off his cap, nor gives any attention. It is as if the people had ceased to see with their eyes.

"And there stretches, stretches along the footways, along the margin of the road, without respite, without interval, without interruption, the two processions, ever coming towards one another and passing.

"Grey carts, carts, carts. Horses, horses, horses, fugitives wandering like shadows, horses, children's coffins, and again horses, horses, horses. The head turns giddy looking at the endless movement. It becomes difficult to breathe because of that which passes before the eyes."

There are masses of people who have sold their horses, and who now go afoot. And among them you see women who are ikon bearers, women who carry slowly, patiently, unweariedly, large framed pictures of the Virgin and Child. On the roadside graves lie little ikons of the Virgin, Orthodox ikons, Roman Catholic ikons. There are stretches of the road where crosses have grown up like a harvest, the improvised cemeteries for the aged and the lately born.

Families break down, whole caravans of stricken wanderers come to a halt and encamp in the woods and light fires and spend days, weeks, lacking the will to go on. And they eat into the living wood like worms, cutting down all the trees and the scrub and treading the herbage to dust. Broader and broader grows the black traces of their bonfires and vaster the circle of gregarious misery and destruction.

Or they flock into the rich country not yet threatened by the enemy and they tread down the crops of other peasants or dig up the potatoes, they dig up whole acres of potatoes, miles of potatoes. And the brother peasant on the spot does not complain. These other unfortunate ones must live somehow.

Sold for a Song.

The cows wander off and get lost, or are sold for a song; the horses are sold. The women sell their precious gala dresses with gorgeous embroideries. All is lost. The woeful and astonishing wave of human beings goes on, ever Eastward, patiently, though all is lost; young girls in the brightness of their first bloom, stiff in their supple limbs, rheumatically old greyboards trudging mechanically, worn-out children lagging behind or carried in the arms.

The same Russian describes the most dreadful scene of all, the great plain covered with abandoned carts, the carts left behind by those who have sold their horses. "I thought of the late V. V. Verestschagin," says he. "Only he, with his grey tones could have painted the grey horror of this life, only he could have painted the dreadful picture in all its horror.

"For several dessiatinas the whole country was covered with abandoned and broken carts. The iron parts had been unloosed and taken away, wheels lay separately, tilts separately.

"How many were there?

"Tens of thousands.

"The whole plain was grey with carts, with wheels, with shafts and single-shafts. Having sold their horses for cash the fugitives abandoned their carts here, only taking with them the iron parts they could unfasten.

"Among this grey wilderness of ruin, fugitives were wandering. These were people who preserved their horses and still went on in their own carts. They sought any bits of harness or shafts or wheels that could serve them better than their own. From various separate parts they put together whole carts. Newly-branded horses also wandered about; horses lately bought from the

refugees by relief societies or contractors, and you might think they sought by sense of smell or by instinct, the carts to which they had lately been harnessed. They wandered and stumbled—like shadows. They hardly kept their feet—they fell."

The Ever Spreading Tide.

Day by day and week by week, the tide reaches new places, and even to-day there are scores of new points in the wideness of Russia where the peasants are receiving the first of the refugees, where the oncoming wave of misery is breaking. Happily for the time being, the German advance is held, and the tide must spend itself quietly before Christmas, in the depths of quiet Russia. All who survive will find new places and start life afresh. The people who receive them are kindred and friendly. There never was such hospitality as that which is being given now by peasant to peasant, by one part of the nation to another. And the women of the middle and upper classes are in the field helping. Relief cars run along the side of these mournful processions and pick up the broken, the feeble, the disease stricken, carry them to relief points, to trains, to hospitals. All Russia is working, has been working for these people. And Russia has made no appeals whatever to the West for help. Generally speaking, those funds whose appeals in the Press of England are so familiar to our public, ought to have Governmental authorisation, Board of Trade inspection, and at least as great a publicity in Russia as they have here. The extent to which they help is not clear, and there is a certain amount of unpleasant gossip about them. I am repeatedly asked to write "sob-raising" letters to America to enable people to gather money to help these unfortunates, but I cannot be sure that the money so collected would ever reach the people. The Governments of Britain and Russia have much to do just now, but I think it would be worth their while to give official sanction to one fund, put it on a proper footing with regularly certified balance-sheets.

At some later stage of this winter's campaign Germany and Austria may assume the offensive once more, and this time perhaps in the south, aided by other races, and elemental catastrophe will overwhelm new populations and set the tide rolling anew. And it would be a pity to think of any material help given by kind people of our own afflicted land failing of its aim. Still, in any case, Russia, the real Russia, is endlessly generous and hospitable, not cast down by material calamity, but ready to give ever more, not only to her own who are suffering, but to us and to all. She lays everything upon the altar of our holy cause.

Readers of *My Vagabondage* and *Sea Pie* will welcome this third volume ("Epistles from Deep Seas." Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 10s. 6d. net) in the same vein from Mr. Patterson's pen, while those who do not know the two previous works will welcome the book for its own sake. The author spent sufficient years before the mast to enable him to make the details of a sailor's life interesting, and the hosts of sailors' yarns with which he diversifies the descriptive matter of a voyage in a wind-jammer, add to the interest of his work.

In detailing the incidents of voyages, or in spinning yarns of the sea, he is at his best; philosophising, as he does at times, he is apt to become wearisome, but as this concerns a matter of a dozen or two pages out of the whole it is not of much consequence. There is fine literary quality in the work, and for dramatic force such stories as that of Oskar, the dying steward, and the shark that followed the ship, have few equals.

Mr. Patterson combines with the practical experience of a sailor's life a fine sense of literary and dramatic values, which place much of this book on a level with Conrad's sea studies—and he lacks the relentless pessimism of the earlier Conrad. The best parts of the book are those which relate simply the daily life of Curly, Sails, Spun yarn, Dobey, and the rest of the men in the fo'cs'le, for in such passages as these the author forgets himself—at least, that is the impression the work gives—and tells without effort the things that he has lived through.

The policy of the Rover Company, as demonstrated in the annual report, is on the lines of the Rover car, sound in every particular. In spite of a successful year of business, a dividend of 10 per cent. is recommended, the rest of the profits being devoted to strengthening the reserve and war reserve funds, with a substantial balance to carry over.

THE TURKISH JESTER.

By Desmond MacCarthy.

ENGLISH people know next to nothing about the Turks; I know very little, yet I will venture to write about them. Though I have been in Turkey, I will not bounce you with that. This article might for that matter be far better if I had read more about the Turks and never seen one. For what used the tourist in Constantinople to see of the life there? Nothing. He probably stayed at the Pera Palace Hotel (now the headquarters of the German Staff); hired a guide (always Greek or Armenian) and went the round of sights: St. Sophia, the Dancing Dervishes, the Howling Dervishes, the Sultan's Friday Drive to Mosque, "The Sweet Waters of Asia," the cemetery at Scutari, the ancient ramparts of the city, and perhaps the old Seraglio and the Islands of the Princes. He wandered about the bazaars, trying to see through the veils of shopping women; and between his gesticulating interpreter and the placidly contemptuous merchant, squatting among his wares, he found himself nicely done there over bargains. Perhaps I had somewhat better opportunities.

Rose-Leaf Jam.

I dined once with an ex-grand Vizier at his villa (very like dining at Wimbledon) and listened to some stories. I ate, one morning at ten o'clock, a pot of rose-leaf jam with the Patriarch in his ramshackle palace. For some days I was waited on by a Turkish servant, whose name, Haralounbô, it was a pleasure to send rolling sonorously through the empty, bell-less rooms of a house on the Bosphorus. He was devoted to his own master; so much so, that when he heard that the noise of traffic tormented him at home in London, he offered to go back with him: "Then I will stand with a whip at the corner of the street to drive the carts and people away, and you will be annoyed no more." I used to spend hours, too, in the barbers' shops at Stamboul, drinking coffee out of cups the size of half an egg-shell, and making myself a little giddy by smoking narghiles in the sun. It was hot weather then; and the Turkish customers would sit a long time with their heads held under brass vessels, from the bottoms of which streamed steadily down a thread of cold water; a form of luxuriously-prolonged shampoo which we might introduce into Europe. During week-ends in the dog days, it would be a pleasant substitute for conversation.

But such recollections do not qualify one to write about the Turks. The only comprehensive impression of value that any tourist was likely to take away from Constantinople was that the Turks are a people who despise fuss, hurry and noise, keep themselves to themselves. The contrast, after sun-down, between the Turkish quarter of the city and the Greek and Armenian quarters is striking; the former is still and dark, the latter are full of hubbub, quarrelling and cries. This instinct for keeping himself to himself, and this contempt for fuss and exuberance, makes the old-fashioned Turk, on the surface, decidedly sympathetic to the Englishman. In normal times, wisely or unwisely, the question, why can't you let it alone? recommends itself readily to both as sensible. However useful the Turks may find the Germans now we may be certain they think them detestable.

Letters and stories from the Dardanelles assure us that the Turk fights "like a gentleman," which means, I suppose, that he is brave, and that his sense of what is expected of him in the way of manslaughter is tempered for the moment by boredom and magnanimity. But they have often in the past shown themselves ruthlessly brutal, indeed they are proving it now in Asia Minor, towards those absolutely in their power, and history proves that they only behave well towards those who can hold their own. It is not about their soldierly qualities, however, nor about this ugly streak of fanatic ferocity in them, I wish to write; but a side of them not yet commented on, their humour. Among their national heroes, they have a famous jester; he is more beloved than any. When he lived I do not know. All I know is that he was certainly a little crazy, which to the oriental mind seems no disad-

vantage, and that he lived long ago. His name was Nasr Eddin, and in the stories told of him he is referred to as Cogia Nasr Eddin Efendi, or simply as "the Cogia."

The Cogia.

"The Cogia, now with God," says the chronicler, "was master of all learning, and perfect in every art. If some people should now say, we were in hope of receiving instruction from his sayings, but have read nothing but the ravings of madness; and if they should require some other book of his utterances, we must tell them that he uttered nothing beyond what is noted here. Some people say that, whilst uttering what seemed madness, he was, in reality, divinely inspired, and that it was not madness, but wisdom, that he uttered. The mercy of God be upon him, mercy without bounds." Space will not permit me to exhibit the many sidedness of the Cogia's wit, or anything of his wisdom and madness but here are a few of the stories about him over which the Turks still laugh; and to know what men laugh at is to get insight into their character.

* * * * *

One day a man asked the Cogia to lend him his ass. "He is not at home," replied the Cogia. But the words were hardly spoken when the ass began to bray in the stable. "O, Cogia Efendi," said the man, "you say your ass is not at home, but I can hear him braying." "What a strange fellow you are!" said the Cogia. "You believe the ass, but you will not believe a grey-bearded man."

A man coming from the country once brought the Cogia a hare. The Cogia with much civility, offered him some broth to eat. At the end of a week he came again. The Cogia at first pretended not to recognise him; but when the man said, "Don't you remember I am the person who brought you the hare," the Cogia invited him to dine. Some days later a number of men came round and wanted to be entertained. "Who may you be?" said the Cogia. "We are the neighbours of the man who brought you the hare," they said; and after some hesitation he entertained them also. A week afterwards, quite a crowd appeared at his door, saying, "We are the neighbours of the neighbours of the man who brought you the hare." "Well, you are very welcome," said the Cogia, "Come in." When they had all settled round the table, the Cogia sat down before them a large jar of pure water. "What's this!" they cried. "The water of the water of the hare. That's what it is," said the Cogia.

Story of a Cauldron.

On returning a cauldron which he had borrowed from a brazier, the Cogia inadvertently left in it a small iron pot for making coffee. "What is this?" said the owner of the cauldron taking out the pot. "It looks," said the Cogia, "as though the cauldron must have had a child." "O, in that case, then," chuckled the man, "the little pot belongs to me." And he kept it. The Cogia said nothing and went home. A few days later he borrowed the cauldron again, and since he did not return it, the brazier himself went round to get it. "I want my cauldron," he said, as soon as the Cogia opened the door. "O, Brazier," replied the Cogia, "your cauldron is dead." "What!" exclaimed the brazier, "How can a cauldron be dead?" "If you believed it could bear a child, you can also believe it can die," said the Cogia, and he shut the door.

Taste in humour differs; I like these stories, and the following one of the best; it seems to touch depths. The Cogia once caught a stork, and having done so, he proceeded to cut off its beak and legs; then setting it on a high place, he exclaimed: "Now you look like a bird." Some other time may be told how he excused himself to the Emperor Timour for having eaten, by the way, the leg of a goose he was bringing him as a present, how he reproved a snob who thought him ill-dressed, and how he converted three wise men to the faith of Mahomed; but enough has been told, at any rate, to show the kind of things which make Turks laugh.

BATTLE OF KUT EL AMARA.

By Sir Thomas Holdich.

On the 26th September General Townshend concentrated his division at Nakhailat and built a bridge of boats across the river. The division was divided into two columns. Column A under General Delamain; column B under General Fry.

On the 27th Column B advanced slowly on the north bank of the Tigris and dug itself in at some distance from the Horseshoe marsh, bringing the heavy guns into action all day against the centre of the Turkish position. In the evening one Brigade (Column A) made a feint of

making very slow progress towards the Turkish centre about the Horseshoe marsh (a very strong and most carefully prepared position elaborated by Nuredin, Pasha under German supervision) it was finally decided at 5 p.m. (when all were very weary) to march to the assistance of B column by skirting the S.W. edge of the Suwada marsh. This would enable General Delamain's column (A) to take the position in rear whilst General Fry's brigade attacked in front. General Fry had been ordered to await General Delamain's appearance before making any direct attack on the Turkish trenches.

Then occurred the most dramatic incident of this long day's battle. Out of nowhere, apparently, did a Turkish force of five battalions with four guns appear, marching parallel at about a mile distance with General Delamain's column, slightly behind him. They appeared suddenly out of the dust, or mirage—or grass—that had hidden them. The effect was electrical. With amazing rapidity both brigades wheeled to their right and started to the attack as though they were fresh from camp. In one long splendid rush, hardly firing a shot, they charged, and the Turks broke and fled before them, disappearing in the gathering darkness towards the bridge of boats. It was all over in less than an hour—and it was pitch dark by then. All the enemy's guns were taken, and our weary troops just dropped down where they were for a cold and cheerless bivouac.

It is to be noted that the nights were already cold, and that there was no extreme heat (such as we first heard of) during that eventful day.

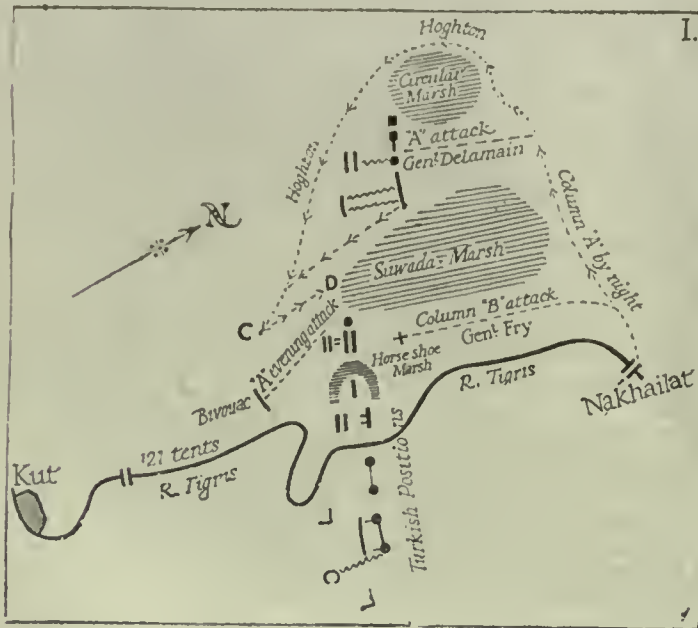
Next morning they marched to the river and the cavalry went on at once to Kut. General Townshend lost no time in following up the Turks (who had evacuated all their positions) by river and road, but the river at this period of the cold weather has not found its permanent channel, and sandbanks appear and disappear with amazing rapidity, blocking all chance of rapid progress. The Turks got away easily enough, and apparently in very fair order. Whether they will make a fresh stand south of Bagdad it is impossible to say, but it seems that the ruins of the ancient Persian capital Ctesiphon may afford them the chance, if they choose to take it. Not that there is much left of Ctesiphon. Bricks are too valuable in Mesopotamia to be allowed to waste for the benefit of historians and archaeologists.

The effect of our successful advance in Mesopotamia is already apparent in Persia and amongst the Arab tribes. It may have its effect in Constantinople too, before long.

We regret that, in the article on "Gifts for the Services" in last week's issue of LAND AND WATER, the postage rates for parcels to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force were erroneously stated to be similar to those for the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders. The rates of parcel post for the M.E.F. are:—Parcels not exceeding 3 lb., 1s.; exceeding three and not exceeding seven pounds, 1s. 9d. Parcels over seven pounds in weight are not at present accepted by the Post Office for the M.E.F.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have published, in a little shilling volume entitled *Drum-Taps*, the war poems of Walt Whitman, forming a collection which will be welcomed by those who know Whitman's work, and also, it is to be hoped, will induce others to study this great poet, using this little volume as an introduction to his work. The martial note rings clearly in these poems, which include the work in which the rugged strength of the poet is clearly shown, and this is eminently a soldier's book of verse.

The annual report of the Sunbeam Motor Car Company shows a good profit on the year's working, out of which a dividend of 15 per cent. plus a bonus of 2s. per share is recommended on the ordinary shares. Owing to the Government having taken over the whole output of the works for the period of the war, Sunbeam cars are practically unobtainable at the present time, but the strong position of the Company points to maintenance of quality and output, and the resumption of the ordinary business, when it is undertaken, will find the Sunbeam cars as popular as ever.



attacking on the south side, but as evening closed in was withdrawn to the north side and marched rapidly to a point on the S.E. of the Suwada marsh. Nothing was left but outposts on the south bank of the river. After resting for two hours from midnight, Column A, guided by a sapper officer (who had only been able to half reconnoitre the ground) moved forward, and succeeded in reaching their position for attack about 4.45 a.m.

A force was then detailed, under General Houghton, to make a flank attack on the Turkish left. They marched right round the circular marsh, and thus did not reach the left rear of the Turkish position till about 8.20 a.m. Meanwhile General Delamain, with the rest of the Column A had formed up for attack and moving forward for a mile, came in full view of the enemy trenches. At 8.20 he attacked with half the 117th Mahrattas who went for the trenches with a gallant rush, and, undismayed by 45 per cent. of casualties, secured the first line. The sappers with half the Dorsets, and then the other half, followed; and when General Houghton's nearest regiments came into action this one and a half battalions had already captured the position. But from the southern flank there commenced a terrific fire, the Turks holding on grimly to that part of the line, and it was not until General Houghton had sent to the assistance of the Dorsets and Mahrattas that the whole line of defences north-west of the Suwada marsh was captured. It was then that the Oxforas found their opportunity, and the Turks surrendered.

By 1.30 this part of the action was over, and the men were pretty well done up; but regiments were quickly sorted out and reorganised, and started off to the assistance of General Houghton, who was making steady progress southwards to the west of the Suwada marsh. He had beaten off first a very large body of infantry (probably Turkish reserves) and then the Turkish cavalry, but as he got southward he came within range of very heavy artillery fire from beyond 121 tents.

This necessitated retirement from C to D, where General Delamain decided to give his men a rest after thirteen and a half hours' of marching and fighting. As the Turkish fire was altogether too heavy to admit of an approach to the river, and column B, under General Fry, had been



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clogged, and no part has gone wrong, which is an important point out here
where it would be very difficult to get a pen repaired. Another outstanding
feature is that while other fellows' pens have been put out of action owing to
broken fillers, this one is self-filling, and therefore safer for rough usage."

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the Dardanelles (including the Royal Naval Division), and the Committee find that their
expenditure is rapidly increasing. By special arrangement with the War Office no expense
whatever is incurred for carriage, and in every case a receipt for the parcel has been received
from the Commanding Officer.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S LETTER



" Marlborough House.

" I fully realise how generous the Public have been in subscribing, through my Field Force
Fund, to provide comforts for our brave soldiers at the Front. But our armies in the Field are
constantly growing, and with every prospect of a second winter campaign, it is imperative that
a supreme effort should be at once commenced so that not a single British soldier may have to
go through another winter unprovided with those comforts which are so essential to his well-being
and to his fighting efficiency. I know that the urgent need for money has only to be stated to ensure
instant and generous support for my Field Force Fund from every section of the Public."

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Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to the Fund and crossed "Coutts
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Gifts of money should be addressed to Ralph Upton, Esq., Honorary Treasurer.

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LITTLE LECTURES BY NURSE WINCARNIS. Lecture No. 4.



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**ÆOLIAN HALL. FRIDAY AFTERNOON,
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"THE CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST."

The Chair will be taken by The Right Hon. LORD ROBERT CECIL, Under Secretary
for Foreign Affairs. The proceeds of the lecture will be given to Charity. Tickets,
15s., 10s. 6d., and 5s., at Hall, and Agents'. Concert-Direction DANIEL MAYER
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BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

• "The Germans in England." By Ian D. Colvin. ("National Review Offices.") 6s. net.

A totally new view of English history may be gained from perusal of this work, which, with chapter and verse for the evidence that it presents, shows the existence and results of a German colony established in England from the times before the Norman conquest up to the days of Elizabeth. The headquarters of the colony were at the Steelyard on the Thames, a fortified German citadel in the heart of London, assuring to the merchants who occupied it even greater trading rights than were possessed by English traders, rights granted and confirmed by successive sovereigns to the Hanseatic League, in return for certain moneys lent for the conduct of French and other wars. As the author says, the fair front of the Temple of Fame usually conceals the fact that the brokers' men are in the back kitchen, and the Hanse traders correspond to the brokers' men. Thus Edward III., winner of such glorious victories in France, pawned his crown and his second best crown, and even left his wife and child and two earls as hostages to the Hanse, in order to carry on his French wars, and Edwards and Henrys alike enlarged the Hanse rights at the expense of English citizens in order to raise money, a policy that the Hanse towns were only too ready to forward.

The story, as told here, is more than interesting. We see Simon de Montfort and the great Warwick giving their lives in the attempt to break the Hanse power, rather than as they are conventionally shown. Thomas Gresham, known best for the golden grasshopper and the Royal Exchange, comes out in a new light as the man who finally broke the power of the Hanse merchants in England, and the Merchant Adventurers are proved to possess very great political significance. Elizabeth, in her Latin reply to the Hanse embassy, is a great queen indeed—and for the other side of the picture there are English pro-Germans, with kings among them. The main bone of contention was the English cloth trade, which the Hanse cities strove to keep in their own hands.

The story as a whole is new, and tonic rather than pleasant. Written since the outbreak of war, it is not devoid of bias, but this is in the manner of the telling rather than in the matter, the truth of which is unquestionable. We commend the book as a sound contribution to the literature of a current topic, and also a valuable text book for the student of English history.

• "Between the Lines." By Boyd Cable. (Smith, Elder and Co., 5s. net.

This book was placed in the hands of the present writer by a friend with the request often made to a reviewer, to say a good word for it if he conscientiously could. It is, perhaps, the worst form of introduction there is, for it presupposes an absence of merit, so imagine the grateful surprise when on reading the first few chapters the reviewer discovered that he held in his hand what is undoubtedly the most vivid description, the most lively narrative of the actual fighting in France that has yet been presented to the public.

Mr. Boyd Cable is a new name, and one believes it to be a mere *nom de guerre*, but in the Foreword he mentions that all of the book "has been written at the Front within sound of the German guns and for the most part within shell and rifle range." Every page bears the impress of the truth of this statement, and the reader himself feels that he too is within sound of the German guns and taking part in the terrible events, which seem so matter-of-fact for all their heroism and horror from the way in which they are set down here. The narrator permits, as it were, each incident to describe itself. He takes as a text to his chapters, actual sentences from despatches such as: "A mine was successfully exploded under a section of the enemy's trench," or "The attack has resulted in our line being advanced from one to two hundred yards along a front of over one thousand yards," and he explains precisely in simple direct language how these colourless sentences are expressed in human suffering, death and endurance.

There is no straining after effect; the strange new phrases of the British soldier on active service are often used but they are so natural, that one wonders how they could be avoided. The bitterness against the seeming callousness and lack of understanding of people at home often crops up, and it finds its most biting expression in the sentence chalked by a Tommy on a broken boiler of a ruined factory in the middle of a shell-devastated town. "But it's business as usual—at home."

All the book is so good that to single out one chapter for special praise may appear to cast slight on others, nevertheless, we venture to assert that "The Hymn of Hate" is

a classic that will always find a leading place in all future anthologies of war stories. The text of this chapter is this extract from an official despatch: "The troops continue in excellent spirits"; and it tells how a Territorial Cockney Battalion, the Tower Bridge Rifles "drew" the Germans in the opposing trenches to sing them over and over again in English, until they had learnt it, the Hymn of Hate. And the Tower Bridge Rifles returned to their billets a few days later, shouting at the top of their voices and accompanied by their one musician on his mouth organ:—

'Tis of the 'eart an 'tis of the 'and,
'Tis by water and 'tis by land:
'Oo do we 'tis to beat the band!

We 'ave one foe and one alone, England!

It's a gloriously humorous incident, and for it alone we should be grateful to Mr. Boyd Cable, but the book itself from cover to cover is the best thing of its kind that has been published since the war began.

• "South of Panama." By Edward A. Ross. (George Allen and Unwin.) 10s. 6d.

Although the author's survey of the Latin countries that lie in the last continent to come into line with civilisation is fairly complete, it is at the same time the survey of the traveller—it is minute without being intimate. The main merit of the book is that Professor Ross tells the truth—he does not flatter. Hence some rather startling statistics about Latin American morality, and some explanations for the lamentable lack of progress in such abnormally rich countries as Chile and Ecuador.

The subject is far too immense to be treated in the limits of a single volume, and thus this book can be only a sketch of a continent, or rather of the parts of the continent that the author saw. It will probably serve its purpose in stimulating readers to look more closely into the literature on South America, and this as much by its well-chosen illustrations as by its text. Especially interesting are the views of Inca architecture at Ollantaytambo and elsewhere in Peru and



"CHRIST THE REDEEMER."

The Andean Boundary between Argentina and Chile.

along the western plateau. The view reproduced here shows the statue that was set up to commemorate the signing of peace between Argentina and Chile, and intended as a sign of perpetual peace. Folly though it may be for one generation to set so fixed a law for those that shall follow it—and this more especially when the temperaments of these two nations are considered—the spirit in which the statue was set up has been maintained, and arbitration has, up to the present, settled all differences between the two nations concerned.

The book as a whole gives a very good idea of South America, from the lazy life of Colombia, round by the comparative activity of Chile, and the southern trans-continental railway, and up by Uruguay and Brazil. It is breezily written by a keen student of humanity, and is to be commended to those interested in South America.

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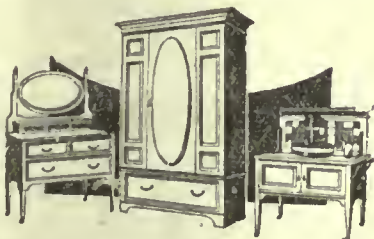
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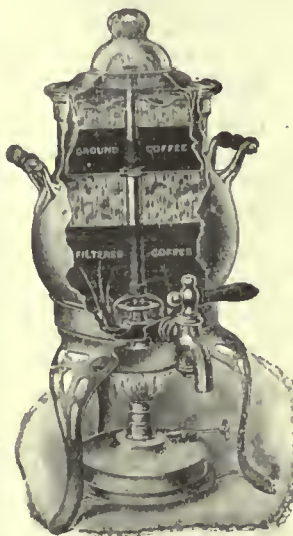
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TOWN AND COUNTRY

The Order of the Royal Red Cross was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1883 "for the purpose of rewarding service rendered by certain persons in nursing the sick and wounded of the Army and Navy." Hitherto it has only consisted of one class, and has included the names of about two hundred ladies, among whom are Lady Wantage, Georgina Lady Dudley, Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Sarah Wilson. To which class the present possessors of the decoration will belong is not mentioned, but presumably to the First Class. It is exclusively a woman's Order, and though conferred by the Sovereign, the Queen is the head of it; other Royal ladies who wear it, are the Queen of Greece, the Queen of Italy and Princess Frederica of Hanover.

The First Class will consist of a Cross, as originally designed, except it appears that the King's Effigy will take the place of Queen Victoria's Effigy. The final clause of the Royal Warrant instituting the Order runs: "If any person on whom such distinction shall be conferred shall by her conduct become unworthy of it, her name shall be erased from the register, but may be restored if such restoration shall be justified by the circumstances of the case."

Those who are interested in the intricacies of family trees will have a pretty puzzle to work out in years to come through the death of the eleventh Earl of Seafield, a title which has not brought luck in recent years. The seventh Earl died in 1881; the eighth in 1884; the ninth in June, 1888; and the tenth in December, 1888; when the peer who has just died of wounds succeeded to the titles, and nothing but the titles, for all the estates and money were in the hands of the widow of the seventh Earl, Caroline Lady Seafield, who lived until 1911, when she left the estates in trust for the eleventh earl and his successors. He lived most of his life in New Zealand, and married the daughter of Doctor Townend, of Christchurch, who survives him. There is one daughter of the marriage.

This little lady, who was nine last April, is now Countess of Seafield, Viscountess Reidhaven and Baroness Ogilvy of Deskford, and Cullen in her own right. These dignities are all Scottish; the United Kingdom barony of Strathspay, as well as the baronetcy of Nova Scotia, pass to the brother of the late Earl, who lives in New Zealand and is married, and has a son and daughter. The Earldom of Seafield was conferred at the time of the Union on the fourth Earl of Findlater, but the Findlater Earldom expired over a hundred years ago on the death of the seventh earl "without heir males of his body."

Lord Feversham's efforts to raise a farmers' battalion within the area of the Northern Command are meeting with encouraging success, although many farmers and farmers' sons, of course, joined the Army quite early in the war. Another drawback to rapid recruiting just at present has been the problem of a shortage of labour on the farms. Still, even if it had not been for the knowledge of his good work in connection with the Yorkshire Hussars, it would have been generally agreed that there can be few men so likely to succeed in such a task as that Lord Feversham has now undertaken. What a crowd of endeavour in every direction Lord Feversham has crammed into his thirty-six years of life!

The Smithfield Cattle Show, which begins on Monday, December 6th, will this year be notable for one of the most remarkable jumble sales ever held in this country, for the odds and ends to be bought will include fat beasts, a pen of fat sheep, a brown four-horned Manx ram, and seeds and cakes and ploughs and harrows, and thrashing-machines. Lord Northbrook, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Mr. Norris Midwood, Mr. Cridlan, and Mr. Adeane are among the donors. The proceeds go to the Agricultural Relief of the Allies' Committee, who are doing a great work. The Smithfield Show promises to be well supported;

the entries including 241 head of cattle, 130 pens of sheep and 93 pens of pigs, and also a large entry of poultry.

They have introduced some dry white wines from Anjou and Touraine, at the Ritz and the Carlton, which it is thought may eventually take the place of Hock and Moselle. They are clean wines and pleasant to the taste; the Anjou resembles more nearly a light Chablis than a German wine. Of course it has always been said that more than half the Hock and Moselle drunk in this country has been produced in France, and therefore there should be no reason why henceforth we should deal direct with the producers instead of by way of the valleys of the Saar, Moselle and Rhine.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Attenborough, C.M.G., whose marriage had to be postponed from day to day until such time as he could obtain leave, is the eldest son of Mr. Stanley Attenborough, a solicitor well known in the West-end, who has already lost a son at the Front, while serving with the Canadians. Attenborough is an unusual name, and is always associated with the famous pawnbrokers, who are not Jews or even of Jewish extraction, as so many people believe them to be because of their calling. They come of good yeoman stock, out of Nottinghamshire, and have been strong Tories and Church of England people for several generations.

There was a hearty welcome for *L'Enfant Prodigue* on the first night of its reappearance at the Duke of York's Theatre, and I shall be disappointed if it does not outlast the Christmas holidays. It is not only a novelty to the present generation, but is so beautiful in many ways, and it is admirably presented. We have been hearing a good deal of the extraordinary ignorance of the French language that prevails in high political circles. But it is general ignorance. To test it, ask the meaning of "*L'Enfant Prodigue*" at any dinner party of English people, and probably not a single person present will detect in the phrase our old friend "The Prodigal Son."

Two Children's Parties are being organised by Winifred Lady Arran for the British Women's Hospital Building Fund for the "Star and Garter" Home for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors at Richmond. They will take place at the Hotel Cecil, on Tuesday, December 28th, and Monday, January 3rd, and are under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Derby, and Lady Gosford, among others. There will be many attractions. The parties will be run on exactly the same lines as the one at the hotel last year for the Belgian Fund, when 1,300 children were present.

Mrs. Spottiswoode, the widow of Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode, informs me that she has undertaken in the future to edit *Printers' Pie* and *Winter's Pie*, the excellent creations of her husband. *Winter's Pie* came out this week.

A West-end hotel that in a year like the present is able to meet its fixed charges, pay 25 per cent. on its share-capital, and carry forward nearly £15,000, is to be congratulated. It is the Piccadilly, which shows a profit for the year ending July 31st, of nearly £40,000. Much of it has been made in its grill-room, which is, in its way, the most remarkable restaurant in London, for it is always crowded; it attracts people in every sphere of life, and it is not cheap as cheapness goes nowadays. Casali has good cause to be gratified over his first year of general management. To keep everything up to concert pitch in these days is no easy task, but he has succeeded.

In reference to the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book, Mr. H. E. Preston, of Moreby, York, writes that he will be much obliged to Masters of Foxhounds (or in their absence to Secretaries or Huntsmen) if they will forward him, without delay, their lists for 1915. In the event of lists not being printed, he will be grateful for written lists of entry 1915.

HERMES.

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RATIONAL exercise is the first step towards better health. It is what Nature prescribes to keep the body fit. Lieut. J. P. Muller (Royal Danish Engineers) has reduced exercise to so fine a point of simplicity as almost to give a new meaning to the word. His "System" is exercise without drudgery. It is scientific, easy, delightful and suited to old and middle-aged persons of either sex, as well as to the young.

No appliances of any kind are required. The whole series of movements occupies only a few minutes daily, and there is no risk of strain.

The responsiveness of the body to the exercises is immediate, because they exercise all the vital organs and every muscle of the body. The series includes self-massage with the hands—a novel feature which produces a delightful, exhilarating glow; removes and prevents indigestion and constipation; promotes circulation; tones the nerves and makes the skin clear and healthy.

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In removing superfluous fat naturally and with absolute safety, the Muller system is most efficacious, by exercising the muscles which are not called into play in the ordinary way, and by self-massage. After a few weeks' practice of the exercises the body begins to recover its natural shape, while becoming stronger in every respect.

Those who are too thin derive equal benefit, because the exercises promote digestion and assimilation and build up firm and flexible flesh.

The Muller System has many novelties, but it is not risky and not cranky. It has helped thousands of people to win back health. Doctors recommend it more and more for the treatment of Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation, Insomnia, Neurasthenia, and kindred ailments.

The System is taught at the Muller Institute, 45, Dover Street, Piccadilly (opposite Tube Station), W., under the personal supervision of the author. It is essentially a system for people of ordinary physical condition, who desire not merely muscular strength, but the

maximum of health and fitness, and it restores to a remarkable degree the buoyancy and vigour of youth.

A special descriptive brochure, entitled "A Statement to Medical Men," will be sent free to any doctor at his request, or the request of any of his patients desiring his advice before taking the Muller System for curative purposes.

The Muller System is advocated and used by Lord Alverstone, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Ex-President Roosevelt, Sir Malcolm Fox, Sir William Crawford, J.P., Viscount Hill, Mrs. Alfred Illingworth, Alderman Broadbent, J.P., Rev. F. B. Meyer, and has also received Medical endorsement so weighty and complete as to leave no loophole for doubt as to its soundness.



A line drawing of a photograph of Boeghbjerg's life-size statue of Lieutenant Muller.

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Tuition is given personally and privately at the Institute in bright, airy rooms.

Separate instruction rooms are set apart for Ladies and Children.

For those who are unable personally to visit the Institute arrangements can be made to send Instructors (lady or gentleman) to explain and teach the System in their own homes.

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Special courses by post are conducted by Lieut. Muller to enable persons in the country and abroad to learn the exercises thoroughly, easily and quickly. Full particulars free on request, with explanatory booklets: (1) for Gentlemen: (2) entitled "The Royal Road to Health and Beauty," for Ladies and Children. Please mention *Land and Water*, November 27, 1915.

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"THE TIMES":

"Lieutenant Muller is a good advertisement of his system, for he has a fine, well-proportioned figure."

"THE SUNDAY TIMES":

"To sum up, the Muller System is undoubtedly an all-round, comprehensive method of regularly exercising every muscle of the body in a minimum amount of time. And that, briefly, spells Health."

"THE OBSERVER":

"There is no terrible development of thigh or biceps. You are only supple and upright; only healthier and happier, less cross and less nervous, only nicer to live with; cleaner, pluckier and more self-confident."

Mr. HUGH de SELINCOURT, writing in "The Daily Mail":

"The virtue of this training must be known throughout the land."

'After three months' regular discipline—discipline, mind you, accessible to every man—a man's body changes almost beyond belief.

"Do it, and you will see. Do it for the sake of your health and the health of your children, and your children's children. Do it for the sake of England, who wants tough, healthy men. Let every man then begin his discipline, and let him begin at once, that that part of the nation which is his own body may not be a source of shame, but of pride."

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"One becomes fit and keeps fit by carrying out Lieut. Muller's System, which is a natural course of exercises without the use of muscle straining instruments, causing no great strain and resulting in no after-collapse."

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"After actual experience in using the System which Lieut. Muller advocates, it is believed to be more practical and better adapted to men of mature age and sedentary tendencies than any other system heretofore encountered. As an all-round comprehensive method of regularly exercising every muscle of the body in a minimum amount of time, it is confidently believed that the Muller System will be found thoroughly efficient and satisfactory."

"SVENSK DAM TIDNING," the well-known Swedish Ladies' Magazine:

"Most earnestly do we recommend Lieut. Muller's System to the whole world of women. Daily baths, systematic exercises and massage, and exposure to fresh air and sunshine are not only means to health but also to beauty and natural vivacity."

THE WEST END

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

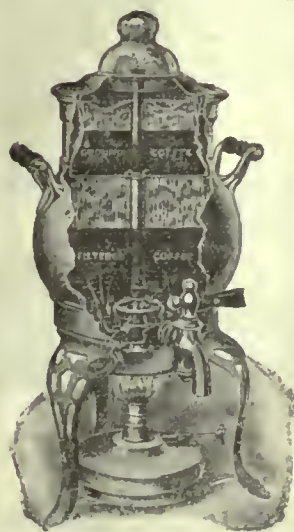
Toys of the Times.

Hours of delight will be given to children in general, but to boys in particular by some war-time toys which are wonders of clever contrivance. Here are trenches, forts, miniature field, anti-aircraft and maxim guns, submarines, troopships, toy fleets and many other harmless but realistic things well warranted to charm the youthful imagination.

The firm in question are always well abreast of the times, and are making a greater speciality of this class of toy this Christmas than any other. Amongst a great number of different forts—all of which can be seen in their galleries—is one of particularly ingenious mechanism. The soldiers in front of the fortress fall over when hit, and can be immediately set on foot again by pulling a wire at the back. This is 9s. 11d. complete. A realistic trench peopled by brave defenders is 2s. 11d., while an anti-aircraft gun with wooden shells, an adaptation of the famous French soizante-quinze, is 3s. 11d.

A complete set of metal battleships including a submarine, made with flat bottoms so that on the table they look like a fleet afloat is but a shilling. Everyone interested further in the matter should send for the Christmas Presents Catalogue, illustrating these and many other toys.

The Making of Coffee.



Delicious coffee is rare in this country, yet most people take the subject seriously enough, and often puzzle over their coffee deficiencies. Many things are necessary to the making of good coffee, but the main thing is a proper apparatus. Those who use the "Universal" Coffee Percolator are bound to find their coffee improve. They have in all probability never tasted such excellent coffee as this so quickly makes.

The coffee is placed in a filter cup, fitting inside. Then the percolator is filled with cold water and placed upon the stove. In a little while the coffee becomes lukewarm, then warm, then boiling. It is forced into the filter cup, passes through the coffee, which is then ready. It is in short the minimum of trouble with the maximum of result.

These coffee Percolators are made in aluminium, copper or enamel, and in many different sizes.

A Sale of Teacloths.

It is so unlikely that Christmas and Sale Time will conveniently happen together that when this does occur it seems almost too good to be true. A Sale is now in progress at a noted linen house where delightful Christmas presents can be secured almost for the asking. There is a specially fine array of five o'clock teacloths, these originally costing anything up to eleven guineas, and now reduced 4s. to 6s. 8d. in the pound.

Particularly beautiful is an Italian cloth with square of real filet and hand-embroidered, which is immensely reduced, yet another in the finest wheat-ear embroidery being 26s. instead of 36s. There are also some exceedingly attractive cloths reduced to 5s. 6d.

A Khaki Set.

A box packed with a collection of woollen comforts for a man on active service is amongst a well-known firm's Christmas presents suggestions. It contains a warm comfortable,

(Continued on page 31.)

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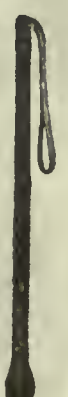


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THE WEST END

(Continued from page 29.)

Shetland wool cardigan, a scarf and cap combined protecting the most vulnerable parts of head and neck, a pair of fleece wool gloves, and last, but by no means least, a pair of khaki wool knitted gloves. It is a convenient and quite light parcel to dispatch, and the astounding price for the whole concern is 16s. 6d.

Such a chance as this does not happen every day, and few people with friends and relations at the Front will let it slip. The cold weather problem is ever present with those left behind at home, and this set, of woollen garments will help many towards solving it in some degree and measure.

For Winter Nights.

Wonderful value is being given with some soft wool sleeping vests costing the small sum of 1s. 3½d. No words can tell the comfort of these on a cold winter night when the temperature of a bedroom grows low. A great shortage of supply is threatened with all woollen garments as the days go on, and sleeping vests at this price may not be always available. It is a wise woman, therefore, who buys them while she can, and reaps full value from their warm cosiness.

There are also some real Shetland sleeping vests, hailing straight from the Shetlands, and a foremost industry of the Isles. They are soft, fleecy, and surprisingly light and warm. The wool works out into a Vandyked edge and the price is 2s. 11½d.

In the same department are some most attractive cold weather nightgowns of delaine. Delaine is an ideal fabric in which to sleep, and these pretty models are stocked in pale mauve, blue, blush pink or cream. They are of slip-on American shape with hemstitching bordering both neck and sleeves, and a daintily tied ribbon bow one side of the front. These nightgowns are only 12s. 11d., the same charmingly simple model in Japanese silk costing a shilling more, or 19s. 11d., when in crêpe de chine.

Latest Lamp Shades.

Nothing could well be prettier than the new lamp and candle shades in one of the cleverest Lamp Shade Departments in London. These are strikingly original and in the majority of cases are worked out from the firm's own designs. Novelty in artistic colouring and effect is the end aimed at, and this has been brilliantly achieved beyond any shade of question.

At present attention may be drawn to some new shades specially designed to throw a soft, warm, becomingly rosy light on table or room. Though of rose pink tendency, they are a welcome departure from that much-used hue. Wine colour perhaps, better describes them than any other term. These lamp shades are made in every conceivable shape for candle, oil lamp, or electric light fittings of any description. They are treated in many different ways with clever bead fringes and adroitly hand-painted borders, and are equally attractive in silk or parchment.

Very original also are some silk "dishes" to go under electric light fittings from the ceilings of rooms. These are destined to take the place of the somewhat cold-looking alabaster or glass dish shades generally used for that purpose and are infinitely more attractive. These silk shades will be made to people's own requirements at very reasonable prices.

(To be continued.)

The small high hat is already disappearing and in its stead has arrived the close-fitting cap with branching trimming of velvet or winged feather. These caps look much like an aeroplane in full flight, and if truth be told are particularly unsuited to nine English faces out of ten. It is only a very small minority who can stand the typically French hat well.

Very pretty, and what is more, comparatively inexpensive, are the gigantic muffs of gathered velvet trimmed with narrow bands of fur. They generally form part of a set of three, consisting of tiny puckered collarette, muff and small round hat, and the trio complete need not by any manner of means run into a ruinous figure. If the threatened shortage of furs occurs these velvet sets will very nearly fill their place.

At the beginning of the season we were offered wide shoulder capes in this mixture of fur and velvet, but these never succeeded for a moment. Most women have fallen victims to the fascination of deep fur neck bands and these are to be seen on dress and coat alike, so that not one inch of the throat is visible. Deep necklets of rich dark skunk are, perhaps, first favourite with those whose taste is recognised.

Convalescent! Try Billiards! Burroughes & Watts' Tables.

SOME CHARMING
XMAS NOVELTIESWhat are you going to give **HIM**?What are you going to give **HER**?

We draw attention to a unique selection of Christmas Novelties manufactured by the well-known firm of Jewellers, H. Brandon & Co., 317 High Holborn, W.C., and sold by nearly all Jewellers and Stores, including Dickens & Jones, Harrods, Selfridge's, Hamleys, &c.

For instance, there is the "**TOMMY TOUCHWOOD**" Lucky Mascot, which is a great favourite, and is worn by the whole of the officers and men of a well-known Regiment, and of which over one and a quarter millions have already been sold this year.

THEN there is the latest talisman to accompany him,

"**JACKY TOUCHWOOD,**"



with his sailor hat with the blue ribbon on the side. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra was so pleased with these lucky Mascots that she ordered quite a number of them.



Charm with Silver Arms and Legs, 2/- each. 9-ct. Gold, 8/6 each.

Tommy Touchwood, in-laid Silver Gilt in Tortoiseshell, 3/6 each, post free.

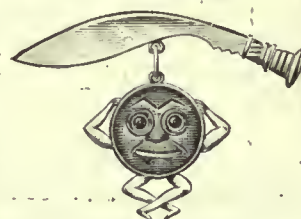
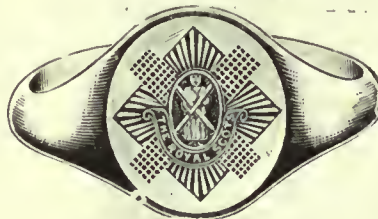
With Silver Arms and Legs, 2/- each. 9-ct., 8/6, post free.

A "**TOUCHWOOD**" WITH KUKRI KNIFE BROOCH.

ANOTHER most suitable gift. All these little charms have the reputation of bringing good luck to the wearers. Eastern people call them their Holy Charms. Their heads are made of Eastern Oak, the arms and legs of Silver or Gold.

Another novelty is the **CREST RING**,

no fewer than 200,000 of which have already been sold by the originators.



Solid Silver Kukri Knife Brooch and Mr. Touchwood Charm attached in Silver, 2/6.

9-ct. Gold, 8/6, post free.

1-ct. Gold Shell, 2/6 each. 9-ct. Solid Gold, 5/- (Ladies' size). 9-ct. " " 10/6 " " 9-ct. " " 15/- " " 9-ct. " " £1 1s. (Gents' size). 1s-ct. " " £1 10s. (Ladies' size). 1s-ct. " " £2 2s. (Gents' size). All post free and with any Naval or Military Crest.

They are made of 9-ct. gold shell, guaranteed for 7 years, and cost 2/6 each; and in 9-ct. gold as low as 5/-, 10/6, and 15/- each in ladies' size—Gents' size 1 Guinea. 1s-ct. gold, Ladies' size 30/-, Gents' size 2 Guineas. You could not wish for a more acceptable present than a ring bearing the crest of the regiment your relatives and friends belong to.

When purchasing Crest Rings be sure and ask for BRANDON'S make, and see that you get them.

If you cannot obtain any of these Novelties from your Local Store or Jeweller, send direct to—

H. BRANDON & Co., Dept. L, 317 High Holborn, London, W.C.

For size of Ring cut a hole in a piece of cardboard to fit tightly over the knuckle, and give name of Regiment required.

HARVEY'S
"Golf Blend" Scotch Whisky

Can be supplied from Depot at Boulogne to Expeditionary Force.

Per 20/- doz., Duty free
Per 48/- doz., Duty paid

Sample Bottle 4/- Post Free.



The "19th" Hole.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.,

Special Terms to Messes.

BRISTOL.

Send for Price List and Samples.

Established 64 yrs.

MOSS BROS & CO^{LD}

TAILORS

Military, Sporting Town & Country Kit



Since the Outbreak of the War we have supplied a larger number of

OFFICERS
with
UNIFORMS
& **EQUIPMENT**
than any other firm.

We have the Largest Stock in LONDON of FIELD SERVICE UNIFORMS correct in every detail, Ready for immediate wear, or Made to Measure in 24 HOURS.

In addition to Uniforms of every description we have in stock every Article necessary for an Officer's Outfit, including Field Boots, Prismatic Binoculars by **ZEISS, GOERZ and ROSS.**

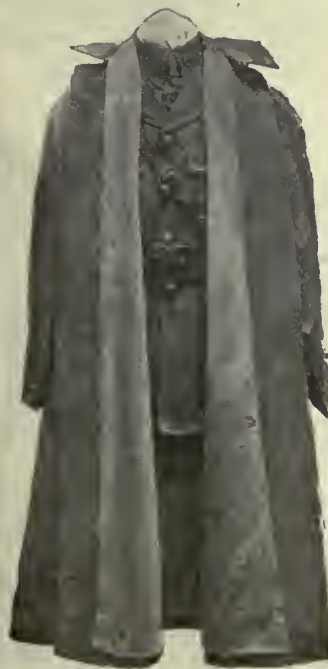
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Telephone: 3730-1 Gerrard. and 31-32 BEDFORD ST. WC. Tel. Address: "Pursee, Rand, London."



MILITARY & MUFTI TAILORS.
ESTABLISHED 1877.



SERVICE KIT—and all that the words imply—good service under the most strenuous active service.

PRICES —

Service Jacket ...	£2 17 6
Slacks... ..	0 16 6
British Warm (fleece lined)	2 17 6
Raincoat	2 12 6
Breeches 'Bedford Cord)	1 12 6
Knicker Breeches ...	1 2 6
Great Coat	3 13 6

WRITE FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED LIST.

We have catered for Officers in nearly every regiment in the British Army, and this experience places us in an almost unparalleled position to supply Officers with that quality of material, and perfection in style, fit and finish that is worthy of the position they hold.

Service Raincoat, lined with detachable fleece.
£3 : 3 : 0

141 & 142 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.
and
71 NEW BOND STREET, W.
LONDON.

The Creagh=Osborne Liquid PRISMATIC COMPASS.



DESIGNED to take the place of the Service Mark VII. Compass when greater steadiness is required. For use in the hand the Creagh=Osborne gives quicker and more accurate readings. For use at night the Creagh=Osborne compass has the great advantage that every division is painted in luminous radium compound. A special feature of the compass is the large float, which takes the weight of the card off the centre and renders its action practically frictionless.

No.		£	s.	d.
2703.	Prismatic Creagh=Osborne Compass in leather sling case	4	10	0
2704.	With brass scale corresponding to the Verner Setting of the Mark VII. Service Compass	5	0	0
	This pattern can also be used as a Director in Artillery. Either of the above fitted with wrist straps, extra 5s. Telescope, 4 draw stand, in leather sling case	1	0	0
	Special Illustrated Booklet on application.			

H. HUGHES & SON, Ltd., 59 Fenchurch St., London.
Telephone 555 Central. Telegrams "Azimuth," Feu, London.



An Interesting Story lies behind this Boot. . . .

..Before War we used to supply a Waterproof Knee-boot made of Rubber and Leather—a boot which called in its construction for certain craftsmanship so very rare that we were only able to find about twelve men who could make them. But, owing to the nature of the Boots the demand was comparatively small.

..With the coming of War, however, the demand increased enormously.

Dozens of Officers sent asking us to supply them with these Boots—and we couldn't make them fast enough.

..So—we undertook certain experiments, and with our wide and unique experience, backed up by our powerful resources, we succeeded in turning out, mainly by Machinery, a Boot which, whilst different in construction to the original hand-made Knee Boot, yet served the same purpose and was as good in every possible way. This new

KNEE=BOOT

is All-Rubber. But—save for the upper part—it looks just like a fine Brown Leather. The upper part itself is rubber laid between a Khaki Surface outside and a strong, warm fabric lining inside. Being light and flexible it is very comfortable and it is splendid for hard wear. The stout rubber sole wears quite as long as an ordinary leather sole—and the whole boot is Absolutely Waterproof.

PRICE **32/6** PER PAIR.

..If you need such boots yourself—or if you want a fine present for a Soldier relative or friend in the trenches—send for a Pair to-day. They can be inspected at any of our Branches.

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.,
Rubber, Waterproof and Oilskin Manufacturers to the Governments of Britain, France, Belgium and Italy.
157-158 PICCADILLY, W. 58-59 CHARING CROSS, S.W.
37 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

CHOOSING KIT

Practical Hints.

THESE articles are written from practical experience of military matters, with a view to keeping our readers in touch with the various requirements of active service. Changes of climate and the peculiar conditions under which the present campaign is being waged render different items of equipment advisable at different times, and we are in touch with officers at the front and others from whom the actual requirements of officers and men can be ascertained. The articles are not intended to advertise any particular firm or firms.

We shall be pleased to supply information to our readers as to where any of the articles mentioned are obtainable, and we invite correspondence from officers on active service who care to call our attention to any points which would be advantageous in the matter of comforts or equipment, etc., to those who are about to leave for the front.

Letters of enquiry with reference to this subject should be addressed to CHOOSING KIT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C.

The Luminous Watch.

In view of the fact that a luminous watch is practically a necessity for service work, and that many men have wrist watches which are not luminous, the fact that there is no difficulty in getting a watch dial made luminous may be of interest. There must be thousands of watches at the front which have not luminous faces and hands, and consequently these are quite useless at night. The cost, however, of rendering any watch face and hands luminous is quite small, compared with the added efficiency of the watch; an ordinary, full-sized watch can have luminous spots and hands put on at a cost of ten shillings, and a wrist watch can be similarly treated at a cost of 7s. 6d. This, of course, is with the best quality of luminous paint, which will last for about three years. The time occupied in the completion of the work is about three hours, so it will be seen that neither the cost nor the delay need prevent this being done.

Pocket Waders.

The stocking or pocket form of trench wader is obtainable in various lengths, from the short sock, which reaches about as far up the leg as a woollen sock, and can be carried in the tunic pocket with ease, to the wader which reaches from foot to thigh, and rolls up into a package seven inches long by about three inches thick—a small enough parcel when the value of these waders is taken into consideration. They can be worn inside any ordinary leather boots—it is not necessary to get any larger size of boot than is usually worn: they enable a man to stand all day and night thigh deep in water without getting wet, they are snug and cosy, and prevent frostbite—and the weight is not more than a pound for each pair. Such waders can easily be sent out by post to men on service, and throughout the winter months they will be more than welcome for trench use.

Rubber "Newmarkets."

All-rubber knee boots—or rather, boots with all-rubber feet and rubbered canvas legs, cost less than the "Newmarket" pattern boots with leather feet and soles, and serve the same purpose, as long as the soles and feet are made of first quality rubber. There is a distinct advantage on the side of the all-rubber articles in the matter of price, more especially now that the cost of leather and leather-working has increased to such an extent. The only drawback of the "Newmarket" pattern is that it does not protect the knee, but for many forms of field work it is an eminently satisfactory waterproof boot, and the all-rubber pattern is steadily gaining in popularity.

The Rifle-Periscope.

A modification of the ordinary periscope is so arranged that it can be fitted to the butt of the service rifle, which can then

(Continued on page 585.)

A KHAKI SET

Is the Present mostly appreciated.

Send him one NOW.

The Set comprises the following garments—all cosy and warm for the Winter Campaign.

- Fleecy Wool Cardigan 10/6
- Fleecy Wool Muffler 2/3
- Fleecy Wool Sleeping Helmet 1/11
- Knitted Wool Gloves 1/11
- Ribbed Wool Socks 1 11

or Set complete 16/6.
Usual Price 25/-

Khaki Shirts

Pure all Wool Flannels, perfect shade of Khaki Mixture, Warm, Durable and Unshrinkable with 2 Collars to each Shirt 12/6 or with Collar attached.

Extra heavy Weight, otherwise as above, each 14/6

Other qualities from 6/11.

Lined Gloves

Tan Cape, lined with Fur throughout, with loose Sac wrist to pattern, pair 10/6

Tan Cape or Doeskin lined with wool to fasten at wrist with Spring dome, pair 6/6.



British WARM

- Khaki proofed frieze, lined fleece - - - - - price 65/-
- or interlined with Oilsilk 75/-
- Khaki proofed Melton 1/2 lined camel fleece and interlined with Oilsilk 95/-

All fittings in Stock.
Regulation Overcoats 75/-.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
The Linen Hall, REGENT STREET, London, W.

For Military Service



BECAUSE the test is more severe. Dexters have won an even greater reputation in the field than they had previously established in civilian wear. For Military needs the well-known Dexter "weatherproofness" is reinforced at "strategic" points of the garments.

- Dismounted, from 57/6
- Mounted, from ... 65/-
- "Dexter Dog-out"—
- Lined "Camel Fleece,"
- Detachable, from 110/-
- Lined Chrome
- Sheerskin,
- Detachable, from 126/-

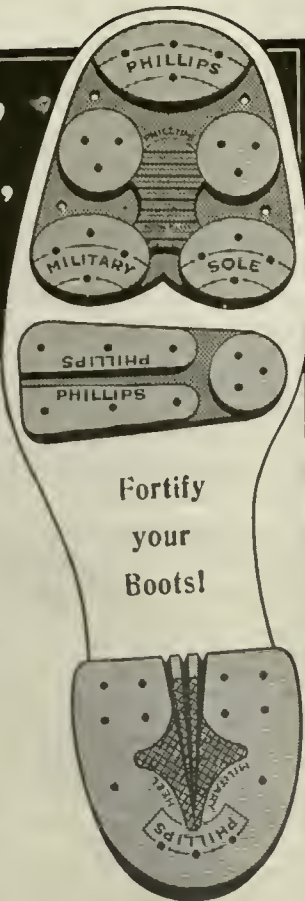
Dexter Service Coats are obtainable from Dexter Agents in every district. In case of difficulty, write to Wallace, Scott & Co. Ltd., CATHCART, Glasgow.



PHILLIPS' MILITARY SOLES & HEELS

Patent applied for.

Designs regd.



THIN rubber plates with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.

The rubber used is six times more durable than leather.

Phillips' 'Military' Soles and Heels impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue, and are essential to 'marching comfort.' Feet kept dry in wet weather.

INVALUABLE to MILITARY and NAVAL OFFICERS, VOLUNTEERS, etc., etc. Ideal for Golf, Shooting and Country Wear.

TESTIMONIALS.

Lieut.-Colonel W. E. LLOYD, 19 (S) Bn. Manchester Regt., writes, 6th Sept., 1915:—

'They have given the greatest satisfaction. . . Their durability is intense. . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole.

'The smoothness of tread is a revelation. . . They prevent slipping and I cannot speak too highly of them.'

Vice-Admiral R. G. Fraser, writes, 8th Sept. 1915:—

'I find them most satisfactory. . . They are extremely comfortable and give a better grip than nails . . . excellent for golf.'

Lieut. G—, British Expeditionary Force, France, writes, 8th Oct., 1915:—

'The pair I am wearing I bought ready fitted to my boots at the Army and Navy Stores in the middle of last May, and they have lasted out 5 months of active service, having saved shoe leather all that time. All those months I have worn only one pair of boots night and day—which would have been impossible but for your "Military" Soles and Heels.'

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Price 3/9 per set (Soles and Heels for one pair of Boots), with slight extra charge for fixing.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send outline of sole and heel pencilled on paper, with P.O. 3/9 for Sample Set to the Makers:—

PHILLIPS' PATENTS, LTD., (Dept. F) 142-6 Old Street, London, E.C.



THE "TRENCH PROOF" COAT

The Outcome of Practical Trench Experience. . .

A WATERPROOF A GREAT COAT A BRITISH WARM } in ONE

Remove the undercoat and you have a light weight Guaranteed Rain-Proof for wet and muggy days.

Ready for Immediate Wear.

Price £5:10:0

Write for £30 Kit list, also free copy of "Tips for Subs." 12,000 Officers have done so to date.

1 OUTER SHELL—HARD WATERPROOFED KHAKI

2 OILED SILK INTERLINING

3 FLEECE, LEATHER OR FUR UNDERCOAT.

Samuel Brothers LTD.

UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS

221/223, Oxford St., W. 65/67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

"QUORN" ACTIVE SERVICE COAT FOR TRENCH, CAMP, & SADDLE

Every detail for comfort, convenience, and necessity has been carefully studied and is embodied in this Active Service Coat.



SOME OF ITS MOST STRIKING FEATURES.

Absolutely waterproof and invulnerable to the heaviest rains. Extremely light, weighing only a few pounds. Capacious concertina pockets at sides. Straps to insides of coat for riding. Fronts of coat adjustable for marching. Wind-cuff straps to sleeves. Detachable warm fleece lining, which can be used separately as a dressing gown or as a soft, warm covering at night.

Without Detachable Lining . . . £4 4 0 } Post free U.K. 8d. extra. Price With Finest Soft Camel Fleece detachable lining to body and sleeves £6 10 0 } Abroad, 1/4 extra.

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Telegrams: "PADDYWHACK, LONDON."

Telephone: 4028 Gerrard.

The County Gentleman
AND
LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVI No. 2795

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1915.

[PUBLISHED AS]
A NEWSPAPER] PRICE SIXPENCE
PUBLISHED WEEKLY



[Central News.]

THE EARL OF DERBY, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF RECRUITING.

"On! Stanley, On!"

BUYING

XMAS GIFTS AT THE

BARKER STORE

"The finest Household Store in London."

An Officer writes from "Somewhere in France":

"I have to run the Mess now. I am ordering things from Barkers, as we find they send them out well"

XMAS HAMPERS FOR MEN AT THE FRONT

SEASONABLE FOOD DELICACIES : CAMP COMFORTS : SMOKERS' REQUISITES
Huge numbers of these parcels are being sent out daily. Orders for Xmas parcels should be given at once.

BARKERS' 7/6 BOX.

CONTAINING:
1 tin Roast Turkey
1 tin Pudding
1 pkt. Muscatels & Almonds
1 lb. Best Shortbread
1 tin Mixed Biscuits
Per **7/6** Box.

BARKERS' 10/6 BOX.

CONTAINING:
1 tin Roast Turkey
1 tin Pudding
1 pkt. Muscatels & Almonds
1 lb. Best Shortbread
1 tin Mixed Biscuits
1 packet Mixed Biscuits
1 tin Café au Lait
Per **10/6** Box.

BARKERS' 21/- BOX.

CONTAINING:
1 tin Roast Fowl
1 tin Galantine Turkey & Tongue
1 tin Finnon Haddock
1 tin Herring in Tomato Sauce
1 tin Sausages
1 tin Foster Clarke's Soup Square
1 tin Café au Lait
1 tin Nestlé's Milk
1 tin Bivonne Cocoa
1 tin Baxell Tablets
1 tin Marmalade
1 tin Strawberry Jam
1 tin Fruit Pudding
1 pkt. Loose Muscatels and Almonds
1 tin Oxo Cubes
2 tins Potted Meats
1 lb. Plums
1 tin Ealing Biscuits
1 tablet Antiseptic Soap
1 tin Matches
1 pkt. Trench Candles
Per **21/-** Box.

BARKERS' 42/- BOX.

CONTAINING:
1 tin Whole Roast Fowl
1 tin Tongue
3 tins Turkey and Sausage
2 tins Steak & Kidney Pudding
2 tins Sausages
1 tin Fruit Pudding
1 tin Golden Pudding
2 tins Sardines
2 tins Herring in Tomato Sauce
1 tin Ealing Biscuits
2 tins Café au Lait
1 tin Bovril Tablets
1 tin Oxo Cubes
2 tins Honey
2 tins Jam
1 tin Marmalade
1 tin Peaches
2 lb. tins French Plums
1 pkt. Trench Candles
1 bar Cellophane
1 tin Tins Opener
Per **42/-** Case

ALL THE ABOVE ARE CARRIAGE PAID TO FRANCE. PACKED FREE

5/- HAMPERS.

These Hampers are very popular with the men at the front. The contents are varied and consist of the most acceptable delicacies. Any of these Hampers can be sent periodically to Customer's Order.

HAMPER A.

1 oz. Rich Plum Cake
1 lb. Peppermints
1 tin Chocolate
1 tin Sardines

HAMPER B.

1 oz. Rich Plum Cake
1 lb. Tobacco
1 tin Chocolate
1 tin Pipe Potted Meat.

HAMPER C.

1 lb. Rich Plum Cake
1 lb. Chocolate
1 tin Peppermints
1 tin Jam
1 tin Potted Meats

HAMPER D.

1 tin Rich Plum Cake
1 tin Golden Syrup
1 tin Potted Meat
2 ozs. Tobacco
1 tin Pipe
1 tablet Antiseptic Soap

HAMPER E.

1 tin Gingerbread
2 ozs. Tobacco
1 lb. Chocolate
1 tin Biscuits
1 tin Golden Syrup

HAMPER F.

1 tin Cake
1 jar Honey
1 tablet Antiseptic Soap
1 tin Potted Meat
1 tin Ealing Digestive Biscuits
5/- Hampers Free to France: Postage 8d. to Dardanelles.

2/6 BOX.

A.

1 tin Large Fruit Cake
1 tin Golden Syrup
1 lb. Peppermints

B.

1 tin Large Fruit Cake
1 cake Chocolate
1 tablet Antiseptic Soap

C.

1 tin Gingerbread
1 cake Chocolate Food
1 jar Honey
Postage: Home Fleet and Camps, 7d.; Continent, 1/-; Dardanelles, 1/2.

1/- BOX.

CONTAINING:

1 tin Large Fruit Cake
Postage: Home Fleet and Camps, 5d.; Continent, 1/-; Dardanelles, 1/-

COMFORTS

For Active Service.

CARDIGAN JACKETS.

Grey Cardigan Jackets for Service wear each 4/6; dozen 52/-
Imitation Shelland Jackets, in Brown shades, for wearing under uniform each 6/6; 6 for 38/-

BODY BELTS.

Natural Ribbed Body Belts, exceptional value each 1/-; dozen 10/6
Superior quality each 1/6; dozen 17/-
All-Wool Ribbed Body Belts, each 1/9; dozen 20/-
Special quotations for large quantities.

SLEEPING BAGS.

Warm Fleece Sleeping Bags, 3-fold, to button at side each 35/6
Warm Camel Fleece, superior quality, natural colour, 3-fold each 42/6

MUFFLERS.

Khaki Fleece Scarves, 2/6 2/11
Extra Heavy Wrap, full length 3/11

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Khaki Cotton dozen 2 11, 3/11, 6/6

SOCKS FOR SERVICE WEAR.

Grey Ribbed Socks, strong for marching, pair 1/6; dozen 17/6
Heather Ribbed Socks, medium weight, for present wear, per pair 1/6; dozen 17/6
Khaki Cashmere Socks, medium weight pair 1/6; 6 pairs 8/9
Heavy Ribbed Marching Socks, Heather shades, specially strong per pair 2/6, 6 pairs 14/6

SHIRTS.

Unshrinkable Union Flannel Shirts, fast colours, very strong each 3/6; 6 for 20/-
Grey Union Flannel Shirts for our troops, reliable wear each 3/11; 6 for 23/-
Superior quality Grey Shirts, medium or heavy weight each 4/11; 6 for 28/6

COMBINATION HELMETS.

Useful for camp life or service purposes, light and warm. In Fleece Wool or Khaki. Fit any size price 2/6, 3/6

PROVISIONS.

1 lb. tins (approximately) Finest

Selected Butter 1/8
Delicious Cheese 1/1, 1/6
Harris's Celebrated Bacon, in tins, 1/3 & 2/-
Harris's Celebrated Sliced Ham per tin 1/11 & 2/3
Delicious Brawn and Sausages 1/4
Appetising Camp Pies per tin 10d. & 1/4
Sterilised Cream, equal to Clotted Cream per tin 11d. & 1/6
"Chedester," a delicious Cheddar Cheese, packed in jars each 3/-
"Stilester," a high-class Still-ton Cheese 3/3

CAKES & PLUM PUDDINGS

Rich Dundee Cakes, 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 5/-, 7/6
Postage to Continent, 1/-, 1/4, 1/4, 1/4, 1/7
Large Currant Cake 1/-
Postage to Continent, 1/-
Mixed Fruit Cake 3-lbs. for 1/10
Postage 1/-
Cherry and Fruit cake per 7 lb. slab at 6d. per lb.
Barker's Gingerbread, each 10d.; per doz. 5/-
Plum Puddings in 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10 lb. per lb. 10d
Being already cooked can be eaten hot or cold as desired.
Tins and Basins free.

CONFECTIONERY

Furzedown Finest Vanilla Chocolate, 1 lb. & 1 lb cakes per lb. 2/-
Vanille Chocolate, 1 lb. & 1 lb cakes per lb. 1/6
Milk Chocolate, 1 lb. cakes 2/-
Food Chocolate, 1 lb. cakes, per lb. 2/-
Assorted Chocolates, per lb. 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/- & 4/-
Food Chocolate and Peppermints per tin 11d.
Peters, Caillens and Nestlé's Chocolate, per pkt. 2d., 6d & 1/-
Bovril Chocolate, per pkt. 3d., 6d & 1/-
Home-made Butter Specialties assorted per lb. 1/4
Expeditionary Toffee, per tin 6d.
Expeditionary Toffee, per tin 1/2
Expeditionary Butterscotch 1/2
Finest Butterscotch, per tin 7d. & 1/2
Peppermint Bullseyes, per tin 6d. & 1/-
Finest Peppermint Bullseyes, per lb. 1/-
Service Sweets, assorted, per tin 6d.
Crème de Menthe per tin 7d. & 1/2
Finest Cream Caramels, box 7d. & 1/3
Peppermint Lozenges, per lb. 1/4
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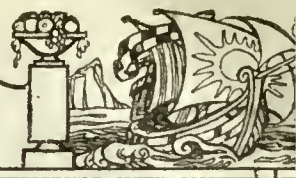
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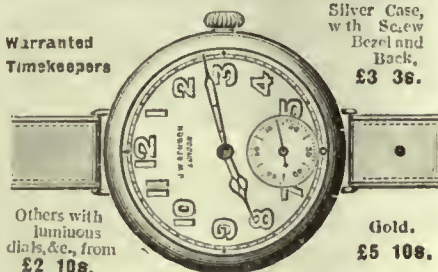


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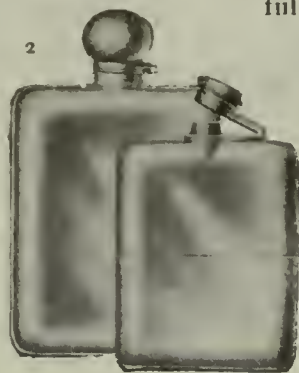
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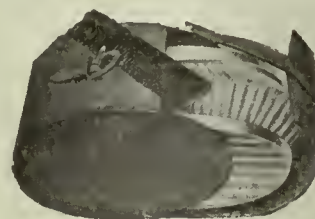
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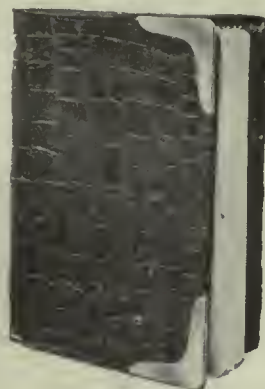
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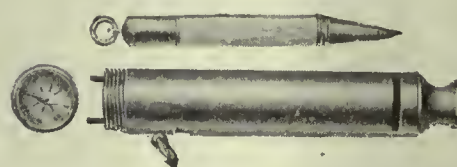
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THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

THOUGHTFUL democrats in pacific America are not merely examining their military defences. They are asking how far democracy is in the future to be in peril from the ruthlessly organised autocracy. An article entitled "For A Disciplined Patriotism" in the *New Republic*, a progressive and responsible New York weekly journal, which naturally is able to discuss the matter with greater detachment than we can at present afford, provides us with an apt text for comment on the problems and responsibilities of democratic citizenship. The writer of the article in question is indeed a little overawed by the German achievement; and the growth of such an attitude whether from fear, or genuine, if qualified, admiration, is a danger which we have to be on our guard against. But let the thoughtful American speak.

"If military autocracy survives this war, the only way in which western freedom can compete with it is by a moral mobilisation under freedom equal to the moral mobilisation under autocracy. It is an extraordinary disgrace that precisely in those lands where freedom in a political sense is greatest, individualistic disregard of the public consequences of conduct, and political disregard of the effects upon the individual of social and economic policies, should also be greatest.

"Germany, steering by the lode-star of national integrity and national effectiveness, has made every effort to create a public-minded attitude in every subject, and to that end has seen to it that life is made tolerable for every subject, as witness her forehanded enterprises of social insurance. The Anglo-Saxon nations, on the other hand, steering toward the goal of freedom, have permitted their citizens to drift into the illusion that life belongs only to the individual, who both morally and politically ought to be left unrestrained. Only war is conceived to necessitate the subordination of private inclinations to public interests. Under the inspiration of such a popular philosophy, government has naturally concerned itself with furthering the most vociferous of individual inclinations, at least until within about a decade, rather than with systematically creating a close-knit and serviceable attitude of social co-operation to national ends.

"Our patriotism has been a good deal like that diffuse and conventional type of religion which is chiefly utilised for the opening of public meetings and for facing death, but in the intervals between ceremony and crisis receives scant attention indeed."

Germany, he goes on to say, is the only nation that has consciously used the developments of science for heroic state-building, while England (and we must suppose America and France) have slumbered. Disciplined loyalty has been her weapon (a two-edged weapon we need not forget). Is such a loyalty possible in a free state? Yes, says the writer, through education and co-operation, as, for instance, Denmark's progress suggests. Rightly believing government to be our creature, not our master, we have yet lost sight of the "complementary doctrine . . . that the in-

dividual is of the state, is protected solely by the state, and ought to live in constant and voluntary subordination of his personal inclinations to the good of the state."

Perhaps these last words cover more than the robust upholder of English liberties might be disposed to allow. We are, however, forced to allow that as the true art of all common life, life of the family or club or regiment, consists in the abandonment of personal habits and preferences where these are hurtful to others, so healthy political life must be established on a basis essentially the same. Analogies are notoriously misleading. The illustration of the club is perhaps the aptest; in that members of equal standing elect representatives to administer their affairs by regulation, without surrendering the responsibility of overseeing those representatives and revising, through them or through others elected in their place, the rules of their common life.

If in the autocratic state it is loyalty which is the pre-eminent virtue; in the democratic, the paramount quality is the sense of responsibility. But whereas loyalty in autocracy carries only very limited implications of responsibility, responsibility in a democracy demands a very difficult loyalty from its constituent members. Autocracy is a simple, symmetrical, forthright method; democracy a complex, clumsy and hesitating. It is immeasurably easier to be a good loyalist than a good democrat; easier to accept uncritically an authority, especially if it possess some picturesque virtues, than laboriously to create an authority worthy of obedience as is democracy's heroic and almost paradoxical task. It is, however, of the nature of responsibility, dutifully assumed, to beget loyalty; responsibility is the primary quality. An irresponsible democracy is little better than an irresponsible king.

It suits us who are of the goodly fellowship of reasonably well-cut coats to assume that irresponsibility is an attribute only of the ill-dressed classes. Yet the ignoring of parish, civic, national and imperial issues, that incredible middle class detachment which leaves politics to relatively small organised bodies of party folk, or to horny-handed and vegetarian socialism, is a manifestation of irresponsibility which has not the excuse of ignorance. It is irresponsible to lay the hand on the heart and declare politics to be too corrupt for one's fastidious taste. Corruption has always been the enemy of absolute monarchies as of free democracies. In the latter it is less secret and perhaps less picturesque. Alertness, knowledge and patient criticism in the honest many is the only real guarantee against corruption by the adroit few. It is a task not certainly made easier by the superior incorruptibles standing aloof. The herded voter—brass banded, over-canvassed and obligingly conveyed to the polls—is only one type of irresponsibility. The abstaining voter is distinctly another. One may question whether such abstinence is not sometimes an effect of pride in people who in their ordinary way of life are

(Continued on page 5.)

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(Continued from page 3.)

accustomed to not a little consideration and authority and find themselves as voters reduced to lowest terms. The ballot is indeed a levelling institution; something analogous to that whimsical effect, imagined by Carlyle in *Sartor*—pompous and authoritative humanity stripped of its clothes.

There is but one fair argument of the detached abstainer, and it is a serious one, though to deserve acquittal on the charge of irresponsibility he must be able to plead an amount of personal interest and investigation not common in the type under analysis. Behold his argument. "The problems submitted to me are too vast, the issues too confused; there are such cross-currents. I want drastic industrial reconstruction but I am no Little-Englander. Or; I want an open democratic foreign policy but am not content to ally myself with the wreckers. Or; I distrust theoretic Radicalism but acknowledge the fine idealism of it, and am desperately afraid of the business Tory. Or; here in my constituency the man of character and honour is standing for the party which on the whole seems to me to be heading in the wrong direction. How on earth then can I cast my vote intelligently and conscientiously?" And if for these problems there are no ready solutions, despairing indifference will obviously be always the least helpful course. Whoever believes in the future of democracy—and there is no future for anything else—must address himself resolutely to the task of repairing the machinery of representation and administration. To cheapen elections; to mitigate the evils of canvassing; to cripple the power of the caucus; to give independence and dignity to the individual judgment; these are simple problems at the circumference of our task. At the centre, it is our business, recognising the desperate futility of the administration of a quarter of the globe's territory and peoples by an unwieldy six hundred or so, elected on national or even parochial issues, to provide a machinery that has some fair chance of working efficiency. And in the after-war years of difficulty it will be wise to cast votes for men rather than for parties.

But there is a less ambitious and readier way into real politics in the sense which the word bears in these columns. Let our citizen decentralise his own vision and set himself to the problems of his own environment—city, borough, and ward rather than Empire. Let him go even nearer home than that and consider relations which he necessarily has with his fellows. He is an employer perhaps. It doesn't always occur to him that before sending his subscription to the hospital he needs to see that his clerks are not working in unventilated rooms. A prosaic conception of imperialism this, but vital. Or an even less conspicuous citizen may visualise his charwoman as one who after doing his modest doorstep, goes back to a mean house, which is a home, wherein there are certain human problems always in process of being solved—or unsolved. Indeed, the parable of the charwoman and her son will serve to make the case for the assumption of the duties of primary citizenship.

It wasn't at first obvious that the charwoman had any particular son; children in general no doubt. A reticent industrious body, quietly coming and as quietly going after her well-done work. Our citizen requires a messenger. Does she know of one? Her eldest boy . . . An intelligent, well-fed, healthy, well-mannered, well-

dressed boy, too. That means astonishingly good parents when the weekly wage of the family is considered. The charwoman is seen suddenly in a new light. . . . The boy's message accomplished, the citizen asks questions. What is he going to be? Well, he is leaving school in a few months. He'd like to be an engineer, but his father says they can't afford it—this with obviously single-minded candour. Follows a questioning of the mother (a mother now, formerly a mere charwoman). Yes, the boy had set his heart on engineering. Always making things and asking questions. But it costs much more money to be apprenticed than can be saved. The schoolmaster independently reports an excellent boy, result of an admirable home. . . . Finally, to cut a long parable short, our citizen finds a reputable firm willing to bind the boy apprentice, premium to be duly paid by tiny instalments out of wages, if the citizen will stand sponsor. No money asked or given has tainted this transaction. The boy is being kept clear of some stupid blind alley occupation and put on the way to useful citizenship. It was not poverty merely, but that inevitable ignorance as to how things are done, that tongue-tied helplessness that so handicaps this kind of a family and excuses the impertinence of interference on their behalf. For the citizen himself, such an adventure might well be the little wicket-gate that leads into wider regions of political interest and endeavour, and the serious taking up of his share of the business of government.

We set out then from high ground with general abstract questions as to the basis of democratic efficiency and the creation of abiding democratic loyalties. We have come down, not without deliberation, to the little concrete problem of the charwoman and her son. For such little things as this contain the real answer to the question posed by our New Republican.

The sacrifices necessary for the attainment of democratic efficiency can only be based on a great and general loyalty to a noble human ideal of the State, similar to that loyalty on which the autocratic state places its hopes. The state is a somewhat cold term suggesting only matters of high policy and administration. It is a less inspiring thing than the hero worship which adroit autocracy can still command. But loyalty is a thing of ardours and emotion. Express the idea of the democratic state in terms of fellowship and the thing takes on a different colour. Fellowship involves sympathies, understandings, tolerances. Fellowship on the great scale of the State may indeed be a thing of empty, reverberating phrases if it be not understood in terms—of the charwoman and her son. The world had not to wait for Karl Marx and the *International* to hear "Ye are members one of another." Mocking words to quote in this day of all days—but they are the seed of the resurrection of a broken world. We are not going back upon our ideal of fellowship and liberty for any threat from the efficiency of highly organised servitude. Democracy for all its imperfections and betrayals is the expression of the belief in the essential worthiness, which is the essential loveliness of every man. Whatever the wise views of whips, agents, organisers and canvassers may be as to the essentials of politics, it is clear to the unclouded vision that deeper down there stand these things—Faith and Hope. And a greater than these.

ROGER FRY'S PICTURES.

By Desmond MacCarthy.



MR. ROGER FRY.

MY first impression in the Alpine Club Gallery, where Mr. Roger Fry held his exhibition, was one of brilliant colour; scarlets, greens, blues, yellows—not a shadow to be seen anywhere. Mr. Fry's pictures made a gay decorative effect on the walls. Whoever the visitor might be, provided on entering he stood and looked round him, instead of at once taking a catalogue and walking up to some picture, he could hardly fail to have been exhilarated. Perhaps, too, in some cases his exhilaration may have been increased by feeling: "So, in spite of the war, in spite of everything, art

actually is still alive and kicking"; for Mr. Fry's work is especially adapted to bring that, at any rate, home. And for two reasons. In the first place, he has stood sponsor in England for the most aggressive, the most bitterly contested movement in art, and practised its precepts, and in the second he is (in contrast to his attitude as a critic this is striking) as an artist, curiously tentative and experimental.

When the visitor to the Alpine Gallery left his post in the middle of the room to examine the pictures one by one, he must have been struck by the various degrees of "Post Impressionism," as he would probably have called it, shown in them. The "dose" in different pictures differed in an ascending scale from sketches in the case of which it had only simplified natural forms, in which "atmosphere," or the ghost of it, lingered and perspective remained, to pictures which were purely abstract designs; coloured squares, curves and oblongs, superimposed on each other. Whenever Mr. Fry has exhibited this variety has been noticeable. Though the pictures shown may have all been, in fact, the work of the same year, the exhibition, as a whole, has always had the air representing the periods of a long career. The total impression, however, has never been that the pictures were the work of a painter who could be any artist but himself. On the contrary, there has been visible always, running through all Mr. Fry's work, a sense of beauty, strongly individual and easy to identify.

The visitor now, catalogue in hand, with nose close to the canvas, must soon, too, have made another discovery, one which may, or may not, have annoyed him; namely, that the pictures were not all *painted*. In many cases pieces of painted paper or book-binders' paper, have been stuck on and worked into the design. There is a bull-dog, for instance, made out of an odd brindled paper; only the blue background and the post against which this generalised creature leans its jowl, is painted. The background of the portrait of Queen Victoria (also a picture which is as abstract and as personal as a caricature, without, however, the intention of caricature) is made out of a mottled malachite paper. In the big picture,

the picture of three Prussian officers, which at once catches the eye, and has appealed most to the imaginations of those who have been to the exhibition, the figures are cut out of paper and painted in. In this case the bareness and angularity of the design intensifies extraordinarily the impression of force and ruthlessness which the cloaked figures make on the imagination. The fact, too, that they are not *in* a picture, are standing *nowhere*, and are abstractions, makes this impression deeper. If the Germans triumph they might like to hang this picture in Berlin; if they lose, they would probably like to destroy it.

Nothing was more inevitable that the "Post Impressionist" movement should quickly find expression in the applied arts; for the doctrine was that we should derive from a picture precisely the same kind of æsthetic emotion as we may from a jar or a carpet. Some of these products were exhibited at the Alpine Club Gallery; and it is now at the Omega Workshops, 33, Fitzroy Square, that a selection of Mr. Fry's pictures are still to be seen. The French houses of Poiret and Tribe discovered years ago that the movement was fertile in new designs for pottery, furniture and upholstery; in Austria and Germany, too, firms followed suit. Only England, which had led the way fifty years ago with the Morris movement, lagged behind. "This is a difficult country to move," as Disraeli remarked to Mr. Hyndman, who called on him to convert him to Socialism; and textile manufacturers are a particularly difficult section of the nation to move. "The Omega Workshop" is the last of those perennial attempts (so necessary if established designs are not, through constant plagiarism of each other to, become utterly *jeune*) to bring the manufacturer in touch with artists, who are acquainted with the technical limitations which the process of manufacture imposes on design. Some of the Omega printed linens and carpets, both hand-made and loom-woven, are admirable. Mr. Fry has also revived the older less mechanical processes in pottery and created a distinct type of wear with the white-tin glaze of old Delph.



Three Men in long Military Cloaks.

Mr. Roger Fry was asked by the Editor of LAND AND WATER to explain himself and his ideas to the readers of this journal. He has availed himself of the opportunity in the following letter, though as he observes, whether an artist can ever elucidate himself is doubtful.

THE artist who makes bold to exhibit his works to the public is proverbially touchy about criticism. This is because he is dimly conscious that in doing so he is as it were 'making an exhibition of himself'; he knows there is something indiscreet, almost indecent in the act. Especially at such a time as this he may quite rightly feel that it needs some apology. Perhaps those painters who are conscious of pleasing the public may not have this feeling of diffidence. But as the majority of serious artists do not please, they usually take an innocent satisfaction in supposing that they paint for posterity.

"To me there seems something of pretension, however harmless, in this attitude. I find it more likely that posterity will be attending to its own creations than

bothering about mine. I notice at all events that the chances are immensely against their doing so. While I admit that most serious painting appreciates perhaps for one generation, it seems to me that after that period the vast majority of works of art steadily depreciate until they pass into complete oblivion. Only the very greatest can aspire to a kind of relative immortality. Popular art, on the other hand, begins to go bad almost before it has dried on the canvas. Be this as it may, the artist who has the inward satisfaction of painting for a remote posterity clearly need not exhibit his work. To me it



Queen Victoria.

seems more sensible and less romantic to suppose that my work has a certain interest for a certain number of people for a strictly limited period. Therefore that it may do what it has to do in the way of stimulating other minds while it is still alive, I exhibit it.

"It is with art as Tristram Shandy avers it to be with love and cuckoldom, 'the interested party is generally the last to know anything about it.' If the artist sets out to explain what he would be at, the chances are that he is making as wild a shot as the merest critic. I am sure I can do very little to enlighten anyone about my work. Now that I see it spread out in an exhibition it seems to me quite remote and strange and I am probably more anxious than anyone to know what it amounts to. Take for instance the large design of the German General Staff, a photograph of which appears here. I find it produces on some people an effect of something fatal and menacing. I suppose, therefore, that it has something dramatic or at least theatrical about it. If so its effect is of a different and I think a lower order to what I aimed at, for I was conscious only of a desire to create a particular kind of plastic unity for which I saw, or supposed I saw, an opportunity in the forms of these men as I found them in a photograph. If I had succeeded, the emotion I should have aroused would have had nothing whatever to do with any feelings we may have about the Kaiser and von Moltke.

"Similarly with the Queen Victoria, which is also reproduced here, it was the design which her particular conformation, habits of movement, and her way of dressing bring about, that attracted me to the subject rather than any of the feelings which my knowledge of her life and character inspire.

"If it be objected, as one of my critics does, that these works are all experimental, I must plead guilty to the charge, and can only urge in extenuation that no one can hope to be much more than an experiment in life, and generally an inconclusive one at that."

FOREIGN OPINION.

The Language Problem.

M. Georges Montorgueil remarks in *L'Eclair* :

Last week four English statesmen came to Paris to debate with us on questions of international importance. Of these four, only one knew any French worth mentioning; and not one of our Ministers had any command of English :

Because French is supposed to be spoken all the world over, we lazily took it for granted that our neighbours would understand us. We made no effort to meet them half-way for we assumed that a knowledge of French is still to-day, as it was yesterday, the hall-mark of the cultured person. This is mere mental inertia. Compare it with the infinite pains taken by the German to master any language which it may be remotely worth his while to know. To-day we are actually proposing to banish German from the curriculum of our schools on the pretext that it is, or soon will be, a "dead" language. Germany knows better than to talk in slipshod fashion of "dead" languages. It is because her spies are practised linguists that they are the super-spies of Europe. They have settled down among us, have wormed out our secrets, and beaten us on our own ground, because the language of a nation is the key to its heart and its conscience. It unlocks every door.

Germany at Work.

M. G. Blanchon writes in the *Journal des Debats* :

Interviewed the other day, von Kluck let fall one memorable sentence: "We shall win," he said, "thanks to our unbounded capacity for work." A haunting saying this when one is confronted by the organisation of a warfare which promises to drag on indefinitely. Having failed to strike their decisive blow during the first months of war, the enemy now woos victory by the taking of infinite pains. His work of underground fortification grows more ingenious and complicated daily. Not a stone, not an invention, to be nearer the mark, is left unturned which might serve the purpose of destruction. His asphyxiating gases are legion, and an army of industrious engineers devote all their energies to a research, the aim of which is a new and original destruction of life.

These, candidly, are the methods of commerce translated on to another plane. It was the thoroughness of his work which made the German such a success in business, and the ways of the prosperous tradesman are with him still. He launches a new campaign with all the boom with which, of old, he would have opened a new department in a shop. No one can beat him at advertisement; neutrals are flooded with German puffs of German superiority. Their diplomatic missions, to speak crudely to the point, are glorified commercial travellers' adventures, and the accredited representatives of the glorious Empire behave abroad as if they were the agents of a shady firm under orders to stop at nothing.

Future of Sweden.

The following is taken from the *Novoye Vremya* :

It was easy for German diplomacy to make a helpless tool out of its Turkey and Bulgaria, and thus encouraged, it has turned its attention to the North. The present problem is how to make Sweden fight for the good cause. No time, no energy nor coin of the realm are being spared to achieve this end.

But it was one thing to whisper sweet German nothings into Ferdinand's ear; it is another to gain credence and a satisfactory foothold in common-sense Scandinavia. The Court, it is true, is known to have pro-German sympathies, but there the mischief ends. Those responsible for the welfare of the country know better than to sacrifice Swedish interests to the ambitions of William II. The plotting and scheming of German agents round and about the Throne have resulted in nothing more definite than a vague atmosphere of mild pro-German sympathy which will never, unless we are very much mistaken, be translated into action.

It was easy work in Constantinople to bamboozle the Ottoman Government; Sofia's Ferdinand, too, required little persuasion to go against the will and interests of his people; in Athens and in Bucharest the Hohenzollern influence could set at naught the efforts of the nation to live up to the best of its traditions; but in Sweden the ruling monarch's opinions count for very little. Thus Germany's favourite method of propaganda cannot bear fruit. To influence a wide and sensible public is not so easy as to have one's finger in the pies of Courts. The Press too (excepting the section secretly controlled by Germany) keeps doggedly to the point, and even the papers unfriendly to Russia refuse to be duped by German intrigue.



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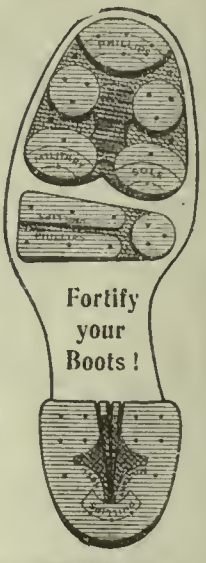
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THE ENEMY ADVANCE IN MACEDONIA.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE week which comes to a close at the moment of writing has been almost without noticeable incident on any of the fronts with the exception of a small affair at the farm of Borsemund, up the river some miles from Riga, which deceived some observers of the war into believing that another vigorous enemy attack was preparing in that region.

But though the week has been almost devoid of local incident it looks as though the moment in which we stand will mark the beginning of two very considerable things, one the enemy advance against the Allies in Macedonia; the other the enemy effort for peace. I will deal first with the affair at Borsemund, and then with the two larger matters.

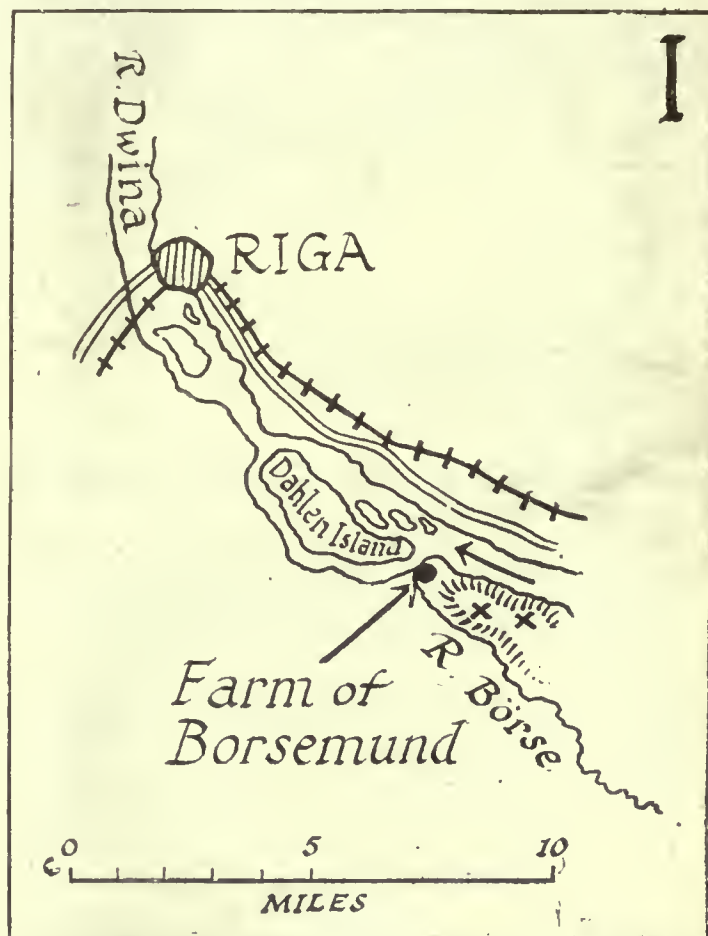
THE AFFAIR OF BORSEMUND.

The fight at Borsemund is the fifth or sixth that has taken place over the same ground during the last few months. Sharp as it was, it is difficult to believe that it was more than a demonstration. But at any rate it was made in some force, and the nature of the effort will be best understood if we refresh our memory with a sketch map of the district and repeat certain essentials with regard to the position in front of Riga.

As the reader knows, Riga stands just above the mouth of the Dwina river, where that stream falls into the Gulf of Riga. About five miles upstream from the town, with its road and railway bridges, an island, called Dahlen Island, about four miles long, stands in the river. Much the larger branch of the stream goes to the north of it. The narrower branch runs to the south. Almost at the further or eastern apex of this island, just within the beginning of the narrow branch of the Dwina, falls in the little stream of the Borse, and in the peninsula between the Borse and the Dwina stands the farm of Borsemund named from its position on the river.

It is clear that if a serious effort were to be attempted for the crossing of the Dwina—the immediate object of all the work in this field—this locality would offer great advantages. Supposing the triangle of Borsemund, between the Dwina and the Borse were solidly occupied, the passage over to Dahlen Island would be facilitated. It would be (1) over a narrow piece of water (2) a piece of water where the stream is less rapid than in the main branch to the north, and (3) at a place where pontoons could be floated down from the Borse stream for the construction of a bridge. There is more than this. The end of the triangle between the Borse and the Dwina, the farmstead itself, is flat. But immediately above it is slightly higher land, which falls in a steepish bank down to the North and South over to the Dwina on one

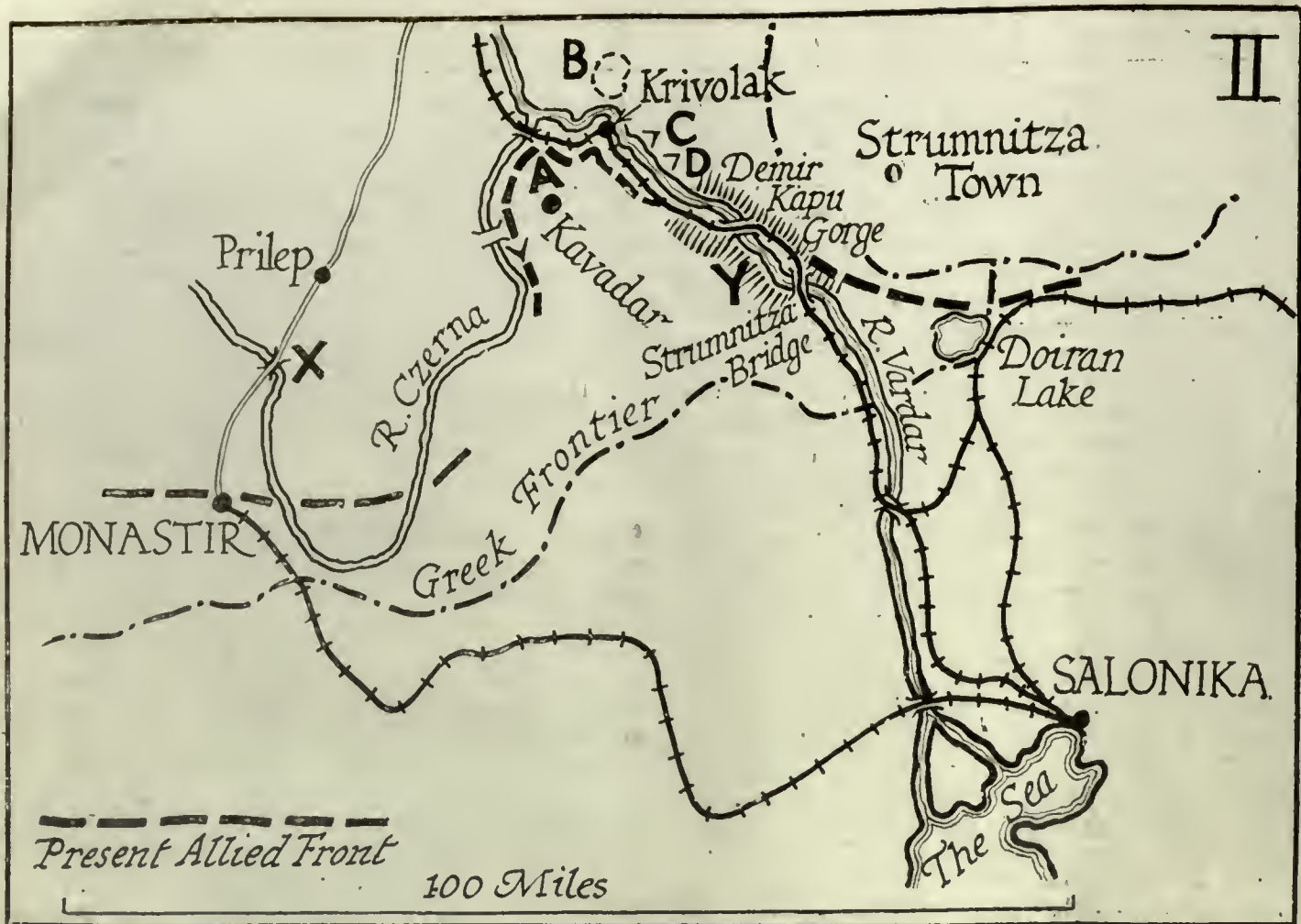
side and the Borse on the other. It is marked X X on Sketch I. This slight elevation dominates all the neighbouring river and Island.



The occupation of Dahlen Island would not mean necessarily the command of the crossing of the Dwina. On the contrary, Dahlen Island has been occupied by the enemy once at least, and perhaps twice, in the past, according to the accounts we have received in the West, and yet he has been driven out of it. But a position solidly established at Dahlen Island would be a good preliminary to crossing. It would have behind it the narrow branch of the Dwina and the tributary Borse for the floating of the pontoons further on to the broader branch, and it seems, by the accounts received, to be ground upon which a very considerable force of men could be massed, under protection, of course, of the heavy artillery upon the bluff of the southern bank. Further, a group of small islands to the North facilitates a crossing: and half the island is wooded, giving good cover.

According to the Russian description of the affair, about 20,000 of the enemy were got together for the attack of last week, and their first offensive succeeded. They cleared the triangle of ground between the Borse and the lesser branch of the Dwina and established themselves upon the heights overlooking the triangle as well as upon the

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whole of the area between the rivers. It is not perfectly clear whether the Russians were thrown back across the Borse or no, but it would seem that they were.

The next day a counter attack carried the triangle again and left Borsemund in Russian hands, so far as one can gather from a rather confused general description which reached England two days later.

There was yet a third struggle in which the Germans got hold of the farm, and of part of the triangle again, but were finally driven out, and we must presume that the slightly rising ground which forms the base of the triangle XX is now firmly in Russian hands.

Over the rest of the Dwina front there is nothing remarkable unless it be signs of the depletion of the enemy's forces in this region, such as one sees in the loss of the eastern part of Illuxst village and the loss of a few trenches in the Lakes to the south of Dwinsk.

POSITION IN MACEDONIA.

The position of the allied force in Macedonia is one *strategically* so simple that all observers have agreed upon it, and appreciate its character and gravity. But, on the other hand, it is a matter so dependent upon unknown *political* factors, and these of so complex a character, that no one can pretend to forecast, even on their larger lines, the operations in this region.

If one confines oneself to the purely military aspect of the thing it is this:—A force is in occupation of a front about 100 miles long from the neighbourhood of Monastir to the neighbourhood of (just south of) the Bulgarian town of Strumnitza.

This force consists of a small Serbian body on the left—about the equivalent of a brigade; an

Allied force actually deployed (that is, holding the front and not used in any auxiliary fashion or upon communications), of perhaps 100,000 men, perhaps a little more: of this body the strongest portion is holding a sort of forward bastion very much advanced from the general line, at A, the entrenched camp of Kavadar. That "forward bastion" is guarded on its left by the unfordable Czerna river and on its right by the unfordable Vardar. It has occupied bridge-heads on the further, or left, bank of the Vardar, notably on the height of the Kara Hodjali at B, and at one or two other points between Krivolak and the Demir Kapu defile, as at C and D.

But across the Czerna river it has occupied no bridge-heads, and it has destroyed the bridge of Vosarci (V) and withdrawn entirely to the right bank of the Czerna.

Next we may note that though we call it the occupation of a line, that line is probably not continuous, and there would seem to be a gap between the Serbians near Monastir and the French upon their right, for the Bulgarians are already on the Upper Czerna at X.

Further, note that the central mass of the allied force is dependent for its communications upon the single line of railway up the Vardar valley from Salonica, and that this line, as we have seen in previous articles, is particularly vulnerable in two points: (1) at the Demir Kapu gorge; (2) just south of it at Strumnitza station, where a long wooden trestle bridge crosses the unfordable river at Y.

The extreme left of this line in the neighbourhood of Monastir is also dependent upon the single line railway running from Monastir to Salonica. Its extreme right, where the English are, at Lake Doiran, is served by yet a third railway, also a single-line railway, terminating at Salonica and

running-up to and more or less parallel with the new Greek frontier.

Now these positions, 100 miles long, held by, let us say, a little over a hundred thousand men at the most, are susceptible to attack by Bulgarian and Austro-German forces from the north, which forces number all told (supposing the Austro-German units to have been kept at full strength and the Bulgarians to have lost even as much as 60,000 men during the recent fighting) a body nearer five than four times as numerous as that which the Allies can parade in opposition.

That is why the position is called a simple one. Taking only the military elements in the situation statically—that is not allowing for possible political changes—a vigorous enemy offensive against the allied line could not be successfully met. The country is mountainous, the base is not very distant, the line held is not very long—but the disproportion of forces is almost ridiculous. Nor is it easy to see how that disproportion can be materially remedied. Even if the Allies are prepared to send a very much larger force into Macedonia, that much larger force would still be wholly dependent for its supply upon the one ill-equipped port of Salonica and it could not possess in missile weapons or their munitionment anything like what the enemy from the north could bring against it.

So long as there was any question of Serbia's co-operation upon a large scale it was another matter, but that was, in its turn, a question of supply—and supply failed. Perhaps half the original Serbian force remains intact. The artillery, with the exception of the mountain guns, now

hardly exists. It is clear that food and even small arm ammunition are lacking. If these be supplied from the Adriatic in time it might cause some slight menace of a guerilla warfare to exist continuously upon the flank of the enemy, but it would be a wild misjudgment to expect that diminished and utterly under-gunned force in the western mountains to affect the campaign seriously in the immediate future.

The only thing that would redress the balance would be a really pronounced attack in force from the north and east by Russia through Roumania, or Russia and Roumania combined.

Here at once enters that political factor which is the great unknown factor in the whole problem. No Russian force can act without some sort of aid from Roumania.

Call the threatened allied force in Macedonia **1** as in this sketch III. Then there is up against it in the Balkans to the North **5**. Far off in Bessarabia is a Russian **2**, but between this and the Allies is a Roumanian **6**—and this last fresh, long trained, and fully officered.

The best informed of those who are following the development of that factor, the men who are at the very centre of the diplomatic effort it involves, cannot forecast the action of that **6**.

The mere student and observer of the military side of the campaign must necessarily eliminate for the moment the chances of this attack from the north and east upon the enemy positions in the Balkans. He must study the problem as though it were what I have called a "static" problem, that is, one in which the existing forces alone



could be counted. So stated it is no more than the presence of one man, awaiting, not far from the sea, the immediate assault of three men and perhaps four out of the possible five: the one man confined to a single entry for his supply and necessarily handicapped as much in munitionment as in numbers.

A certain academic interest has attached to the debate whether the attack by the enemy from the north upon our Macedonian position would take the form of attempting to turn it by the left or by the right; either course is open to him. The turning of it by the right is the easier. He has there one good road down the Struma valley and more open country. On the left, after the occupation of Monastir he has both road and railway, but worse country behind him for his supply.

But it is of little moment to guess between these alternatives. The real point is the hopeless disproportion in numbers. It is true that the enemy's sole avenues of supply for advance southward are imperfect and will need repair. The munitionment and the men and guns which he already has on the Mitrovitza railway and road can be brought down to Uskub easily enough, but *further* supply can only reach his new front by coming down along the upper Morava valley by the railway which follows that valley to Nish and so on to the Danube.

It is to be presumed that this railway has been badly damaged by the retreating Serbians and will take some time to repair. There is no continuous road by that route, and these conditions should impose a certain delay upon the enemy's next effort. But subject to this delay that effort may be delivered almost as the enemy wills and with the advantage in men and weapons quite evidently and overwhelmingly upon his side.

There is no end to be served in labouring the point. It is quite clearly apparent to all the authorities concerned and to all those occupied in studying the campaign. One can only repeat that nothing can redress the balance save a possible political change to the north and east of the present Balkan seat of war—that is, the entry of Roumania or a neutrality on the part of that State so benevolent as to result almost certainly in war against her by the enemy.

BEGINNING OF THE ENEMY'S OFFER FOR PEACE.

Meanwhile the enemy, now at the maximum of his actual occupation of territory, at the maximum, therefore, of his extension of front, and also at the end (with the exception of his classes '16 and '17) of his reserves of men, is clearly sounding opinion neutral and belligerent for the chance of peace.

From this moment onwards that political effort will proceed. It will not be continuous—at least not apparently continuous perhaps—but the various stages of that effort will follow each other now at short intervals as the strain of the war increases, and it will become part of all intelligent study of the war to keep this capital political element in view, side by side with the purely military efforts, which have hitherto engaged our attention in these columns.

So long as there was no question of either party accepting anything near his opponent's terms, the military problem alone was sufficient for discussion. Henceforward it will not be wholly

sufficient, and the increasing effort to conclude the great war upon terms that shall leave Prussia strong, and though only negatively successful, still successful in the eyes of her own subjects and allies, must form as large a part of our appreciation of the war as the movement of troops, the rate of losses or the progress of Russia's re-arming and equipment.

We must keep in mind three main points in the whole of this all-important business:—(1) The effort for Peace is coming from *Prussia*. (2) It is coming from Prussia because the Prussian Government knows that it has passed its military maximum, and that in material and numbers the future in general is full of disaster, even the immediate future full of peril. (3) The terms of peace will be made as favourable as possible for the Allies because Prussia needs only one thing: time to recuperate—that is, to be left intact and strong.

Conversely such a peace would be, for the Allies, a defeat—however favourable the terms—so long as Prussia was left intact and strong.

The indications that the general effort for peace has begun are many.

The first and most important is this, that the matter is now being discussed or suggested in a general fashion and not by appeals to various members of the Allies.

We have had in the past about half a dozen separate and fairly detailed offers to Russia and France respectively, perhaps at one moment to both, and in the smaller field of the Balkans there appears to have been a definite offer made for a Serbian surrender about a fortnight ago.

But the tone of this week has been different. It has concerned the whole field of operations. It has been coloured by the most general consideration of humanity. It has based itself also upon the most general considerations of finance.

That the neutrals should have been thus worked upon for the first time in the course of the campaign to effect a general settlement if it were possible, is, I repeat, the most significant element in the present position.

It was perfectly clear to anyone who cared to follow the known figures of the enemy's manpower and the known figures of his wastage, that this effort would begin when his efficient reserves were nearing their end. His efficient reserves have now neared their end and the effort has begun.

My readers are well acquainted with the numerical position as with the fact that it is common knowledge to all competent opinion throughout Europe.

Germany holds (and is already training in part) what remains of her classes '16 and '17. I repeat in identical form the statement of a recent issue:—

Excluding these classes, a total German efficient mobilisable force of a little over eight million at the very utmost has lost from all causes, counting "permanent margin of temporary losses," quite three million and a half, and yet has to keep going units in the field of over three million with auxiliary services hardly less than a million. The sum is simple and the result obvious.

Germany alone—the Prussian head of the enemy's system—has now left for drafts to fill up the gaps in her units (gaps opening at the rate of not less than seven thousand a day), nothing

but his two youngest possible classes and the inefficient he has already begun to tap. Hence Prussia's feeling for peace.

Let us examine the basis upon which that effort reposes.

We know in the first place that it makes no appeal to military opinion. That, indeed, has been the one sharp characteristic of the German propaganda and of those who consciously and unconsciously were doing the work of the enemy in the press of belligerent and neutral countries.

No military argument was ever used, or if one were used, it was one so grotesque as to suggest a contempt for the military knowledge of those to whom it was addressed.

The soldiers know well enough what the position is.

I hope next week, or the week after, to repeat upon a large coloured map what that position is, numerically at least. This element may be very briefly recapitulated:—

(1) The enemy is holding fronts of about 1,500 miles.

(2) He cannot continue to hold those fronts much longer, because his efficient man-power in the field is beginning to decline.

(3) He has against him superior man-power potentially. With only this element still in his favour, that the Russian numbers are not yet equipped, armed and munitioned.

NEW ELEMENTS.

Regarded as a purely strategical problem to be worked out on military grounds alone, the enemy is beaten and knows that he is beaten. But there are, unfortunately, other elements.

There is the establishing of a false judgment upon the war in the mind of civilians and particularly of neutrals, which it is hoped may grow into a force too strong for the soldiers.

There is the hope upon the enemy's side of political changes in his favour, both through the action of armies now neutral and through divergence in aim between the various Allies.

Finally, there is the appeal to what is called "financial exhaustion."

Let us take these three elements upon which the enemy depends, in their order, see what it is that he desires to impress, why it is false, and how the falsehood should be met.

We have first, then, the deliberate propaganda towards spreading the unmilitary view of the campaign as widely as possible, and relying upon the effect so produced upon the mind of civilians, and so overwhelming the mind and will of the soldiers.

It is a process with which earlier descriptions in these columns have rendered my readers familiar. He relies upon various factors, all of them equally inept as military propositions, but all of them unfortunately of great effect in the Press and upon the general populace, belligerent and neutral.

Thus we have the appeal to "look at the map." That phrase is almost everywhere the first to be used in this connection, and that it should have the effect it has is enough to make any interested student of the war despair. Because the enemy's line stands in alien territory; because he is the invader and not the invaded, an effect is produced which it is impossible for the closest reasoning and the most insistent reiteration of the plainest strategical conclusions to destroy.

It was exactly the same, by the way, during Napoleon's occupation of the Peninsula. Up to the very moment when his forces began to retire and those of the British, Portuguese and Spanish to go forward, there was a civilian opinion which saw nothing in Torres Vedras but a sort of sulky refusal to admit defeat, and there was at an earlier point a civilian opinion which saw nothing in Sir John Moore's great raid, retreat and magnificent action at Corunna but the success of the enemy.

The enemy can use that argument with almost limitless effect, for one man who knows or will be taught what is meant by a dangerous extension of front, there are a hundred men who are content to "look at the map." Just as for one man who guessed in October, 1812, that the occupation of Moscow was fatal, there were a hundred men who merely noted that the Emperor of the French was present in the capital of the Emperor of Russia, and were impressed accordingly.

To meet that sort of thing there is no power save the constant reiteration, to boredom and to tears, if necessary, of main principles.

Of almost equal effect in this sort of propaganda and of rather more legitimate effect, is the advance or the retirement of forces.

I say "of rather more legitimate effect," though every one possessed of the mere alphabet of military history knows that retirement and advance are but means to an end, and that final success is never measured in terms of the one or of the other. Still, a force that retires is presumably weaker than the force that advances, and the effect upon opinion of the fact that the enemy's bodies have nowhere retired since last April is, what we know it to be, of great weight.

It is of such weight that the enemy has thought it worth his while to attempt advances where he had lost all hope of real success—as in Courland. This ability to say that he has nowhere gone back in all these months, and in the Balkans actually gone forward, is, as we know from his Press, of the greatest political value to him at home. It has a corresponding effect abroad. Nor need we wonder at that, indeed, when we remember that the same phenomenon is present with almost equal strength upon the side of the Allies, and that slight local advances by the Russians, for instance, on their fluctuating line are invariably made too much of.

Another form of this same part of his propaganda, but a negative one, is the refusal to discuss numbers, losses, wastage and recruitment, and in this the enemy is very powerfully helped by the sensational Press, not only in neutral but, unfortunately, also, in belligerent countries, and nowhere more than in Great Britain. Partly because carefully argued statistics have nothing lurid or violent about them, partly because they can only be read at the expense of some leisure and attention and can only be appreciated by those who possess a certain degree of instruction, but most of all, perhaps, because the means by which conclusions of this sort are arrived at are not familiar to the public in times of peace. This capital point in any military judgment—the estimating of numbers—holds in general opinion a very modest place, or rather is usually forgotten; while the great mass of less important matter is made the daily food of the public.

A further point which helps the enemy somewhat in this propaganda, but which it is exceedingly

important, nevertheless, to impress upon our side, is secrecy. The French very properly refuse to publish their casualties—so do the Italians—and there is nothing that annoys the enemy more, as one can see by the tone of his military criticism.

It is the same with the rate of equipment of the Russian forces. It is the same with the rate of munitionment of our own. On the top of all this a number of patriotic men have thought it advisable, and a much larger number of unpatriotic men have thought it entertaining or lucrative, to proclaim to the whole world any deficiencies apparent in the Allied scheme. The patriotic men thought that their doing so would spur their fellow subjects to greater efforts. The others have partly reflected their own fears and ignorance and partly discovered that the spreading of panic, being always sensational, was usually a money-making affair.

A first-rate example of this was of course, the loud shout for more shells and for a ministry of munitions, undertaken just when the plant was all ready and months after the need had been discovered, and its satisfaction urgently prosecuted.

Part of the Press in this country was allowed on that occasion to print stuff which gave the neutral world the idea that we were short of munitions at a moment when we had a better supply than any one of the Allies in proportion to our front. To-day, when we have an overwhelming superiority over the enemy in this department the effect of these falsehoods is still allowed to linger.

It has been the same with recruitment. It is the same even in the shameful matter of the pushing of newspapers by the exaggeration of casualties and of their gravity.

All these things together have formed the basis, a purely civilian basis, for the unfortunately very wide-spread publications of the enemy and for his propaganda in its first element.

Its second element we have seen to be the essay to bring in on the enemy's side new factors, particularly in the East.

The active defection of the King of Bulgaria and the repudiation by the Greek Government of its treaty obligations have given a powerful impetus to this portion of the enemy's plan. They have made all neutral and much of belligerent opinion doubtful upon what accessions to the enemy's man-power the immediate future must show in the Near East. They have helped these foolish exaggerations of reserves in Turkey—as though the mere training and equipment of, say, an extra half million Levantines, were an immediate matter—and they have led to corresponding hopes within the enemy's own territories and among his own civilians. They form at this moment the strongest and the most real part of the enemy's case. When he says (through the mouths of those whom he has either paid, suggestioned or taken into his service) "Let us make peace on the basis of 'a draw'! I am in occupation of much invaded territory and I can hold it indefinitely," he is talking nonsense, dangerous as the nonsense is, for in truth he has his powers at the utmost stretch and knows that his time is short. But when he says, "Make peace because there are still other factors that may come in against you," he is nearer to talking sense.

One can conceive, at the worst, a situation in the East which would put the enemy's man power into a better posture by something like 25 per cent.,

which would carry him not only through the winter, but right on into the summer, before this vastly extended front of his would show signs of cracking: but it is only at the very worst that one can conceive this. If we take things merely as they now are, presuming Roumanian neutrality to hamper Russia, but at the same time to refuse all aid to the enemy, to blockade the way to Bulgaria, but at the same time to remain a menace upon the flank of the Austro-German empire, and if we presume the power of the Allies (as we may surely presume it) to be strong enough to check the Greek court, then the additional power obtained by the enemy in the East is almost insignificant. It certainly does not give him the strength to hold undiminished fronts on into this summer by any addition of forces. If anything, it leaves his new ally, Bulgaria, stronger than it does himself upon the road to Asia, and holding the door in complete security and still free to bargain with whoever they may choose.

THE FINANCIAL ARGUMENT.

The last argument, the argument from finance, needs a close examination. One part of it is sound. That part which pre-supposes, if the war be continued many months more, a partial repudiation of national pledges. But the other, and the main part of that financial argument, the conception that war and victory are physically impossible because national pledges in finance cannot be wholly observed, is nonsense. War is not fought with money, it is fought with men and needs the shelter and the food required to keep those men in activity. It is further fought with certain chemical products and certain metals. And for the manufacture of those materials, explosives, weapons and means of transport, you need further men, which also means more food, clothing and shelter. Now the materials necessary to this process exist in the Allied countries and in neutral countries in an amount sufficient to maintain the campaign till long after, years after, the complete defeat of the enemy has been achieved. They exist within the territories of the Allies alone in sufficient quantities. In so far as we choose for the sake of rapidity to obtain them from neutral countries there exists for exchange against such materials a mass of material wealth in the Allied territories sufficient to obtain them for years to come.

It is a point which ought to be self-evident, yet upon which people often get confused. A man will say, for instance, "This house in which I am living is wealth, yet to what use can it be put for the prosecution of a war?" The answer is that you may make over that house with the income represented by its rental to one in a neutral country possessed of the copper, or the coal tar, or the cotton of which you stand in need.

There is no form of wealth whatsoever, save a few luxurious forms such as pictures and jewellery, which is not wholly available for this process, and even those luxurious forms are practically available. You cannot fight with a Vandyke picture, but you can give that Vandyke picture to someone in the Argentine, and you can get against it so much wheat. The financial crux lies simply in this, not how long will the material hold out, but how long will the few who possess the material consent, or, when they cease to consent, how far can they be compelled to see their wealth leaving their hands and taken from

productive use, and wasted in unproductive expenditure.

The connection between national solvency and the power to conduct war exists—but it is exceedingly indirect. There is no direct function uniting the one thing and the other. The French Republic was bankrupt just as it began its great series of victories a hundred years ago. Germany is bankrupt to-day in the sense that the German Government can never dream of meeting the paper obligations into which it has entered.

What is called "money"—that is, the enormous amount of instruments of credit which repose in our present civilisation upon a very small basis of gold—is only the lubricant of exchange. Exchange itself is in services and in goods.

To say that those services and goods will give out before the defeat of the enemy is to talk nonsense. To say that you may reach a point where the possessors of such goods and services

may prefer national humiliation to further sacrifice is another matter, and it is upon that breaking point that the enemy is gambling in this third element of his propaganda for peace. To meet such an effort there is no weapon save the determination (which *he* has already entered into) to sacrifice wealth indefinitely: preferring anything to defeat.

Whether partial repudiation when it is necessary takes the form of forced conversion, of taxation obviously confiscatory in its amount, or the franker and more honest public declaration that the full financial pledges entered into by the Allied nations cannot be maintained, is indifferent. At bottom the problem will always be this: Will those who possess wealth prefer to suffer the loss of their wealth or the loss of the nation's position in the world. If they prefer their nation to their fortune the wealth is there to defeat the enemy twenty times over. H. BELLOC.

THE NAVY AND THE BOARD.

By A. H. POLLEN.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

THE present position of the war is not unlike that of a cricket match in which three innings have been played, and the batting side in the fourth cannot possibly make the runs required for victory, and can only avoid defeat by playing out time. The failure to crush either France or Russia leaves Germany no alternative but to distract and discourage the Allies by a diversion in the Balkans. Here they have achieved the same kind of initial success that they enjoyed in overrunning Belgium, the Northern departments of France and Poland and Courland. But there is a sharp difference between the first two and the last of these efforts. Had either of the first succeeded it would have gone near to securing a decision in the whole campaign. No success however complete in the last effort can alter the ultimate issue, except by postponing it. The Germans know that even the most resolute people tire of sacrifices and lose heart if the enemy has successes, and they have none. They hope delay will weary us all into the peace for which Germany, in Herr Harden's words, is herself yearning. Our enemy is in short playing for a draw. It is a desperate effort, for he must know that the Allies are fully determined on a war of exhaustion if there is no other way of finishing things. But next to losing the war, the greatest misfortune that could happen to us is its undue prolongation. It follows then that it is vital to us to use all our resources to the utmost. In military power we are already almost the enemy's equal. We are on the way to becoming greatly superior. Of sea power we possess a monopoly. As we saw last week, the new war in the Balkan imposes on the Allies the two exceptionally difficult tasks of concerting the military efforts of three dissimilar and separated countries, and doing this through the medium of amphibious warfare, whose intricate problems are proverbial. But there remains a third task which is especially in this country's

hands. I mean using the Allied seapower so as to do the best on sea.

Given control of the sea, which carries with it the safety of our shores, the security of our oceanic supply, and the immunity of our communications with the oversea armies from concerted naval attack, what are the principal uses to which our sea power can be put? Can the German fleet be attacked in its stronghold? Can we otherwise attack the enemy, say, in his forts or strong places, or in the Baltic? Can we enforce still more rigorously a general embargo on his supplies? Can we protect ourselves more completely against the sporadic attacks of his submarines?

It seems to be taken for granted that the Fleet cannot be used for a direct attack on the enemy's ships, so long as they resolutely stay entrenched behind their harbour defences. When Mr. Churchill spoke of "digging them out like rats," his phrase was derided as rodomontade. But one hundred years ago the French fleet in the Aix roads seemed at least as safe as the German fleet at Kiel, and Cochrane found a way of breaking these defences down. Is it certain that the British navy in the 20th century cannot produce a genius of equal resource? Can air-craft, submarines, mines, torpedoes, air bombs, be used in such a masterly combination as to inflict damage so great that a Fleet action may seem preferable? Had we been fighting for a generation instead of only for 16 months we should, of course, know who were our exceptional men. The chances are strong that the Cochranes are there. Where knowledge, skill, courage and enterprise have been given a free hand, there seems to be no limit to what has been achieved. The anti-submarine campaign in home waters, our own submarine campaign in the sea of Marmora and the Baltic, in both of these the men who had to act, once freed from central control, and acting entirely "on their own," have worked miracles. We only know generally what the result of this freedom has been. Here able men, unhampered in taking

advantage of their experience, have shown that the navy can still surprise the world by the daring originality of its tactics. Is it then certain that the problem of forcing the Germans out of the canal is insoluble?

And what of an attack on the German forts and communications, or in the waters where so far he has only been attacked by submarines? The latter is too difficult an affair to discuss. The bombardment of forts is unquestionably under a cloud since our unfortunate efforts at the Dardanelles. And Lord Sydenham, I notice, seems to think that from this cloud it ought never to have emerged. The verdict of history, so this careful critic reminds us, is against such enterprises altogether. But is not this to argue that there is, in the tactical relations of guns in a fort and guns afloat, something which puts the latter at an *inherent* disadvantage from which no alterations in the conditions of the problem can free them? But, after all, at the Dardanelles, when the outer forts were attacked, it was the ships' guns that prevailed. It was only when the Narrows were attacked by long range fire that the advantage was with the forts. This only repeated the verdict of history. Superiority of fire has, in a few cases, in the past been secured in combats of this kind, and where it has been secured the forts have fallen. And for myself I cannot doubt that the navy possesses men quite capable of specifying what are the right craft, guns and projectiles and above all the *right method of using these things* for securing that same superiority of fire in almost any conditions to-day. It merely remains a question whether to pound up Heligoland, Zeebrugge or Borkum is worth the necessary preparations.

SIEGE TACTICS.

Thirdly, comes the question of subjecting the enemy to the fullest rigours of siege that command of the sea makes possible. The order in council of March last was designed, so Mr. Asquith told us, to prevent commodities of any kind either leaving or reaching the German Empire. It was obviously a thing that could not be completely achieved. Holland and Denmark have land frontiers to Germany which we cannot control, and until mid October the sea trade between Norway and Sweden and Germany was entirely uninterrupted. We had, then, but a limited capacity to check the imports and exports of these four countries. But so far as our capacity went, we all understood that the embargo on goods reaching or leaving Germany was unlimited. Reuter's agency now announces that an arrangement has been made with Denmark that shows that for the future our check on German imports is to be limited to contraband only! This in view of our disputes with America is surely a very serious departure in policy, and taken in conjunction with our licensing system, seems not unlikely to accentuate our difficulties with Washington. But what is in every respect more important, it may greatly diminish the efficiency of our blockade. The principal quarrel of the Americans with us is, first, that our policy is without the sanction of law, next that it lacks definiteness of aim, singleness of principle and consistency in its application, and thirdly while putting every kind of obstacle in the way of the American trader, permits the British exporter to prosecute a neutral trade which may benefit the enemy to almost any extent. The Danish agreement seems to give

substance to these complaints. Are we drifting into a position which may be difficult to defend? I do not propose now to enter into any argument as to what our policy in this matter should be. But it is certain that the navy is convinced that its powers are not being used to the full.

Finally note that within the last month only, ten British, nine French and nine Italian ships, some of them transports, have been sunk by torpedoes in the Mediterranean. Just how many were transports and how many supply ships or merchant ships it is not possible to say, because the news is not published. And as, for good reasons, the announcements of attacks on ships carrying troops are often held back, the total number of casualties in the Straits may be larger yet. To protect our sea communications against submarines is one of the major problems of amphibious war, and in spite of eight months' experience of Germany's commercial blockade and sixteen months of defending the fleet against submarines, it seems as if it was still possible for great armies to be sent by sea incompletely protected against this menace.

CRUCIAL PROBLEMS.

Here then are four, indeed five, crucial problems of naval war. To arrive at any better solution of them than those which we are adopting may, of course, be beyond human ingenuity. But are we doing all that is possible towards bringing the ingenuity that may be available to bear? We can only be sure that we have taken every precaution when we know that the administration of the navy is making the best *concerted use of those to whom war has given the widest experience*, whom war has demonstrated to possess the keenest enterprise. Are these men—almost self-selected by the events of the last sixteen months—at the disposal of Whitehall to-day? And if they are made available, is Whitehall organised to make the best use of them?

In the most vital matter of all we have at least the Prime Minister's word that legally and constitutionally the administration of the navy is no longer a dictatorship, but a dictatorship in commission. Mr. Asquith's answer to Lord Charles Beresford terminates this controversy once and for all. The responsibility of the members of the Board of Admiralty is a joint responsibility. The theory that they were answerable only to the First Lord, and he only answerable for Admiralty policy, is a working theory no longer.

Until the discussions to which Mr. Churchill's retirement in the spring gave rise, I had always publicly maintained the view which Mr. Asquith now says is the right one. But it is idle to deny that an entirely contrary view held the field, and was acted on not only by First Lords, but by other members of the Board. The most striking thing about Mr. Churchill's apology was undoubtedly his failure even to mention the Board of Admiralty in connection with any of his acts as head of the navy. But we should not have been surprised if we had known that practically all the naval officers who, during the last ten years have accepted the offices of the Junior Lords, have done so on the distinct understanding that they were to be heads of departments only and not men responsible to the country for the advice they gave. This is not an academic matter; it is vital to getting the best out of the Navy. Had the Sea Lords—none of them, remember, except Lord Fisher

chosen as responsible advisers, but simply as the departmental chiefs—been bound to express the general judgment of the navy, the Dardanelles blunder could never have been perpetrated. A week or two ago I suggested that had the Junior Lords, even without Lord Fisher, combined, they could probably have averted this misfortune. But obviously if they took their offices on the basis of no such responsibility being theirs, this criticism of mine was unjust. And indeed a correspondent for whom I have the highest regard points out to me that the non-mention of the Junior Sea Lords by Mr. Churchill may be explained by something quite different from the fact that he regarded them—as he treated them—as nonentities. For, after all, the legal fiction of the Board's Control had always been maintained in formal statements. My correspondent considers a far more probable explanation is that the three Junior Lords protested against the whole Dardanelles transaction and put this protest into writing. The fact that they were kept in office when the First Lord was not, goes a long way to substantiate this supposition.

NAVAL SURPRISES.

But the point now is this. Mr. Asquith has made it clear that the naval Lords at the Admiralty are a team for securing the best direction of the navy. The character of the naval war has changed materially since it became improbable that the German Fleet would come out. Indeed it has changed no less remarkably than the theory on which these officers were appointed to their posts. And none of them have had direct experience of the war, either in its first stage or in the second. Nor is this all. The personnel of the War Staff has, it is true, been altered since the war began, but I believe I am right in saying that only one of its chief members was taken from the Fleet. But the War Staff is only concerned with plans of Operations, with Mobilisation and with Intelligence. It has no department dealing with the technique of the use of weapons, although all tactics—and hence all strategy—must ultimately be founded upon weapons and the ways of using them. This war has been fruitful in surprises, and rich in revelations of the unexpected power of weapons, and not less in the proofs of the deficiencies of many of our methods. The use of guns when ships are at speed and manœuvring, the possibilities of indirect fire whether from the stationary or steaming ships, the possibilities of the submarine, and the scope and power of its antidotes, the art of using mines and of frustrating their use—on all of these things the Admiralty should be advised by those who can speak with authority, because in the light of the completest and most recent knowledge.

It would of course be the merest folly to send every officer now at Whitehall to sea, and to start with an entirely new team taken from the sea. But the gradual substitution of men whose war experience is personal and direct, for those whose knowledge is only second hand, could be begun at once to the great advantage of all. And in this connection let it be remembered that the direction of all the Fleets is a far more difficult and certainly a far more important affair, than the command of any single Fleet.

The constitution of proper staffs for gunnery, torpedoes, mines and submarines, so that it should be impossible for us to witness once more the employment of fleets without reference to the limita-

tions of their weapons; this is a matter of the utmost urgency. These should be constituted at once, and, as no such staffs exist, there is not in this case any question of swapping horses in mid stream. In the last seven months the navy has discovered a mind of its own and knows what it wants to do. Mr. Asquith has restored it to its constitutional government. Can Mr. Balfour get his Council into closer touch with the Fleets? He will not have an easy task. Every officer will be eager to get to sea. But the men at sea will fight like tigers to stay there. There is nothing more hated in the navy than an office stool.

A. H. POLLEN.

Mr. Pollen will lecture on "The Navy at War" on behalf of Naval and Military Charities at Grosvenor House, Grosvenor Square, Thursday, December 2nd at 4 p.m.; at Chatham, Tuesday, December 7th at 5.15 p.m.; at Altrincham, Wednesday, December 8th; Shrewsbury School, Thursday, December 9th.

POETRY NEW AND OLD.

"Georgian Poetry." The Poetry Bookshop. 3s. 6d. net.

"Omar Khayyam." Translated by John Pollen, LL.D. (East and West, Ltd.) 3s. 6d. net.

While it is almost impossible, at the present time, to select representative work from the mass of living poets, this volume of Georgian poetry—a misleading title—is characterised by extremely judicious selection. The best of Flecker is here, and his "Dying Patriot," musical as Swinburne at his best, is certainly a poem that will survive beyond most contemporary work.

Gordon Bottomley's dramatic poem is too much at odds with Shakespeare's conception of Lear and Goneril to win much popularity, but its rugged lines well express the spirit of the legendary age that the poem concerns. For the rest, there is the narrative verse of Masefield, the dainty and extremely literary work of Walter de la Mere, representative work of D. H. Lawrence, and others who have won to a certain eminence. The impression of the Futurist movement is evident in much of the verse that the book contains, and it is fully illustrative of the thirst for something new, even if it be only a fashion in verse making that is as old as Athens.

Dr. Pollen's translation of Omar is a far different thing from Fitzgerald's, embodying as it does the literal Persian, and retaining the form and metre of the original. Its author claims that Fitzgerald attributed to Omar "thoughts and expressions that no true Muslim would ever have dreamed of cherishing," and that his rendering is not even an approximate translation. Certainly this present rendering shows a different Omar. The delicacy of Fitzgerald's work is missing, the style is far more blunt and direct—it gains in force and loses in poetry, and the sentiments seem rather confused, with a tendency to reiteration. A preface by the Aga Khan confesses that Fitzgerald "succeeded in a remarkable degree in bringing out the spirit of Omar," though "he had to diverge from the letter of the 'Rubai'iat as well as from the sequence of the verses.'" Whether Dr. Pollen's translation, faithfully reproducing the form, rather than striving to compensate for the difference between Oriental and Western temperament, will stand the test of time as well as Fitzgerald's, is doubtful, but this volume is well worthy of study side by side with the better-known form in which Fitzgerald rendered the Persian poet.

Nearly every Prisoner of War in Germany asks for bread to be sent out to him, but this is by no means an easy matter owing to the long delay through difficulty of transit. Bread occasionally travels successfully from this country to Germany, but, on the other hand, it may not and the risk is ever present. That is why many people are accepting Mrs. Grant Duff's order to forward bread to the English prisoners of war from Berne. It is then a matter of only three days' journey and the bread invariably arrives in good condition. Four pounds of bread a week costs a shilling, and Mrs. Grant Duff will receive postal orders at the British Legation at Berne.

A new edition of *Notes on Shooting* has just been issued by Messrs. Curtis and Harvey. Few manuals on the subject manage to compress as much really useful information into a small space as is done in this book, and sportsmen will find it a genuine aid to good shooting. A copy will be sent on application to Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, Cannon Street House, London, if 6d. in stamps is sent to cover postage.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR

By Arthur Kitson.

WHEN the complete history of the Great War comes to be written, the historian will be confronted with some rather puzzling problems. For example, why have the Allies made so little effort to counteract the enemy's influence in Neutral Countries? Why have they so completely failed to employ the psychological factor against the enemy, whilst the enemy has employed it in neutral countries with such skill and success against the Allies? Why have the Allies been so negligent of the strongest weapon they possessed?

When the war started, the Allies were—as all the world now knows—entirely unprepared to cope with the gigantic onslaught of the German armies, which long years of work and preparation had made irresistible. But what they lacked in men and munitions they gained in the moral strength and justice of their cause. Never since wars began has the righteousness of a cause been more conspicuous or more one-sided. The Allies held the trump cards. Their cause was that of the whole world—apart from that of the aggressors. Ranged on the side of Great Britain, France and Russia, stood Civilisation, Liberty, Chivalry and everything that mankind aspires to—freedom from bondage and oppression, the right of all nations to live their own individual lives, to speak and read in their own native tongue, to worship according to their own particular faith. All the natural aspirations of the vast majority of the world's inhabitants appeared to be centred in the victory of the Allies.

Neutral Indifference.

Had anyone predicted sixteen months ago the course the war has since taken, and the present attitude of the various nations, the most incredible part of the predictions would have been the apparent indifference—and in certain cases even the open hostility—of neutral countries to the Allied cause. One would have felt safe in asserting that any Power that dared insult humanity by disregarding every code of honour, by rejecting every rule hitherto recognised by civilised nations for mitigating the horrors of warfare—by brazenly tearing up treaties, invading neutral countries and reverting to the methods of ancient savagery—as Germany and Austria have done; would have aroused the vengeance of the entire globe, and launched all the forces of civilisation against them. And yet, see what has happened. A considerable proportion of Neutrals believe to-day that Germany's cause is a righteous one. Germany's rulers have succeeded in convincing their own people at home and abroad, as well as many Neutrals, that the Allies were the aggressors.

Apart from Italy, who entered the war because of her ancient hostility to Austria, it must be admitted that Germany has managed to secure greater help from neutrals than have the Allies. Germany has secured the active co-operation of Turkey and Bulgaria, and has prevented Greece and Roumania—the avowed enemies of these two races from declaring war themselves on the side of the Allies, and has forced King Constantine to follow her example in the matter of disregarding treaties. Sweden is—in sentiment at least—decidedly pro-German. Switzerland, in spite of her danger from Germany's success, is divided, with a considerable balance in favour of our enemies. Holland seems similarly divided, and as loath to oppose Germany as though she belonged to the Teutonic Empire. Spain leans towards the German cause. Pope Benedict XV. is known to have similar leanings. Lastly, the United States—whom everyone would have counted as being strongly and even aggressively on the side of Freedom—prides herself upon her rigid neutrality, and looks on this great struggle with comparative indifference. I speak now of the Government and the general opinion of the American people as expressed by their leading journals. It can hardly be doubted that if Germany had secured control of the seas and defeated our Navy, the munitions that have been and are still being shipped to the Allies from across the Atlantic, would have been going direct to Germany. Whatever help the Allies have received and are receiving from neutral countries, is due

to the strength of our Navy and to commercial and financial policies, and not to any moral considerations.

Allies' Main Strength.

What everyone would have regarded as the main strength of the Allied cause—its justice—seems to have been of little material advantage. At first sight it would appear as though moral considerations were of little or no value in warfare, and would lead one to despair of the ultimate triumph of Right over Wrong. Let us see however, how this apparent inversion of the moral order of things has been brought about. How is it, to use our metaphor once more, that with so poor a hand, Germany has been able to score so many points, and with a handful of trumps why have the Allies failed to win? The answer is that from the very beginning of hostilities, Germany seized the psychological factor and has ceaselessly employed it with daring skill and even brazen effrontery, whilst on the other hand the Allies have—either through ignorance, indifference, or foolishness—neglected or refused to use the strongest weapon they could possibly have found, and which good fortune originally placed in their hands. Indeed, they have allowed the enemy to spike their most powerful guns!

When the German rulers first planned their treacherous attack upon their neighbours, they drew up a lying report, setting forth the causes and origins of the war, asserting that Germany was surrounded by a world of enemies hungering and thirsting to destroy her, which was to be published at home and abroad as soon as war was declared. Preparations for a universal propaganda were made months and even years prior to the war. In every neutral country, emissaries of the German Government bought up newspapers and paved the way for controlling public opinion. It is stated that upwards of £10,000,000 has been spent by the German Government in the United States alone on propaganda work. Newspaper and magazine articles, pamphlets and lectures illustrated by the cinema, have been produced and delivered by the thousand in all lands and in all tongues!

Avalanche of Falsehood.

Against this avalanche of falsehood the Allies have apparently done nothing, beyond offering a direct denial. It is safe to say that not a single newspaper has been purchased or started in a neutral country by any of the Allied Powers for the purpose of counteracting this deadly campaign of German slander. Our own Government appears to have been content with the publication of a selection of Foreign Office literature, and one or two speeches of Sir Edward Grey, which was sold to the public at the price of one shilling a copy. These, together with a few cheap pamphlets containing a digest of the Blue Book, and a recital of the horrors perpetrated by the Huns in France and Belgium, appear to be our total contribution to the world's demand for enlightenment regarding the greatest conspiracy in the world's history. The French have done a little better. The Russians, less than ourselves. Moreover, the long delay in the publication of these pamphlets gave our enemies the field to themselves during the first months of the war. It is true that private effort has in a measure helped to make up this deficiency. But in spite of all this, it can be truthfully asserted that the neglect of the Psychological Factor by the Allied Powers on the one hand, and the enormous use which the enemy has so skilfully and unscrupulously made of it on the other, has greatly prolonged the war and increased the strength and resistance of the enemy.

The psychology of the German people is probably the simplest to understand of any people in the world. It is all writ large in the methods they employ against those they wish to conquer. When the Germans desire to achieve certain psychological results, they first ask themselves what would produce those results among themselves. For example, they are anxious to make their enemy civilians tire of the war and beg their Governments to sue for peace. To the question "What means must we employ to accomplish this result?" their answer is

"Precisely those which would cause our people to beg for peace." Hence all the horrors and deeds of frightfulness at which the world has stood aghast!

Here it would be well to notice how unwittingly our enemies have exposed the true inwardness of their own character by their interpretation of the psychology of other nations. Knowing that fear and greed are the two most potent influences by which they themselves are swayed, they calmly assume that by these same influences the whole world can be governed. This affords us a most interesting view of the kind of "Kultur" the Germans have acquired. It is a fact that the greatest surprise and disappointment the German rulers have yet experienced during the war, is the utter failure of their deeds of frightfulness—Zeppelin raids, etc.—to create panic and terror among their adversaries. This has puzzled them beyond words. That their methods have succeeded in the Balkans need not astonish us, for it is among those races whose psychology and morals (or *immorals*) are nearest akin to their own, that one would naturally have predicted the results that have happened, one might almost say inevitably.

The psychological factor is far too large a subject with which to deal in detail within the space of a single article. Some time ago I suggested the creation of a "Ministry of Psychology" to work in conjunction with the Ministry of War and Munitions. Perhaps a "Ministry of Publication" would be a better term, since it is chiefly by publication that psychological effects are produced. The object of such a Ministry would be to endeavour to influence—through suitable channels—public opinion, both at home and abroad, and enlist the sympathies of all neutral countries; to supervise and censor all publications at home and to stimulate and

encourage the martial feelings of our own soldiers and sailors, as well as those of our civilians, by giving ample information of the origin, meaning and object of the conflict; the results to this country and to the world if the enemy succeeds, and also if he is defeated. Graphic accounts of military and naval encounters and exploits against the enemy and publications of the names of those regiments, ships, officers and men who have distinguished themselves should be given as often as possible. The presentation of suitable scenes and incidents in the Great War by films, which should be shown, not only to the troops themselves and civilians, but particularly to those employed in munition and other works. Had a large number of such views, been prepared by us and arrangements made for their display by means of cinema shows accompanied by lectures at all the great industrial centres once or twice every month, there would have been for instance in the past, far less delay in munition work. Such a Ministry would necessarily require a profound and intimate knowledge of the psychology of all nations, including, of course, our own.

No finer war material was ever possessed by a nation than the men who form our armies and navies in this great war. That they have maintained their cheerfulness and ardour with so little help and encouragement from those psychological aids which our enemies provide in abundance, shows the wonderful quality of the men. The war is not yet over. The psychological factor will assume a greater and greater importance as the end approaches. It is not yet too late for the Allies—and particularly Great Britain—to create a department controlled by men of world-wide experience, who would know how to employ this factor in a manner that would prove of incalculable value to the Allied Cause.

THE BISHOP OF RUHLEBEN.

By Francis Gribble.

THE Bishop" was our nickname for him; he was really a Baptist Minister who summoned sinners to repentance in one of the smaller towns in the Rhine Provinces, exhorting them at the top of his truculent voice, somewhat after the manner of a German non-commissioned officer cursing his company, and in the German language. Technically he was a British subject, and his name was English enough—suppose I call him Robinson. Very possibly his great-great-grandfather had been English; but he himself only spoke English with the laborious inexactitude of one who had learnt it in a German school; and his sympathies, of which he made no secret, were those of a German of the *Gott strafe England* kind. Consequently he regarded himself as a martyr.

"It rejoices me that I suffer for Germany," he once said to me; whereto I answered:

"Very well, my friend. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy Helledentod"; and he looked pained, and sulked.

His case, he felt, was the harder because it had been given out that ministers of religion would not be interned; but religion is only religious in German eyes when it is a branch of the Civil Service. Baptists, from the point of view of the State, are irregular practitioners, no more to be regarded as clergymen than faith-healers are to be regarded as doctors; so here was Dr. Robinson—an oleaginous elderly gentleman with a flowing beard—marching by day to fetch his soup from the kitchen in a tin bowl, and sleeping by night on a bed of straw laid upon concrete in the loose box of a stable. And all that in correct ecclesiastical costume—black coat, white tie and all the rest of it.

"It is God's will," he moaned, "that I should endure this trial."

"It must be a great consolation to you," we replied, "to think that you are only being treated as you deserve to be." That also made him cross.

As a matter of fact, however, he was better off than most of us. The flock to which he had been accustomed to minister spiritually now ministered to him materially. Parcels of good things to eat poured in upon him at Ruhleben; tinned meats, tinned fruits, pots of

jam, pots of honey, cakes of chocolate, jars of dried fruit. So he and his son—a good-looking boy who spoke no English at all—lived on the fat of the land, while the rest of us consumed the prison fare. I cannot remember that the old man ever offered so much as a stick of chocolate or a fig to the other inmates of his box—his "stable-companions" as we called ourselves.

His conversation, even more than that of his stable-companions, ran on the subject of release. There was a spiritualist in our Barrack who declared that he had fallen into a trance, in which it had been revealed to him that all the civil prisoners would be released in the course of the first fortnight in January. He was a queer-looking person, with a far-away look in his eyes, whose mind had probably been unhinged by persecution; and people's attitude towards him varied. Some announced that they would punch his head if his prediction were not fulfilled; others clung to the belief that the man was really a seer who had been privileged to peep down the vistas of futurity. Dr. Robinson belonged to the latter group. He held long confabulations with the spiritualist who was, to all intents, a German like himself.

"These things are mysteries," he said. "God, chooses his own instruments for his own purposes. It may be that, if I pray without ceasing—"

But Dr. Robinson did not place his whole reliance upon prayer; he also tried, in vulgar language, to "work the oracle" by other means. We frequently observed him engaged in whispered colloquies with his son; we wondered what it was all about, and we eventually discovered.

It had been made known that any elderly gentleman of unblemished character would be allowed to return to his home if he had sons of military age who were willing to join the German army; and Dr. Robinson was bringing pressure to bear upon his first-born.

"For my sake—"

"*Es geht nicht.*"

"For your poor mother's sake—"

"*Es geht nicht.*"

"For the sake of Germany—"

"*Es geht nicht.*"

Such were the scraps of conversation which we

overheard. The boy was obstinacy itself; nothing could move him—not even the spectacle of a Baptist Minister in clerical attire walking about the stable with a tin bowl of soup in his hands. The Germans had said he was an Englishman; very well—he would be one. It wasn't likely that he would be more comfortable in the trenches than in the stable, and he certainly wouldn't be as safe, etc., etc.; with the result that Dr. Robinson had to pull other wires.

He pulled them; or perhaps it was the flock in the Rhine Provinces who pulled them for him. At all events, he was sent for, one day, to the Office known as the *Verwaltungs Bureau*, and came back carrying a scrap of paper which he called an *Entlassungsschein*.

"It is the will of God," he said, "that, after having suffered, I should be rewarded because of my sacred calling. I laid great stress upon my sacred calling in my petition for my release, and I am to be set free this afternoon. To-night I shall have a good dinner in Berlin; to-morrow I shall once more be with my flock."

Then he packed and prepared; and the spectacle of the preparations long remained a treasured memory in the Camp. He fetched his best Sunday suit out of a bag, and put it on; he untied the brown paper parcel which contained his Sunday hat. His shirt being dirty, he cleaned the cuffs with a nail brush; and it appeared that he had a clean tie and a clean front kept in readiness for this very occasion. He borrowed a pocket mirror, and brushed his hair and eye-brows. His son, acting as his valet, brushed him down for at least a quarter of an hour.

"By Jove! You look every inch a Bishop," we exclaimed admiringly.

"My attire is merely correct," he replied with dignity. "I am going to telegraph to the flock, in order that they may arrange a thanksgiving service, and it is necessary that I should be in a condition to attend it."

Thus speaking, he offered his hand, and walked to the gate, and passed out into the world, looking as if he had never really been one of us at all but had merely visited the camp in order to bring spiritual consolation to the criminal classes. His son kept up an air of decorous sorrow till the last minute, and then let his features relax into an exuberant grin.

"It's all right," he said.

"What's all right?" we asked.

"His box of cigars. I hid it away, and he forgot all about it. It's nearly full."

"It need not remain so," we said. And it did not remain so very long.

So we blessed the Bishop, little as we had liked him, and agreed that nothing in his life in the Camp had become him like the leaving of it. The son, whose father had not allowed him to smoke, was specially delighted; and the evening passed in unusual sociability. But when morning came—

In the morning, a little after seven o'clock, we had to walk to the other end of the Camp to fetch our coffee from the kitchen. Our way to and fro lay past the entrance gate; and just as we were passing the gate a strange sight met our eyes.

The bell pealed, and the gate was slowly swung open. Through it there solemnly marched two soldiers with fixed bayonets, escorting a prisoner. We looked, with that curiosity with which we always looked out for new arrivals, and, to our amazement—

"Good gracious!" we exclaimed. "Why, it's the Bishop! But what on earth . . . !"

Well might we wonder; for the Bishop whom we saw return was of widely different aspect from the Bishop whom we had seen depart. Then he had been spick and span, and now he was dishevelled. His coat was torn, and his white tie had come undone. The hat which he had brushed so carefully was battered in, and his long beard seemed to be flowing in all directions at once. In that grotesque condition he was marched off to the Commandantur to be inspected; in that condition he presently returned to the Barrack in which we were waiting to hear his story.

He entered without a word, wrapped in unutterable gloom, and went straight to the corner in which he had left the cigar box. The box was there, but the cigars were gone. Dr. Robinson looked at it, much as a bereaved mother might look at an empty cradle, and then said something in German. My defective knowledge of Ger-

man prevents me from saying whether the remark which he made was suitable for a Baptist Minister; but I have a suspicion that it was not. We felt, at any rate, that it was our turn to speak, and that we must offer explanations and apologies.

"We are so sorry," we said, "we had no idea that you were coming back to fetch it."

He made a further remark in German. It was evidently an emphatic remark; but I do not know enough German to translate it. We went on politely:—

"If we had only guessed that your flock was going to turn and rend you —"

He made a third remark in German; but then he broke into English and explained:—

"It wasn't the flock,—no one will be more grieved than they. It was the police."

"The Police!"

"You see I had been dining."

"Ah!"

"In a restaurant. It was so long since I had had a good dinner."

"And you made up for lost time? A little sparkling hock?"

"Only one bottle of it. Only one bottle, I assure you. Any one of you, I think, in my position, after enduring all these hardships—"

Any one of us assuredly, in such a case, would have found sparkling hock an irresistible temptation. We could not find it in ourselves to be censorious about the indulgence. We could only protest that it would not have knocked our hats in, or sent our beards, if we had worn any, straggling to all the points of the compass; but it seemed that, even in the Bishop's case, that consequence had only been indirect. The sparkling hock had made him expansive, and impelled to speak words in season. The police had done the rest.

"I felt genial," he said, "genial towards you who had been my fellow prisoners. At the same time I felt that the hour had come to tell the truth—to let the world know how I, a minister of religion, had been compelled to sleep on straw, and to fetch my soup from the kitchen in a tin basin. It would have been wiser, no doubt, to wait until my own flock was gathered round me; but I was impatient. I felt myself charged with a message, and I delivered it. Or rather I began to deliver it."

"Then they would not let you finish?"

"They would not."

"They argued with you?"

"If only they had been content with argument! But they were not. First there was contradiction and confusion—they called me an Englishman and insulted me—and then things were thrown and blows were struck; and then, all of a sudden, the police appeared."

"And the police protected you?"

"Protected me!"

An eloquent gesture indicated the nature of the protection our Bishop had received from the Berlin police. It was evident that they had handled him roughly, as is their habit.

"Then where did you sleep last night? In your hotel?"

"No; at the police station."

"And then?"

"They telephoned for instructions and were told that I was to be brought back here at once."

That was his story. We had to extract it from him by questions as if we were drawing teeth; but he wound up with an observation which was quite spontaneous.

"I think you should have waited to hear that I had reached my flock before you smoked my cigars."

Miss Lena Ashwell's Christmas production at the Kingsway Theatre will be an important event in the musical world as well as in the world of drama and literature, for it is announced that Sir Edward Elgar, O.M., is writing the music for *The Starlight Express*, the play by Mr. Algernon Blackwood, a writer well known to readers of *LAND AND WATER*, and Miss Violet Pearn. The play is not an opera nor a "musical comedy." It is described by the authors as a fantasy for children and adults, and Sir Edward Elgar is composing the incidental music and the orchestral setting. The small orchestra pit of the Kingsway Theatre is to be enlarged in order to accommodate a full orchestra.

MIRAGES TO ORDER.



[In the German imagination Constantinople and the East have been made to take the place of Paris, Calais and Petrograd as the Gates of Victory.]

GERMAN PEASANT: "But will this one dissolve like the others?"

GERMAN WAR LORD: "If it does, I will find others to take its place."

INDIA TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

By the Editor.

THESE is an article in the current number of that admirable quarterly *The Round Table* on "India and the Imperial Conference," which invites the attention to this important segment of the British Empire. People at home are apt to accept the present position in India as a matter of course; they are inclined to overlook that no small part of British policy in the East for the past fifty years has been directed towards safeguarding British interests in that part of the globe in the day of Armageddon. As the *Round Table* writer observes: "Eighteen months ago, if the question had been asked, 'How would India behave in the event of a vast European war in which Great Britain was involved?' even those who know the country best would have found it difficult to give an assured reply."

Though it is undoubtedly true that we hold India by the strength of our sea-power, and that it is less British bayonets in Hindustan than British battleships in the North Sea which are responsible for the present sense of security, we must not forget that the Indian princes and peoples had rallied to our side before that sea-power was assured. The Maharajah of Mysore's spontaneous offer of fifty lakhs of rupees to the Supreme Government towards the expenses of the war was the beginning of that Homeric list of gifts and contributions, to which there seems to be no end. This money had been saved for expenditure on public works, and Mysore, by his diversion of this wealth to the prosecution of a European War, publicly proclaimed to all intents and in a manner plain to the whole of the Indian Empire, that in his opinion reproductive works and other benefits and advantages of civil life were dependent upon the stability of British rule. It was not only an act of splendid loyalty, but of shining statesmanship.

Normal Unrest.

Unrest is normal in India, indeed it may be said that its absence would signify the failure of British rule, for it is the ferment of the living forces of progress and new ideas which can only exist where there is a large measure of freedom. If there were no unrest, it would imply that we had brought the subject-races into a state of servitude much as has prevailed during the last few decades in Alsace-Lorraine and in German Poland. Danger in India lies not in unrest, natural unrest, but in the failure of authority to stamp out those ebullitions of unrest, which through one cause or another come suddenly to a head. Had there been a strong man—a man of action and quick decision—in Meerut on that May Sunday eight and fifty years ago, in all human probability there would have been no Mutiny, and forty years later events on the North West Frontier would have taken a very different course but for vacillation and weakness at Simla and Peshawar. The last sixteen months have fortunately found authority in India strong in this respect. The wild fire of sedition has never been allowed to get a firm hold on the dry jungles of discontent and local ambitions, which are an integral part of the country and not the outcome of European turmoil; the flame has burst out here and there, but it has been stamped out quickly and decisively, and it is to be hoped that a mistaken sense of clemency in high quarters will not weaken this strength of action.

Says the writer in the *Round Table*:—"After many centuries there came from outside India for the first time a power strong and just enough to stop the fighting and rapine, and to secure to each man the fruits of his industry. The humbler people prospered, but the chiefs' and nobles' occupation was gone." This is no doubt largely true, and when he proceeds to point out how the European war has given to the chiefs and nobles a new opportunity to win honour and fame on the field of battle, he rightly emphasises one aspect we are apt to overlook. But the present writer is tempted to ask, have the humbler people prospered invariably under British rule? We hear a great deal about the disquieting and disintegrating influences of Western education and religions, but little or nothing about the equal or greater disrupting force of

machinery. It is a mere accident that British rule in India should have synchronised with the rapid development of mechanical power; it cannot be said that the latter is due to the former. Had an Englishman never set foot on the Coromandel Coast or the Red Ensign never flown beneath Malabar Point, machinery would still have found its way to the Peninsula, and the whirr of its wheels have sounded a mournful requiem for scores of village industries. Say what we will, British rule, as regarded by the village weaver, potter, coppersmith, etc. (bear in mind these are not individuals, but families and communities), has not been an era of undiluted prosperity, and to ignore this fact is to be culpably blind. By another strange irony the British rulers of India who have been turning the country upside down in their eagerness to prolong life and to improve health have for all their boasted hygienic wisdom been powerless to check the ravages of that very ancient scourge—bubonic plague. Is it therefore any wonder that the East is still inclined to look on Western sanitation as a vain thing, and to express annoyance in its own way when it interferes with old traditions and customs?

In the article under review, the story is told of a witty Indian citizen of Bombay, who said to an Englishman: "It has taken us a hundred years to teach you how to govern us. Do you think we are going to begin all over again with another nation?" And that nation Germany!—Germany, who counts among its public methods of quick pacification the massacre of innocents and the defilement of women! Had Germany ever obtained firm foothold in Asia we can now see the subterranean perils which would have threatened us. The East has the child's quickness of perception of human character, and the German, with his innate contempt for dark-skinned races, and his inability to comprehend the significance of justice and fair play, has never been able to obtain any strong personal influence inside India, but working from outside, through agents and with lavish bribery, our Dominion might have been undermined.

But the millennium is not about to dawn in the East, nor need we anticipate its first rays directly peace be restored in Europe. If for no other reason than to distract our thoughts from the events of the moment, it is pleasant to speculate on the future, wherefore we suggest to those to whom India in the years to come happens to be a lively problem to read this *Round Table* article, though the present writer is not able to feel the same enthusiasm over India's demand to be represented on the Imperial Conference.

If India bears her full share of the shock of war; suffers as the other parts of the Empire suffer, endures to the end as they endure, she will have won the right to be treated in the Councils of Empire on the same level as they are treated. And if she comes to the Imperial Conference she will bring her own Imperial needs and expect them to be settled in an Imperial spirit. But is the Imperial Conference for all its fine sounding title capable of this? Remember it is an old Eastern saying, older than the Gospels: "The son asked bread of the father, and he gave him a stone." Representation at the Imperial Conference implies in the Indian mind something far more than for a native gentleman to sit at table in Downing Street with the Prime Ministers of our self-governing Dominions. The problems of Empire after the war are to be new problems, but no less weighty than those which preceded it. The Imperial Conference has its uses, but a deliberative assembly of greater permanence and wider powers will be necessary if the British Empire is to assume a more concrete form in the future. And in this assembly, not merely India, but the component parts of India will have to be adequately represented. Britain has steered a safer course among the reefs and shoals of the Oriental dominion than even her friends, to say nothing of her enemies, would have believed. Her compass has been justice and her sounding-lead sympathy. If we continue to follow the same course and to adhere to the same methods, one cannot see there is any reason to be afraid over the issues of the European war.



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"My Year of the War." By Frederick Palmer. (John Murray.) 6s. net.



MR. FREDERICK PALMER.

result that the cold truth acquires a new awfulness. "We know how to suffer in Belgium," said a Belgian jurist to Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Palmer shows most vividly what that suffering is. His chapters on Belgium are in many ways the most valuable in this volume simply because he assumes this unemotional outlook.

But let it not be thought that this talented war correspondent cannot indite stirring passages when fitting subjects offer. His account of how the Princess Pats held their trenches during the terrible fighting at Ypres on May 8th, is as fine a story as has ever been set out in cold print. Many other passages might be mentioned. Also there is recorded here Mr. Palmer's visit to the Grand Fleet.

During this year of war the author not only went into the French trenches, but paid a visit to Germany; with the result that his work leaves on the mind the impression of being the most complete chronicle of the war on the Western Front that has appeared so far.

"A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections." By Alfred Capper. (George Allen and Unwin.) 10s. 6d.

This is the best book of its kind which has been published for a long time, and one is not surprised to hear that it is one of the best sellers of the early winter. Mr. Alfred Capper, who is the well-known "thought reader," takes for his motto Matthew Arnold's line: "We nod and glance and bustle by," and he lives up to it in every chapter, introducing all kinds of people from Royalty downwards, telling one or two anecdotes about each, and then passing on quickly before the reader has time to tire.

Of his own peculiar powers he writes: "There is nothing supernatural about my performances; I have a power of adapting my mind *consciously* to the will of any other person; I can in a way mesmerise myself so that my mind becomes a perfect blank, willing to receive the impressions of others." This gift he has turned to good advantage, not only has it given him a comfortable livelihood, but it has brought him into touch with all kinds of interesting people, and his sense of humour and genial nature has enabled him to obtain the best out of every one whom he has met.

One is inclined to say that Mr. Capper is able to extract sunbeams out of cucumbers,—the simplest incident, as related by him, has a pleasant glow, and over all there is the aroma of kindness. Though good stories abound in these pages, chestnuts are uncommonly rare, and the one or two that are given are sweet chestnuts, and very agreeable. Mr. Capper has never given a better entertainment in his life than the one he has provided in this half-guinea volume.

"The Story of the Royal Scots." By Lawrence Weaver. ("With a preface by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G. "Country Life" Library.) 7s. 6d. net.

"The Story of the Highland Regiment." By Frederick Watson. (A. and C. Black.) 5s. net.

The first of these two books contains a summary of the history of the oldest British regiment of foot from the time of its formation up to June of 1915, together with such extracts from history as will render the doings of the famous regiment intelligible. No more than a summary is possible, for the history of a British regiment, and especially of so old a regiment as

this, is difficult to compress into the limits of a single volume. The author is to be congratulated in that his task of compression has been so done that neither the interest nor the historical value of the story is lost.

Probably, to most readers, the earlier pages will prove the most attractive, for they detail facts that are now almost forgotten, save by those to whom they form regimental



Tomb of Lord James Douglas, Third Colonel of the Royal Scots.

traditions. The illustration reproduced here depicts the tomb of a member of the Douglas family, with which the regiment was closely connected in its early days. The services of the regiment in mediæval France, at Tangier, at the siege of Namur, and in Marlborough's campaigns, furnish stories which enable the reader to get a new view of the history of the times concerned. But the whole book is interesting, as well as a work of standard value and importance. His Majesty the King has been pleased to accept a copy of this history of the Royal Scots.

The Story of the Highland Regiments is told by Mr. Frederick Watson in far more compressed form, involving as it does reference to far more historical incidents, and not always bearing in mind the balance that should be held between the regiments concerned and contemporary history. It gives, however, a good account of the work of the Highlanders in the service of their country, from the formation of the Black Watch to the fighting in Flanders in this present war. It is descriptive rather than statistical, the author having aimed at picturesqueness and the presentment of heroic exploits, rather than a connected history. Sequence, however, is maintained, and the book is specially to be commended with regard to the work of the Highlanders in the Peninsular campaign and the South African war.

At the Front, an excellent little book of verse recently published at a shilling by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co., is also obtainable in paper covers at 7d. All profits from the sales are devoted to the funds of the British Red Cross.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

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E. & R. GARROULD, 150-162 EDGWARE RD., LONDON. W.



Use the Cleaner that Cleans

If your Web Equipment could talk it would give you no peace until it was cleaned with Mills Equipment Cleaner. That's the stuff to get the dirt OFF—not merely hide it. Quick, simple, non-injurious, it renovates and waterproofs the web. Cannot cake. Does not rub off. Approved by the War Office.

3d. per Packet at Canteens. Sample Packet sent for 4d. in stamps.

MILLS CLEANER CO., 16 Nile Street, City Road, London, N.

A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

PUNCH ALMANACK

Showing

PUNCH AS THE
GERMANS WOULD
LIKE IT TO BE

THE high-water mark of Humour has been attained . . . From beginning to end it is screamingly funny.—*The Westminster*.

THE cleverest and funniest publication of its kind yet issued.

—*The Chronicle*.

"It is superb."

—*A Subscriber*.

Price Sixpence

Buy it To-Day



YULE-TIDE GIFTS.

The "UNIVERSAL" Coffee Machine.

Makes excellent coffee free from the unwholesome properties caused by boiling.

Made in Nickel or Copper finish.

Makes a distinctive and useful gift acceptable in every home.

Made in 1, 2, 3, and 4-pint sizes.



The "UNIVERSAL" Vacuum Flask.

Fitted with patented non-rusting Shock Absorber which practically eliminates breakage.

Safe, Sanitary, Durable.

Retains heat for 24 hours.

An excellent gift for our Soldiers and Sailors at home and abroad.

Made in 1, 1, and 2-pint sizes.

"UNIVERSAL" Household Specialities are on sale at all first-class Ironmongers and Department Stores.

Write for free booklets.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK (Room O),

31 Bartholomew Close, LONDON, E.C.





Queen Alexandra, accompanied by Princess Victoria, honoured the Duchesses of Sutherland with her presence at the Cripples' Guild sale last week. I am glad to hear that this sale went off very well, and I may mention that the cripples' beautiful handiwork is always purchasable at 13, New Bond Street, where are its sale rooms. Millicent Duchess of Sutherland hopes to extend the scope of the Guild, so that in future it may include maimed soldiers who are not able to obtain a livelihood in other ways.

Better news comes from Bayham Abbey of the health of Lady Camden. Lord Camden, who is Lord-Lieutenant of Kent, is on active service at the Dardanelles, but returned home last week on leave. Lady Camden is a daughter of Lord Henry Nevill and her half-sister is Lady Hastings. She has three children, the eldest, Lord Brecknock, being now in his seventeenth year.

The late Sir Schomberg Kerr, McDonnell was one of a large family; he was the fifth and youngest son of the fifth Earl of Antrim, and he had five sisters. As his Christian names suggest, he was paternally a Kerr; his grandmother, who was Countess of Antrim in her own right, having succeeded her elder sister in the title, married Vice-Admiral Lord Mark Kerr, younger son of the fifth Marquess of Lothian. Both the fourth and fifth earls who were brothers assumed the surname of McDonnell.

Although the earldom of Antrim has been in unbroken existence since 1620, the present creation only goes back to 1785, when the sixth earl of the previous creation, having only three daughters, the elder two twins, obtained a new patent in their favour. What is still more remarkable is that twice have Earls of Antrim been promoted to a Marquessate and each time the higher title has expired at the death of the recipient.

Lord Robert Cecil will take the chair at the lecture which Mr. John Buchan will deliver to-morrow (Friday) afternoon at the Æolian Hall, New Bond Street. The subject of the lecture is "The Campaign in the West," which Mr. Buchan has witnessed more than once at close quarters. The proceeds are to be given to charity.

The latest addition to the wonderful Smithfield Jumble Sale, about which I spoke last week, is a ton of a new variety of seed potatoes. This jumble is on behalf of the Agricultural Relief of Allies Committee, of which the Duke of Portland is President. I hear that live stock, implements and seeds to the value of over £5,000, have already been given to French farmers by the Committee, but a great deal more has yet to be done.

A show of Thoroughbred Stallions will be held in conjunction with the Hunters' Improvement Society at the Royal Agricultural Hall on February 29th and March 1st, 1916, and sixty King's Premiums (including twelve Super-Premiums) will be offered for award by the Board of Agriculture on the same conditions as last March.

The convenience of that comparatively large section of the public which avail themselves of restaurants is not likely to suffer from the new Drink rules, now that half an hour's grace is permitted beyond the legal time for sale. The usual luncheon hour is 1.30, and by 2.30 coffee is reached, for the tendency is all towards quieter and lighter meals as well as simpler food. So, too, in the evening dinner-parties are over by 9.30, and in many restaurants it has come to be the closing hour.

The restaurant habit has never had a stronger hold on the community than this winter; especially is this true of luncheons. London can offer a choice of houses of refreshment suited to all purses and to all tastes. Even if alcohol is objected to you may still go to Rumpelmayer and obtain an excellent luncheon without even a glimpse

of a wine bottle. It may interest some people to hear that the sale of water has fallen off in restaurants even more than the sale of wine; the practice of always having on the table a bottle of one or other of the Continental waters is out of fashion. So far English watersprings do not seem to have made any real headway against their Continental competitors.

There has been this winter a revival of dinner parties and early supper parties of, say, a dozen to twenty guests in the private rooms of restaurants. It is an outburst of British gregarious habits, which have been under suppression, and no one can see harm in it, especially as the male guests are nearly all soldiers. For family reunions the restaurant is much sought after; it is more cheerful than the home, and the younger people greatly prefer it. No epicure finds half the enjoyment in his food that a well-bred schoolboy of, say, twelve or thirteen does at a restaurant. I sat at the next table to such a one at Jules the other day. It was a pleasure to watch his careful discrimination and genuine zest. There is sheer joy at that age in being able to say "No" to half a dozen dishes, and yet to rise from the table having had enough, perhaps rather more than enough, of the very things which you particularly like.

The Memorial to Captain Scott, just behind the United Service Club, is attracting many sightseers; from there it is but a few flights of steps to the Mall and thence to the Horse Guards Parade, where the German guns and aeroplanes are. Perhaps the most interesting exhibit amongst these is the big gun taken off the *Emden*. The throng has been greater round this than round any other of the trophies.

In spite of many difficulties, British-made toys are fairly to the front this Christmas, and already show a great improvement on the attempts in that direction last year. It is probable that if the industry is encouraged it may be a flourishing one yet, for the prohibitive prices formerly marking British-made toys have been much reduced, which means the removal of one chief obstruction to their general popularity.

Certain well-known people are drawing up schemes by which wounded soldiers and sailors can take their share in this industry, and so bring much-needed occupation into their lives. A great deal can be done in this direction, for a soldier is often very nimble with his fingers, and we all know the sobriquet of the sailorman.

Major Sir Leonard Lucas-Tooth, H.A.C., whose marriage is fixed for early in the New Year, succeeded his father in the baronetcy only a few months ago. The late Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth, on whom this dignity was conferred in 1906, lived most of his life in New South Wales, and was one time a member of the Lower House in that Dominion.

A fund for the extension of the London School of Medicine for Women is now being raised with the Duchess of Marlborough as Treasurer. It is estimated it will cost £20,000, of which sum more than half has already been raised. Everybody concerned hopes that the rest may be obtained before the end of the year, otherwise accommodation must be refused to promising students.

Some of the best specimens in this country of old Black Jacks are, I am told, to be seen at the museum of Messrs. Merryweather and Sons at Greenwich. They have had the happy idea of making replicas of these ancient jugs in different sizes to hold anything from two to sixteen quarts. When mounted in silver and gold they are really handsome pieces of plate, if one is permitted to speak of leather as plate.

HERMES.

Sportsmen! Try Billiards! Burroughes & Watts' Tables.

AQUASCUTUM TRENCH COAT

The most reliable Military Waterproof produced

Lined Detachable Camel Hair, Sheepskin, Fur or Leather

Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.

No matter what coat you have in mind, see the "Aquascutum" Trench Coat.

ONE WANTS THE BEST VALUE FOR MONEY. YOU GET IT IN THE
"AQUASCUTUM" TRENCH COAT.



FROM THE LT.-COL. COMMANDING A LOWLAND BATTALION
IN FRANCE:

"I should like you to know that I have given one of your fleece-lined Aquascutum a very severe trial during six months' trench work out here. I have nothing but praise for its wet and rain-resisting qualities, and it is free from several glaring faults which handicapped coats of two other makers, which I have had to wear for my sins. So far as durability is concerned, it does not look as if I would have to call upon you for a renewal for some considerable time."

ALL SIZES IN STOCK READY FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR.
HEIGHT AND CHEST MEASUREMENT ONLY REQUIRED.

Look for the Label

AQUASCUTUM.

Obtainable in LONDON only at the Sole Makers.

List of Provincial Agents on request.

AQUASCUTUM, LTD.,
100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



Try a
COLMAN'S
MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application
to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich

THE ESSEX ARMY LAMPS

HEAVY BROWN LEATHER CASES
SPECIAL LONG LIFE BATTERIES



THE KHAKI.

No. 1 complete 22/6
No. 2 " 30/-

THE TRANSPORT.

No. 1 complete 22/6
No. 2 " 30/6

THE COURIER.

No. 1 complete 30/-
(One size only.)

SPARE BATTERIES. No. 1-5/-; No. 2-7/6.

No. 1 gives approximately 50 Hours Light; No. 2 80 Hours.

THE KHAKI. Made with detachable lamp to loop on button of coat or any convenient projection.

THE TRANSPORT. Fixed lamp for rough usage, front protected with strong wire guard.

THE COURIER. With movable shade and side wings; light projected at any desired angle. Fitted with combined permanent and signalling switch.

ALL LAMPS are supplied with detachable carrying strap and with belt loop at back.

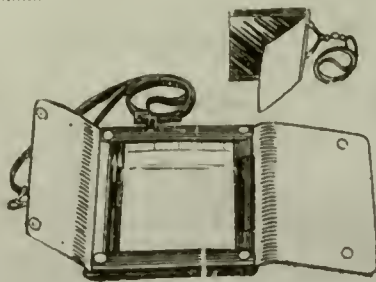
EACH LAMP IS FITTED WITH TWO EXTRA BULBS
List of above and other portable Lamps, Torches, etc., on application.

CAN BE HAD FROM THE PRINCIPAL STORES, or direct from
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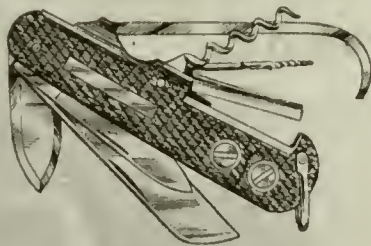
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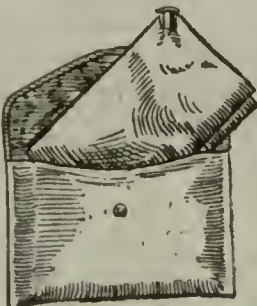
497 Grove Green Rd., Leytonstone, London, N.E.
Telephone: WANSTEAD 749. Telegrams: "ESSACULA, LONDON."



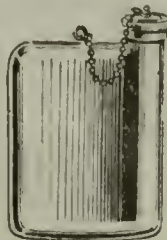
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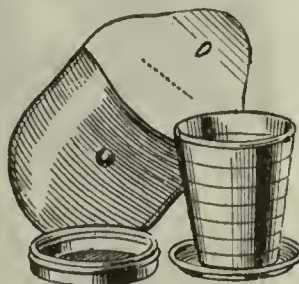
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No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 5.

No. 1.—Solid Pigskin Map Case, with Note Block and Pencil, 30/-; Three-fold ditto, 15/-.

No. 2.—Best Sheffield Steel Active Service Knife, with tin-opener, complete in pigskin case, with lanyard, 15/-; Nickel-plated the same price.

No. 3.—Air Pillows in pigskin wallet, 15 ins. x 12 ins., fit the pocket easily, 7/6.

No. 4.—Watertight Electro-plated Silver Trench Cigarette Case, 6/-.

No. 5.—Silver-plated Collapsible Drinking Cup, in Pigskin Case, 8/6.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

Mappin Equipment for Xmas Gifts

THE articles illustrated are the outcome of Active Service Experience; the quality, too, is of that high standard always associated with the House of Mappin.

Mappin & Webb Ltd.

158-162 Oxford Street. 172 Regent Street
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LONDON.

Manufactory: The Royal Works, Sheffield.

THE "WESTFIELD" THREE III PLY (Regd)

TRENCH-WARM

The ORIGINAL and ONLY Trench Coat definitely guaranteed absolutely and permanently Waterproof.

CALL and SEE the Coat in the process of making.

As supplied to Officers of—
The Royal Naval Air Service,
The Royal Naval Division,
The Royal Flying Corps,
and to practically every
Regiment (Cavalry and Infantry) in the British Army.

Price ... £4 14 6
42 inches long.

Price ... £5 5 0
48 inches long.

Detachable Fleece Lining,
£1 11 6

Detachable Sheepskin, extra,
£3 3 0

Detachable Wallaby extra,
£6 6 0

Detachable Fur Collar, extra,
£1 1 0

All sizes in stock. Send Chest Measurement (over Tunic) and approximate height.

Terms: Cash with order.

The Westfield Trench-Warm

WEST & SON, LTD.

REGIMENTAL TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS,
Field House, 151 New Bond St., London.

Charles Packer & Co GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15ct. GOLD & ENAMEL
all £2 2 0 each.



The Yorkshire Regiment.



The Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.



The Royal Artillery.

Illustrated catalogue of Badge Brooches free on request.



The Yorkshire Light Infantry.



The King's Own.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

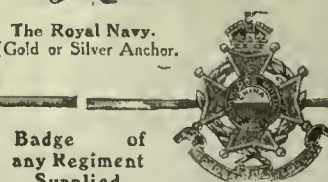


The Royal Navy.
(Gold or Silver Anchor.)

Money returned in full if not approved.



The York and Lancaster Regiment.



The Border Regiment.

Badge of any Regiment Supplied at £2 2 0 each.

In velvet-lined case complete.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooch, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from £6 6 0 to £25 0 0

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE WEST END

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

To Help the Wounded.



A stick for the wounded is amongst the feasible suggestions for Christmas presents this year. Everybody knows that a stout crook-handled stick is the greatest possible help to a convalescent just beginning to move about, but the stick in question goes beyond this, being a very carefully designed affair. It is fitted with a special foot support. This is made of serrated steel, moving in and out in front of the stick a few inches above the ground on precisely the same principle as the blade of a knife. The only difference is that while the one is sharp, the foot support, naturally enough, is blunted.

No words can tell the comfort of such a stick as this to an injured man, who is thankful at times to rest his foot in such a convenient way. Every detail that can add to his comfort has been considered. The stick is made with a strong rubber ferrule so it is a safe support when walking on slippery or polished surfaces. Being unusually strong it holds the heaviest weights.

This stick was mentioned in these columns a short while ago, but owing to a printer's error, a slip was made in the price. This in reality is 10s. 6d., and the clever contrivance is worth every penny of the price.

Soap for Sea Water.

Some soap, which lathers in sea water, unscented but nevertheless very fragrantly cleansing is being welcomed by many of our fighting men overseas. In the Dardanelles it is proving specially useful, and as it is but fourpence a cake or sold in boxes of three for a shilling, it is distinctly economical.

This soap is made by a famous firm of perfumers and soapmakers from a receipt which is their own special property. It is excellent for the skin, for it is absolutely pure and of first-rate quality. In short, it is just the kind of soap a man would like, and, where fresh water is a problem, invaluable.

For Charity Bazaars.

There are so many good objects afoot just now that sales and bazaars are being received in more welcome spirit, especially when they are intended to benefit our fighting forces in any way. An idea for those helping with a stall may be found with some cushion pads for covering which make into a pretty cushion at very little cost. Many people have pieces of silk or brocade by them which are ideal for cushion coverings, and all that they require is the necessary stuffing.

These cushions pads are in readiness either filled with Java kapoc or pure down, and are covered with the best quality downproof sateen in black; white, sky blue, green or in pink. The covering is of carefully-chosen quality, so that there is no chance of the stuffing working its way through it. Each cushion is kept in five different sizes varying from 12 by 16 inches to 24 inches square in size, and costing from 1s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. with Java stuffing, and from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 11d. in down.

The same people are making cushion pads in any size according to order, and are also making hospital pads ready for covering for the sick and wounded. At the present

(Continued on page 31.)

TIELOCKEN BURBERRY



Every Genuine Burberry Garment is labelled "Burberry's."

ILLUSTRATED
MILITARY
CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

What LORD KITCHENER accepts

as "the best" may be held up as an example to Officers whose campaigning experiences are less varied. When, therefore, he prefers a Patent—

TIELOCKEN BURBERRY

after a critical examination of every other model it is for the solid reasons claimed by Burberrys, and endorsed by him that it is

The Best Coat in the World for the Soldier.

The fundamental idea of the Tielocken Burberry is increased protection for the vulnerable parts of the body, with extreme simplicity of fastening.

Facility in fastening is assured by dispensing with buttons and replacing them with a strap-and-buckle, which enables the coat to be adjusted easily and quickly.

In the Tielocken coat the fronts overlap, and so provide from the throat to the knees a double safeguard against wet or cold.

The skirts are so arranged that it is impossible for them to blow back, thus disposing of the difficulty of keeping the legs dry in stormy weather.

BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF WAR KIT

The Burberry, Infantry or Cavalry patterns: Uniforms in Tenace Whipcord which will outlast three ordinary uniforms; Trench-Warms, Great Coats and every detail of Equipment.

READY FOR USE, or to measure in 2 to 4 days.

BURBERRYS

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8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents.

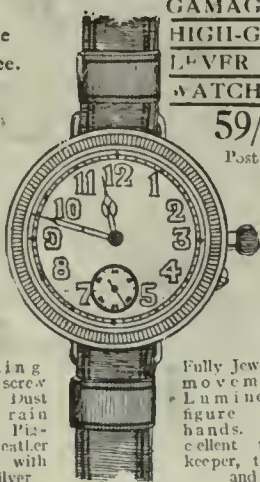


SUGGESTED GIFTS FOR BRITAIN'S "BLUE" AND "KHAKI" BOYS.

You cannot do better than
make your purchase at

GAMAGES

For
Active
Service.



Sterling
silver screw
front. Dust
and rain
proof. Pig-
skin leather
strap with
silver
buckle.

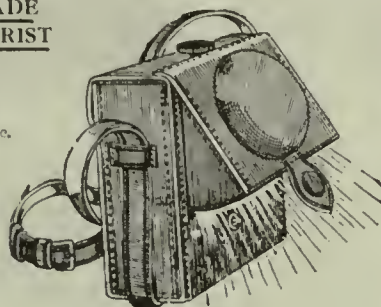
GAMAGE'S
HIGH-GRADE
LEVER WRIST
WATCH.

59/6

Post Free.

Fully Jewelled
movement,
Luminous
figure and
hands. Ex-
cellent time-
keeper, timed
and
examined.

For your Officer friend!



GAMAGE'S "NULITE"
MILITARY LAMP.

Very compact and light. Has screen to
enable officers to read maps, etc., without
any rays being visible to the enemy.
Excellent for walking or night marching, as
the rays can be directed on the ground
without being visible from a distance.
With sling for shoulder and loop to fit on
Sam Browne Belt. Will give 9 hours' 21/-
light. Price, post free U.K.

Extra Batteries, 1/6. Extra Bulbs, 1/6
Postage to Expeditionary Force, 1/- extra.

The FLANDERS WAISTCOAT



THE
"SERVICE
TRENCH"
COAT.

This coat is
made from a
specially pre-
pared fabric,
scientifically
treated by an
entirely new
process. Rain-
proof to a
degree hitherto
unattainable,
smartly cut and
well tailored.

Light in weight
but warm and
comfortable.
Lined with a de-
tachable Camel
Fleece.

63/-

and

4½ gns.

The
"Acme"
of
Comfort.



A most comfortable garment for wear
on active service. Can be worn open
or buttoned up when required. Made
in Fawn Fleece, light in weight, but
snug and warm 18/6 & 21/-
Also made in Blue Fleece 21/-
for Naval Officers
In soft tan Leather, lined all
wool 50/-

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.



Rimasop Blizzard-Proof Trench Overcoats

For the coming Winter Campaign.

MESSRS. RIMELL & ALLSOP, of Bond Street, have made
arrangements to supply a new type of Overcoat, affording
more complete warmth and protection than any hitherto
designed for Army use.

For the price of an ordinary overcoat the RIMASOP
BLIZZARD-PROOF affords all the luxurious comfort of a fur
coat, and is impervious to rain or snow.

The idea of the RIMASOP BLIZZARD-PROOF originated with
the officers of the Canadian Contingent last winter, and war
experience has proved its practical value.

The lining is sheepskin leather with the fleece turned in-
wards. Over all is a covering of waterproof drill. The
sleeves are wind-proof. The storm-collar is lined with
lambskin. The whole garment fastens with metal clips
instead of buttons. Price:—

£3 10 0

RIMASOP BLIZZARD-PROOF JACKETS of the same material and
design, for despatch riders, price £2 7 6.

Orders should, if possible, be placed in advance, as when
winter sets in there may be some delay in meeting the
demand for these coats.

Rimell & Allsop

Sporting and Military Tailors,

54 New Bond Street, London, W.

TERMS—Cash on or before delivery.

THE A.H.G. TRENCH COAT

As perfect as science,
tailoring skill and ex-
perience of Trench
needs can make it.
Made of a new rub-
bered fabric, light and
supple. Cut slightly
longer than usual to
overlap top of boots.
Sleeves have an oiled
silk interlining.
Adjustable collar.
Specially large patch-
pockets.



Without Fleece Lining ...	£4 14 6
With ...	£6 16 6
With Cape Sheepskin Lining and Fur Collar ...	£12 12 0

ALAN, HEBERT & GREENING, Ltd.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS A.H.G. TRENCH COATS.

EVERYTHING FOR OFFICERS.

38 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.

R. GRAHAM MARGETSON - General Manager.

THE WEST END

(Continued from page 29.)

moment also they are giving remarkable value with some of the fashionable round ruched silk cushions in black, rose, green, saxe blue and other colours for 6s. 11d. These are being sold for bazaars at the special rate of 78s. a dozen, and are well worth heeding. The head of the department claims that they are the cheapest cushion of the kind in London, and all who note the soft fullness and expert manufacture will be inclined to agree.

A Knitting Bag.



A need of the moment is met with some bags specially designed to help the knitter. Everybody who knits knows that it is very easy for a ball of wool to escape from bondage and hide itself under table or chair. These bags hold the wool in most convenient fashion, with their aid it is always in its proper place, and a knitter can work twice as quickly in consequence.

They are made of soft morocco, in seal leather or of moiré silk, and are of infinitesimal lightness. They are shaped with a long loop handle so that they hang on the arm. Then both hands are left absolutely free to ply the knitting needles, while the wool unravels automatically in the bag. These bags are useful whenever knitting is in progress, but they are particularly so for those people who knit as they walk from one room to another, and about the house.

A knitting bag of this kind makes the most practical Christmas present possible to imagine. It is well made and finished, and its makers are to be congratulated upon a clever and original idea. They are kept in black and a great number of colours amongst which dark purple and green may be particularly quoted, and their silk lining helps the wool to slip perfectly easily. Some specially attractive leather bags are decorated with a narrow gold tooling round their edges.

Frames for Picture Postcards.



In these days of war certain picture postcards gain in sentimental value. This no doubt explains the eagerness with which some silver frames made on purpose to hold them are being received. These frames made their first appearance only in the upright size. Before very long, however, owing to repeated requests, it was decided to make them in a longwise shape also so that they would take either a landscape or group. The first stock in these two shapes was sold with almost surprising suddenness, and succeeding stocks are rapidly following suit.

The frames have an oak back and each example accurately allows for the framing of postcards of the customary size. They are very attractive little articles into the bargain, and set off the picture they frame in a very satisfactory way. The narrow border of plain silver is in excellent taste.

Yet another point in their favour is the very moderate price of 3s. 11d. each.

Neither the war nor the influence of the war is to break the custom of sending cards at Christmas—a custom which after all is of comparatively recent growth. We learnt last year that most of the cheaper Christmas cards were made in Germany. This winter British firms are well to the front in supplying the needs of the public. The Medici Society has just brought out a most charming series, consisting of reproductions from the Old Masters, both as cards and calendars. They are priced from twopence upwards and are in their way little works of art.

Another British firm of Fine Art Printers, Messrs. G. Delgado, of 55, East Road, City Road, has issued what it terms the "Union Jack" series; they are cards and calendars which are engraved, designed and printed in their own factory in London. Very bright and cheerful, and at the same time simple, this series is a good illustration of the excellent work which can be produced in this country.

We regret that through a printer's error the Heavy Khaki Cardigan Jackets advertised by Messrs. Hyam and Co., Ltd., 134-140, Oxford Street, W., in our Christmas Number, were priced 25s. 6d. instead of 12s. 6d.

TO SHOP EARLY

is to exercise a kindly consideration which is a genuine help to the country in these trying times

HARRODS

MILITARY AND CIVIL TAILORS

The "Yeltra Storm Warm" Trench Coat is a most perfect Service Weathercoat, being absolutely waterproof, but containing no rubber to perish and crack. Its special design is adapted to meet the exigencies of the trenches and heavy Transport work. Cut with Raglan sleeves and full skirt it gives absolute freedom. The special feature of this Trench Coat is that it has two linings besides an interlining of "Siloyl." The "Siloyl" interlining renders the coat impervious to rain, sleet or wind, over which is placed a lining of Waterproof Khaki Drill or Check Wool Combine proofed in same manner as outside cloth of coat, THIS BEING A GREAT ADVANTAGE OVER THE MAJORITY OF TRENCH COATS WHERE THE OIL SILK LINING IS LEFT EXPOSED AND THEREFORE LIABLE TO EASILY TEAR. A detachable camel fleece lining, while providing the necessary warmth, adapts the garment to be used as a serviceable sleeping coat in case of necessity.



"YELTRA" STORM WARM TRENCH COAT.

Lined Waterproof Khaki Drill or Check Wool Combine, interlined "Siloyl" ... £5 5 0
Do., fixed Camel Fleece, interlined "Siloyl" ... £5 15 0
Do., detachable Camel Fleece overproofed Khaki Drill or Wool Combine, interlined "Siloyl" ... £6 6 0
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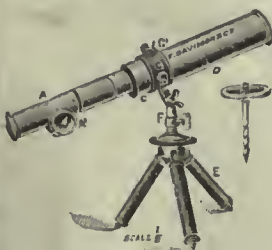
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We shall be pleased to supply information to our readers as to where any of the articles mentioned are obtainable, and we invite correspondence from officers on active service who care to call our attention to any points which would be advantageous in the matter of comforts or equipment, etc., to those who are about to leave for the front.

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(Continued on page 507.)



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2 tins Milk
1 tin Café au Lait
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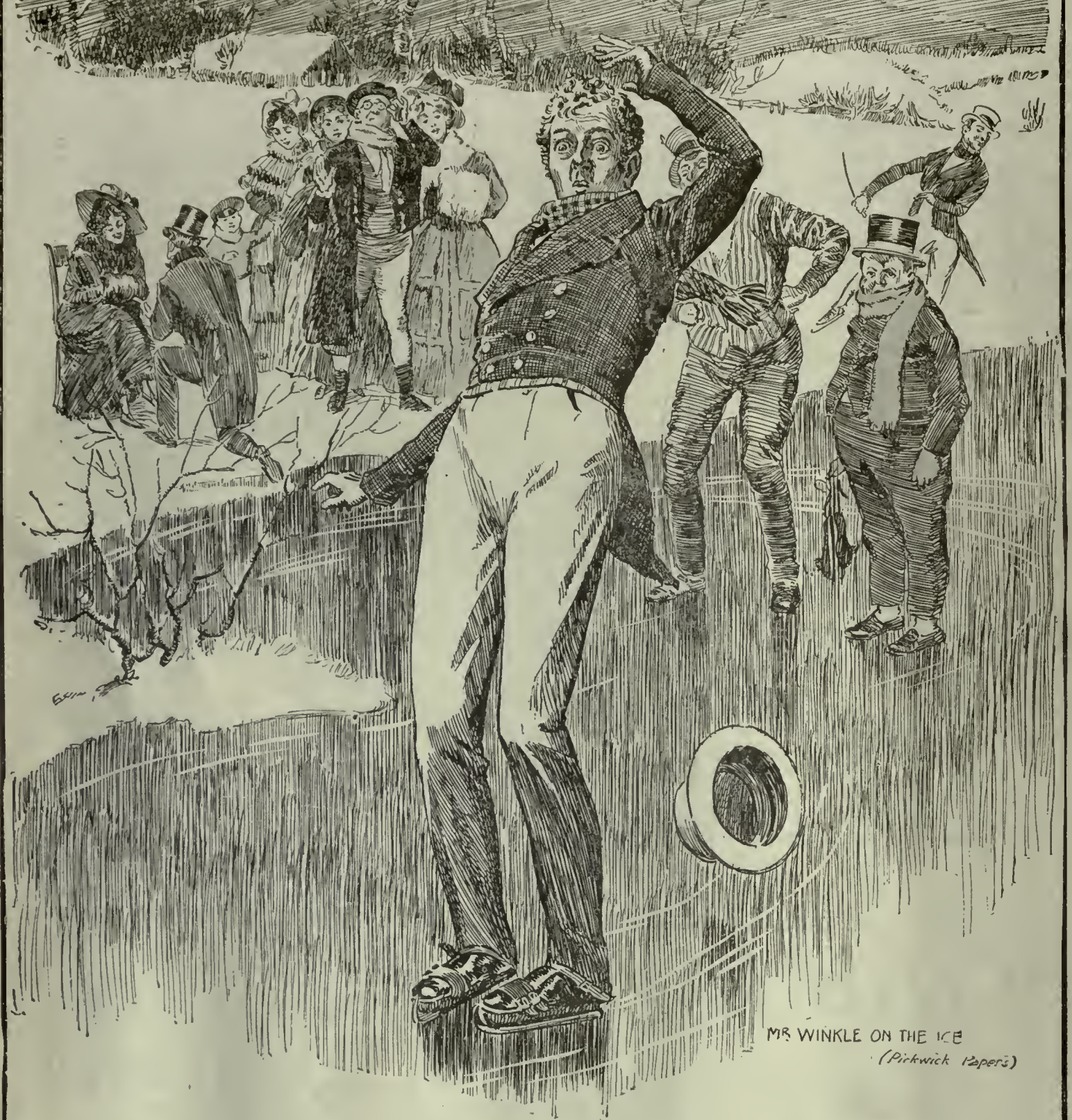
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THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

THE resistless pressure of circumstance has accomplished for the British Imperial idea what the processes of logic and the voices of sundry prophets crying in the wilderness entirely failed to achieve. This reluctance to accept a clear idea is a common enough, indeed an inevitable, experience of essentially slow moving democracy. It is not because logical thinking is futile or our prophets false, but merely that our people were distracted by a hundred conflicting and secondary issues and there was no concentrated attention available for a fundamental problem. Catastrophe has the compelling effect of focussing upon primaries, and it is our common task and our responsibility to give attention to our primary problems while they are thus focussed for the general vision. In *The New Empire Partnership*, MESSRS. PERCY HURD and ARCHIBALD HURD present what is in effect an admirable case for a fundamental constitutional change, whereby alone the anomalous relations of the constituent parts of the Empire may be superseded by a machinery of union which offers to the Dominions a real voice in the control of their foreign policy. It is perhaps curious that the authors seem to stop short of the conclusion that the establishment of the Imperial Council on which the Dominions shall be represented as independent nations must be an immediate consequence of the War—nothing could well be clearer than the inferences to be drawn from the quoted utterances of Dominion statesmen. Messrs. Hurd fall back upon the traditional British policy of never altering a working arrangement, however illogical, as long as it in fact works. There is a profound sagacity underlying this tradition, but there inevitably comes a time when it is dangerous to continue an obvious anomaly which desperately affects fundamentals. That time has surely come. If the issues of this War had been less clear, the challenge less truculent and unprovoked, there might well have been resentment on the part of the Dominions against being involved without the responsibility of consultation. It is no real solution of the underlying difficulty to say that the Dominions were free to stand out and rallied instinctively to the flag in a conviction of common danger. It remains that they were in fact committed to that danger by actions and deliberations outside their control. The tie of blood and the sentiment of loyalty are potent things, but not a sufficient basis for, or guarantee of, successful and equitable government. It is a common experience that wise men put their money dealings with friends upon a business basis, not from distrust of friendship, but from a conviction that out of any loose agreement there may easily arise some ambiguity to cause serious difficulty. It is an enlightening if an inadequate analogy. The Dominion statesmen have had cause for feeling that while they have been treated with courteous consideration, and even admitted casually into council, this has been by way of concession. What they wish is in plain words the right to be consulted. It is certain that they will press their claim to that right, and it is for us to be ready to accept it, for there is no principle known to us on which it can be denied. There seems no

escape from the conclusion that that right must be established in a business-like way by the institution of the Imperial Council or some such constitutional contrivance which by any other name will work as well. Readers of *The New Empire Partnership* should not shrink from following the arguments of the authors to their inevitable conclusion, nor shirk (with them) a consideration of the actual clauses of the deed of partnership.

If MESSRS. HURD do excellent service in presenting for our consideration the point of view of the Dominions on this important question of responsible co-operation in council, they have an interesting case also to present on our behalf to the Dominions in the matter of Imperial Defence. Staunch blue-water men, they see the problem in terms of a single Imperial Navy under central control with separate militias and a professional, long service army under an Imperial General Staff. They outline the doctrine, which the course of naval operations in the war has made clear beyond dispute, of the unity of the seas—with effective concentration as the pivot of strategy. We can recall discussions that have now a strange air of unreality as to the disposition of the vessels contributed by the Dominions; pleas that they should remain tethered locally (for advertisement purposes) in the full view of their contributors; faint resentments that certain ships were incorporated in the "Home Fleet" as if the motherland were drawing upon forces contrived by the Dominions for their defence to supplement her own defence. It is now conspicuously plain that the distant Dominions were essentially safeguarded by the North Sea concentration. It was not necessary, as it was obviously not feasible, to line the measureless coasts of the Empire in a grotesque diffusion of forces. General Botha, as he gratefully acknowledged, was able to deal with German South-West Africa because of Admiral Jellicoe's relentless blockade six thousand miles away. Quite wisely the authors insist on an old protest of theirs against the misnomer "Home Fleet." It is the kind of terminology that embodies and perpetuates a completely false idea and leads easily to other false assumptions. The term "Grand Fleet" which it has been natural to all of us to use during the war, embodies the true conception. The Germans, with a better appreciation of the facts, always spoke of their High Sea Fleet. Truth to tell there are no longer seas and continents; there is a world. And it is as a world problem, not as a series of local problems, that the subject of imperial defence must be approached after, as we now realise it should have been before, the war.

As a summary of sound naval and political doctrine, backed by detailed knowledge and illustrated by salient documents, this book on the implications of Empire may be warmly commended; while it is impossible not to approve the authors' general plea for the economic development of the five nations in partnership seeing that they deprecate any policy of exploitation or of

(Continued on page 5.)

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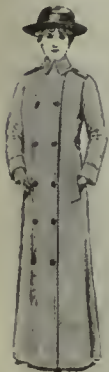
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(Continued from page 3.)

interference with the complete freedom of the constituent peoples over their own fiscal arrangements. Yet it must be confessed that underneath the whole there seems to run a current of reactionary prepossessions. We have seen that there are now not so much seas and continents as one sea and a unified world, and the problem of the future presents itself as a world problem in which there can never more be merely sectional quarrels or illogical precisions, such as "splendid isolation" and Monroe doctrines. Read between the lines and you will see that our authors' conception of the British Empire is essentially that of a lucky freebooter, genial and kindly indeed, but determined to stick to his gains however gotten, and armed against envious nations eager to dispossess him—the old "practical" view in fact. So, the inference runs, not less but more armaments in the future because adequate armed defence alone avoids war. Of course it does nothing of the sort, or perhaps it is more fair to say that there can never be an absolutely adequate armed defence. "From time to time the political enemy changes." If the "property" theory of Empire holds, we must be prepared for a league against the British freebooter which shall be too powerful to meet. It is an argument too little taken note of by the practical school, that if England had put herself in posture to be as ready against attack, as we all now think she should have been, that very posture might not merely have precipitated war, but induced an entirely different combination of forces more than sufficient to break us.

Is there no middle way between the too hopeful idealism of the pacifists and the unquestioned continuance, only on a larger and more monstrous scale, of a system which is bound to end in such ruin as the present? Are we to learn nothing, to forget nothing? Have our authors and their school sufficiently considered that there has never been so illuminating a catastrophe in the world's history as this stupendous war; that never were so many made to think about one great thing at the same time or for so long together; that never will there be so many convinced pacifists, even to extremes, as the disbanded soldiers of the world's armies? As we are rational beings (crudely, perhaps, but essentially) and not automata, we may be assured that whatever the future brings it will bring a revolutionary change of conception about war. We are not Angellists because we feel that NORMAN ANGELL underrated the factors of racial pride and antipathy in his estimate of the causes of war, but we can all feel now that he also understated rather than overstated the case for the essential futility of violence.

The taking up of arms by us in this war was abundantly justified in honourable defence of our liberties; in chivalrous defence of the liberties of others; as a natural and inevitable protest against violence offered; and as the instinctive struggle for what we believe to be better a conception of human destiny. On all these grounds the better part of our race would always accept a challenge. But for a mere defence of property by the strong man armed, we could rely upon no such general rally. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the fine words about liberty, used so freely during the war and by our authors not less than others, are sometimes rather a fringe or flourish than the

expression of a deep conviction. Essentially they adopt the inference that the world is to go on in much the same way as before. There is indeed no possible prospect of immediate disarmament though there may be some machinery contrived of modification and control; there will still be conflicting economic interests, but they can be often (if we dare not say always) solved by something less insanely wasteful than war; there will still be national jealousies and ambitions, but they need not be inflamed by misunderstandings, or manipulated by secret intrigue.

At any rate a better change can only come by taking thought and no change will come without such thought. Who will dare to accept without protest, and without the labour of his head and heart in protest, the doom that a second and a wider war is inevitable for his children as the result of this — which is, in effect, the doctrine of the "practical" school. Yet, on the other hand, surely we are too clear sighted to believe that the victory of the Allies without a shedding of old doctrines and practices will put an end to war? All too many shibboleths like "the war that is to end war" are bandied about amongst us.

If England rises, as she will, unbroken in power and stronger in fellowship, though chastened, and only temporarily impoverished, it will be her great destiny to take the first steps towards yielding peace to civilisation. Not a *pax Britannica* which is the peace of dominion, built on the shifting sands of an intriguing diplomacy, but a *pax libera*, which may be the peace of a greater partnership. It is incredible that the breathing space which the end of the war will bring should be used merely for the replenishment of our armies and the old intrigues for position—when there will be so much suffering to heal, so much waste to make good. We, who have fought for liberty, are we still to work for the old selfish slavery? Are we to go on neglecting the real problems of the happiness and development of our people for this mirage of power? There is no way out by that gate—and the sheep now know it.

The world will take the direction that the peoples of the world give it. We are to the degree of our efforts and our faiths the masters of our destiny. Above our national interest stands the common interest of all mankind. So far we have thought in terms of nationalism—national interest and national pride, and, at best, national freedom. There is a higher thought, a wider freedom. It will not be the product of a hasty, idealist policy of assuming a sudden, general conversion, though we shall all be nearer conversion than we ever believed possible, but it can in the end result from the laborious working out of new conceptions in a spirit of mutual good-will. These new conceptions the war has revealed to us. It is necessary that the old false ideals be challenged wherever they appear, as they do, for instance, in the background of the otherwise sane, informing and liberal book which gave us the text for these comments. We must cleave fast to the truth that war is not an inevitable catastrophe like the eruption of Mont Pelée but a "failure of human wisdom" and morality. The cure, and, at the least, the certain relief, lies in an increase of wisdom and good-will. A quite practical, and an always more and more attainable thing. . . . We are wiser already—God knows!

RAEMAEKERS' INDICTMENT.



The Kaiser : "At the command 'Gott mitt Uns' you will go forward."

A SIGHT of Raemaekers' War Cartoons is a public duty. They are now to be seen at the Fine Arts Gallery, 148, New Bond Street. Mr. Louis Raemaekers is a native of Holland, and his cartoons have been appearing twice and thrice weekly in the *Telegraaf* of Amsterdam ever since hostilities began. They are the most awful indictment of Germany's methods of war. "Frightfulness" is represented here in its ghastly reality. These pictures, with their haunting sense of beauty and their biting satire, might almost have been drawn by the finger of the Accusing Angel. As the spectator gazes on them the full weight of the horrible cruelty and senseless futility of war overwhelms the soul, and sinking helplessly beneath it, he feels inclined to assume the same attitude of despair as is shown in the cartoon on the opposite page: "Christendom after Twenty Centuries."

We are told that the German General Staff has set a price on the head of the artist, and we know he has been charged in the Dutch Courts with endangering the neutrality of Holland. We are not surprised. Never so long as these pictures endure will the punishment of Germany cease for her crimes against Belgium first and foremost, but also for her studied brutality towards women and children. For the most part there is nothing

horrible in these pictures in the usual sense of the word; the horror lies in the vivid impression which the draughtsmanship and, as we have said before, the sad beauty of the art leave on the mind. An exception perhaps would be made in No. 16, "From Liège to Aix-la-Chapelle"; it is just a goods van on the railway, from under the closed doors of which red blood drips. We know what is inside it. Raemaekers' grim sense of humour is well depicted in No. 148, "The Marshes of Pinsk," which carries the legend, "The Kaiser said last spring, 'When the leaves fall you'll have peace.' They have it." Here is the desolate landscape of the marshes, the last leaves flutter down from the all but bare trees, and as far as the eye can reach the sodden land is littered with the corpses of German soldiers.

The Kaiser is nearly always represented as a man of handsome, rather fine features, while his precious Heir is shown to be the inept bouncer he is in real life. One laughs in sheer joy at the picture published just after the French success in Champagne, the Crown Prince being bowled over by a punch in the eye by a gay and gallant French infantryman. Contrast the two types—German soldier and French soldier, and you behold as by a lightning flash the soul of the two nations. It is this extraordinary power of awakening the emotions, and

unveiling with a few touches of the pencil the innermost character of humanity which strikes the writer as being the most distinct quality of Mr. Raemaekers' art. In this respect, especially when the work is obviously humorous, as many of these cartoons are (though the humour is often rather grim as in the first cartoon reproduced here) one is reminded of Phil May. One could imagine that brilliant draughtsman, were he alive, giving work of almost equal power.

Mr. Raemaekers is a Neutral; his sympathies are his own, neither national nor racial, and he spares neither his own country nor the United States for their attitude towards the war. Also he can show certain weaknesses in the behaviour of the Allies as they appear to him. It is no exaggeration to say that Louis Raemaekers stands out to-day as the foremost champion of Civilisation who is not in the fighting line. Not all the rainbow-tinted official books in the world can ever have one half the force of his drawings. Who that has once looked on No. 133, "Miss Cavell," will ever think of that crime in other terms. The Kaiser sits in his tent; through the door of it one sees the murdered woman and the still smoking pistol of her executioner, and William turns to his jackbooted A.D.C. and says: "Now you can bring me the American protest."

It would *prima facie* hardly appear a compliment to call this talented artist a Pacifist, yet we believe that no man living amidst these surging seas of blood and tears comes nearer to the rôle of Peacemaker than he. But the peace that he works for is not a matter of arrangement between the diplomatists and politicians of belligerent or friendly nations; it is the peace which the intelligence and soul of the Western world shall insist on in the years to come. Mankind wearies of being treated as a pawn in the hands of the few; he cries aloud for freedom, and the right to live an honest life, and to develop the best within him without hurt or prejudice to his neighbour, whether that neighbour be an individual or a nation. "Father, what have we done?" is the question asked by a child in the pathetic cartoon (No. 6) entitled "The Hostages."

And that is the question which rises to the lips of every intelligent being who gazes on these pictures. It is a question which will be asked over and over again in every latitude of the earth after this war has ceased. "What have we done"; why should these awful realities be possible? Are men and women born into the world merely to satisfy the ambitions of powerful schemers through the horrible suffering and torment of their bodies. Is "Christendom after Twenty Centuries" to be even as Christianity was in the first century—an excuse for the perpetration of mad cruelties by degenerate Caesars or Kaisers (spell it as you will) at their games? At last are the eyes of the world opened. War is no longer a game or a sport. What war really is we see in this New Bond Street chamber, depicted without exaggeration and with that saving sense of humour which would otherwise have made Raemaekers join hands with Wierz.

One may hope that in course of time permanent galleries will be formed in the capitals of the great nations

where representative cartoons of the war shall find an abiding-place. Civilisation has finished with the fine feathers and plumes, with the bright scarlet and gold, and all the other gay and delusive upholstery of battle which it was the pleasure of painters to depict in the past. We thought, foolishly thought, when we put on simpler and more sensible clothes for the dirty work of slaughter that in some way or other we were also taming the ravening beast within, and that henceforth armed struggles between civilised nations were to be confined to the death grips of their uniformed champions. Then came Germany preaching and practising "War is war," and now no matter how clement and correct may be the humanity of the Allies, we realise what the human race has to face and endure once peace be broken.

It is good that we should all of us comprehend this aspect in addition to recognising the nobler qualities which the struggle brings forth. Cannot the higher and finer attributes of mankind be developed and strengthened without this apparently needless waste of agony and life? Is human nature only to be redeemed through the Cross, and must Calvary bear again and again its heavy load of human anguish? One cannot escape from this inner questioning in some form or other as one stands before such of Raemaekers' cartoons as No. 75, "The Adoration of the Magi," where the precious gifts offered are shells and bombs; or, again, No. 101, "Easter, 1915," with the legend: "And they bowed the knee before him"—the bound Christ again mocked by the soldiery, a German helmet in the place of the crown of thorns.

The great achievement of the genius of this Dutch artist lies in his power to demonstrate to his fellow creatures war in its entirety, and not only one small part of it. Of the many hundreds who visit 148, New Bond Street, the great majority will leave with an entirely new comprehension of the hackneyed Teuton phrase: *Krieg ist Krieg*. They will come away saddened and depressed, yet with a new determination to do whatever lies within their power to prevent any return of even the temporary triumph of Prussian mili-

tarism and all that it stands for and represents. That is a great gain. Only when the general or popular conscience is touched can we hope for the certainty of peace, which will be a peace in very truth, and not a mere truce to enable Prussia to re-arm herself and to renew that manhood which she has wasted so prodigally.

"The duality in Bulgarian foreign policy which wrecked the Balkan Alliance" is the main theme of *The Aspirations of Bulgaria*, by Balkanicus, of which an English translation from the Serbian original has been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., at 2s. 6d. net. The volume, obviously written before the Bulgarian entry into the war on the side of the Central Powers, is singularly opportune. Although the book is concerned with the events in the Balkans in July, 1913, for the most part, it shows how, by forcing the nation to remain outside and out of touch with the political State, Ferdinand and his advisers have brought the country to its present pass. It is an enlightening contribution to the literature on near Eastern questions.



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SALONIKA.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE military situation in the Near East, particularly that of the Allies in Macedonia is not one which can be set forward this week in terms of an exact proposition. The interpretation of it depends upon a number of separate and contradictory hypotheses, several of them political. Only when we have examined these can the situation of the Allies be estimated.

The fundamental fact which was insisted upon in these columns last week is that to the Allied 1 or 1½ you have opposed of Turks, Bulgarians and Austro-Germans, a possible 5 and not less than 3 who could be detached for the purpose of dealing with the Anglo-French forces. To come in aid of this 1 or 1½ facing such extreme odds you have perhaps at the most—at this moment—another force of about the same size in the neighbourhood of the Adriatic, the Montenegrins and the remnant of the Serbians. They are not supplied. They have no artillery save a few mountain guns, for as each body fell back beyond the road-heads on to the mere tracks of the Western mountains it had to abandon its heavy guns, of course, and probably all its field artillery as well. It is possible that after a long interval for re-equipment this force might harass the enemy with guerilla warfare in the hills. It could not do more.

You have possibly menacing Bulgaria upon the north-east at the very most another 2 of Russians gathering in Bessarabia, how far equipped and munitioned at the present date we do not know. You have in the capital and "key" position of the whole Peninsula the unknown factor of the Roumanian Army, 6, whose entry into the field upon either side would change the whole face of the war. You have the possibility, but not yet the certitude of an Italian contingent.

These things being so the position—apart from hypothesis of aid from present Neutrals or their other Allies—is as simple as we defined it to be last week. The present Allied force in Macedonia is outnumbered. It will have to face, whenever the enemy is prepared to attack, a very large preponderance of heavy artillery. The extended positions which it now occupies can obviously be turned upon either flank. Any considerable political change, but particularly a change in the attitude of Roumania would at once transform the problem. Greek refusal to let us use Salonika would alter it. But *as it stands* the problem is confined to these two alternatives: The abandonment of Salonika altogether and the re-embarkation of the Allied Expeditionary Force; or the search for a line along which those forces would be sufficient to keep Salonika open—granted Greek neutrality at least. It is possible even for a force as small as that of the Allies in this region to hold Salonika if it be decided that politically or ultimately for

strategical reasons the defence of that Port be worth while.

The choice between these alternatives is not one which can be usefully discussed in a public journal. It has been discussed widely enough—far too widely—in the Press. The Press is not competent for such a discussion. Only those who are privy to the international arrangements of all the Alliance, only those who can estimate the chances of interference in our aid or against us, are competent. That is, only the men actually engaged in government at this moment, and the Higher Command which is in their confidence has the right to say whether Salonika should be held or no. If it is to be held let us see what the local conditions of ground are which would permit of such a tenure.

When it was clear that all attempts to join hands with the main Serbian force had failed, that the Bulgarians were firmly established in Uskub and at Veles, able to bring against us very much larger forces than our own, the retirement from the original line began. How far it has proceeded we do not know at the moment of writing; that is, on Tuesday evening, December 7th. But we know that the French were preparing the evacuation of the Camp of Kavadar, were still holding a week ago the defile of the Demir Kapu, and were in general retiring down the single line which follows the Vardar Valley towards the sea. Suppose that retirement to continue successfully, aided by the delay necessary to the enemy before he can bring up weapons and munitionment, (particularly for his heavy guns) from the north, we have to consider a line which 150,000 men—or say even 200,000 at the most—could hold.

In order to judge what positions round Salonika would be held by a force of say, 200,000 men, with the object of keeping the port open for further use later on, and of preventing the enemy from reaching the sea, and himself closing the Gulf and turning it into a base, we must recall the novel lessons taught by the present war.

They are, for the purposes of this study, as follows:—

It has been sufficiently proved that isolated works of small area, whether permanent or temporary, only supporting each other over considerable distances, will not hold against the modern siege train.

There can be no question of permanent works in this case of Salonika, but isolated small temporary works such as can be defended by a comparatively small number of men and would have been the normal units of a defensive scheme in the past are now out of the question. So is any system of a series of such works lightly joined by temporary lines.

The modern siege train utterly destroys in a few days works of restricted area, and the power they gave in past times to a comparatively small

force to hold an extensive perimeter has disappeared.

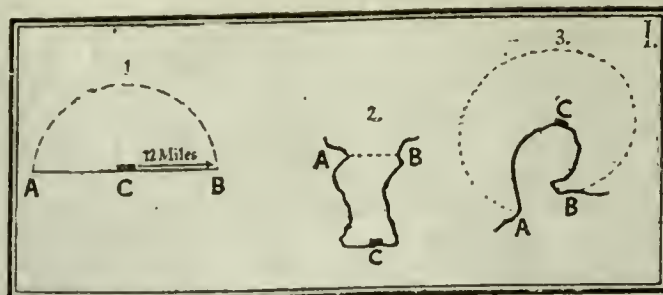
It has been proved, upon the other hand, that continuous trenches consolidated by a sufficient labour spread over a sufficient time, can be held almost indefinitely, so long as there is a sufficient supply of men, machine guns and light and heavy artillery. A position of this sort held by a sufficient number of men can to-day be maintained against a much larger force.

It has equally been proved that the number of men per mile cannot safely be allowed to fall as low as 3,000, and that you hardly have security until you are certain of nearly or quite 5,000 men a mile: Mobile of course and capable of rapid concentration to meet pressure on any special sector, but *on the average* close on 5,000 men a mile. All the German resistance in the West has proved this.

This, which has proved generally true of the whole war for a year, supposing the defensive to be amply munitioned and equipped, is particularly true of an attempt to defend Salonika because there could not be brought up in useful time any very considerable weight of heavy guns—nothing corresponding to the artillery which has been found necessary to shake an entrenched position in other theatres of the war. Add to these elements the fact that the Allies have command of the sea, and we are in a position to examine the Salonika problem in detail.

The first thing that strikes us is that the conformation of the coast line round Salonika is a handicap to such a continuous defensive line. It demands more men than other conformations would.

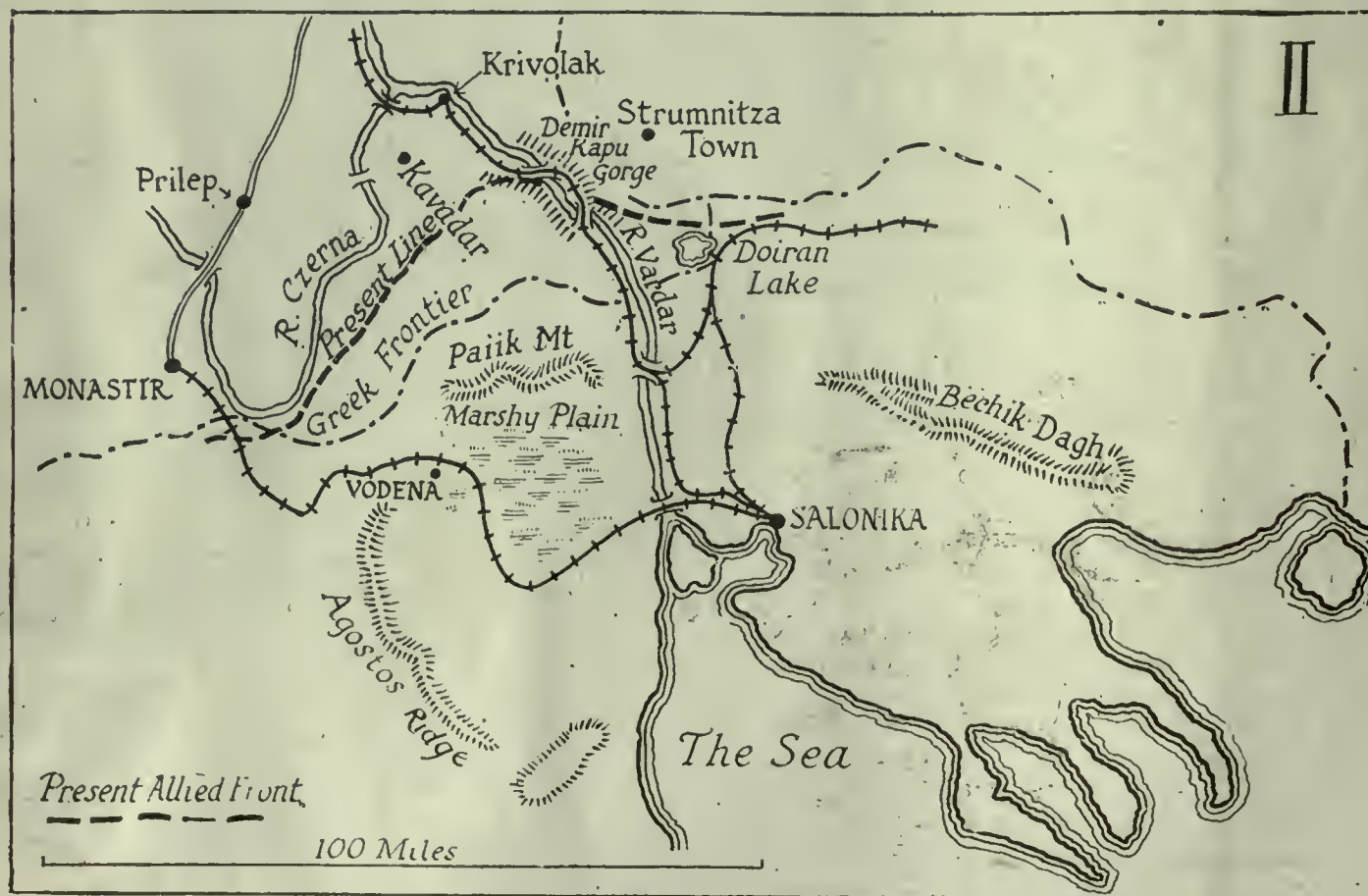
There are roughly speaking three types of port, the defence of which may be called respectively the defence of a coastal line, a peninsula and a gulf, or estuary. If, as in Diagram I, you have a straight coast running as does the coast A-B, and you have to defend a port at C with only enough men to line a perimeter of 40 or 50 miles, you can, if the ground favours you,



establish lines upon a radius of about 12 miles. You have only half a circle to defend (supposing always you have command of the sea).

If, as in Fig. 2 of Diagram I your port stands on a peninsula you can defend it, if you have command of the sea, with comparatively few men upon a short perimeter, the neck of the peninsula from A-B: Portsmouth is an ideal position of this kind. But if your port is on a gulf or estuary, as in Fig. 3, then you are condemned to spread out your men over very nearly a full circle. And therefore a given number of men will be harder put to it to defend a port of the 3rd type than either of the two others. For it is essential to the stability of such an entrenched line that its ends should repose either upon the sea which one commands, or upon some other impassable obstacle.

Now Salonika is of this third kind, and the forces defending it will have to be spread out upon more than three-quarters of a circle. In other words, your minimum number of men is badly handicapped by having a line of positions stretched over the greater part of a circle all round the spot to be defended. And it must be remembered that such a spot, if it is a town with shipping and depots, must be defended by a line fairly far out even at its nearest point, in order to protect the buildings and the quays from long range fire. If Salonika were situated upon a peninsula, as is Lisbon, one might conceive the renewal here of Torres Vedras. Situated as it is at the end of a gulf no Torres Vedras is possible, only a great horse-shoe of positions demanding an extended line.



At the first glance, and before one has reckoned up one's available resources, the mountain country of which Salonika is the centre seems to lend itself naturally to a defence of this kind.

There runs just to the north of the Port not a continuous ridge, but a fairly continuous line of positions from the Paik knot of mountains straight away eastward along the Bechik Dagħ Ridge to the neighbourhood of the sea. But these positions alone come to quite sixty miles of line or more, and they can be turned on the left by the road, railway and valley of Vodena from Monastir. It is necessary to complete them down southward to the sea. Eastward of Vodena is an open plain observed everywhere from the west and south whence it is dominated by the high ground of the Agostos ridge. To hold those western and southern positions continuously to the sea would mean at least another sixty miles of line or more, or 120 to 130 miles in all.

In other words, there does exist a natural horse-shoe of positions from which Salonika could be held, and which cover that Port from sea to sea, but their development extends over 120 to 130 miles of country, and you will not hold that with less than half a million men. But such a vast force would have no need to defend Salonika. It could and would embark at once upon a strong offensive towards the north.

If it be asked why the holding of heights in this fashion be necessary, the answer is not that a dominating position serves, as it used to do, for the emplacement of artillery, and thus "dominates" by its fire whatever is beneath it and in range, but that heights of this sort are so many observation posts which put land beneath them, and not too far off, at the mercy of the artillery which they screen. The whole story of the Dardanelles expedition would have been utterly different if it had been possible to rush Achi Baba at the first landing, even if only that height had been held.

We are constrained then to look for some alternative series of positions not too far from Salonika, not more than some 30 to 40 miles in total perimeter from sea to sea, and what is important, not themselves dominated by superior heights beyond.

Such an alternative set of positions for the defence of Salonika exists but unfortunately on a rather extended line which such a force as the Allies have been able to spare could only just maintain.

I will describe these positions in detail.



At the eastern horn of the Gulf of Salonika runs a ridge—the Kaloron ridge—which culminates

at a peak some 3,000 feet above the sea. All the southern slope of this ridge towards the sea lies open to fire from men-of-war, and though it will be necessary to bring the trenches down to the water, yet the first considerable position is this peak upon the Kaloron ridge at about 3,000 feet above the sea.

The series is continuous towards the north by two more peaks, the Suka Dagħ (above the village of Vasilake) and the Hortak Dagħ, each connected with its neighbour by a ridge. The positions along the ridge pass first of all over a point about 1,900 feet high, covering the village of Galatista, and next by a rather higher continuous chain to the Hortak Dagħ. The latter mountain, one of the nearest points in the series of positions to Salonika, is at an ample distance for its defence. To the north again the ground falls abruptly to the level of Lake Langaza. It will be necessary or advisable beyond the lake to hold the junction of the roads near the village of Ajvatli, which would thrust the line a little outward to the north. Thence it would turn eastward to the height of Dautbaba, rather more than 1,500 feet above the sea, and the nearest point at which this perimeter would come towards Salonika itself—an ample distance of nearly 15,000 yards. Thence a full scheme of defence, if there were sufficient men for it, would cross the Vardar, occupy the hill of Remil, which gives an observation post over the wide marshy plains to the south. Posts and where possible, trenches, would be established in that plain, and where the line bent round again to the sea the spurs of the Kaljari group of hills would be held, because they slope but gently upwards and the ground is not badly overlooked.

But were this extension not possible the broad and unfordable Vardar river would be a sufficient dyke for more restricted lines following its bank down to the marshy estuary upon the coast, and such lines would be tenable by a smaller force.

I offer this sketch of the Salonika district to my readers not as a suggestion that such positions will need to be occupied, still less as a forecast of policy upon which it is a foolish impertinence for journalists to invade, but in order to make clearer to readers at home the opportunity of ground that exists for the defence of Salonika, should that defence in the future be either advisable or necessary.

On the other hand, an attempt to hold the port of Salonika upon a shorter perimeter would be too expensive and even perhaps impossible, for such a perimeter would be everywhere overlooked.

A NEUTRAL ESTIMATE OF GERMAN NUMBERS.

It has always been emphasised in these columns that the value of an estimate in some matter where absolute precision was impossible, increased with the number of independent lines of enquiry which converged towards much the same result.

But supposing that, for whatever reasons, the readers of my estimates (and I myself) are anxious to fix an estimate as high as possible, while certain opponents of ours rather desire an estimate as low as possible. It is clear that under such circumstances any estimate of mine (or my opponents) however diversely checked, will be open to a charge of bias. If I can obtain the

estimate of one or more men known to be free of this bias, and if that estimate confirms those I have made, it will obviously be a very strong confirmation of the methods I have used.

Now there exists in the matter of German numbers a neutral estimate of this sort, and one of the highest value. Not only for what it says, but from what it leaves out. It is with this neutral estimate that I propose to deal this week.

But my method of dealing with this neutral estimate is one which I must put fairly before my reader lest he should misunderstand it. I propose to show that though this estimate—which is of great authority—does not wholly agree with my own conclusions, yet the only reason it does not do so is that it omits—perhaps purposely—certain elements in the calculation which ought to be taken into account.

In other words, I propose to show that this neutral calculation of German losses confirms very exactly those which have appeared recently in LAND AND WATER because, wherever it is a full estimate, it agrees almost exactly, and where it is admittedly imperfect the filling up of the gaps also results in an agreement.

The estimate I propose to analyse is that of an American student of the war—a Neutral—basing himself upon the figures of yet another neutral student of the war, the Swiss Colonel Feyler, who bears perhaps the highest reputation of all those who are now explaining the war in the Press of Europe.

As a foundation to all his calculations Colonel Feyler arrives at a total mobilisable German force of $7\frac{3}{4}$ millions, exclusive of the classes 1916-1917.

He does not believe the German Empire has been able to put into the field during this first year of the war, counting the young men who reached their 20th year in 1915, as much as eight million men. He notes, as we all do, that the young men who are growing up and can be pressed into the service this winter or next spring (the young men who were 19 in the present year and many of those who were only 18 in the present year) must be allowed for—say more than 600,000 and less than 800,000. But at any rate he takes for the original force, exclusive of these two young classes, the number $7\frac{3}{4}$ millions.

Now that to begin with is a very important point.

In the estimates which have appeared in these columns the phrase "little more than eight millions" has always been used, or its equivalent.

The official statements published by the French War Office have also thus stretched to the utmost possible maximum their estimates of German man-power in the field. In both cases the object of such an exaggeration (for exaggeration it was) has been the same: To weight the scales against oneself. Precisely because there would probably be a tendency, and certainly an accusation, of bias towards under-estimating these numbers, one deliberately over estimates them; and this figure of eight millions or a little over we see in the calculations of the most eminent Neutral engaged upon the task reduced to $7\frac{3}{4}$ millions.

It is next of high interest to observe in what fashion this estimate is reached, because it is by avenues of approach different from those used in these columns that Colonel Feyler and his American student have reached a conclusion confirming the conclusion of these columns.

My readers will remember that my own methods of estimating the total mobilisable power of the German Empire—the basis of the whole calculation—were the following separate methods:

(a) The known number of men of military age, 20 to 45 less 25 per cent. rejected upon medical grounds.

(b) The analogy of every other conscript nation under many different conditions of peace and war in modern times.

(c) The analogy of rejections under the voluntary system of Great Britain.

(d) Special examples from particular districts and particular professions within the German Empire itself where special statistics could be gathered.

Colonel Feyler's method is quite different and more particular. He takes from the census of 1910 the total man-power then available of the men who would be of military age five years later. He then deducts deaths on the analogy of the known Swiss death rate in those years, and he scales this down from 3.8 per cent., which the Swiss analogy would give, to 3.3 per cent. so as to be on the safe side. From the figure thus arrived at he does not, as I did, take 25 per cent. at one operation, yet he arrives at exactly the same conclusion. By following the Swiss figures for the two classes, (A) the "less fit," (B) the "ad-journed as unfit at the moment of examination."

I may point out that this convergence of results is remarkable precisely because the results are arrived at in such totally different fashions.

One man says: "I take as a rough and general rule to which I find no exceptions in very numerous cases submitted, that not less than one-quarter of the men summoned must be rejected for medical reasons." Another man says: "I examine in detail special categories, adjournments, etc., and adding together the various results I come to the conclusion that at least one-quarter or more can never find their way to the army." Both by quite separate roads reach the same figure.

Next Colonel Feyler proceeds to deduct the numbers of men who must be kept behind (though medically fit) for various civilian services, police, railways, mines, munitions, etc.

Here again I gave the rough rule of thumb: "Perhaps two millions, but certainly not less than one million and a half."

For the sake of safety I estimated a million and a half only.

Colonel Feyler with far more knowledge than I have and a more detailed examination takes them category by category, goes through the Navy, the railways, the postal services, the clerical work, the police, the factories, the mines, etc., and arrives at a minimum of 1,800,000.

At the conclusion then of these carefully checked estimates he reaches the broad figure of $7\frac{3}{4}$ million as the number of men available for the field, excluding the classes 1916 and 1917.

In the matter of the number required for the units in the field and upon communications, Colonel Feyler, as used and quoted by the American authority I am following, gives four million men. I have in these columns said: "Not more than $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions and not less than $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions." And to weight the scales against our bias on the Allied side I have admitted a minimum of $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions. But the higher figure of 4 millions is far more probable, and Colonel Feyler, if I am not mistaken, adopts it as his minimum unreservedly.

There would remain, then (exclusive of the classes '16 and '17) $3\frac{3}{4}$ million men, and everything depends upon what estimates of losses we admit.

If the German Empire is approaching in one way and another a loss of $3\frac{3}{4}$ million men "off the strength," it has come to the end of its efficient reserves (with the exception of the two younger classes). And it is the conclusion which—in common I think with most observers and students of this war—I had almost written with all competent observers) I reached in these columns, that these reserves were on the point of exhaustion.

We discover by every approach to such an estimate that by this time—that is, after nearly 17 months of fighting—the German losses are equivalent or nearly equivalent to what was the efficient original German reserve of man-power at the beginning of the war—excluding the young classes '16 and '17.

Now this American estimate makes the probable losses of the enemy lower than those put forward in these columns; it presupposes no greater nett loss to day (say the New Year) than somewhat over two and a half million— $\frac{1}{4}$ ths only of the estimates arrived at here. But I propose to show that the very method employed, though it gives lower enemy losses than I had given, confirms my estimates when the defects in the method of estimation are closely analysed.

The whole of this neutral's system of estimates reposes on one central document, the accuracy of that document, and fails to note other categories of loss to which that document makes no reference.

An official German report was issued in September which gave the German casualties up to July 31st (that is, the first year of the war), at 2,640,000. It is upon this fundamental figure—accepted as accurate by neutrals of such weight and accepted as covering the first twelve months of the war—that their estimate of wastage is based. If this figure is regarded as accurate and complete, the returns of men to the front put as $\frac{1}{3}$ of casualties, and the whole as representing a full year and therefore as divisible by 12 to give the monthly wastage, then the German monthly losses must be put down as about 150,000 instead of the 220,000 arrived at in these columns.

But this fundamental figure—the German official return of last September purporting to give the total casualties for the first twelve months of war—suffers under criticism in a fashion which no one I think will belittle if that criticism be honestly and carefully followed.

(1) In the first place it does not deal with twelve months of war but with just over eleven months.

The heavy fighting and the proportionately heavy losses did not begin on the 31st of July. That was the date when Germany suddenly forced war upon France and Russia. It is not the date from which full casualties must be counted. Those casualties only begin to be heavy and, as it were, normal, three weeks later with the battle in front of Metz, the heavy fighting of Charleroi and Mons, with the advance of the first considerable Eastern forces against Russia and with the victory of Tannenberg at the very end of the month.

We are really dealing, even if the statistics were complete, not with twelve months of war but with little over eleven and therefore with an average—even upon this rough calculation alone—of more like 240,000 a month than 220,000.

That is the first point. It is the least important, but it is not negligible.

(2) The second point is of much more weight. The full action of Germany in the field, the full number of units in action was not developed even by the first month of the war. Units were still joining the Eastern forces long after Tannenberg. And this was but natural, because all the German plans had been laid upon the theory that Russian mobilisation would be slower than it was.

In other words, even if the German total losses in just over eleven months of war were only 2,640,000, yet the average monthly loss from, say, the middle of September onwards (and certainly from, say, the Battle of Ypres onwards) were much heavier than the earlier losses and have remained much heavier. For the full strength of Germany in the field was not realised until after the second week of September in the Eastern theatre of war.

(3) In the third place (and this is of still greater weight) the type of the fighting and the proportionate casualties changed very much with and after the battle of the Marne. That is with and after the middle of September.

Doubtless the German casualties were heavy in the first hours of the fighting on the Sambre, but until the Allied counter-offensive of the west on the 6th of November, the fighting was not of the same nature again. The losses to the Allies, especially in prisoners, were extremely heavy: those of the Germans lighter.

In the east the first Russian invasion of East Prussia was only met by two Army Corps in the field, and the victory of Tannenberg with its immense results was won quickly and at no disproportionate loss to the victors. The very heavy German losses began in the west first with the Battle of the Marne, continued with the furious attempts carried on until the 11th of November to break through in Flanders, and these enormous Western losses were continued in the east by the breakdown of the first Polish campaign, by the heavy, stubborn, and immensely expensive fighting for the capture of Warsaw, which lasted through the end of November, all December, all January and half of February.

Immediately afterwards began the French offensive in the Artois, then the very heavy fighting in Alsace.

Throughout the spring and early summer was the great drive eastward of the Germans, less expensive to them indeed than to their opponents, but involving such tremendous actions as the fortnight in front of Przemyśl, the fortnight in front of the Lublin-Cholm Railway, and the particularly murderous and prolonged struggle upon the Narev. While before this you had the German reinforcements sent to the Austrians in the Carpathians, under the most difficult conditions of fighting and of weather.

In other words, the really heavy German losses come in more or less continuous bouts which cover up to the 31st of July, 1915, not twelve months and not even a full eleven months. The real rate of losses, *taking this official statement alone* was, after the heaviest fighting had begun, approximately a quarter of a million or rather more per month.

(4) But the fourth point is more illuminating than any of these three. I say that, take the German official statement published last September and purporting to give total casualties up to the end of July as accurate, it would mean about a quarter of a million per month at least during all

the developed and expensive fighting which covered the autumn, winter and summer.

But that official statement is not accurate. It is demonstrably below the mark.

How do we know this? We know it by contrasting the Prussian lists, including Baden, with those of the other German States. The 2,640,000 which purport to be the total casualties up to the 31st of July are composed of 900,000 for the smaller German States and 1,740,000 for Prussia and Baden.

That proportion is impossible. The smaller German States amount to almost exactly one-quarter of the German forces and Prussia and Baden to almost exactly the other three-quarters. If the smaller German States were losing 900,000, Prussia in proportion was not losing 1,700,000, but 2,700,000.

It may be advanced that the smaller States would have been sacrificed by what has always been the Prussian policy and the Prussian contingents (excluding the Guard, which comes from everywhere) spared for the later fighting. To some extent this is true, but we are fortunately in a position to gauge the disproportion accurately by following the lists in detail. When we follow the lists in detail we find that whereas the smaller States should account for just under a quarter of all the casualties, or say, one-third of those of Prussia and Baden, they come, as a fact to just over one-quarter. In other words, the smaller German States have indeed suffered more heavily in proportion, up to this autumn at least, than Prussia has; *but the excess is not 5 per cent.* Therefore the figure 1,740,000 for Prussian casualties alone up to the 31st of July cannot be accepted. How much more it may be is another matter. *Why* it should be thus under-estimated, whether from policy, from some difficulty in completing the figures, or from greater delay in the Prussian Bureau which have much heavier work to do; is open to discussion. But the fact itself is not open to discussion. Where the smaller States lost 900,000 Prussia and Baden together must have lost a great deal more than 1,700,000; the exact proportion would be 2,700,000.

(5) The fifth point is that there is no mention in these figures of the sick and of those disabled in any other fashion than through wounds in action. Now that proportion we know from our own statistics to be very high. Exactly how high must always remain in debate until the official figures are obtainable at the end of the campaign. This paper is read by numbers of men who have full experience of the work of last winter in Flanders, and they will bear me out when I say that even in the highly civilised west with its abundance of good buildings available for hospitals, its excellent communications, its stationary warfare, the omission of all mention of disablement from disease makes the figures quite unreliable. Frost-bite, the effects of cold in general, alone account for a very great proportion off the strength at any given moment in the winter, and if this were the case in the west, it was far more the case in the east, in the Polish and the Carpathian campaigns.

(6) Next, the figure of $\frac{1}{3}$ for returned casualties, is far too high.

That is a point upon which any amount of misconception has arisen. It is confused with the number discharged as "cured" from particular hospitals: with the total number available for any service however light, etc.

All that counts in war as a true "return" is the man who, having fallen sick or having been wounded, *actually returns*—not "as marked fit to return"—to his *original* duties—not to "any service," and can be maintained there. If of a total casualty list (dead, missing, prisoners, wounded, sick) you take a *quarter* to represent these you are not over-estimating.

(7) Lastly and most important this neutral estimate omits that essential factor "the permanent margin of temporary losses." At whatever fixed date you take the numbers "off the strength" you must count *not* only those who cannot ever return to their original duties, but *those who as yet have not*. And that permanent margin does not decrease—it increases. Towards the end of a failing force it increases very rapidly indeed.

The conclusion remains the same unless we believe the Germans able to work miracles, to lose far less than any one ally in proportion to their numbers (though they are always *somewhere* on the offensive on such extended fronts). Unless their experience is utterly unlike our own or the French—or anything known in the history of war—they have now, at the close of the year not less than three and a half millions off the strength of their original man-power, and probably more.

H. BELLOC.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT:—I propose next week to deal with an important suggestion from a Correspondent "S" which I have no time to deal with this week, as I have only received the letter as this article was being written.

The following are extracts from a remarkable article written by Mr. George Louis Beer, which was printed in the *New Republic*, one of New York's most influential weekly journals, on November 20th:—

"By our policy of self-centred aloofness from the affairs of Europe, we have deliberately ignored the obligations that every State owes to mankind. Such a policy was probably expedient in the days of our weakness, but the United States steadfastly adhered to it even after it had become one of the Great Powers and thus forfeited the influence it could and should have exerted upon the course of world history. . . . According to Rohrbach, Germany must become 'co-mistress of the culture of the world, for it will not exist at all.' The enemy is not only the British Empire, but the United States as well, for the cultural unity of all English-speaking peoples is fully recognised. . . . In England, naturally, there was a keener realisation of the imminence of the German peril; and many Englishmen turned to what might have been, and began to regard the political schism in the English-speaking race effected by the American Revolution as the great tragedy of modern history, in that it weakened the forces that stood pre-eminently for political freedom. But with their usual common sense, they recognised that public opinion in America was not ripe for such a reversal of policy as an Anglo-American alliance implied.

"It is obvious that the only Powers with whom our political traditions and our material interests would permit active co-operation are the present Allies of the Quadruple Entente, and among these England would naturally be the one to whom our common civilisation would draw us most closely. An alliance of the United States with the British Empire in unequivocal terms, made in the open light of day, would effectively secure the future peace of the world and its development along democratic lines. . . . Such an alliance, made for no aggressive purpose and seeking merely to preserve peace, order and justice in the world, would naturally attract to it the nations of like mind, and might be the foundation-stone of that federation of the world which alone can reconcile the 'freedom of individuals and of individual States with the accomplishment of a common aim for mankind as a whole.'"

A very practical little handbook for military officers is *Revolver Shooting in Time of War*, by Captain C. D. Tracy (Sifton Praed and Co., 1s. net). The book treats the subject in an eminently practical way, and is designed solely to familiarise officers with the service revolver, and enable them to use it to the best advantage. This aim is well fulfilled, and officers will find the concise little work of real assistance.

SEA BLINDNESS.

By ARTHUR POLLEN.

FOR two months or more the principles of naval administration have in these columns been discussed more often and at greater length than the naval operations of the day. To some extent this may be explained by the fact that there have been very few naval operations to record, and none of those novel or dramatic. But it is still more due to the fact that, with every day's endurance of the war, the importance of our sea-power and its potency to intervene with decisive effect grows greater and greater. To use it boldly, decisively, but beyond all wisely is, then, one of the most urgent problems. And its right use is almost unattainable unless it is administered on the right principles.

Mr. Churchill's apology laid bare the system that had brought such confusion to the Navy in the first nine months of the war. The criticisms of that apology have resulted in two exceedingly important reforms. Mr. Asquith has once more placed responsibility for naval administration on the Board of Admiralty, from whom it ought never to have been taken. And last week the House of Commons was fortunate enough to attend the obsequies of the unhappy Declaration of London. Had naval opinion governed the Navy when that instrument was under discussion, it is certain it would never have seen the light. Had naval opinion governed the Navy at the opening of the war, the Declaration rejected by Parliament would never have been adopted by the Government by an act which the best lawyers believed to have been outside the constitution. So long as the Declaration was even nominally in existence, it furnished the occasion and was made the excuse for hampering the action of the Fleet in a thousand particulars that redounded to the enemy's advantage. Of late the Trade division of the Admiralty has reasserted in a great measure the Navy's authority. It has not been satisfied with mere freedom from the Declaration. It has found new and effective ways of limiting the comfort and help that our enemy, impotent himself at sea, has drawn from the undue sea liberty of neutrals. It is not necessary to specify the measures by which these ends have been achieved. But those measures could never have come into being had not a new authority been given to the seamen to over-ride the un-naval policies of the civilian amateurs, both at the Admiralty and at the Foreign Office. One inference seems legitimate from this double success—namely, the final abandonment of the Declaration and the discovery of a new form of sea pressure on neutrals. Would not Whitehall generally gain by a further infusion of trained naval energy?

No one looking back on the events of the last 16 months can deny that, however much we may have misused our sea-power by administering it on faulty principles, our blindness to our sea power has been even more conspicuous. The fact is admitted by all these recent changes of policy. But these after all only free the Navy from obvious limitations to its power. It does not at all follow that all the possible exercises of its power are as obvious. There is no body of men in England more original or more inventive than the officers

of the fleet. It is only at sea, and with the responsibility of immediate action constantly before them that this inventiveness enjoys free play. Remove your naval officer from the "freedom of the seas" to the confinement of a London office, tangle him in the meshes of civilian-made rules, confuse him with the counsel of unmilitary Government Departments, the Foreign Office, the Board of Trade, etc., and it is not long before his enterprise is crushed out of him, and a first-class war spirit is being converted into a second-rate clerk. If naval policy is, in reality, as well as in theory, committed to naval officers; if the inter-change between land and sea is constant; if the change from a ship to an office chair does not involve a surrender of the fleet habit of thinking; if the fleet atmosphere can truly be preserved at Whitehall, then we may see new departures that will hit the enemy harder than any blows yet.

ROOT FACTS OF SEA-POWER.

Mr. Asquith's restoration of the Board of Admiralty to its old dignity, and the freeing of the Navy from its shackles can, then, be made effective; but two things are vital. All questions to do with neutral shipping and neutral trade must be settled by the Board of Admiralty, and the Board must see to it that the constitution, not only of itself, but of the whole organisation that serves it, is revived by a generous transfusion of new blood from the fleet. By all means let the naval men have every atom of information that Diplomacy, the experts of the Board of Trade, Lloyd's, the shipping, and the export interests can give them. But let it also be seen to that it is information that is supplied to them and not advice, and if advice, that there is no authority compelling their acceptance of it.

This matter is really urgent, because it is quite clear from the events of the last six weeks that the German people are quite as blind to the root facts of sea-power as we ourselves. Intelligent readers of the daily press must have been greatly puzzled during these weeks to put a true meaning on German talk about the privations of the poor and the general yearning for peace. Some have supposed both discussions to be examples of a clumsy German effort at mystification. But that the German poor are having a very hard time, and that all classes are longing for the war to end, are too real for this theory to be credible.

The Reichstag was summoned, many weeks before its due date, in obedience to the Socialist insistence—in the first days of November—that the "shortage of food and State of Siege" in Berlin needed immediate and representative discussion. And the summoning of the Reichstag brought the yearning for peace to a head. Thus the Government has been forced into an official admission as to Germany's economic state and Germany's state of mind that are obviously damaging to her prestige in the neutral countries. It is, at any rate, unusual for the victors to be so very weary of conquest. The Wireless effort to diminish this loss of prestige was of a clumsiness

that has been generally characterised as it deserved. But to my mind the interest of these revelations is very far from being limited to their disclosure of the general fact that the German poor are subjected to real privations, and that the whole of the German working classes are furiously anxious for peace. The chief significance of what we have learned during the last six weeks seems to me largely to consist in something quite different.

The official excuse for allowing the Reichstag to discuss peace was that Germany found the Allies' blindness to the extent and character of the German victories quite incomprehensible. What the War Lords have revealed to us then is this. They find nothing in the Allies' attitude at all incomprehensible themselves. But at every stage during the last sixteen months, the Germans have been told that they were winning. The Church bells of Berlin have pealed for victory after victory in a Capital beflagged for a triumph. The War Lords have not deceived themselves, but they have deceived the people. Even the *Vorwaerts*, the most candid of the daily Press, and Maximilian Harden, the most independent of German publicists, are convinced that the war up to now, having been a tale of German land successes, shows that Germany is proof against land failure. The confidence of the people in the rightness of this judgment seems quite absolute; indeed, the Socialist attitude in asking for a peace discussion, interprets the workman's mind for us on this subject. It is not an appeal to the Allies to stop further bloodshed; it is an appeal to the German military party to be satisfied with the victories that it has won. If only the Emperor will say, through the Chancellor, that his terms are moderate, and—in view of the German successes—honourable to his opponents, then the acquiescence of his opponents in these terms can surely be taken for granted.

The yearning for peace then arises primarily from a mistrust of the military caste. The military class is very largely in its constitution, and almost entirely in its spirit, identified with the land-owning and farmer caste—the only interest in Germany to whom the British blockade has brought not privations but gigantic profits. Both the food question and the peace question then are different aspects of a social question in Germany, and those that are interested in them must be pacified by discussion or else the smooth working of the all-pervading military discipline may be impaired.

What Germany then still has to learn is this. The making of war was in the War Lords' hands and they made it, but the making of peace is not in their hands at all. There are no terms they can offer which will be accepted and precisely because it is they who offer them. The privations of the German poor will continue, not because the military caste unreasonably insists on further glory and victory, but because the Allies insist on the War Lords being made for ever quite impotent in the matter of peace and war again. And the Allies are in a position to insist upon this policy and for two quite conclusive reasons. Their man-power on land is already equal to preventing any decisive German military success, and its growth will sooner or later make it equal to encompassing German military defeat. Secondly, and more important still, the Allies, principally through Great Britain, hold the sea in a vice grip. It is the last that must be the decisive factor, if only because it is the most enduring. It is this

truth that is not yet assimilated by the discontented thinkers who write for the *Vorwaerts*, nor yet by the brilliant critic who edits the *Zukunft*. If the truth has dawned upon them, it is one that they dare not express. But there are here and there isolated statements that suggest that this truth cannot for ever be concealed. Professor Flamm states, somewhat brutally, that the "freedom of the seas" cannot be secured by treaty and convention—a piece of perspicacity quite creditable to the German Professor. But when he goes on to say that English sea-power must be broken, one wonders which of his countrymen will suggest a method by which it is to be done? Again, take the theory that the freedom of the occupied territories in Belgium, France and Poland can be secured by a European surrender on the Balkan question. This is an effort to save the faces of the war party. A new road to the East is to be substituted for the lost highroad of the sea. This, again, is an admission by the All Highest that he and his advisers at least, know that the sea game is up. No "road to the East" can replace the lost high roads of the ocean. Germany, Russia and Austria combined might exist indefinitely without sea power, because through Russia all the roads to Asia would be open. But Constantinople leads to nowhere, except ports that cannot be used if the British Fleet is unconquered. Turn where she will then, it is sea power that stands in the way of German freedom. It is barred—as a Westphalian paper recently observed—by a door, the hinges of which are in England.

It should be our business to make all Germany understand this truth as clearly as its leaders understand it already. And the way to bring the facts about sea power home is to exert it insistently and relentlessly.

So far as our blockade can touch food and food substitutes, it must be pressed to the utmost so that what is difficult to bear already shall be made unendurable. But the great objective is something more than to educate the German people in the amenities of sea warfare. They must be made to understand that from first to last they have been deceived by their leaders into sanctioning a united effort to conquer the world. The effort was doomed to failure the moment the British Fleet accepted the challenge, and it is for the British Fleet to bring this truth home to Germany now. Its doing so may be decisive, because not even Germany can carry on the war indefinitely against the wishes of the people. It has carried the people with it by proclaiming and by promising victory. Will it continue, if we make it clear that there has been no victory yet, and that not victory, but defeat is certain? Can even the iron discipline of Prussia hold the machine together as soon as success and indemnities seem unattainable and, without them, every financier sees bankruptcy admitted, every industrial sees ruin achieved, every working class family sees the life of its men fruitlessly squandered at the front and the life of its women and children made intolerable at home?

THE SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN.

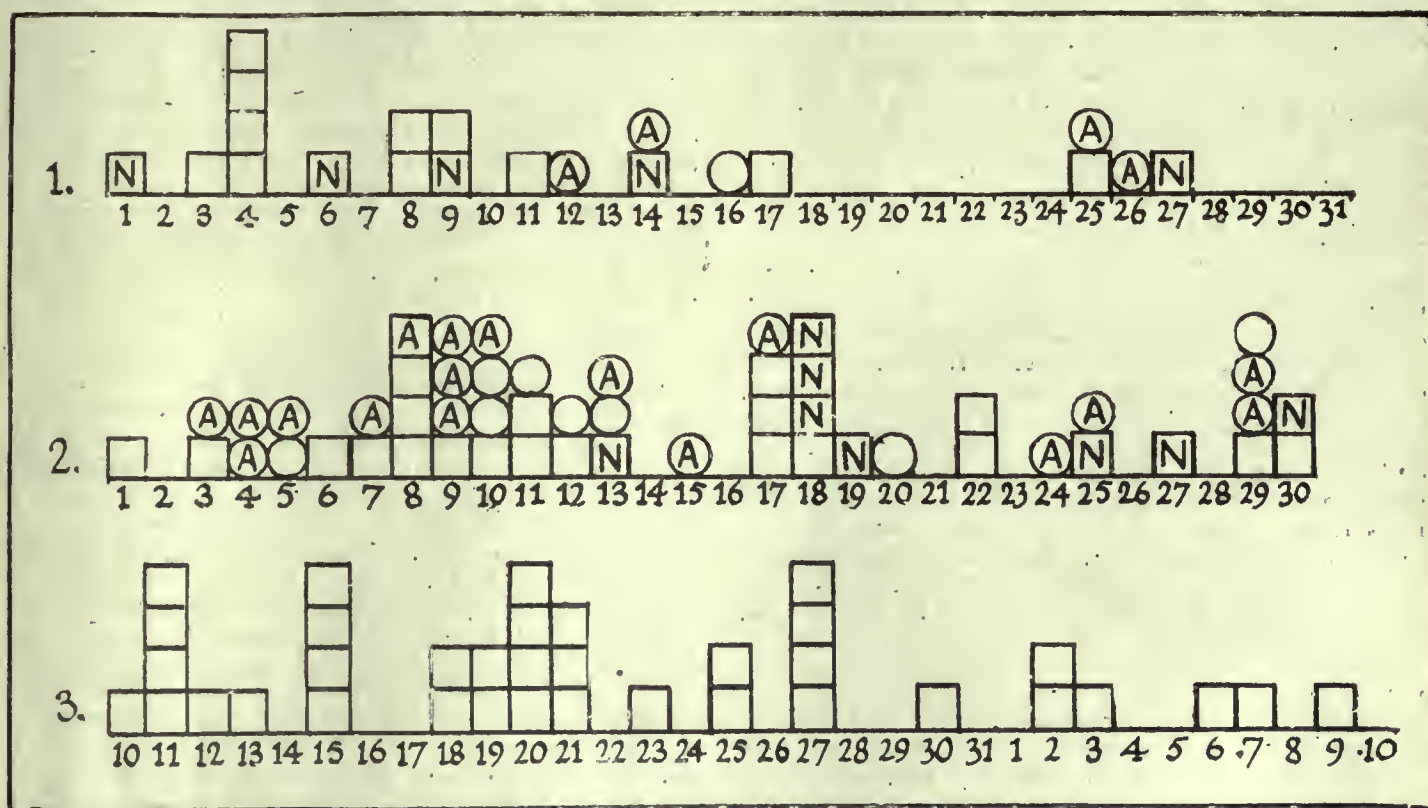
A month ago I gave comparative diagrams of the losses of British, neutral and allied ships in home waters during the preceding four months. These losses, it may be remembered, were 49 in July, 66 in August, 40 in September, and 16 in

October. I did not include in the October returns five ships attacked in the Mediterranean. Today's diagrams give October with these five ships added. This and the November diagram distinguish between the Mediterranean and the home water losses by representing the former in circles and the latter in squares. The third diagram represents the attacks made by British submarines on German ships in the Baltic. The period covered is from October 10th until November 10th. Since that date we have had no news of the state of this campaign. From these diagrams the reader will notice that in the month of November, 53 British, Allied and Neutral ships were reported as sunk by mines.

The increase in the total bag is caused by the Mediterranean campaign. Here, as was pointed out when this campaign began, the concentration of allied shipping on the routes making for Salonica, and the large area of the hunting ground, created conditions exceedingly favourable to U boat attacks. The task of patrolling and defending the transport lines is here complicated by

bewildering performances of the men who make so light of the dangers of the Dardanelles passage. The Admiralty probably feel that, to tell the story of what has been done, without indicating the means that made it all possible would be meaningless, and that to reveal the means would be to give hints to our enemy that he is far better without. We must then contain our souls in patience, but a rich harvest of wonder and amazement awaits us when the full chronicle of these achievements can be written.

The campaign of our submarines in the Baltic is one of the most curious features of the war. The thing began, as one can see by the diagram, with extraordinary abruptness on the 10th October and ended as abruptly a month later. When I say ended, I mean our knowledge of it ended. There are two explanations of there being no further news. It is possible that no more ships have been sunk, because no more ships have come out of port. It is equally possible that the right proportion of those that have come out have been sunk but that the news has not been published.



No. 1.—Ships reported as sunk in October.

No. 2.—Ships reported as sunk in November.

No. 3.—German ships attacked or sunk in the Baltic during October and November.

In the above diagrams ships sunk in the Mediterranean are represented by circles. Those in home waters by squares. In the case of British ships, circles or squares are left blank. Allied and Neutral are marked by "A" and "N" respectively.

the necessity of hunting out the stations, or the neutral ships, that must serve the German submarines as depots. How far the French and Italian navies have been able to contribute to this campaign is not known. Several rumours have reached us of German submarines having been sunk, but they are unreliable, and there seems no reason for altering a previously expressed opinion that the U boat campaign in the Mediterranean is likely to continue at least at its present efficiency for some time.

On Tuesday morning the Admiralty announced a new series of successes of our own submarines in the Sea of Marmora. The statement was a very bald one. Neither the number of the submarine nor the name of its commanding officer were given, and one supposes that there is excellent reason for reticence. Still, it is impossible not to regret that almost nothing is known of the

There is at any rate no bad news. Had the Germans sunk any of our submarines they would not have kept that cheering fact to themselves. One thing is certain. The successes of our boats and their continued presence in probably greater numbers must have modified the German use of her Baltic communications very materially indeed. How far this has reacted on the land campaign we cannot yet tell. But it is quite obvious that it should tend to embarrass Germany at her weakest point. If all the munitions, food, clothing and supply of the armies on the Riga front have now to be sent by land, the pressure on the railways must be enormously increased, and any increase of such pressure spells a further demand for men to tend the railways.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Mr. Pollen will lecture on "The Navy" on behalf of Naval and Military Charities at De Montfort Hall, Leicester, on Thursday, December 16th.

LONDON TOWN IN WINTER.

By J. D. Symon.

LONDON, multitudinous in character as regards her districts, yet one and indivisible, has another trick of variety with the changing seasons. A London spring is something entirely of London, a London summer, a London autumn, are unmistakable in their individuality, but winter London at its best, and especially in the weeks just preceding Christmas, is in normal times the most individual of all—a thing of pure joy, that even in the present clouded days sturdily refuses to miss at least a share of its wonted exhilaration.

Those who live in London know this stimulus, but it is felt most keenly by those who live just a little distance out of town, and whose visits are only periodical. To such, the added brightness of the shop windows is more apparent than it is to those who pass them every day, and with the approach of Christmas the crowds in the streets wear a new aspect as they go about their Christmas shopping. It is a pleasant convention of the fireside to make more or less a mystery of Christmas presents, and so the shoppers, old and young, convey an evitable suggestion that they have something up their sleeve. More especially is this the case with the children, and it leads to many corner comedies in the by-places of the great Christmas bazaars. The elder children get lost for a little, until they finish their secret business; the very, very young, with charming simplicity, ask the about-to-be-benefited to look the other way until the great and mysterious bargain be accomplished.

The Mecca of Childhood.

But, although fancy has carried us into the land of the Chinese lantern, the twanging musical-box and the strident gramophone, that land which is the Mecca of the invading crowd of shopping children, it was rather of the outward appearance of winter London that we had intended to speak here. So the day be clear, with sunshine and just a little touch of frost, hour melts into hour, each yielding its impression of enchantment. Life seems to have been stung to a brisker pace, and everyone is as it were, *en fête*. The bus drive is now a bracing, almost an arctic experience, and it is in these pre-Christmas days that one learns to be truly thankful for comfortable wraps. Not only is there the inward and personal recognition of this boon, but we have the outward and visible appreciation of it in watching the dress of the passers-by. The season has brought womankind a more sombre plumage; warm reds and browns, and the all to be desired luxury of costly furs comfort the very eye. The nipping and the eager air, on days when it is not too searching, plays (with the right material) cosmetic wonders that all the art of Bond Street cannot compass. There may, it is true, be disasters also in this kind, but on such days as we have in mind the majority of the passing faces seem to have no quarrel with the weather, or for that matter with the scheme of things.

In another respect, too, this wintry London of ours is a thing apart. We feel at this season as if we were in another city, a city that comes to visit us only at Christmas time. This is due, not to the conventional and arbitrary changes in the dress of the multitude, the dressing of the shop windows, but to an effect of light. In the great east and west running thoroughfares, such as Oxford Street, the level sun of winter glances for only a brief moment at the foot-way, and the wayfarers enjoy rather the suggestion of sunshine than sunshine itself. But this atmospheric denial brings compensation with its effects of distance and of light and shade. The upper parts of the houses on the northern side keep the sun for several hours, and fling out façades and gables in a high-piled fairyland of gold. This aerial city seems detached from the shadowed foundations, but even these are now ethereal, and the long vista of the street melts at last into a mist of blue. Winter lends to the most matter of fact thoroughfare a touch of mystery absent at other seasons. The architecture seems less obvious and more fantastic, the level light brings new groupings into prominence, and stray shafts of sunlight darting from

narrow southward-tending ways are own brothers to the dust-filled sunbeams that strike across the aisle of some dim cathedral, and yield like these many a revealing surprise of *chiaroscuro*. But this transformation scene, to adopt the appropriate language of the pantomime, fades all too quickly, leaving the street by contrast a little dull and cheerless, and the crowds make haste indoors to besiege the places where they sell tea.

Christmas Shopping Teas.

The Christmas shopping-tea in town is for the children the climax of the day's enjoyment, only just a little dimmed by the thought that it is the prelude to the homeward journey. That home going, with its languors, recalls a picture in an ancient Christmas Number, which gathered into a beautiful synthesis the whole attitude of childhood towards Yuletide expeditions. It represented one of the old-fashioned dimly lit first-class carriages of the District Railway, occupied by a heavy-headed crew of parcel-laden youngsters in various attitudes of sleep, or utter drowsiness. Paterfamilias alone was awake—a most reprehensible state, it appeared, from the verses beneath the picture. These were supposed to be delivered by the collective voice of the other members of the party, and they come back now by some trick of memory over a chasm of more years than one cares to count. How ancient that Christmas was may be judged from references to the Lowther Arcade, which is not even a name to the present generation. It had figured largely in the day's exertions of those children of a former day. They contrast their own strenuousness with the inaction of "that idle man," their father:—

When we were choosing, choose, choose, choosing,
He only yawned at intervals behind his *porte-monnaie*,
And now that we are losing, lose, lose, losing,
Ourselves in dreams he's wide awake; he only had to pay.

In former peaceful years as twilight came down on a city preparing to be merry, the glow that had just faded from tower and pinnacle gave place to a new fairyland of lamps. Have we quite forgotten what that was like—how Piccadilly swam in a many-coloured glow, how the flashlights came and went with their teasing but not to be escaped legend, written again and again in letters of fire? Just before the end of all things, our illuminations reached such a pitch of commercial phantasy that London would soon have run a good second to New York in the cunning of these devices. Our sensations on the night when full lighting is restored will be something that baffles all attempts at forecast. Even a very moderate lighting will seem a wild illumination; the illuminations of victory will have to be tempered gently to the eyes of a people that long sat in darkness.

Earlier Hours.

It is this darkness that has imposed the chief modification of war upon a shopping and pre-Christmas London. The invading host of children keeps us cheerful amid many depressions, and the general air of town is still stimulating. But the Christmas Eve feeling that came with the lighting of the lamps is denied to us this year, for shopping is earlier and the young army must be drawn off while yet there is a faint glow in the west, and the dangers of chaos and old night amid the traffic are still a little distant. But although they go home earlier, the children are still the most welcome, indeed the essential adjunct of these wintry days in town. It is their happy privilege to be able to observe Christmastide after the traditional manner, and with traditional accompaniments. At other times the elders found these preparations for Christmas almost an end in themselves, so joyous were the duties, so pleasing the accomplishment, but this year it is the children chiefly who justify any following of the old routine. But not the children alone, for there are those in hardship and danger to whom remembrances must be sent from the still luxurious and still outwardly smiling world that moves, warm and well wrapped, about the ways of wintry London town.

GERMANY'S ASIAN ADVENTURE.

By Lewis R. Freeman

The following is an article telling what Meissner Pasha, the German builder of the Hedjaz and Bagdad railways, told the author, an American writer, of the probable consequences of a Turko-German attempt to cut the Suez Canal:—

IT has been well said in summing up the colonial railway development of the world that the Briton had built his lines to help him carry "The White Man's Burden," while most of those of the German had been constructed to help shift "The White Man's Burden" back upon the shoulders of the black. This same spirit was observable in many phases of British and Teutonic Colonial endeavour in all parts of the world. The one represented what has been called the "humanitarian school," the other the "repressive"; and the results—British success and German failure—were pretty well commensurate with their respective deserts.

Germany "bludgeoned" and blundered in China, Polynesia, and both coasts of Africa, and the place where she "bludgeoned" the least chances to be the only one in which she was able to get a really comprehensive constructive programme well under way. This was in Asiatic Turkey, and possibly some explanation of Teutonic success there is found in the fact that, not being a German colony, that nation did not, up to the outbreak of the war, have a sufficiently free hand to warrant it in swinging the bludgeon in quite the same way as where the double-headed eagle standard was already planted. Now that the Kaiser has been supreme for a year over a considerable portion of this region there is ample evidence that the old repressive policy has begun to act automatically in alienating the peoples to whom it is applied. However that may be, it is also true that a very potent factor in gaining Germany the strong position which there is no denying she held in the several years immediately preceding the war was Meissner Pasha, the railway builder.

Meissner Pasha.

Meissner, who is but a few years older than the Kaiser, went out to Turkey as a young engineer shortly before Wilhelm ascended the throne and has made one portion or another of the Ottoman Empire his special field of endeavour ever since. As Germany's "Eastward Ho!" policy was rather more a nebulous hope than a definite plan up to the beginning of the present century, the first decade or so of his work in Turkey was of that same unselfish character as that of those distinguished Britons who have built the railways of Argentina and Peru or reformed the customs of China. During this period the foundation of the present railway system in what was then Turkey-in-Europe was laid, and considerable construction also carried on in Asia Minor. How much of Meissner's work of the last fifteen years has been in direct furtherance of the Kaiser's far-reaching Eastern ambitions it would be very difficult to say; probably, indeed, he has little idea himself. But however much he has been made a pawn in the game of Realpolitik, I am confident that there are very few who have followed his work of the last thirty years who will not grant that the mainspring of his personal efforts was a deep and sincere affection for Turkey and the Turkish people. The type is a common one in the last century of British history, but Meissner is the only German I have ever met worthy of inclusion with the elect.

"Meissner's looks and accent are Teutonic," an American missionary of Basra said to me in 1912: "but his humanity is distinctly Anglo-Saxon. He has enough heart to qualify for an Indian Civil Servant—a mighty rare thing in a German—and there is no question of the sincerity of his devotion to the Turks."

As a matter of fact, Meissner—dark of complexion, keen of eye, quick of movement, incisive of speech—might as readily be taken for a French or Russian diplomat as for a German; and his lack of palpable raciality is accentuated by the red Turkish fez—worn by right

as an Ottoman official—which he is never seen without. Of medium height, well set-up, solidly, almost heavily, built, there is no suggestion of mental heaviness about him. His quick comprehension and ready sympathy conspire with a most un-Teutonic keenness of imagination to make him a very agreeable person to interview, especially for a stranger who naturally has much to offer and ask of an explanatory character.

Sinister Activities.

There was no doubt of the sinister activities of the great majority of the Germans whom one met in all parts of Asiatic Turkey in 1912-13, whether they professed to be archaeologists, engineers, officials, or masked their missions behind cloaks of inconsequent bluster or disdainful reserve. Yet meeting Meissner Pasha among all of these, I must still confess to having formed a very similar opinion of him to that just quoted, and I distinctly recall bracketing him—in an article which I wrote in 1913 for "Indian Eastern Engineering" of Calcutta—with Sir William Willcocks as one of the "Restorers of the Garden of Eden"; this, of course, on the assumption that railways were quite as essential as dams and canals to Mesopotamian reclamation. Doubtless he, like all the rest of his countrymen, was entirely cognizant of, and committed to, the same "Deutschland Uber Alles" programme; but in his case at least I am sure this was leavened with a strong desire to be also of service to Turkey. At any rate, it is undeniable that, as Chief Engineer of the Hedjaz and Bagdad railways, he played—and is still playing—a highly important part in the extension of Germanic influence over Asiatic Turkey, and for this reason, if for no other, some of his observations regarding the possibilities and limitations of these lines in the event of Germany's ever trying to "consolidate" her position beyond the Mediterranean should be of especial interest at this time when such an attempt seems about to be launched. I am setting down no statement that I have any reason to believe was made to me in confidence, nor yet anything that Herr Meissner could have especial grounds for desiring to withhold from publicity, either now or in the future.

My most extended conversation with Herr Meissner took place during a tour I made in his company over the Bagdad-Samara section of the Bagdad Railway, work upon the southern end of which was just getting under way, and a political turn was given to it, if I remember correctly, by my enquiring why, when it was apparent to everyone that the Italian descent upon Tripoli meant the almost inevitable defection of the former from the Triple Alliance, all the German officers I had met in Bagdad appeared well pleased with the course events had taken."

Importance of Turkey.

"I think you will find," said Herr Meissner, raising himself on his elbow to ease the jolting of the *arabanah* or stage coach by which we were travelling, "that they are pleased because, while it is fairly certain that Italy has been lost to the Alliance, there is no possible doubt that Turkey has been gained."

"Then you believe that Turkey is more powerful than Italy?" I asked incredulously.

"Not I necessarily," he corrected; "but *they*—the German officers. They believe that Turkey is, not more powerful than Italy perhaps, but far more useful to Germany, especially in certain contingencies. As for myself, I heartily regret anything that might make war more likely, for my own country in the first place, and, in the second place, for Turkey—especially Asiatic Turkey—which I have spent the best part of my life trying to build up."

"You mean that Germany believes she could strike a successful blow at Egypt and the Suez Canal through Palestine?" I queried in surprise.

"I mean that a certain section of German military opinion holds such a thing possible, and that, also, command of—or shall I say co-operation with?—Turkey

might exert potent influence on events in the Middle as well as the "Far East."

"You mean—India?" I asked with dawning comprehension.

Herr Meissner neither spoke nor nodded; but his smile was palpably confirmative.

"Germany, even with Turkey, could not threaten India across these endless miles of deserts in a hundred years," I protested. "Russia, incomparably better situated geographically and strategically and with an age-long thirst for warm water, has shrunk from the task for half a century."

"Possibly you are correct," was the reply. "But our militarists probably tell each other (though they would hardly tell you), that with the Bagdad Railway all the way to the Persian Gulf, with two or three branches to the Persian border and beyond, and with the not invulnerable Russo-Perso-Indian Railway through to Baluchistan and Karachi, things might eventuate which would enable them to turn these deserts and their peoples to good account. Also, they doubtless tell each other that the Egyptian adventure would be consummated first, and that the success of this could not fail to have a great influence on India."

A blue print map of Asiatic Turkey and the route of the Bagdad Railway was spread out across our knees, and suddenly there leapt to my mind what I felt sure was the correct explanation of that long detour of the latter to Mosul, on the Tigris, concerning which I had heard so much puzzled speculation in India.

"Your Excellency has, I think, furnished me with a clue as to why the Bagdad Railway is being built three or four hundred miles out of its way through the sterile north Mesopotamian region and down the almost desert right bank of the Tigris, when it could have followed the direct route along the old caravan road by the Euphrates, where it would have been in a potentially fruitful country all the way to the Persian Gulf," I hazarded boldly. "Was it not because this more roundabout route flanks Armenia on the south and parallels the Persian frontier for 400 miles on the west, while Mosul, situated at the hub occupied by old Nineveh, is an ideal point of departure for the penetration—either peaceful or warlike—of Northern Persia?" [The significance of this argument is demonstrated in the following map.]



Again Herr Meissner confirmed my conjecture with a smile though not with words.

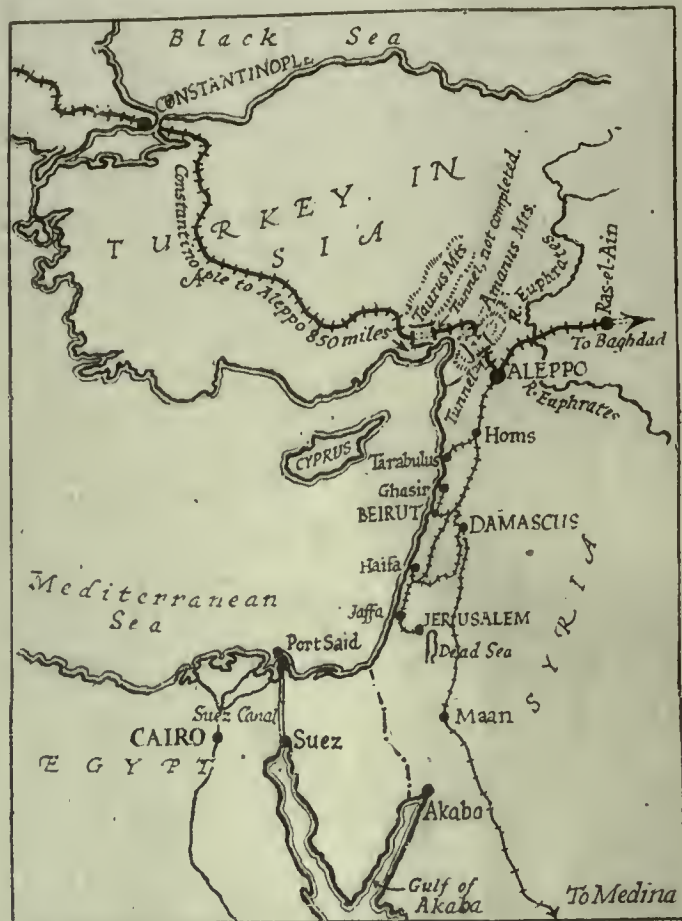
Since the "Egyptian adventure" had been hinted to be held as a condition precedent to the threatening of India, I now began to grope for light in that direction.

"But surely Your Excellency does not believe it possible to push a sufficient force across the Egyptian frontier to create more than a temporary diversion at the Suez Canal," I said. "The Turks would never be equal to organizing an adequate army, to say nothing of the task of transporting it across the great stretches of desert between the Hedjaz Railway and the Canal."

"True," admitted Herr Meissner; "but the organization would hardly be left in Turkish hands. As for transportation, as the builder of the Hedjaz Railway, the problems in that connection would doubtless be turned over to me. I should probably be called to look after the task in person if I was still active in Turkey, and at least in an advisory capacity if I had been superannuated home."

"And do you think the thing could be done? Would you welcome the task?" I asked.

"It would hardly be proper for me to state my views on the transportation problems," he replied; "but I may say that certain influential German strategists believe that the Suez Canal could be cut and held if sufficient strength could be concentrated for the attack. Just to what extent they would count on favouring diversions elsewhere I cannot say. As to whether or not I would welcome the task, let me register a most emphatic negative. Its success—let us say the cutting of the Canal and the conquest of the Nile Delta—would bring a series of events in its train that could do no good and might result in much harm to Turkey; while its failure would mean the end of her as a nation—perhaps actual dismemberment. How great a blow such an event would mean to me I will hardly need tell you. My thirty years of work in this country have made me almost as much of a Turk as I am a German."



In reply to further questions Herr Meissner stated plainly that anything in the way of a "surprise" attack on the Canal could be nothing more than a raid, which might or might not inflict some damage before retiring. A real attack would involve many months of preparation, including not only the laying of light railways across the desert, but the practical reconstruction—preferably a double-tracking—of the Hedjaz line to Damascus, of the French-built railway from Damascus to Aleppo via Rayak, and of the main trunk of the Bagdad Railway from Aleppo through Asia Minor to the Bosphorus. The completion of the tunnels on the Bagdad Railway through the Taurus and Amanus mountains would be, he considered, an absolute *sine qua non* to the success of such an expedition as that under discussion.

"Ten years from now a force operating from the north and east against Suez might be fed from Mesopotamia, but it is certain that the reclamation of that region will not have gone far enough in less than a decade to make it a considerable exporter of food. As it will be for the next ten years, then, with the enemy in front, deserts to the south and east, and Palestine and Syria hardly able to feed their own populations, an army moving on Suez would have to be fed from Asia Minor and munitioned from Europe. For that very considerable task an unbroken double track all the way from Scutari, opposite Constantinople, to near the Palestine frontier would seem to be almost imperative. As you have doubtless observed, railway construction in Turkey is beset with more difficulties and fraught with more delays than in any other country in the world. The throwing down of two, or even four, tracks of light railway to and across the Egyptian frontier would

be no prohibitive task at any time—but the providing of really adequate communications with the Bosphorus might well be a matter of years. I should greatly deplore—for reasons I have already stated—the undertaking of this operation at all; but if it has to come, I should at least hope that it may not be inside of five years, or, better still, ten."

To my query as to whether he meant to infer that an operation against Suez undertaken inside of five years—say previous to 1917—would be predoomed to failure, Herr Meissner was noncommittal, but to a somewhat less pointed question he vouchsafed a qualified answer.

"Supposing," I said, "that five or ten years had gone by, and that the adequate railway communications which you have stipulated had been established in the interim, and that only three or four months of light railway construction at high speed were necessary to throw an attacking army upon Egypt—would not those three or four months—considering the central position of Suez—always be sufficient for the massing of overwhelming forces—English, Indian, Egyptian and Australian—at that point for its protection?"

"Frankly, I am not competent to express an opinion," replied Meissner, "but"—after a moment's hesitation—"I think our strategists—though they discount help from Egypt, India and Australia—would reckon on being faced by superior numbers and base their expectations of success on superiority of organization, personnel and materiel—and they might hint at 'diversions' among the Mohammedans of North Africa and the Middle East."

* * * *

The foregoing sums up, as far as my notes and memory go, the main points of Meissner Pasha's observations—as expressed in the course of our meetings of 1912—regarding the rôle likely to be played by the Hedjaz and connecting railways in the event of a Turko-German attack upon Egypt. Worth pondering over, however, by those who have taken it for granted that Germany's establishment of unbroken communications with Constantinople means anything like a breaking of the Allies' blockade through the opening up to her of the mineral and agricultural wealth of Asiatic Turkey, is this remark of Meissner's regarding the resources of the region in question:

"There has been far too much of a tendency in Germany and England to look upon this part of the Ottoman Empire as a great storehouse, the wealth of which would become available to the world immediately the doors were unlocked by means of railways. This is a most erroneous impression. The wealth is here, but it is potential not existent wealth, and will only be won at the end of many years of patient preparation. Mesopotamia may be shipping a few foodstuffs five years from now, but I do not look to see the oil of Hitt, or the copper of Diarbekir, figuring in world returns before 1920."

These facts are, of course, known to anyone who is familiar with the vast voids of the interior of Turkey-in-Asia, but they seem very little appreciated by many others. As a matter of fact the Central Empires will gain nothing whatever of use to them from Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, and from Asia Minor an almost negligible food supply and an even less considerable amount of short staple cotton and inferior wool.

* * * *

I left Lower Mesopotamia in the spring of 1912, and made my way to Mosul and Aleppo over the route of the Bagdad Railway, stopping not infrequently at the camps of the engineers along the way. From Aleppo I went to Damascus and Beirut, and spent the following two months in Palestine and Arabia, not a little of the time along the route of the Hedjaz Railway. Returning to Aleppo in the Fall I encountered Meissner Pasha—who had come up the Euphrates by *arabanah* from Bagdad—and had the pleasure of another evening in his company. Almost his first question, on hearing where I had been, was "What do you think of the Hedjaz Railway," and in reply I took from my pocket the manuscript of an article I had just completed and was about to dispatch to the *Railway Age Gazette* of New York on the railroads of Syria and Palestine, and indicated the following paragraph:

"Although it still bears evidence—in solidly constructed culverts and bridges and well run levels—of the skill of the distinguished engineer who built it, the Hedjaz

line, opened scarcely half a decade ago, has deteriorated to a point where it has no rival for the title of 'The Worst Run, and the Worst Run Down Railway in the World.' Most of its engines—their boilers eaten out by the alkali water—are on the scrap heap, and the rest are on their way there. The trains, nominally run on the constantly varying Arab time, can rarely be depended upon to leave even their termini within an hour or two of the minute scheduled. All in all the much vaunted 'Pilgrims' Railway' rivals the remains of Baalbek for the completeness of its ruin, failing to come up to the latter only on the score of picturesqueness."

"That about epitomises my impression of the Hedjaz Railway as it is to-day. Your Excellency," I added; "and I might say further that if it has ever to be put in shape for that little operation against Egypt which we discussed in Mesopotamia, the cleaning up job will be on a scale to make Hercules' labour with the Augean Stables look like a sideshow."

It was a flippant, not to say a rude, speech, and I regretted it the moment it had passed my lips. Meissner's reply, however, was "more in sorrow than in anger."

"I don't wonder that the Hedjaz Railway seems a joke to you, or to any foreigner, or to anyone but myself who has spent some of the best years of my life in the building of it. So perhaps you will find it hard to believe me when I say that its steady destruction—I can use no other word—under the *laissez aller* policy of the Turks has been to me the nearest approach to a tragedy. I have ever known. Less than five years ago I turned over to the Ottoman Government one of the best built railways Asia had ever known, and they have made of it—yes, you have used the right word—a ruin. Do you wonder that I refused to undertake the construction of the Bagdad Railway until the Porte had agreed to operate it, after completion, under German management?"

"As for having to employ it for operations against Egypt (there would be no use in denying to you after you have seen of where it runs that strategic considerations were not lost sight of in keeping it so far from the coast and the dangers of a sea raid)—if that contingency ever arises, why, we will simply have to make out the best we can with it."

* * * *

I met Meissner Pasha more or less casually on several other occasions during my subsequent travels in Asiatic Turkey, but at no time did I hear him say, nor yet have I ever had authentic word of his doing, ought to indicate that—personally at least—he was not entirely sincere in the sentiments expressed that evening in Aleppo regarding a possible attack upon Egypt from Turkey. I have of course always known that, like all the other Germans in the Near East, he was chained for life to the Kaiser's war chariot, and it is, therefore, with no surprise that I read in recent Berlin papers that he is directing the railway preparations for the long-heralded advance on Suez. There can be no doubt that he is doing the best he can with the facilities at his disposal, and it may be taken for granted that Meissner's best will—because he is trusted by the Turks and Arabs and has the faculty of getting on with them—be a good deal more than any other German could accomplish under the circumstances. But deep in his heart he knows that, however good his best is, it will not be good enough.

Not only is there not any double track—except for considerable sidings—along any portion of this tenuous line, but even single track communication is still unestablished through the Taurus and Amanus mountains. Practically all of the food, and every bit of the munitions, of an army operating against Suez will have to break bulk at least twice and be portaged over what are now snow-clogged passes of considerable altitude, and after that be worried along a zigzag route to Palestine over lines which, though connecting and of the same standard gauge—4 ft. 8½ in.—were up to the outbreak of the war under German, French, and Turkish management respectively. Then will come the trans-shipment to the light desert railways in the rear of the army. To tinker this sorry patchwork into an efficient line of communications for a modern army is the task set for Meissner Pasha and his engineers, and there is no doubt that they will "do the best they can" at it, however far that best would seem predoomed to fall short of success.



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BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

"Christopher Monck. Duke of Albemarle." By Estelle Frances Ward. (John Murray.) 12s. Net.

The life and exploits of this second Duke of Albemarle are so far overshadowed by those of his king-making father that such a book as this presents almost the equivalent of a new story. In this Christopher's life was plenty of adventure, and he might well have won a more definite place in history, since he was the only man who ever made a success of Spanish treasure hunting. He was, also, an able Colonial governor, and with good reason his biographer points out that, had his recommendations been more seriously received by the home authorities, the fate of the American colonies of those days might have been a far different one.

Christopher was returned member of Parliament for Devon at the age of thirteen, and won mention from Oldmixon, the Stuart historian, as one in the list of prosecutors of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. His marriage, while still in his teens, is yet another proof that the Stuart ideas regarding years and discretion differed very materially from those of this twentieth century. Since this second duke died at the age of thirty-six, "far from all that made life good for him," his career was but a short one, in spite of its precocious beginnings. There is not wanting evidence that his death meant the loss of one of the best Colonial governors that his or any preceding age had produced.

This biography of a man who deserves to be more generally remembered is an able compilation, and at the same time a very interesting work. It is historically valuable, too, for the evidence it affords with regard to certain phases of the later Stuart period.

"The First Hundred Thousand." By Ian Hay. (Blackwood and Sons.) 6s. net.

The formation and training of the first regiments of the new armies is a story that has been told many times and from many points of view, and readers of "Blackwood's" are already acquainted with many of the characters who figure in these pages, for this is one of the best of the many accounts of the formation of a unit of "K (1)." It is the story, as its author insists, of the making of stubborn trades unionists into good soldiers in record time; it is, however, more than that.

Whether the matter under review be the musketry practice of a platoon, the funeral of Wee Peter, the battalion's first casualty, the shrewd humour of Wagstaffe, or the serious work of the battalion in the trenches, the story is that of men we know and respect—and the respect grows as each page is turned. It is possible, in reading, to gather some idea of the views of the men actually "out there." The author's own view changed with the increase of munitions and the prospect of the "big push" of Loos, and the story of the trench fighting ends on a far different note from that of its beginning; its beginning is doubt, but its end is certainty. The book ends with Loos and a promise of further records of the doings of "K (1)" in the future, and those who read this volume will take good care to read the next.

Humour, pathos, comedy and tragedy have seldom been better combined than in these pages; the author has told a great story in simple and dramatic fashion, and his work will rank very high among the mass of war literature. It is worthy of unqualified commendation, and we wish it the great success that it deserves.

"Betty Griër." By J. Laing Waugh. (W. and R. Chambers.) 2s. 6d.

Betty, the old Scots nurse, is a Mrs. Wiggs type of heroine, though with less humour, as befits a Scotswoman, and a good deal more of sentiment. The story concerns a young Scots lawyer who, badly injured in a fire, comes to his country home for a full year's convalescence, and by the end of the year meets and marries the lady of his dreams. The main point of the book, however, is Betty's kindly shrewdness and her influence on the lives among which her lot is cast.

The book is by no means devoid of humour. Nathan, Betty's husband, by way of cheering up the invalid lawyer, counsels him to move to another room in the house, since getting a coffin out of the room that he occupies would be such a difficult business; Betty herself evokes more than one smile from the reader, and though the story is slight it makes an extremely readable book, displaying the best and most attractive sides of Scottish character.

"Zeppelin Nights." By Violet Hunt and Ford Madox Hueffer. (John Lane.) 6s.

Stories told out of history, rather in the manner of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, are threaded together in this volume by the little narrative of Serapion, the man who told the stories on

"Zeppelin nights," when parties of ultra-nervous Londoners waited for the airships that did not come. Serapion's own story is a poor and a thin one; the earlier scraps of history, such as the departure of the Romans from Lympne and the coming of the Saxons, the coming to Athens of Pheidippides with the news of Marathon, and Rouen market-place on the day of the burning of Joan, are presented with such art as to make them real. This level, however, is not maintained throughout, and the crib from Hardy of the legend of Napoleon's landing is unforgivable, different though the presentment and setting may be. The book as a whole is extremely uneven, fine passages alternating with sheer banalities; it contains enough of good and genuine work, however, to render it worthy of attention.

"A Woman in the Wilderness." By Winifred James. (Chapman and Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

"A jumble of rough lumber huts and stores, of corrugated iron roofing and weather-beaten red and yellow and green paint. It is like a smack on the face of heaven."

Thus the writer describes the town that was her immediate environment in the wilderness of Panama. Round about the town was the rank vegetation of the tropics, and the rest was clay, rain, and heat. This book is the record of a year spent in such surroundings, with a husband engaged in banana exporting, a succession of inefficient servants, a surfeit of tinned foods and an entire absence of roads, normal companionships, books of the day, and other elementary necessities of civilised life. A keen sense of humour, and a very evident appreciation of the artistic side of life renders the book interesting, monotonous though the life must have been.

At intervals, news of the earlier phases of the war came to this settlement in the wilds, and reflections on the great struggle are mixed with the native boy's grief over the slaying of a pet turkey, with little hints of the extreme immorality of the settlement, and with witty descriptive touches on the life of its inhabitants. The writer is keenly observant, alive to the magnitude of trifles, and yet the sense of proportion is so well maintained that this mosaic picture of wilderness life is always attractive—in print, though there must have been depressing hours in the reality. It is a book to enjoy.

"The Greek Tradition." By J. A. K. Thomson. (George Allen and Unwin.) 5s. net.

The essays which comprise this book are noteworthy, not only for the author's intimate knowledge of Greek literature and art, but also for a range of vision and breadth of knowledge rarely found in the specialist, especially in the student of such a subject as this. Thus the book is not merely a criticism or a series of criticisms, but rather a definite addition to existing knowledge of great Greek figures, and a setting forth of the underlying forces of Greek art.

The author shows how originality had no place in the form of Greek literature; there was a definite form for the epic poem, just as there was for a single column of the Parthenon, and the epic poems are as so many columns—no man sought originality of form, but rather maintained tradition, a lesson that Whitmanesque minor poets of to-day, lacking the genius of Whitman, would do well to study. It is an illuminating suggestion that in the *Alcestis* Euripides tried to create a new form.

The intimate relation between traditional myths of the forerunners of Greek development, and what is known as the classic period of Greek art, is never lost sight of. The essays on "Greek Country Life" and "Mother and Daughter"—the latter a fine reproduction of the nature myth—are not only studies in the true classic spirit, but also expressions of creative genius. The book as a whole is scholarly, delicate work, illuminated by imaginative power as well as real insight to Greek thought and ideals.

Sir George Alexander, in arranging a Shakespeare revival at the St. James's Theatre for the Christmas holidays, has, we believe, acted wisely, and the production of *The Merchant of Venice*, by Mr. Matheson Lang is in every way admirable. Mr. Lang's *Shylock* stands out as a very fine performance; it is one which will attract all students of Shakespeare productions; some there are who will see in Mr. Matheson Lang the best *Shylock* of his generation. The whole play is excellently staged, and the direct appeal which is made to young people home for the holidays should not fall on deaf ears, for the writer happens to know that to children of bright intelligence in their teens, the *Merchant of Venice* is a genuine delight, and for the future they give a free pardon with a fair grace to the author for writing so many of their schoolbooks by reason of the laughter and excitement which he can arouse in them when they meet him on the stage.

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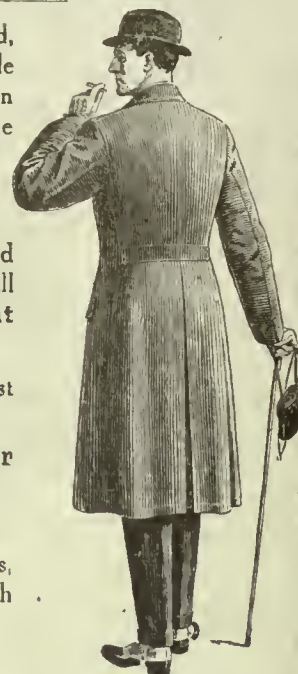
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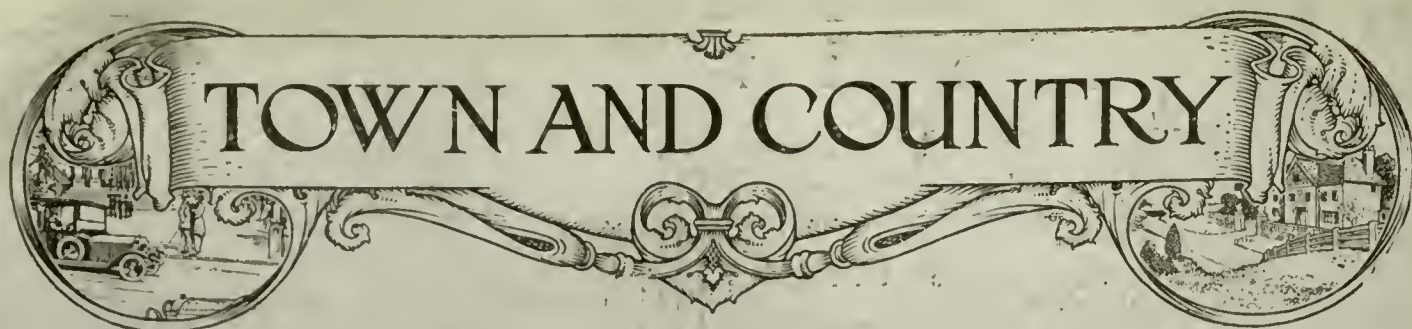
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TOWN AND COUNTRY

The King has at last made visible progress towards recovery and is now able to walk about, though slowly. His Majesty's first attempt in this direction was last Thursday when with the Queen he went to luncheon with the Queen-Mother on her birthday. Birthdays are always celebrated in the Royal Family with a certain pomp and ritual. One feels this to be entirely right. It is good for the human soul, whether it be housed in the clay of king or coalheaver, of queen or seamstress, to feel that one day in the year is all its own, and that during those brief hours it may rightly accept the homage of the household and receive the small tributes of domestic affection. To neglect birthdays implies the presence of a dull and selfish spirit.

By the death of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, another link is broken with the mid-Victorian era—that is, the period that stretches from the death of Prince Consort in December 1861 onwards. Whatever faults this period may have had, it was on the whole a singularly happy time for officials in the Royal Household. Never have they had less interference with their patronage or perquisites, and death alone removed them from their places. In 1857 Sir Spencer Ponsonby was appointed Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's office; here he practically reigned supreme, his authority undisputed, until Queen Victoria died in January 1901. Then his reign ended and henceforward other influences abounded.

Sir Spencer only hyphenated his mother's surname to his father's in 1875, when he was fifty-one. Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary for so many years, was his cousin, a circumstance which further increased his power and influence. For many years he was despotic in the Stable Yard of St. James's Palace, where the Lord Chamberlain's offices are, and no human being could have enjoyed more wholeheartedly the dignity and reflected glory of his office. It is curious that so many newspapers should have applied to him the word "courtier" as a compliment. One may doubt whether, in his prime, he would have gladly accepted the term even in its restricted sense, as one in attendance at a Court; he lived above the Court rather than in it, was more its protecting Archangel than a mere member of it.

The Aga Khan was among the company at the wedding of the Prime Minister's daughter last week. There is no Prince in India who has done better work for the Empire. And often it has been really hard work. He is one of the Great Powers in the Mahomedan world; among his own followers no one disputes his authority. Aga is a title, not a name, as so many people think. One of the best-known Serbian poems is entitled—"The Wife of Hassan Aga." The Aga Khan's single name is Mahomed.

Business took me to the India Office the other day, and having a little time to wait, I was shown into the Council Chamber. I sat me down with a blazing coal fire at my back and Warren Hastings in front of me. Outside, in the dripping quadrangle, I caught glimpses of the graven images of lesser Indian administrators. The quiet footfalls of those masters of courtesy—the attendants—echoed occasionally along the corridors. But it seemed as if they who had sat in assembly at this hollow square of polished mahogany had left behind them in that noble room something of the mystery and the silent peace of the East.

There came back to the remembrance the Golden Temple of Amritsar on a certain Christmas Day, eighteen years ago, and still further back, on a blazing April noontide, the cool courts of the great temple at Madura. The only modern note was the click of a typewriter which a typist worked before the canvas of Sir Eyre Coote. The old warrior seemed to be gazing on the young woman with an envious air that such inventions were not when he wrote his despatches. The minutes spent in this Council

Chamber were a rest cure. Britons will never understand the methods of public administration until they realise the atmosphere in which the work is done.

Talking of India, did you notice when the Roll of Honour of the officers fallen in Mesopotamia was published, how the great majority were sons of Anglo-Indians. The call of the East is as strong as ever. "If a year of life be lent her—if her temple's shrine we enter, the door is shut—we may not look behind."

One wanders into the Louis Quatorze restaurant of the Piccadilly hotel nowadays, certain of always finding someone one knows there. Mr. Frank Curzon seems to have deserted the Carlton and come back to his old love; he was entertaining his brother, Mr. Mallaby Deeley, at the table in the far corner. Or was it *vice versa*? In the foyer, afterwards, I had a pleasant chat with Mr. Arthur Pearson. He is as enthusiastic as ever over his blind soldiers; they have now 130 at St. Dunstan's. But that institution is well organised, and his energies are largely devoted towards arranging for work for the men after they leave, and what is still more important, for making certain of a good and well-paid market for their handiwork directly it is finished.

It is fourteen years this very week since I had my first talk with Mr. Pearson; notwithstanding all the disappointments and suffering through which he has passed, no man has changed less. He has been through the fiery furnace and the smell of fire has not passed on him. Bright, cheerful and impulsive as ever speech with him is a tonic. Personally, when talking I cannot believe him to be blind; his mind is so active and alert, and his perception just as quick as in those distant days.

Mr. Leo Maxse has brought out another Potsdam Diary for 1916. Here, on each day, do we find recorded that terribly mistaken faith in Germany's intentions which has obsessed so many public men. This diary will serve a good purpose, if it keeps before the public mind both the folly and the danger of putting faith in the spoken or written words of Germany, after all that has happened.

Thank goodness we may still smoke tobacco in peace, and need not pull out our watches every five minutes to see the last moment when we may order cigars for ourselves or our friends. Will the restriction of alcoholic stimulants lead to an enhanced demand for nicotine? I should not be at all surprised. Probably we shall witness a great increase of smoking among women. Only I do implore those who indulge in it to get their baccy pure. This is quite as important as where liquor is concerned. A woman when she starts out after dinner to create, in a few sentences, a new heaven and a new earth, may smoke a score of more of Savory cigarettes and be none the worse for them in the morning; whereas half a score of a lesser brand may cause her to wake in the small hours, believing she is with Dives in torment. Good tobacco cannot be too good, and no man knows that better than Mr. Savory himself, wherefore I commend his wares.

News has been received that Lieutenant N. M. Vibart, R.E., son of Colonel and Mrs. Edward Vibart, of Hazeldene, Blackheath, has been severely wounded in the North of France. Mr. Vibart, who is twenty-one years of age, was educated at Cheltenham, and after passing through Woolwich, received a commission in the Royal Engineers in April, 1914. He has been at the Front since October of that year, and this is his third wound. He was given the Military Cross for gallantry at Ypres a year ago.

The Festival of Slav Music to take place next Thursday is particularly appropriate at the present time. There will be Czech music, Polish music, Russian and Serbian music, while a choir will sing some old Serbian folk songs arranged for the occasion.

HERMES.

**Two-Year
Warranty.**

12 x 8

INCHES

Post Paid
to any
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United Kingdom.

5/-

**Satisfaction
Guaranteed.**

LARGE quantities of these bottles are being ordered privately as gifts to Hospitals, Ambulances, etc. Obtainable only direct. Size 10 ins. x 8 ins., 4s. 6d. Size 12 ins. x 8 ins., 5s. Full standard size, 12 ins. x 10 ins., 5s. 6d. Post Free in U.K.

These special hot-water bottles are made to H. & G. specifications; for hard use in hospitals. Now available for private purchasers. Direct guaranty from H. & G. to you. Follow instructions and you will not experience trouble. Strong construction. Patent quick-filling, non-scalding stopper. None genuine without H. & G.C.C. mark—recognised as the mark of reliability in the foremost hospitals in the world.

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Contracts Co., Ltd.**

Compare other qualities with the genuine H. & G. Quality and Value. If not approved your money will be refunded at once.

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Address all orders—
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Choice Old
Scotch Whisky

"King's Liqueur"
A
Supreme
Scottish Stimulant

SOLE PROPRIETORS:—
DAVID HEILBRON & SONS Estab-
72 Bath Street, GLASGOW 1827



YULE-TIDE GIFTS.

The "UNIVERSAL" Coffee Machine.

Makes excellent coffee free from the unwholesome properties caused by boiling.

Made in Nickel or Copper finish.

Makes a distinctive and useful gift acceptable in every home.

Made in 1, 2, 3, and 4-pint sizes.



The "UNIVERSAL" Vacuum Flask.

Fitted with patented non-rusting Shock Absorber which practically eliminates breakage.

Safe, Sanitary, Durable.

Retains heat for 24 hours.

An excellent gift for our Soldiers and Sailors at home and abroad.

Made in ½, 1, and 2-pint sizes.



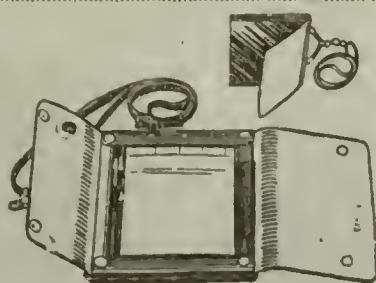
"UNIVERSAL" Household Specialities are on sale at all first-class Ironmongers and Department Stores.

Write for free booklets.

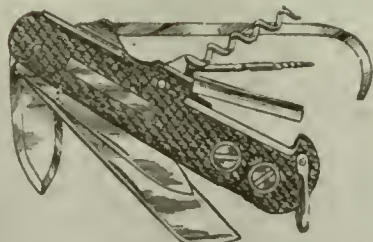
**LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK (Room O),
31 Bartholomew Close, LONDON, E.C.**

Try a
COLMAN'S
MUSTARD BATH

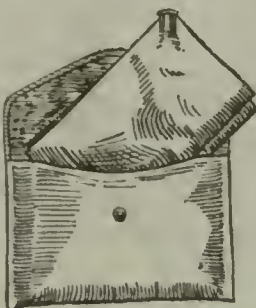
Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.



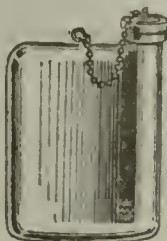
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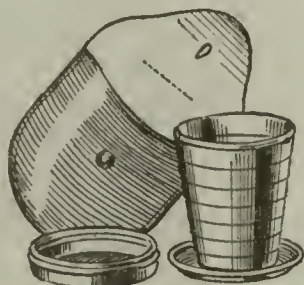
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No. 4.



No. 5.

No. 1.—Solid Pigskin Map Case, with Note Block and Pencil, 30/-; Three-fold ditto, 15/-.

No. 2.—Best Sheffield Steel Active Service Knife, with tin-opener, complete in pigskin case, with lanyard, 15/-; Nickel-plated the same price.

No. 3.—Air Pillows in pigskin wallet, 15 ins. x 12 ins., fit the pocket easily, 7/6.

No. 4.—Watertight Electro-plated Silver Trench Cigarette Case, 6/-.

No. 5.—Silver-plated Collapsible Drinking Cup, in Pigskin Case, 8/6.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

Mappin Equipment for Xmas Gifts

THE articles illustrated are the outcome of Active Service Experience; the quality, too, is of that high standard always associated with the House of Mappin.

Mappin & Webb Ltd.

158-162 Oxford Street. 172 Regent Street.
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LONDON.

Manufactory: The Royal Works, Sheffield.

A Shilling Gift for a Soldier—

LIFE in the trenches produces in many cases an eczematous condition of the skin. Sphagnol Shaving Soap prevents and cures skin troubles, and is pronounced by Doctors to be the best. Sphagnol acts as an antiseptic, and as an excellent emollient where other soaps irritate. This is why you should send your friend a stick of Sphagnol (in tin)—and you will do him a real service. Costs only a shilling, and makes a Xmas Gift welcomed by every soldier.

Obtainable from Harrods, Selfridges, Army & Navy Stores, Boots and other chemists, or direct, post free 1/3, from—

PEAT PRODUCTS (SPHAGNOL), Ltd.
18 Queenhithe, Upper Thames Street,
LONDON, E.C.



In
six
Reigns

the sterling value of the Sherries shipped to Bristol by John Harvey & Sons and their forbears has been acknowledged.

**HARVEY'S
"Bristol Milk"**

Price 80/- per doz. Sample half bottle 3/6 post free.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS, Ltd., BRISTOL. (Founded 1796.)
NAVAL AND MILITARY WINE MERCHANTS.

LITTLE LECTURES BY NURSE WINCARNIS. Lecture No. 4.



Nerve Troubles

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia and nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal 'Wincarnis,' the "Wine of Life." 'Wincarnis' is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful.

Begin to get well FREE.

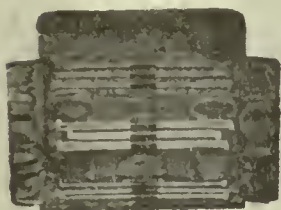
Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis'—not a mere taste but enough to do you good. Enclose three penny stamps (to pay postage). COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., W 200, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINGARNIS

THE WEST END

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

A Knitting Case.



Women who knit—and their name nowadays is Legion—will be delighted with some cases specially designed to hold their knitting needles. These are of soft leather and fold up into a compact roll, fastening with a secure clip.

These cases are ready fitted with a goodly array of needles of different sizes, and the slots into which they fit are as a rule marked with the needle's number, so that its size can

be seen at a glance. There are bone needles for mufflers, steel needles for mittens and socks, while some crochet hooks are generally included in this most complete affair. A case such as this is a boon to people finishing the article they are knitting and not in immediate need again of their needles. All they have to do then is to replace the needles in their case till next time they are wanted. It is also excellent for the traveller, for the case takes up no room in luggage and no better way of conveying knitting needles could be found.

Some knitting needle cases are fitted with ordinary needles as well, and their commencing price is 7s. 6d. Many people, however, will be better pleased with cases of knitting needles for knitting needles only. They are all that could be wished, are lined with moiré silk, and whether made in soft green morocco leather or in pigskin please to an equal extent.

Good Things for the Front.

From all accounts the absence of fresh milk at the Front is apt to pall, and anything that can be sent in this way from England is more eagerly welcomed than any words can tell. This no doubt explains the immense popularity of the Christmas cases now being put up by a well-known dairy company, ready for sending at any moment to the Expeditionary Force.

These cases can vary in quantity and kind, but one of the best liked contains six quart bottles of pure milk, 6 gill bottles of pure cream, 6 pots of finest preserved butter, 6 pots of delicious honey, and half a dozen assorted packages of cream

(Continued on page 31.)

CHRISTMAS AT 112, REGENT STREET.

The Christmas Present question has been carefully considered at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, with the result that just the delectable things most people are wanting can be found there. War has had its marked influence, and nearly everything to be seen at 112, Regent Street shows it. Useless articles are in the background, and in their stead are many serviceable presents for the man on active service, and other novelties particularly suited to the times.

Regimental Badge jewellery is a feature here, which cannot be lightly passed over, for it is nothing short of perfect in both workmanship and design. The same admirable taste distinguishes some ribbon bracelets of narrow black ribbon moiré fitted with a diamond slide representing any initial letter. The diamonds look delightful on their dark background, and the attractive article has a sentimental significance all its own.

Another great success of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company is their Collapsible plated campaign cup. This when not in use telescopes one part inside another into a small pigskin case. When in use there is a detachable handle fitting into slots at the top and bottom of the cup, which keeps it absolutely extended and rigid. The price is but half a guinea. Officers at the Front are enthusiastic over this cup, and the firm have received many personal letters testifying to its worth.

A specially-prepared Christmas Catalogue has just been brought out and is well worth sending for. Small though it is, it has nevertheless a wealth of illustrations and is full of valuable hints from cover to cover. With such a catalogue for guide suitable presents can be found in the twinkling of an eye to the infinite satisfaction of all concerned.

Billiards for Convalescents? Burroughes & Watts' Tables.

THE BURBERRY

"Ensures security and comfort in all climates and every kind of weather."

—"LAND AND WATER."

THE WORLD OVER

—experienced soldiers—men whose lives are spent in making the best of existing weather conditions—all agree that only ONE coat will stand the critical tests to which they put it—and that is THE

BURBERRY

THE SUCCESS

of the Burberry has been phenomenal. Its inestimable value on Active Service has been attested by thousands of Officers who keenly appreciate its wet-resisting properties—warmth in cold weather—airy lightness—self-ventilation—freedom—workman-like appearance—its strength and durability.

THE REPUTATION

won by the Burberry during the South African War has been more than justified during the present campaign, which has conclusively proved it to be the most efficient safeguard available against the rain, snow, wind, cold, mud and water which are the everyday conditions under which our own and our gallant Allies' Armies are fighting.

DRY AFTER 3 DAYS' RAIN

"Just a line to congratulate you on the water-resisting properties of your goods. I was moved into the trenches, and all I had was one of your tropical raincoats with silk linings. This stood three days' rain, and although the men's coats were soaked, nothing got through my Burberry."—E. Monro.

Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free



Every Genuine Burberry Garment is labelled "Burberry."

Infantry or Cavalry Models with or without Detachable Fleece Linings

TWO NEW BURBERRY CAMPAIGNING COATS



Trench-Warm

TIELOCKEN COAT

Worn by LORD KITCHENER. Provides a double safeguard from throat to knees, and fastens without buttons.

BURBERRY TRENCH-WARM

A weatherproof that will keep out any rain that an "oily" will keep out; a Fleece Short-Warm; and a thick Overcoat for severe weather; in ONE coat. Worn together or separately.

UNIFORMS,

Great Coats, Wars, Caps, and every detail of Equipment.



Tielocken Coat

READY FOR USE, or to measure in 2 to 4 days.

BURBERRYS Haymarket London

8 & 10 Boul. des Capucines PARIS; Birmingham and Provincial Agents

Zambrene

"TRIPLE-TRIPLE" proof is the one reliable
rubberless Raincoat



The Royal Scots,
2/6 Batt.
Peebles.

"About a month ago we shifted camp, and from 4 o'clock in the morning it rained right on to the next morning . . . I was out all day and most of the night and was not in the very least wet, all the other men, without exception, had to change their tunics, etc., but I had not, thanks to the fine quality of 'Zambrene' you supplied me with."

Officers on Active Service testify that it keeps
out the rain as no other make will do . . .

No Officer's Kit complete without one

"Zambrene" "Triple-Triple" proof for Officers' use are stocked in the following Shapes:
INFANTRY PATTERN. CAVALRY PATTERN. TRENCH COAT WITH BELT.

All the above Shapes are made with or without detachable fleece.

Obtainable of Outfitters in every Town.

Wholesale only: B. BIRNBAUM & SON, Ltd., London, E.C.

THE WEST END

(Continued from page 29.)

butter, honey, tea and chocolate. Both the milk and cream are sterilised and will keep sweet for several weeks.

All that is necessary is to send the name and regiment and a remittance to the firm responsible for this brilliant idea. They then take the matter in hand, and for the sum of six shillings inclusive the man at the Front will receive a delightful present. Smaller cases containing fewer bottles of this much appreciated milk are also available at 3s. 3d.

Performing Animals.



British-made plush animals, which actually do what their small owners tell them, are making a sensation. The secret lies in the spiral springs concealed within their legs. Elephants, donkeys, bears, cats and dogs are all made in this particular way, and all follow the same obliging directions.

By tapping it on the head the animal walks, on the back it goes backwards. Striking it very sharply on the head makes the toy sit up, while if it is dropped sharply on its legs it will bounce and turn a somersault in more or less graceful fashion. Each animal has a long-ended bow of ribbon round its neck, and by dangling this wonderful things can be done. It will walk, dance or jump according to the whim and skill of its possessor, and great will be the merriment.

These animals are soft and furry, and make fascinating toys for even the smallest children. They are kept in a great number of different sizes costing 3s. 9d. upwards. How great is the range of size may be guessed from the fact that the last price for monster animals is 8gs. 6d.

Stockings that Wear.

English made hole-proof stockings of soft wear-resisting yarn are bringing immense business to their sole producers.

These stockings are all marked with a special stamp, without which none are genuine. They are comfortable to wear, and being warm without excessive thickness are unbeatable as a winter stocking.

A woman wearing these stockings is saved all the trouble unreliable hose bring. The ankles, heels, toes and feet being carefully spliced has much to do with the splendid way in which they wear, but other important points are their expert make and good material. The feet are hand-seamed, and this, as most people know, is rare with moderately priced stockings. The ones in question cost 1s. 3d. only, three pairs costing 3s. 8d. A box containing half a dozen is 7s., and these should last six months without darning, so that seven shillings could hardly be spent to better purpose. These hole-proof hose are stocked in black, tan, and white.

Children's hole-proof stockings in black or tan cost 1s. 2d. a pair in sizes 2 to 6. Three pairs cost 3s. 3d., and as in addition to other precautions they have specially spliced knees they are invaluable hose for the small folk.

A Cure for Chilblains.

Something in the way of a reliable cure for chilblains is wanted by many people just now, whether it be for their

own use at home, or for sending to friends and relations at the Front.

Chilliline is a remedy which has stood the test of time and experience, and can be recommended in every way. It is made by a well-known firm of manufacturing chemists who seem to have a special knack of presenting just the right thing at the right moment. This chilblain jelly of theirs has been used and well spoken of for a considerable time, but now with the comfort of our fighting forces in everybody's mind its value is intensified. It is safe and very efficacious. Being sold in collapsible tubes all that is necessary is to press out a little of the jelly upon the affected part, rub it gently in, and let time do the rest. It is worth noting that the cure, as a general rule, works exceedingly quickly, inflammation is promptly reduced, and pain and irritation allayed immediately.

The price of a good sized tube is 1s. 3d., irrespective of postal rates to the Expeditionary Forces.

For Personal Belongings.

Everybody at the Front has some small possessions, meaning much to his comfort and well being, which he wishes to keep from damp, rain, or any other harm. It is towards this end that one of the most reliable waterproof khaki holdalls ever invented has been designed. It is very strongly made, stoutly bound, and will withstand the roughest usage, while its waterproof qualities are past all shadow of doubt.

(Continued on page 32.)

AQUASCUTUM
TRENCH COAT

The most reliable Military Waterproof produced

Lined Detachable Camel Hair, Sheepskin, Fur or Leather

Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.

No matter what coat you have in mind, see the "Aquascutum" Trench Coat.

ONE WANTS THE BEST VALUE FOR MONEY. YOU GET IT IN THE "AQUASCUTUM" TRENCH COAT.



FROM THE LT.-COL. COMMANDING A LOWLAND BATTALION IN FRANCE:

"I should like you to know that I have given one of your fleece-lined Aquascutums a very severe trial during six months' trench work out here. I have nothing but praise for its wet and rain-resisting qualities, and it is free from several glaring faults which handicapped coats of two other makers, which I have had to wear for my sins. So far as durability is concerned, it does not look as if I would have to call upon you for a renewal for some considerable time."

ALL SIZES IN STOCK READY FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR.
HEIGHT AND CHEST MEASUREMENT ONLY REQUIRED.

Look for the Label

AQUASCUTUM.

Obtainable in LONDON only at the Sole Makers.

List of Provincial Agents on request.

AQUASCUTUM, LTD.,
100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE WEST END

(Continued from page 31.)

This holdall contains four pockets of varying sizes. Not only the holdall, but these pockets are waterproofed also. They close with patent fasteners, so that their contents are kept absolutely safe and secure.

When such a holdall as this reaches a man he has no longer any doubt as to where he can keep his tobacco, soap, writing materials and other small but none the less vastly important belongings. It solves the problem once and for all time. When rolled up the holdall, even when full, goes easily into a knapsack. It is as compact a thing as the heart of man could desire.

This waterproof holdall has never made so great an appeal as now, when the winter campaign is already upon us. Its very moderate cost is 6s. 6d., and it is worth every penny of the price.

(To be continued.)

The tendency towards military fashions for women has been severely snubbed in some quarters, yet from time to time it bubbles up again. The latest idea on the subject is the hat with a casque trimming, looking more like a Roman soldier's helmet than anything else. The casque is generally in rucked silk with the result that the hat is usually a very heavy one. There is a definite attraction about it, however, and it has the faculty of suitably accompanying the long fur coat in which most women spend the winter.

FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Maurice of 43, South Molton Street, are the clever designers and makers of the most convenient type of frock possible to imagine. Its possibilities are so great that it has been given the name of the "Eciruum," and has been registered as a special design. This frock serves for almost every occasion. It is delightful as a rest or tea gown, can be worn out-of-doors with a coat or furs, and is quite suitable as an unpretentious dinner frock. It slips on in a moment, and foremost in its favour is the fact that no fitting is needed.

In spite of this the "Eciruum" frock is of very up-to-date design, being made with short full skirt, girdled round the waist with a tasselled girdle, and with a pretty turn-down collar to take off any suspicion of hardness at the throat.

A great many models in silk, satin, duchess, chiffon, velvet, velveteen, taffetas, cashmere and serge are always in readiness, and the first price is the most moderate one of three and a half guineas. As a maternity gown, the "Eciruum" frock cannot be surpassed, it being simply ideal for the purpose.

A beautiful gift book.

THE WAR, 1915. For Boys and Girls. 1s. 6d. net.

By Elizabeth O'Neill, M.A. 16 Plates in Colour and Black.

Published by JACK. Sold by all Booksellers.

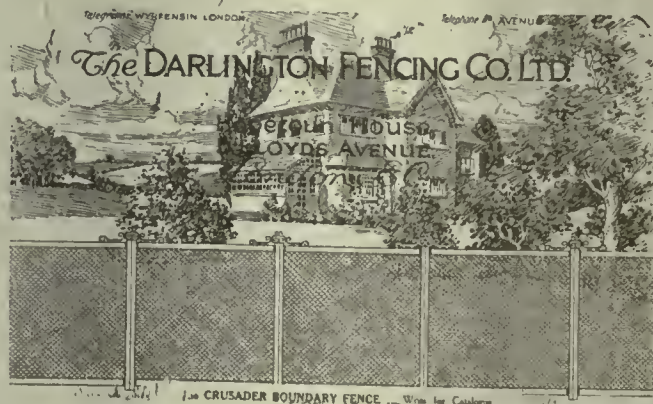
New Edition (18th), Cloth, 1s. 6d., Boards 1s. Of all Booksellers, or post free from the Publishers.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY.

WITH A CHAPTER ON GOUT and its DIETETIC TREATMENT.

By Dr. YORKE-DAVIES.

CONTENTS.—Evils of Corpulency. Dangerous conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Gout, etc. Diet the only safe and permanent cure at any age. Quack Medicines to reduce weight dangerous and useless. Evils of Over-eating and Sedentary Habits. Food in relation to Work, Exercise, etc. Analysis and composition of some largely advertised secret preparations for reducing weight. LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.



THE CRUSADER BOUNDARY FENCE. With the Catalogue.

"Chilliline"
THE CURE FOR
Chilblains
ONE APPLICATION GIVES RELIEF.
Sold by Chemists and Stores. Tubes 1/3; or from the proprietors—
OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN,
19 GOLDEN SQUARE, REGENT ST., LONDON.

Rimasop Sleeping Sacks Windproof & Waterproof

For the coming Winter Campaign.

Messrs. RIMELL & ALLSOP, of Bond St., are introducing a greatly improved Sleeping Sack for officers' use. They call attention to the following features:—

1. Instead of opening at the side, the Rimasop Sleeping Sack opens at the top, well out of reach of all ground water.
2. The flaps which cover the opening can be adjusted according to the direction of the wind. All draught is thus excluded, and a frequent cause of rheumatism removed.
3. Even if every part of the Sleeping Sack except the opening be totally submerged in water for hours together, the sleeper will remain dry. This is due to the SANRAINE lining. Though light and soft as eiderdown SANRAINE offers greater resistance to water than any other known fabric. Indeed it is largely used in the making of life-saving garments for use at sea, as SANRAINE will keep 20 times its own weight afloat for many weeks.

The price of the Rimasop Sleeping Sack, Sanraine-lined throughout, is £3 7 6.

Orders should, if possible, be placed in advance, as when winter sets in there may be some delay in meeting the demand for these Sleeping Sacks.

Rimell & Allsop

Sporting and Military Tailors,

54 New Bond Street, London, W.

TERMS—Cash on or before delivery.

CAMPAIGN COMFORTS

Leather Clothing is undoubtedly the best for Winter Service Wear. Warm, Windproof, Hygienic, it forms a splendid protection against exposure in the trenches or in the field. The models shown here are designed from the advice and practical experience of Officers who spent last Winter in Flanders.



For Post Orders give
Chest size. Goods
Post Free in U.K. To
France 1s. extra.



UNDER JACKETS

0. Natural Chamorra Leather with sleeves. 2 pockets inside, 2 pockets outside. Made from stout soft leathers ... 21/-
1. Tan Leather with sleeves. Warm flannel lining and two pockets. Made from selected glove leathers ... 29/6
2. Tan Leather with Steevea. Lined warm flannel. Specially stout soft leathers. Can be worn buttoned up at neck or open to show collar and tie ... 37/6
3. Brown Dustless Suede with sleeves. Lined warm flannel. Made from specially soft leathers ... 37/6
4. Natural Sheepskin with sleeves and two pockets. Skin outside and the natural fleece inside. A thoroughly practical garment 45/-



Sheepskin Trench
Gauntlet Glove,
with the natural fleece
inside. Very warm.
Handsewn.
4s. 6d.

WAISTCOATS

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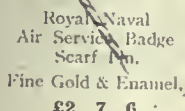
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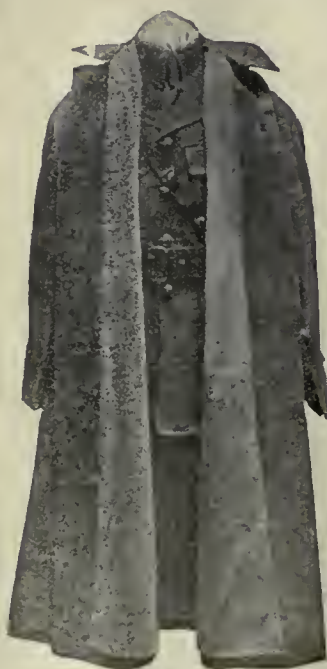
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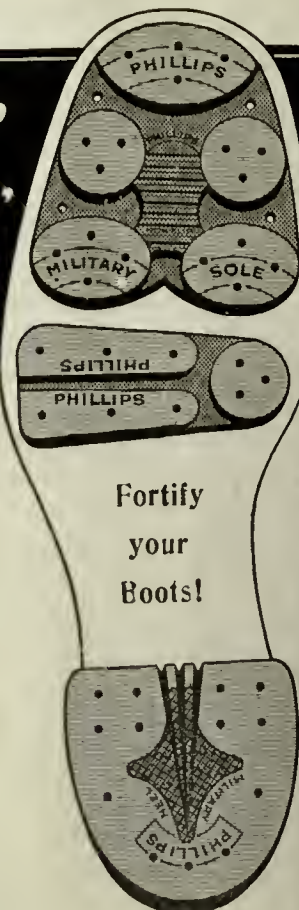
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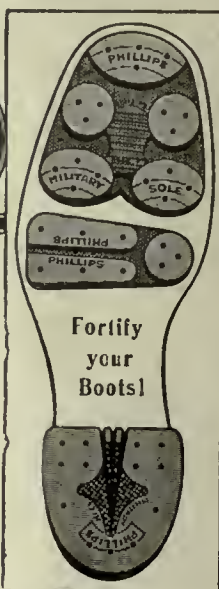
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THE POSITION IN MACEDONIA.

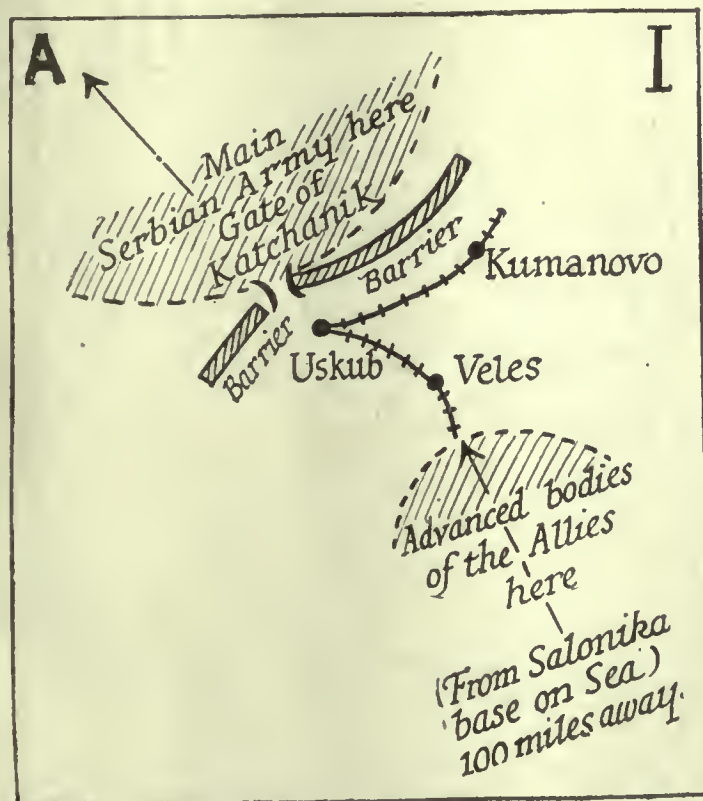
By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

WE have discussed in these columns, during the last few weeks, the nature of the situation in Macedonia.

We have seen that the first effort of the Allies was made with the object of reaching Veles, for if Veles had been reached Uskub would have been rendered untenable by the enemy, and it was the enemy's occupation of Uskub which separated the mass of the Serbian army from the advanced bodies of the Allies. One may regard the roadless mountains north and east of Uskub as a sort of barrier, through which was one gate at Katchanik, and behind which lay the mass of the Serbian army. Uskub was the position barring that gate. Veles, lying at the base of a triangle of roads and railways, of which Uskub was the apex, commanded the plain in which Uskub stands. If the Allied Contingents had been strong enough to force their way to Veles, and to threaten an advance on Kumanovo, Uskub would have been abandoned by the enemy, the Katchanik gate would have been open, the main Serbian army could have joined hands with the advanced bodies of the Allies, the whole would have formed one line and that line would have been able to stand against the enemy, receiving continual reinforcements and supply from the sea.

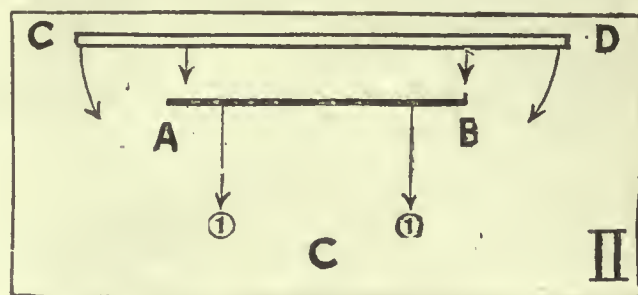


But the Allied forces were not strong enough to push their way to Veles. The numbers of the Bulgarians already occupying the Uskub, Veles, Kumanovo triangle were far more numerous by the time the advanced bodies of the Allies had established contact with them. The Katchanik

Gate was never open. The main Serbian army was, therefore, not able to join hands with the Franco-British to the south, and on the contrary were compelled to retire to the north-east along the direction of the Arrow A in diagram I.

The consequence of this was that the Franco-British force found itself holding a line unconnected with any other forces, open on both its flanks, and opposed to forces which were already more than double its own and might grow at will to three times its own.

It is self-evident that when such a line, unsupported on its flanks, is opposed by largely superior numbers those largely superior numbers can turn it at will. If I am holding the line A B



with 20,000 men, and there is country through which the enemy can march beyond B to the right or A to the left, then with larger forces than mine—say 40,000 men—as at C D my enemy can hold me on the line A B, and can turn me round the right or the left flank at B or at A as he chooses: or, if he is in sufficient strength, upon both flanks at once. If I stand still and let him do that my force is annihilated. Therefore, before the threat of such a turning movement I retire in the direction of the arrows (I) (I) towards my base at C. In the process of such a retirement my object will be to save all I can of my stores and equipment while sufficiently holding the enemy and inflicting upon him as much loss as I can. On whichever flank the enemy has chosen to act there will the greatest danger of loss be, there will the greatest pressure be exercised by the enemy.

In the particular case of the Allied position in Macedonia, the line extended over a distance of about fifty miles a fortnight ago, when the possibility of effecting a junction with the Serbians was at an end, and when the ultimate necessity of retirement had become evident. This line was thus composed.

On its left the French held positions in the triangle between the Vardar and Czerna Rivers, an open piece of land among the mountains, in the centre of which stood the village of Kavadar, which gave the position its name. The mass of the French forces were in this triangle, and had in front of them increasing Bulgarian forces threatening both sides. Down the valley of the Vardar ran a single line railway to Salonika, and immediately behind the main French position was

a defile or gorge known as the Gorge of Demir Kapu. South of that gorge the railway crossed the river on a bridge to the station of Gradetz. Further south again beyond Strumitza Station it re-crossed the river, then proceeded down the valley, crossing again much further to the south and so reaching Salonika.

The French at the beginning of the movement held, not only the triangle of Kavadar, but positions beyond the Vardar River, covering the Demir Kapu Gorge; thence the line went on eastward, south of Strumitza town in Bulgarian territory and on to the south-east of that town, passing through and in front of Kosturino. All this right or eastern end of the line was held by the British. Behind the British was the frontier ridge of mountains, and behind that again the Lake Doiran. The state of affairs then, at the inception of the movement was that indicated upon the accompanying diagram III. The Allies lay, as does the thick dotted line on diagram III, in extension about fifty miles and on an average some eighty miles from their base at Salonika. The Bulgarians, in far superior number, were beginning to attack along the direction of the arrows, and their turning movement was developing by the right, that is along the arrows 1 1.

Already, ten days ago, the French began evacuating their principal position in the triangle of Kavadar between the Czerna and Vardar Rivers, and were standing at the north end of the Demir Kapu Gorge by the railway through which they were evacuating their stores, an operation which they performed with success.

It was upon Tuesday of last week that the main Bulgarian advance began, taking the form

of a very violent attack upon the French positions at the head of the gorge and upon the eastern bank of the Vardar beyond it, while at the same time they were attacking the British lines in front of Strumitza and massing on the extreme right to turn the British flank by Kosturino.

Upon the Wednesday, December 8th, the line had fallen back as far as Gradetz, having destroyed the tunnel in the Demir Kapu Gorge and the bridge over the river north of Gradetz station. That evening and night—that is, the night between Wednesday and Thursday—the French rearguard maintained itself in Gradetz with a good deal of street fighting, which appears to have been expensive in men. By the Thursday the French were standing north of Strumitza station.

Meanwhile, further to the east, the attack was proceeding against the British line, and it was apparently upon that Thursday that its chief activity developed: Thursday, December the 9th. The fighting appears to have continued on into Friday the 10th before the British fell back, but we have not full details of this at the moment of writing, Monday noon.* The weight of the attack came, of course, as we have said, upon the British flank along the arrows 1 1 upon diagram III, the object of the enemy being to turn this flank with his superior numbers and to envelop the line. In this he seems to have failed, but this main attack taking place in a dense fog cost the force fifteen hundred casualties, and the loss of 8, or (according to the enemy's account) 10 guns. At the end of it the whole line was retired and

*The printing of my article this week has to be advanced by more than 24 hours.



IV



shortened, its positions being roughly those indicated upon diagram III. by the line of crosses, and running just north from Lake Doiran, past Strumitza bridge and station, and across the River Vardar to the left where it covered the station of Gevgeli.

At this point we shall do well to notice particularly the position of the Greek frontier.

Political frontiers are, as a rule, indifferent to the study of military operations, saving so far as their crossing may have a moral effect upon civilian opinion.

But in this case, the new political frontier of Greece, established two years ago, after the second Balkan war, has a considerable strategic significance. Greece is still neutral. It is still doubtful (at the moment of writing, Monday noon) whether it may not be to the enemy's advantage to respect that neutrality, or whether he will cross the frontier and continue the pursuit of retreat from the Greek territory.

Meanwhile, the Allied line stood, on Friday last, thus close to the Greek frontier but not yet across it.

Of further movements no definite news had come by Monday mid-day, but there was a strong rumour confirmed from Allied sources at Salonika that the whole right or western bank of the Varda had been evacuated, the station at Gevgeli consequently given up, and that the whole of the Allied forces were concentrated in the comparatively

small space which is distinguished by Lake Doiran: the projecting triangle of Serbian territory in the extreme south-east of that state between Bulgaria and Greece.

As the position now stands, therefore, we have the Allied-force holding a line not more than twenty-five miles in length, if as much, and immediately along the new Greek frontier, and falling back towards its base at Salonika before forces, hitherto only Bulgarian, greatly superior in number, holding it in front and still able to continue indefinitely the threat of turning it by its eastern or right flank.

The suggestion has been made that this enveloping movement would be a double one, and that while the work being done upon the right or Eastern end of the Allied line (work which probably depended upon the Struma Valley for its communications) was compelling the whole Allied line to fall back, other of their forces would appear upon the western flank and work down towards Vodena with the object of destroying the Allied forces by a complete envelopment before they could take up defensive positions in front of Salonika. Such a manoeuvre is possible enough to the numbers of the enemy, but there are very considerable difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. The turning movement round by the left or west would have to invade Greek territory before the Allies had fallen back upon it. It would either have to come round by Monastir, following the

line of the railway, by Lake Ostrovo and then by the main road to Vödena, which is a very long distance compared with that through which the Allied line has to retire, or it would have to come over the mountain mass of the Karadjova, where there is no road, and across which no very considerable body of men could move quickly.

The chances of an envelopment of the Allied lines by the enemy are small, but the enemy's power to compel its continued retirement is clear. The whole interest in the immediate future will lie (if it be determined to hold Salonika) upon whether the Allied Forces are sufficiently numerous to hold the semicircle of heights overlooking the town—that is of course supposing that they are given a free hand to attempt this defence. The shortest perimeter for safely holding such positions is between thirty and forty miles, and even these do not include the secure possession of the mouth of the Gulf.

For the purposes of this retirement the Allies are well furnished with communications. There are, as appears on the foregoing diagram IV, two lines of railway running parallel and connected by a lateral line. There are also fair roads and the mountain passes, through which these lines pass,



are not as high and difficult as those to the north in which the first operations were undertaken. But the real problem would seem to be how such forces as the Allies have been able to land and supply will be able to defend Salonika itself.

As we saw last week, in a sketch map here reproduced, the series of positions surrounding the port of Salonika and establishing a strong unbroken line at a sufficient distance from the town itself demand a force sufficient to hold in strength a line longer than that now held by the advanced body of the Allies, and almost as long as the original line which the Allies held before the retirement began. Such a horse-shoe of positions now taken up in Salonika could not be turned, for each flank would repose upon the sea, but to attempt to hold a shorter line nearer Salonika itself, and such a one as could be more securely maintained with the numbers at the disposal of the Allies, would have two grave disadvantages.

First, it would be everywhere overlooked, and we know from the experience of the whole campaign what this means. Dominating positions are no longer, as they once were, valuable for the emplacement of artillery, but they screen artillery and they give power of observation over the movements of the opposed force.

Secondly, when the reconstruction of the railway shall permit the enemy to bring up his

larger pieces with their munitionment, it will be imperative to have the protecting lines thrust out at some distance from the port. If they are too near, the quays and the depots and stores will be subject to bombardment, even though the lines can be securely held, and a limited area such as that of a seaport affords a target which could be rendered useless to our purposes under such a bombardment.

Whether these problems will arise or no only the future can show. They depend upon political much more than upon military conditions. We do not know whether the attitude of Greece will permit such a defence of Salonika at all. We do not know whether the enemy will think it advisable to enter Greek territory or no. But, eliminating these political factors and considering the ground merely as a terrain for the manoeuvre of armies, the conditions are those just described. First, that the enemy can compel our retirement upon Salonika, secondly that the opportunities for that retirement are well provided with fair communications, thirdly, that the end of the retirement, the defence of Salonika, is difficult through the configuration of the land, for the heights most suitable to the defence of the town, and continued by the line of the unfordable Vardar, constitute a very extended three-quarters of a circle: to which difficulties may be added the time required for the consolidation of such lines.

THE EFFECT OF TIME.

Anyone who will exercise the necessary restraint, and discover the necessary wisdom, to look at the War as it now is, will agree that the uncertain temper of many people in this country at the present moment is due, not to calculable definite military forces the interplay of which they could define, but to nothing more than the efflux of time.

It is the succession of days and weeks without events upon which anxiety can fasten for relief that has produced this mental effect.

The more you consider the stages through which the opinion of such people has passed in the last year, the more you see that this mere lack of patience—the besetting weakness of the adventurous at the best, the sensational and nervous at the worst—is the generator of this discontent.

It has, of course, a certain negative basis in the absurd views of War which preceded the present slow siege work in the minds of such critics.

They had no conception of War upon a national scale. They had thought of it for a very long time past as a Colonial adventure undertaken against enemies inferior in equipment and usually not possessed of any military organisation.

They had never been given a sense of measure with regard to War.

They had been told (and they believed it because it was comfortable) that superiority at sea worked miracles upon land. "Any position can be outflanked from the sea," "A force can land anywhere under protection of the guns of a fleet."

Again, they had the conception that any War, to be of real moment, must be a duel between their own country and some one other country or combination of countries: although such a duel had never taken place.

Lastly, they had been taught that victory was a matter of course, taking place far from these

shores and interfering but slightly with the general comfort of the community.

It is no wonder that upon such startling misconceptions (and they were very common) of European War, the development of the present campaign should have bred disappointment, and the two chief elements in that disappointment have been to this section of opinion the necessity for endurance, and the obvious possibilities of failure. The fact that the victory of one's own side is not an obvious and necessary part of the scheme of things.

If, however, one forgets this irrational mood into which a portion of the public has fallen and considers the situation as it is, then it is precisely the factor of time which appears as an advantage to the Alliance, though there are other factors gravely disadvantageous to it.

In order to see the situation as it is, the best way is always to take the point of view of the enemy's Higher Command. That has been the method of every Captain in history who was not contemptible, and it has the obvious merits of discovering (if one's analysis is just) the elements of strength existing against one's own position which we otherwise might have overlooked, and at the same time of showing us where our own opportunity lies.

It is true that there are always psychological or mental elements in the enemy's Commander's point of view which one can only guess at and which very often falsify the picture. For instance, Napoleon Buonaparte, during the first days of his occupation of Moscow in 1812, certainly exaggerated the chances in his favour and was subject to illusions both upon the Russian character and upon the mere mathematics of the military situation: The enemy Higher Command at this moment may possibly suffer from similar misjudgments of mental factors in the situation. He may think the French to be a softer people than they are, or the British a less consecutive people than they are. But he has before him certain elements of calculation which he cannot ignore.

Let us see how the situation appears to him.

THE WAR SEEN FROM THE ENEMY HIGHER COMMAND.

Of his plan as a whole he now knows, like a piece of ancient history, that he has failed in that rapid action which was his one clearly thought-out scheme.

He failed to surround, pierce, or put out of action in any fashion, the French Armies; therefore, his war, which was to have been the end of a trilogy, the short, sure, triumphant and conclusive chapter parallel to, but greater than, the chapters of 1866 and 1870, has become an immensely expensive, not yet disastrous, but already very doubtful thing. He is in this respect like a man who goes out in his yacht from Plymouth to make Cherbourg (having previously telegraphed to London that he would dine there a week later) and finds himself more than a month afterwards in the middle of the North Atlantic, and in very bad weather at that.

All this, I say, is ancient history to him as to us. The gentleman who had gone out in his yacht to go to Cherbourg on a fine summer's day and found himself a month later in the middle of the North Atlantic, would still have legitimate cause to congratulate himself if, after carrying

away a good deal of his gear, he had managed to weather one or two bad storms and was now at least upon a course. He might say "this is not what I bargained for, but I am not lost."

Take it for all in all, the general attitude of the enemy's Higher Command at this moment admits the possibility of winning through. It is believed possible by that Higher Command that political action, or the political effect of his military position in the near future, will permit him to save the Prussian State and its dependents. He does not hope for more. Every word uttered by his spokesmen, by his dupes and by his agents, in Germany, in the neutral countries and even (to their shame) among the belligerent populations opposed to him proves the limitations of his present demand. He no longer talks of European domination. He no longer preaches the necessity and beauty of aggression. He now talks of the territory he now occupies as an asset for bargaining. He now talks of an "honourable" peace—the first time this word "honourable" has ever appeared in a Prussian scheme of settlement. He now emphasises the uselessness of bloodshed and the wickedness of slaughter—ideas hitherto wholly foreign to Prussian history.

He, however, believes still in the possibility of a settlement which shall leave Prussianised Germany intact and secure from future challenge—that is free to continue its growth and menace to others. He is working for that.

But if he believes this conclusion to be possible through the political weakness of his enemies, through their divisions and lack of common direction, through their supposed weariness, through their diversity, through the advent of new forces (as yet neutral) upon his side, through the violent financial pressure which the cosmopolitan usurers have already begun to exercise in his favour; yet he knows that every one of these elements in his calculation, valuable as they are, are separate from the purely military elements of the situation.

These last he cannot possibly disregard. They are the basis of all judgments formed by soldiers with regard to any war. If it is an error to exaggerate them and often a fatal error to consider them *only* in a campaign, yet it is intellectually contemptible to forget them. And no soldier ever does forget them.

Now what are these purely military elements in the situation? He knows them as well as we do. They may be tabulated in the following list.

One. The great main forces of the enemy and of the Allies stand, and must necessarily stand, in Poland and in France, that is, upon the Eastern and the Western lines of the great siege. If the end of the War finds them still so standing, well and good for the enemy. If the enemy achieves upon one of these two great lines a real decision, well and better for him. If he really defeats—puts out of action—the Western or the Russian forces opposed to him, he can then concentrate upon the other and perhaps defeat that in its turn. On the other hand, the two great lines, the Eastern and Western, equally offer an opportunity for his foes. *Let him suffer a decisive defeat upon either and he is immediately lost.* He cannot, after such a defeat, fight a prolonged losing campaign, any more than a man who has kept two doors shut with his outstretched hands can fail to collapse if one of the two doors is forced, or

more than a stretched elastic can recover if it is worn through at some point of tension.

He knows that the two great fronts, Eastern and Western, are the only theatres of War in which a decision can appear. No losses, threats, or anxieties anywhere else can determine the War positively as a piece of strategy. *Politically* the moral effect of movement elsewhere may be sufficient to disgust, weary or throw into panic some one member of the alliance. Doubtless he hopes for such a consummation. But in mere strategy the thing is physically impossible. The enemy cannot—it is not an opinion, it is mathematics—hold, still less win through, unless he keeps upon those lines quite four-fifths of his present available forces and quite four-fifths of anything he could possibly gather by the adhesion of forces hitherto neutral.

Now what is his position upon these two lines, the Eastern and the Western? What are the numbers actually available to him? What elements dangerous to him upon them does the future hold? What remaining reserve of power has he to use upon those lines?

We all know the answer to those questions. The enemy knows them and we know them. But because he is wisely silent upon them while our press never presents them to the public, they must again be repeated here.

The enemy, as a whole (that is the Germans, Austrians, Turks and Bulgarians) cannot act as a whole upon the two main lines. Only the two central Empires can deal with them. And the two central Empires must keep upon the Western line (counting the Italian front) close upon two and a quarter million men. They must keep something more than this upon their Eastern front; and they must allow, say, a million and a half men for their combined communications and auxiliary services.

That is their permanent and absolutely necessary establishment in numbers, maintaining which they hope to hold, with less than which they cannot hold, the two great fronts.

For how long and in what fashion can they stand, or even later perhaps attempt an offensive upon these two lines?

We know within a very close margin how the German Contingent stands with regard to this problem. The calculation for the Austro-Hungarian Contingents is less certain, but it is a fair assumption to regard them as in a state corresponding to that of their powerful neighbour.

The German position is simply this: that, with the end of this year 1915, they have exhausted their efficient reserves. They are beginning to draw upon their first categories of inefficients, and they keep in reserve what remains of their younger class 1916, while preparing to call up at any moment the still younger class 1917. These two between them yield at a maximum 800,000 of new material, at a minimum 600,000.

The situation is not a complicated one, nor one difficult for anyone to follow within Germany or without. It is a gamble upon the power to hold out with a gradual increasing proportion of inefficients until accident shall give them the use of armies hitherto neutral, or until they can use their younger classes.

Sum it up and it is clearly apparent that the effort as a whole is one which permits of no indefinite prolongation. It permits of a few months, especially if wastage can be kept down through

the winter. It even permits of some renewed local offensive, which is not without chance of local success (though that is improbable) either late in the winter or with the spring. But it is not a situation which permits the Higher Command to look forward to a prolonged strain of War. It is a situation not relieved at all by a risky extension of front in the Balkans, and not materially relieved by any tardy enlistment, equipment and training of the insufficient Turkish reserve of man-power. But it is a situation which the addition of Greece, *and much more the addition of Roumania*, would temporarily relieve. No one in writing a military history would call such a situation "victory," or even see in it a tendency towards victory. It is a condition of siege; but of a siege that can be well maintained for some time longer and which the enemy hopes to raise.

THE ALLIED FORCES.

What of the forces opposing, that is of the forces of the Allies which pin the great mass of the enemy to these lines?

Numerically, the German General Staff surveying the situation knows, just as we know, that the situation of the Allies is one permitting an almost indefinite prolongation of hostilities. The reserve of man-power in France is, in proportion to its population, not very much greater than the reserve of man-power of the enemy. It is a *little* greater because the French have been more economical of men—and the enemy would give a great deal to know exactly what France has lost. But it is not much greater. But in Italy; in Great Britain and in Russia there is a reserve which is simply overwhelming.

On the other hand, this numerical calculation alone is not everything. It is upon other factors that the German Higher Command is speculating for its chances of maintaining its position until (as it hopes) the great Alliance shall either dissolve or grow weary.

These factors on which the enemy relies are four.

First, the Italian forces (which came late into the campaign) are directed to special objects not exactly consonant with those of the rest of the Alliance.

Next, there is the delay unavoidable in the re-armament of the Russian numbers.

Thirdly, there is the difficulty of officering those numbers (a difficulty felt by all services in this stage of the War, but supposed to be particularly heavy in Russia).

Lastly, there is the fact that the British forces are, in very great proportion new and also somewhat handicapped by the necessity for rapid and novel organisation.

These moral elements cannot be measured with the same measure as the numerical ones; no one can give an exact calculation of them.

But a sober judgment will lean against any exaggeration of them, and it is probable that the enemy's Higher Command, in its private calculations, gives them very much less weight than is given to them in public pronouncements, such as the recent military speech of Hindenburg and the same general and less valuable parliamentary remarks of the Chancellor.

Thus, the necessary slowness of Russian re-equipment is really a more serious matter than the difficulty in officering, and it is a matter which

time in the nature of things will remedy. It is equally true that time (coupled with the stupidity of such actions as the sinking of the *Ancona*) makes for strengthening the bonds between Italy and the Alliance. While as for the calculation that the new British Armies will fail through their over-rapid recruitment, training and organisation we now know by experience, as does the enemy, that he has quite miscalculated.

There is indeed, an element of weakness in suddenly constituted forces of such enormous size with nearly new cadres. But everyone now admits that the experience of the war has been much more in favour of those forces than the enemy, or even the Allies, had been led to expect.

In general then, the enemy, if he is using a sober judgment in the matter, sees the element of time working against himself: already working against him in that he is playing a delicate game of depending upon insufficient reserves and keeping back his new levies for later work, and necessarily against him if he obtains no peace in the coming winter and spring—for later the prolongation of the war will be inclining affairs very rapidly indeed against him.

A legend confined to this country, or rather to some sections of this country, suggests that this growing inferiority of the enemy's position in man-power is made up by his superior power of production. In the production of equipment, this is still probably true. In the production of munitions it certainly is not. And it is further evident that he has reached his maximum of production (for there is only so much shell to be got with so much labour—no matter what your production of steel or your plant may be) while the Allies are nowhere near the maximum of theirs upon the West. Further, the neutral market in complete munitions (for what it is still worth) is open to the Allies and closed to the enemy.

If this is the aspect of the matter (as it certainly is) to the enemy's Higher Command, we shall next do well to consider how the same facts look to the enemy's general opinion, because the view taken by that general opinion is a very strong political factor in the situation as a whole. We have not so much to consider its exactitude or illusion, its wisdom or folly, as the effect which it has upon the prolongation of hostilities.

THE CIVILIAN AND GENERAL OPINION OF THE ENEMY.

There is little doubt, if we take the evidence of reliable observers, that not only German civilian opinion, but the general opinion of the country, including the rank and file of the Army in Germany, is that the central powers have already won the war.

I repeat, it is not to our purpose to dilate upon the magnitude of this error. The views of a whole people, true or false, affect policy in proportion to the intensity with which they are held, and held intensely and tenaciously. Such illusions are. It would be easy to point out in any one of a dozen sciences popular errors quite as numerous and quite as ineradicable save in the test of experience. It is not only in the military art and science, it is in every branch of special study that this is the case.

For instance, in economics: the mass of the people will always regard a five pound note as something absolute; a few experts have heard of

RAEMAEEKERS' CARTOONS.

We are glad to be able to announce that we have now secured, so far as sixpenny journals are concerned, exclusive rights to the original work of Mr. Louis Raemakers, the distinguished Dutch cartoonist, who in the future will be a regular contributor to LAND AND WATER, and will supply weekly an original cartoon to its pages.

The exhibition of Mr. Raemakers' drawings has opened the eyes of the British people to the full reality and horror of the war. It has drawn all London to it, for the sincerity of the work is only equalled by the extraordinary ability of the draughtsman. Mr. Raemakers before the war was a landscape painter and an illustrator of books, but henceforth he will be known only for his cartoons. There is no living artist with his power of depicting the very soul of an episode, and he combines with this a keen wit, so that his pictures are often the most biting satire imaginable.

Mr. Arthur Baumann in a letter to the "Westminster Gazette" of December 14th, in which he pleads for national and official recognition of Mr. Raemakers' work, writes:—"A genius—apparently the only genius produced by the war—has come amongst us as our friend and most powerful ally. Long after the leading and 'leaded' articles in the papers have been forgotten, and the innumerable books on the war have fallen into the dusty crypt of back numbers, the cartoons of Mr. Raemakers will live to feed the fierce indignation of succeeding generations. . . . Louis Raemakers has nailed the Kaiser to a cross of immortal infamy."

The original cartoons which Mr. Louis Raemakers will henceforth draw for LAND AND WATER will be a new commentary on the War; our readers will be able to judge from them how its varying episodes and incidents present themselves week by week to the mind of a Neutral.

index numbers and can discuss the inflation of the currency and gold reserve, but for the mass of the people a five pound note is a piece of absolute value. When it goes only half as far as it used to do, you will never convince them that it has changed in value. They will still believe that it is all the other things—the things they purchase with it—that have changed in value.

It is just the same in military affairs. This general or popular opinion regards an advance as the one proof of military success, a retirement as the one proof of military failure. War upon an enemy's soil is a successful war and war upon your own soil is an unsuccessful war. It is obvious that there is a large element of truth in this attitude. It is equally obvious that as a final attitude it is fatuous. Anyhow it is the final attitude of all general opinion in all wars. We had an excellent example of it here the other day when the destruction of a quarter of a million of the enemy's forces, with the expense of about half the same loss upon our side, was a bitter disappointment and almost

regarded as a defeat, because it resulted in no considerable movement of the line in the West. Further, it must be remembered that general opinion cannot be expected to calculate even an immediate future. It is nourished only by the past. It deals only with obvious results at the moment. And the obvious results of the war in the eyes of general enemy opinion are unmistakable: Prisoners nearly double in number those held by their foes, enumerated and even exaggerated by their Government, while we keep silent about ours; great belts of foreign territory occupied for months; quite recently a further advance in the south-east. Consider that these tangible and obvious results fall upon a people who have depended on fixed labels for a generation wherewith to judge their neighbours. The Germans solemnly believe the Russians to be savages, the French to be physically decayed, and the British commonwealth to be both timid and senile. With such preconceptions the effect of their experience is inevitable. It is summed up in the speech of some Socialist or other speaking in the German Parliament last week, to the effect that the "German victory was one such as history had never yet seen."

We must remember that in this connection not one man in a hundred in Germany could give you even the shortest outline of the Battle of the Marne, and that the great shock of last September was presented through the German press as nothing more than a successful resistance to a blow which failed, and which cost us three times as many men as it costs their own forces. They are further told that the immensely expensive fighting on the Dwina is no more than a deliberate marking of time, and their eyes are of course particularly directed by the censored press to the Balkans and even to the further East.

We must steadily keep in mind this attitude of the enemy's general opinion (as distinguished from that of his Higher Command) as we follow the developments of the next few months.

It has elements of strength and of weakness.

Its element of strength is one and simple: it permits the Government at Berlin and the chiefs of the armies to act with complete freedom. By the new year the Allies will have actually killed, in one way or another, close upon 1,000,000 Germans and probably three-fourths as many Austro-Hungarians. But the strain of the enormous losses these figures connote is relieved by the sense of victory as by an anæsthetic; and it is true of the enemy of to-day, as it has been true of every country in a similar situation in the past, that the belief in victory excuses everything in a Government.

On the other hand, the elements of weakness are many. That disillusionment will lead to revolution no sane man would believe. Revolution means striking at your master and even beating him down, and that is a thing none of the German race have ever done or can do. They have never revolted against a master, whether that master were a civilisation imposed upon them from without, or a landed class, or a local despot, or a system. But it makes the task of the master exceedingly hard and it leads to a dissipation of his forces when his servants, however willing, are out of touch with reality. We had an excellent example of this in the Chancellor's speech the other day in the Reichstag, every word of which was designed for a domestic opinion which was utterly

wrong in its general judgment. It was the pronouncement of a Government which had to deal with subjects who could not understand why, since they had won the fruits of victory these fruits were not presented to them: and the chief fruit of victory is peace.

Another weakness which illusions of this sort create is parallel, and converse to, that which they create in our own public, where the press is allowed to foster them. They tempt a Government to false military measures. We all know that the portion of our press which also represents the enemy as victorious is a weakness to us because (among other things) it tempts those in authority to false measures lest public opinion should get out of hand. It is inevitable that there should be in the enemy's country a converse phenomenon, a sort of necessity imposed upon the Higher Command and the Government, of never falling back upon lines shorter and more secure, of always maintaining, at whatever risk, some violent offensive somewhere.

It has already bred in the enemy's conduct a policy, the exact opposite from which you will observe in the French. The whole French military policy has consisted in a few determined local offensives interrupted by long periods of accumulation. A corresponding policy upon the part of the enemy when he finds himself driven to economy in men will prove impossible. H. BELLOC.

Messrs. Sifton Praed and Co. have just published a six-penny manual entitled *Grenade Warfare*, by Lieut. G. Dyson, intended as a summary of the training and organisation of grenadiers. The various branches of this class of work, from the improvising of bombs to barricading, are usefully summarised, and, owing to the absence of any official manual on the use of grenades in war, this handbook by a brigade grenadier officer should meet a ready welcome among junior officers detailed for this branch of work.

The Canadian humorist, Mr. Stephen Leacock, gibes gently and pleasantly at many things in *Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy*. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.) The lurid phrases of the modern novel, the persistency of club bores, and the possibilities of infusing an element of romance into algebraic problems and Gilbert Murray's work on the calculus are among his studies, while a series of truthful after-dinner speeches makes for genuine mirth. Unlike a number of so-called humorists, Mr. Leacock is really funny, as these sketches prove.

At a first glance, M. Paul Sabatier's book, *A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War* (T. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net), seems to incline too much to the sentimental side, but this impression is soon modified, and before the end of the book is reached it is entirely erased. Many of the statements made, especially those in the article by Camille Jullian, with which the book ends, are truisms, but they are truisms which cannot be too often expressed. The principal lesson of the book is the way in which the war has awakened the national conscience of France, transfigured the country, and made defeat unthinkable and impossible. The chapter on Alsace is especially worthy of attention, while the book as a whole, giving the French view of the war, should prove illuminating to English readers.

A good idea not only of Petrograd, but of Russia and Russian life, may be gained from a perusal of *Petrograd Past and Present*, by W. Barnes Steveni. (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.) The author, whose knowledge of his subject has been obtained during many years residence in Russia has collected in this volume a mass of fact and legend, which is presented in an intimate, personal fashion that renders the book attractive as well as useful. The ground covered admits of no more than sketches of the life and character of the Russian capital, but these sketches are well drawn, while attention is also paid to the famous fortress of Cronstadt and the not less famous stronghold of Peter and Paul. The author's intimate knowledge of his subject is guarantee of the accuracy of this interesting book.

SUBMARINE ACHIEVEMENT.

By ARTHUR POLLEN.

MANY months had passed without our receiving any news whatever of naval operations in the Adriatic when, on December 8th, the Austrians announced that the *Novara*, accompanied by some destroyers, had sunk five steamers off San Giovanni di Medua, five large and five small sailing vessels. During the same operations, the French submarine *Fresnel* was claimed to have been sunk, the commander, second officer and twenty-six men being taken prisoners. It was announced on the same date that on the 23rd November a steamer armed with three guns had been sunk by a destroyer flotilla, and that a two-funnelled Italian cruiser had been sent to the bottom off Valona on December 5th. A Reuter telegram from Paris said that there was an official announcement by Montenegro on the 6th December that nine vessels of the Austrian Cattaro squadron had been bombarding Durazzo and had sunk several Montenegrin, Albanian and one Italian sailing vessel. A later telegram from Rome greatly discounts the bag claimed by the Austrians, but though the damage done has certainly been exaggerated, the fact of the *Novara's* raid does not seem to be disputed.

The *Novara* is the latest and probably the fastest of the Austrian cruisers. Her designed speed is 27 knots. Italy possesses three cruisers of about the same displacement, and they are nominally a knot faster. But vessels of this speed can evade each other without any difficulty in so large an area as the Adriatic. What is difficult to understand in this story of the attack on San Giovanni, is that so many vessels should have been in this port discharging war material without adequate warship protection. But we are so entirely without information as to the course of events in the Adriatic that there is no material for comment and it is useless to speculate. But it is obvious that if Italy intends to intervene in the Balkan field by penetrating Albania and Montenegro from the sea, her navy will have to be ready to defend the expeditionary forces and their supplies.

SUBMARINES IN THE STRAITS.

The cruise of the *Novara* suggests that the Italian seamen were caught off their guard. The Austrian Navy has been so long supine, that it may have been thought impossible that any ship would ever emerge. But there has certainly been no lack of enemy submarine activity. From the 2nd December to the 9th, the casualties in the Mediterranean averaged one a day. It will evidently tax the naval resources of the Allies to bring this campaign under. The importance of a satisfactory arrangement with Greece cannot in this matter be exaggerated. The Spetzai incident emphasises this. Every Greek ship is evidently closely scrutinised by enemy spies. Indeed, in cutting off the submarines' supplies lies almost the sole hope of dealing with this menace satisfactorily. And it seems to be notorious that it is from Greece that most of the supplies are obtained. It is safe to assume that the Italian and French navies are

doing all that is possible to help in the anti-submarine campaign. But we should remember that to deal with this menace in home waters we have had to mobilise many hundreds of craft of all kinds, and there are not craft of this character available either to France or to Italy. When one remembers that the coast from Jaffa to the Dardanelles is hostile, that three-quarters of the North African coast is either hostile or neutral, that Spain at one end, and Greece and the Greek Islands at the other, afford almost infinite opportunities for supply and refuge, it must be realised how greatly the factor of numbers in the patrolling craft must influence the result. For this reason it is hardly to be expected that the danger will be got under at an early date.

On the other hand, if the stories are true that Allied reinforcements are landing continuously at Salonika, it would seem as if the local defence could be made entirely—or at any rate almost—complete on any one route. In this the campaign seems to be following a course parallel to our North Sea and Channel experiences. The ships, British, Allied and Neutral, which have been successfully attacked in home waters numbers now nearly 400. And in the early days of the campaign, a very large proportion of the losses were incurred in the close neighbourhood of the transport routes. Yet amongst these victims, there has not been a single troop ship nor so far as is known, a single War Office supply ship. Unfortunately in the Mediterranean, there were at least three points of embarkation to protect before the Italians decided to take a hand in the Balkan Campaign. There must now be four or even five. All this adds to the difficulty.

PROBLEMS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Take it for all in all then, the submarine raises in the Mediterranean a series of problems that are both larger in scale and more complicated in character than have been raised hitherto. But though this is so there is absolutely no reason for taking wrong and exaggerated views of its functions. That there is a danger of such views being taken is illustrated by an admirably written and very skilfully argued paper by Mr. David Hannay in the current *Blackwood*. To a great extent Mr. Hannay goes over familiar ground. He takes the Scott prophecy [as the high-water mark of the submarine claim, and shows how the experience of 16 months of war has at any rate falsified the dictum that "the introduction of vessels that swim under water has entirely done away with the utility of ships that swim on the top." In spite of all its mysterious powers, and in spite of its undoubted successes, the submarine has not dominated the sea. Its most conspicuous failure indeed has been in the field where its successes have been greatest. The majority of trading ships travel slower than a modern submarine's submerged speed. Modern boats on the surface can overhaul every ship except a score or so of the fastest liners. Yet even when our organised means of defence were in an embryo state the success of the attack on trade, though

utterly unscrupulous and brutal, did not exhibit any high order of efficiency. When the defence was fully developed the success of the submarine fell to almost negligible proportions. Yet here, if anywhere, the success should be absolute. Trade, Sir Percy informed us, was timid, and at the first intimation of attack would refuse to leave its harbours. Actually the number of ships entering and clearing day by day has increased since the submarine campaign began. The percentage of casualties reached in one month a rate equal to a loss of 10 per cent. per annum. Over the whole nine months, however, since February, it does not exceed $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of British merchant shipping. The blockade, as a blockade, in short, has been a total failure, for in the last great war the rate of loss scarcely ever fell below 5 per cent.; it averaged this in the Napoleonic wars, and reached 7 per cent. in the Revolutionary war before it.

Measured by the number of its warship victims, the submarine has not come up to expectations. *Formidable*, *Triumph* and *Majestic* were all caught in exceptional circumstances. The three cruisers, it is universally admitted, were, in the cant phrase, "asking for it." *Hawke*, *Hermes* and *Niger* were in a similar case. Yet Mr. Hannay will have it that, in spite of all this, the submarine has made a revolutionary change, and for the following reasons. The Germans are supposed to have had notice that the three cruisers would rendezvous, undefended by destroyers, at the place where Captain Weddingen found them. What influence would such news have had upon an enemy before the days of submarines? He would have recalled his light craft and avoided this rendezvous altogether, unless he could have sent more units of equal strength or an equal number of units of greater strength. To-day he sends a single submarine to the spot and these great powerful ships must fly or sink. Again, no sooner was it known that German submarines were approaching the Dardanelles than *Queen Elizabeth*, the mightiest vessel in the world, accompanied by all her more modern consorts, had to retreat incontinently to an unknown and safe destination. Only ships whose loss would be immaterial were left to do the work. The old standard of values then is gone. Hitherto size, strength, armament and speed have been a measure of a ship's strength. All vessels inferior in these respects have had to avoid her. Now, in spite of their power there is something which they fear. They have to be protected by something external to themselves. It is a revolutionary change, and the relative values of ships are for ever altered.

Such is the argument, and it seems to me to be fallacious for the following reasons. The primary purpose of a battle fleet is to win command of the sea by destroying or immobilising the enemy's battle fleet. It is the British battle fleet of Dreadnoughts which has immobilised the German fleet. Mr. Hannay does not fall into the error of supposing that it is the British submarines that confine the Germans to the Kiel Canal. If this is admitted, then in their main function the relative values of ships remain the same. Command of the sea, on which the use of the sea depends, resides, as it always has, in the old element which constitutes primary naval force, that is in the guns of the capital ship. This fact is not fundamentally altered because capital ships are faced by a new peril. Not even if that peril is an invisible one. For invisible perils are not new. From the dawn

of navigation it is the unseen and unexpected perils that the sailor has had to face. Rocks and shoals under water, hurricanes, storms, unknown currents—the mariner has always passed his life in the face of incalculable risks. It does not alter the character of the problem that the danger is created by an enemy. Long before submarines were thought of the torpedo-boat and the destroyer were the source of unseen attack. Again, it does not alter the nature of the change that the methods of dealing with the unseen daylight danger differ from those for counteracting the unseen night danger. Neither of these, for that matter, resembles the precautions that must be taken against the mine, which has always been an unseen danger, both by night and by day. There is then really no novelty in the capital ship being dependent upon units exterior to herself for protection.

GUNNERY AND MANŒUVRE.

If we examine into the problem we shall find that the influence on tactics of the submarine is a mere extension of the influence on tactics of the torpedo. This influence had been analysed long before this war began and the submarine put to the test. The long range torpedo employed in shoals by large flotillas of fast destroyers is a formidable menace to a battleship or cruiser squadron that proposes to maintain the course it is on when the attack is threatened. All students of tactics then have realised since 1908, when the long-range torpedo was developed, that it must impose two new courses on the Commander of a battle fleet. He would have to shorten the line of his squadrons or divisions, and he would be compelled to manœuvre more frequently, and if I may use the word, more violently, than heretofore. The disadvantage of manœuvring is that it throws out gunnery. Six years ago the problem of keeping the range when the ship was under helm had not been solved and there was no solution in sight. The necessity of the solution had indeed been foreseen, but until 1908 it was advocated only on the ground that unless gunnery were made helm free the tactician would enjoy no liberty of action—he would be tied to the maintenance of a steady course. But after 1908 the desirability of a solution of this problem could no longer be looked upon as a luxury of grand tactics. It had become an absolute necessity unless the artillery of fleets was to be reduced to impotence. That our ships are not equipped with the means of keeping range under helm to-day is one of the disadvantages inseparable from the fact that the subject of fire control has never been dealt with on General Staff principles at Whitehall.

A realisation of this fact is important if we are to appraise Mr. Hannay's point about the withdrawal of the *Queen Elizabeth* at its true value. We know from Mr. Bartlett's letters that the ships, whether engaging the forts or supporting the army, used their guns only when at anchor or at least stationary. Once under weigh, in any circumstances under helm, accuracy could not be preserved, and both when engaging forts and in shelling trenches, the most meticulous accuracy is vital. Now it has always been perfectly understood, that while an escort of destroyers preceding and accompanying the ship while steaming was to a very great extent a complete protection against the submarine, they could not for obvious reason so protect a ship that was anchored

or stationary. In all cases the first element in protecting a ship from submarines is its own speed and power of movement. In point of fact, as we now know, both *Triumph* and *Majestic* were amply protected by destroyers. But as both were anchored or still, it did not help them. But is there any reason why *Queen Elizabeth* and the newer ships should have fled, or why *Triumph* and *Majestic* should have fallen, had they been free to do their work just as accurately at top speed or under helm as when stationary or anchored? Once more then we find that the solution of the problem that the long-range torpedo has made obligatory for fleet tactics, would have enabled the bombardment of the Dardanelles to continue after the submarines had arrived exactly as if they were not there.

NEUTRALS AND SEA POWER.

There is one thing the enemy submarine has done for us in the Mediterranean, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated—I mean the attack on the *Ancona*. The American Government has falsified my predictions too often for it to be tempting to enter the realm of prophecy once more, but it seems clear that this latest outrage has awakened Transatlantic opinion to the realities of the position, and restored a sense of proportion to the American view. So long as the murders of the *Lusitania* and *Ancona* are unavenged, it must be difficult, if not impossible, for Mr. Wilson to embark on any of the courses hostile to the Allies which resentment provoked by our blockade policy has suggested. To some extent the matter is being taken out of the Government's hands. These vexed questions have been put on a new plane by Senator Lodge, for he has moved that they be made the subject of a Parliamentary enquiry. The conspiracies to bomb the Ordnance works, to defraud the Customs, to obtain forged passports—these things, added to the *Ancona* outrage, make America's somewhat tame submission to humiliation a little difficult to defend, and a more vigorous insistence on trade rights than on justice appears a little unworthy.

The present then is a favourable time for putting our policy with regard to the blockade of Germany on an intelligible, bold and simple basis. That it is not on such a basis now is lamentably clear. To-day our sea power is largely ineffective. That the enemy is getting supplies and vast supplies of food through the neutral countries can hardly be disputed. In a recent issue of the *Manchester Guardian*, it was pointed out, for instance, that in five picked weeks—one in August, one in October, two in November and one in December, nearly 14,000,000 pounds of lard were shipped from Chicago to the Continent—it is believed to Rotterdam. In the same weeks nearly 40,000 boxes of bacon were sent to the same destination, and about 43,000 barrels of cotton oil.

Has it really come to the point that we are powerless to check food entering Germany through Holland? As to the Danish Agreement, Lord Robert Cecil declares emphatically that it is not to the public interest that its provisions should be known. But letters published on Monday morning, from Sir Edward Carson and Lord Charles Beresford, seem to say that the provisions of this agreement are already familiar to innumerable Chambers of Commerce and neutrals, and indeed, to many well-informed people in London. If its arrangements are along the lines that these letters suggest, an

unfortunate situation has arisen. It is not, of course, to be doubted that in sanctioning it the Foreign Office has dealt with an exceedingly delicate and difficult position to the best of its capacity. But the Foreign Office does not, in this matter, carry sufficient weight with public opinion for the world to accept its policies blindfold.

The question really is this. Is it possible that the Foreign Office is attaching excessive importance to the susceptibilities of neutrals? Are military considerations only being weighed?

International Law recognises the principle that the legitimacy of sea-borne trade can be judged by its ultimate destination. Our military necessities compel us to push this doctrine to the furthest point that it will bear. In 1812 we preferred war with America to abating any of the sea rights which we considered essential to success. At an earlier date in the same war we seized the Danish Fleet, though we were nominally at peace with that country. May we not have to face alternatives as strenuous as these before this war closes? It is a reflection which brings us back to a point which has been insisted on again and again in these columns. Our sea power is our greatest asset for victory to-day. It will not be so used *unless it is wielded by our seamen*. The seamen can only wield it constitutionally through the Board of Admiralty. The present Board was not appointed to be a Board at all. Except Sir Henry Jackson, the sailors were appointed to, and accepted their posts as heads of departments only. Mr. Asquith's undertaking that the Board is to be restored to its old status can only be made good if war-trained admirals fresh from the Fleet are brought in and charged with "collective responsibility" for the use of our greatest weapon. Then two things are needed. War experience, and the more authoritative commission. It would be unwise and unnecessary to change the whole Board, but two at least of the Junior Sea Lords should change places with admirals at sea. Once this change is made, the whole of the arrangement with all the neutrals should be taken out of the hands of the Foreign Office and entrusted to the Admiralty alone. We should have a stronger policy, and what is not less important, an authority for the policy that would carry conviction. It was Nelson who said that a squadron of British battleships was the best of negotiators. Admirals with a fleet behind them. The prescription is a good one—and the only one.

Captain R. W. Campbell, author of *The Kangaroo Marines* (Cassell and Co., 1s. net), has written his story from first-hand knowledge of the fighting in Gallipoli, and has strung together the incidents in the formation and work of a typical Australian battalion in the form of a story, taking four men of the battalion as his heroes. The result is a "live" story, giving a good idea of the work the Australians have done in Gallipoli, and especially of the Anzac landing.

Few appeals are more deserving than the one on behalf of the wounded soldiers of France. The French Government medical and nursing service, like our own, is admirably equipped and highly efficient; but, again like our own, it needs to be supplemented by private endeavour. The ready charity of the French people has done much in this direction, but it is handicapped by the paralysis of industry through the invasion of some of France's richest provinces. Britons therefore feel they ought to help by supporting the Urgency Cases Hospital for France, which has been established at Revigny. This Hospital is staffed by British surgeons and nurses, and maintained at the cost of the people of Britain. The sum of £3,000 is needed for extensions and working expenses. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. James Baird, 50A, Curzon Street, will acknowledge all donations.

THE LIE IN THE SOUL.

By L. March Philipps.

IN a former article I pointed out how very largely Germany owes her ascendancy over her allies to her philosophy of tyranny; to the fact that is to say that she has thought out and established her imperial system on a basis of ideas, and is able to support tyranny with arguments and reasons. There can be no doubt at all, considering the state of intellectual degradation into which the party of reaction on the Continent had fallen at the moment when German unity was effected, that German ideas have had more to do with the revival and heartening of the tyrannic spirit in Europe than any other cause. The Austrian treatment of the subject, incarnated in Metternich, had drained tyranny of every constructive idea—the Prussian treatment, incarnated in Bismarck supplied a new framework for its support.

This being so, it is evident that a correct estimate of the Prussian political gospel becomes a matter of the first importance. For not only does our enemy's cause rest upon that basis, but in the long run his strength and endurance and capacity for victory will be determined by the merits of his philosophy. He is fighting to bring a new thought into the world. If the thought be sound, and in the best interests of mankind, he will succeed in introducing it. If the thought be unsound and detrimental to man's interests he will fail to introduce it. Therefore, as I say, the justice or injustice of the Prussian theory, far from being an abstract and academic matter, is one which practically and intimately concerns every one of us.

Doctrine of Physical Force.

Now, without attempting here an examination of the subject which would be beyond our limits, let us glance at the assumption which lies at the very root of our enemy's doctrine, the assumption that a forward movement in civilisation, a progressive intellectual and spiritual culture, can be, and in Germany's case must be, prepared for and carried through by physical force. This idea of a culture propagated by force—nay, the sacred obligation which Germany is under to use her strength for this end—is the very keynote of the modern German philosophy. It is adopted as a common standpoint by German thinkers of all grades, and the acceptance of it as a rule of conduct is what has determined Germany's action among the nations.

We owe, I have always thought, a great debt to Professor Cramb for making this point really clear to us. He is perhaps the only man of commanding talent of recent times who has contrived to sympathise with the German view, and sympathising with it, to exhibit it with vigour and conviction. In his eloquent lectures no characteristic was more often recalled to and more steadily insisted on than the appeal, not only of all German soldiers and poets but of all philosophers and thinkers, to the arbitrament of the sword. German thought, he used to explain, loves to figure itself as sown by victorious armies. Sheridan's joke about "arguing by platoons," was Germany's serious intention. She conceives her guns charged and her bayonets tipped with philosophic truth. No thought more thrills her than that it has been given to her to redeem mankind, and that German steel is to make the incision whereby the world is to be inoculated with German ideas. I would ask the reader to consider, what, in the light of past experience, is implied in such a contention.

Let me point out to begin with, what is a chief lesson of history, that every mode of culture, material, intellectual and spiritual that has appeared in the world, has been advanced and propagated only by means analogous to itself. Material culture has been advanced by material means, intellectual culture by intellectual means, spiritual culture by spiritual means.

An example or two will make this clear. The Roman Empire is the biggest instance on record of the first kind of propaganda. It developed in an age of general barbarism, when the chief needs were the merely material advantages of order and security. These it imposed. It drove roads through marshes and forests, it built drains and bridges and aqueducts of adamantine concrete, and its legions

guarded the peace while its justice administered the law. Beyond that it did not aspire. Its intellectual ideas it borrowed from the Greeks; its spiritual ideas it picked up wherever it could find them. What it prided itself upon, what it was really good at, was the propagation of a strictly material culture by strictly material means.

Intellectual Light.

Now, from the material, let us take a step up on to the intellectual plane. Athens and Florence have been the two main sources of intellectual light for mankind, the first for the old world, the second for the new; and it will be seen that their mission, being loftier than that of Rome, being that is to say, not material but intellectual, their success depended on their entirely discarding material means of propagation and adopting intellectual means instead. They had not much choice perhaps, for both were diminutive states and could not aspire to exert upon the world the least physical compulsion. Nevertheless, by way of safeguard, such power as they possessed was carefully removed ere their career of intellectual conquest started. We know what followed. The bondage of Athens opened for her the intellectual dominion of the world, and her conquest of her conquerors was but the first step in a career of victory which is not ended yet.

So, too, with Florence. Despots and tyrants crushed her national spirit, but the act only set free her thoughts, as the breaking of the pod sets free the seeds within. The tremendous intellectual stimulus which it was her part to apply to Europe, and which became known as the *Renaissance* of the intellectual faculty, operated quite independently of material strength. Indeed, it operates still, for even now men turn back, helped by its literature and incomparable art, to mingle in the life of the great Florentine period and experience over again the intellectual thrill still communicated by what was once the awakening inspiration of the European mind.

Spiritual Culture.

Just as physical culture, then, is propagated by physical means, so is intellectual culture propagated by intellectual means. And if we take another step up on to the spiritual plan we shall find that spiritual culture is propagated by spiritual means. Buddha and Christ are the great types of spiritual enlightenment, and a chief point of resemblance between them is the completeness with which either cut himself off from the least contagion of material influence ere he entered upon his ministry. One indeed had from the first nothing to renounce. His career from the cradle to the Cross, was planned on purely spiritual lines, unalloyed by the least intrusion of material considerations. The other, born a prince, renounces every vestige of earthly authority and embarks upon his mission a beggar and a wanderer along the highways of India. But a moment ago we were pointing out how Athens and Florence divested themselves of physical power in order to execute the intellectual mission with which they were charged. Not till they were driven to rely on intellect solely did their intellectual empire develop. So it is precisely on the spiritual plane. What the great spiritual teachers have always done—it is the keynote of their teaching—is to trust their cause utterly and entirely to spiritual influence. "Make the truth beautiful," said Joubert, "but do not try to arm it." Do not try, he means, to enforce spiritual truths by any other than spiritual means.

The reader will readily perceive why I dwell on this point. To my mind, having in view the past history and the experience of the race, the most singular proposition in the whole German philosophy is that on which it is based and founded, namely, its intention to impose its spiritual and intellectual ideas upon mankind by main force. With those ideas themselves I have nothing to do, my object is simply to point out what is implied in Germany's method of teaching and spreading them. And in

dealing with that method what we have to remember is that it is one of the great outstanding truths of history, not only that intellectual and spiritual ideas never have allied themselves with physical force, but further, that they have scrupulously divested themselves of the least trace of any such influence before they have been able to make their way in the world.

What, then, is implied in this extraordinary conception of Germany, running counter, as it does, to the history of the world,* that abstract ideas are to be taught and spread among mankind by force of arms? What light does it shed on German modes of thinking, on the German mind? It does not, of course, stand alone. For a long time we have watched in all kinds of German activity a singular inclination to rely on material agencies to the exclusion of all other. We have seen the qualities which ennoble war and exalt courage—mercy, generosity, chivalry and the like—swamped in a "frightfulness" which is an exhibition of war's exclusively material attributes. And not in war only, but in every motive attributed to ourselves, to our Colonies, or to Neutrals, in every forecast of events, in every argument employed to influence others, we have learnt to distinguish the same reliance on the grosser and more material faculties, and the same ignorance, or at any rate neglect, of loftier and more disinterested intuitions.

The point we have been discussing, which is at the root of the Prussian philosophy, the notion, I mean, of asserting intellectual and spiritual ideas by material means, what is it indeed, but one more example of what is already so familiar to us, the materialisation during the last forty or fifty years of the German mind? Yet, one instance out of many though it is, it is worth drawing attention to, because it is fundamental. It reveals a bias, familiar to us in outward acts, as a distortion of the mind itself. The Greeks had a keen saying to distinguish between falsehood residing in arguments and falsehood

residing in mental bias. The former was superficial and further thought might correct it. The latter was intrinsic and, existing in the thinking machine itself, no amount of thought could ever correct it. This kind of fixed obliquity of vision they called having the lie *in the soul*.

The German error we have been discussing is of this fundamental kind. It is a bias which infects all conduct. Germany may regain her balance, but at present her every act testifies to the fact that her lower faculties have assumed control of the higher. The trial of Miss Cavell was a test case. It had a double aspect. If offered, on the one hand, technical ground and bare excuse for the outward act of violence; it suggested on the other, appeals of quite exceptional keenness to every chivalrous and generous instinct in human nature. With perfect simplicity and inevitability the German judges took the side of physical force and ignored the loftier motives. And if, before that act, the civilised world recoiled with instinctive horror, it was not at the act itself so much at something that act revealed. Calmly and deliberately carried out, it revealed the atrophy of the higher faculties in the German mind. She was an agent of mercy, she was the friend of soldiers, she had succoured German wounded, she was a woman; were there no faculties in the minds of her judges that could weigh such pleas as these? None. But she had committed a military offence which exposed her to physical retribution and, instantly responsive to such an appeal, her judges, having heard both sides and understood one, pronounced a sentence which was not less a sentence on themselves than on their victim.

After all, is it not natural that fifty years of high pressure concentration on material issues—a concentration of unprecedented zeal yielding unprecedented results—should have some such consequences. Was it not inevitable that, responding to such pressure, man's mind should grow warped by the development of the lower at the expense of the higher faculties? It is that warping of the German mind, which has taken place gradually and and by slow degrees, which is now suddenly revealed in act and deed, and all the world thinks of Germany is but the inevitable consequence of that revelation.

*I am told that Mohammedanism is an exception. But it is one that proves the rule. The Moslem faith, it is true, was propagated by physical means, but it has appealed in consequence only to races in the physical or semi-barbarous stage of development. It has been accepted by no people who have acquired the free use of their spiritual and intellectual faculties.

PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA.

By Lewis R Freeman.

[Mr. Lewis Freeman, the writer of this article, is an eminent American journalist.]

A DISTINGUISHED official of the French Government, who went to the United States to be present at the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco last February, was asked on his return to Paris regarding American opinion on the war.

"I really have not quite made up my mind about it," was the reply, "and, by their questions, I hardly think the Americans have either. In New York they asked, 'What do you think of the War?' In Chicago, 'What does the War think of us?' In Omaha, 'What effect will the War have on wheat?' And in San Francisco, 'What effect will the Exposition have on the War?' Yes, the Pacific Coast of America actually looked on 'Armageddon' as a sort of side-show of their Exposition!"

I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but there is no denying that, in suggesting something of the inchoate state of American opinion, it was not without point. Amid the swirls and eddies of public sentiment—with one section of the country thinking of the War in terms of munition orders, another in terms of cotton, another in terms of wheat, and another in terms of Expositions—he must indeed be an individual of boundless assurance who will dogmatise to the extent of saying "America thinks thus about the War," or "America does not think thus about the War." And yet, in spite of the disturbed surface, the set of unmistakable undercurrents is discernible to even the most casual observer—especially if he himself be not too deeply engulfed in the stream—and some of these it may be both useful and interesting to indicate at this time.

The War, besides bringing him orders for munitions—with their incident train of gold and prosperity—has also had its educative effect on the American, and to an extent, perhaps, greater than he himself yet realises. To-day far more of him, for instance, would ask the European visitor "What do you think of the War?" and far fewer of him would ask "What does the War think of us?" than would have been the case a year ago. His horizon is broadening; he is beginning to look outward where before he only looked inward. Appreciation of this changed attitude was well illustrated in a letter I recently received from the Editor of a New York review of wide circulation, discussing an article on the history of European colonial expansion.

"The subject would have been an impossible one for our readers a year ago," he wrote, "but now they will follow it with interest and—what is more important—intelligence. They are beginning to have a grasp of events going on beyond our own borders. I think the veil has lifted. As a nation we are to have a wider vision. The old three-mile limit of thought is gone. And 'let 'er go,' God bless her!"

This does not mean that America as a whole has come anywhere near to understanding that, both on the score of honour and of expediency, she should have ranged herself on the side of the Allies at the outset instead of standing passively by and allowing Britain, France, Russia and Italy to fight for principles that were no less hers than theirs. Still less does it mean that America yet understands that both honour and self-interest—whether it is her ultimate lot to intervene actively on the side of the Allies or not—should incline her to emerge from her traditional but now obsolete policy of isolation after the War and range herself in a defensive alliance with at least Great Britain and France that would give a pre-

preponderance of power to Freedom and Democracy, and constitute the first tangible step toward World Federation. Many advanced thinkers in America—a number of them of great influence, all of considerable influence—fully realize both of these things, and the lead they are giving to the awakening consciousness of the nation may in time make at least the latter an accomplished fact.

Absence of Moral Force.

But for the present it is just as well to realise—as, indeed, it must be very fully realised in England by this time—that there is no moral force operating in the United States at this juncture which, in itself, is sufficiently potent to range that country where it belongs, at the side of the Allies. That is to say, America is not likely to be “brought in,” as things stand to-day, either from a sense of duty or in consequence of any acts so far committed against her by the Central Powers. It is, however, quite possible that the cumulative effect of these latter outrages may ensure her intervention following some *fresh* act of “frightfulness,” in itself much less flagrant than the sinking of the *Lusitania* or *Ancona*. This, of course, is entirely “up to Germany,” which Power will doubtless, as in the past, take the last inch of rope that Washington’s patience allows it.

In this connection I may state parenthetically that the contention, not infrequently made in England, that Germany desires to bring America into the War in order to revivify her failing submarine blockade, and to cut down the export of munitions to the Allies, is best answered by the fact that America has not yet been brought in. Should the moment ever arrive when Germany really desired to effect this end, the trick could be turned on a day’s notice by sinking an American liner that was entirely above suspicion of carrying contraband. In spite of the instances we have had of the psychological idiosyncrasies of Potsdam, this is almost unthinkable.

Notwithstanding the fact that the part America has played in connection with the War is far from what her broadest thinkers and sincerest patriots have wished for, I have no hesitation in saying that the warmth of sympathy for the Allied cause in that country is much more universal than the British public generally realises; and, moreover, that this sympathy—not infrequently sneered at by the thoughtless or prejudiced Englishman as “dollar neutrality”—is a tangible asset of incalculable value. The recent Anglo-French Loan furnishes an illuminative case in point.

Value of Money.

Because Consols have paid $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or thereabouts, and because even the latest War Loan was raised at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., certain ultra-conservative, not to say ultra-insular, bankers and financial writers of England spoke of the way in which the “Yankee Shylock had exacted his pound of flesh” when the late loan to the Allies in New York was negotiated to bear $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and sold at a price to net something better than 6 per cent. to the buyer. These critics of the terms of the Anglo-French Loan display an “insularity” comparable to that of a cockney whom I once heard protesting against paying a Buenos Aires barber fifty centavos for a hair-cut on the grounds that he had always had similar tonsorial service in Shoreditch for “tuppence.” The price of a commodity or a service at any given point is determined very largely by local conditions; and it chanced that the necessity on the part of France and Great Britain of raising a large loan in America occurred at a moment when the domestic demand for money was incomparably greater than at any other period in the nation’s history.

What I want to make clear to the British public, therefore, is the incontestable fact that, not only is there no ground whatever for the charge that the American bankers exacted their “pound of flesh,” but that, so great is the demand for money in the United States at this time, only the most negligible fraction of the sum raised could have been obtained had it not been for the warm sympathy felt for Britain and France by an overwhelming majority of true Americans, and an equally firm belief on the part of the latter in the ultimate triumph of the cause of the Allies. Perhaps I cannot make my point more clearly than by quoting from a letter shown me a couple of months ago by a retired American capitalist,

now living in London. He had written to an old business associate in Cleveland, suggesting that certain securities, which the two held in common, should be sold and the proceeds invested in the then pending Anglo-French Loan. The letter in question was a reply to this proposal, and launched at once into a discussion of the astonishing demand for money in all parts of America.

“You can have no conception of the positively overwhelming call for capital that meets one on all sides,” it ran. “In the first place, one is confronted by the fact that practically all of our securities—with the exception, of course, of the war-boomed ‘industrials’—are quoted at figures anywhere from 15 to 50 per cent. of what it is as sure as death and taxes they will fetch a year or two hence. Then one has the incentive to scrape together every cent he can lay hands on to participate in that ‘clean-up.’ ‘Industrials’ I will leave out of the reckoning as far as we are concerned, as they have already been ‘bulled’ up to more than they are likely to be worth; but in considering the domestic demand for money the fact must not be lost sight of that the speculation in these stocks has already tied up a huge amount of capital.

“Then we have the field of legitimate industrial development. As you know, the ‘tightness’ of money during the depression of the last three years has kept railway extension almost at a standstill, while the demand for additional transportation facilities in every quarter of the country has increased more rapidly than ever. Now, with the return of prosperity, all the lines in the land are trying to ‘catch up,’ and the demand for railway development alone could just about absorb all the gold we are getting from Europe for war supplies.

Patriotic Appeals.

“Then we have the call from the manufacturers. The markets of the world have been thrown open to them, they say, in a way that will never happen again, and they must double and triple their plants to take care of the demand. It is a patriotic duty to lend them money, they claim, in order that they may be in shape to extend American trade and prestige beyond the seas.

“Speaking of ‘patriotic duties,’ it will not do to overlook the call that is being sent out under that slogan to subscribe to the South American loans and help blaze the way for American trade with that continent. ‘Trade follows the loan,’ the sponsors of these tell us, and in addition to securing a lucrative investment subscription to these loans will greatly assist the American manufacturer in getting a foothold at a time when the conditions are unusually favourable.”

After outlining a number of other factors operating to make the demand for money in the United States far greater than ever before, the letter concluded as follows—

“So you will see that, as far as men like you and me are concerned, as a sheer cold-blooded investment, the Anglo-French Loan, favourable as the terms of it might be considered in ordinary times, can have no great appeal. I know a dozen places where we would ultimately realize from half again to two and three times as much for our money without running any more risk with it. . . . But if, after considering all this, there are other reasons that still leave you desirous of subscribing to the Allied loan, be assured that you can count on me to join you, dollar for dollar, up to any amount you want to go. I know a lot of men here and in Chicago who, for the first time in their careers, are sacrificing horse-sense to sentiment, and there is no reason that you and I should not do it if we see fit.”

The fact that in this particular instance a very considerable sum of money found its way into the Anglo-French War Loan, gives one good reason to believe that a sacrifice of “horse-sense to sentiment” figured pretty extensively in the subscription to that whole 500,000,000 dollars.

Courts-Martial, by an Army Officer (Stevens and Haynes, 1s. 6d. net) is a manual written with both legal and military experience. It deals briefly with the procedure and practice of courts-martial, and forms a useful supplementary work to the standard books on the subject, summarising a good deal of useful information. Its value is enhanced by the fact that it is based on practical experience, and thus brings forward the principal points that are likely to arise and puzzle the inexperienced member of a court-martial tribunal.

THE TURK AS A FIGHTING MAN.

By Sir Edwin Pears.

THE Turks from the time of their entry into Asia Minor have always been fighting men. In a certain sense they have never formed a nation. From the first they were an armed camp of military intruders, and have never altogether lost this character. Nomads in origin, each household, if the term may be applied to people who rarely possessed a house, lived in its own tent of strong felt, and was prepared to strike its tent whenever pasturage failed. They lived together in groups of families where every man was a fighter, bound to follow the leadership of the head of the group. Entering Asia Minor at its North East corner, their numbers constantly increased. They found themselves in the midst of races, all more highly civilized than themselves, who resisted the invaders, attacked them and defeated them again and again during the tenth and eleventh centuries. How then did they ultimately succeed? The answer is: that the stream of emigrants from South Central Asia never failed. At certain times it was much fuller in volume than at others, but at no period down to the middle of the nineteenth century did the stream cease to run. The diminution of its volume occasionally occurred—partly owing to physical causes and partly to internal movements—until the recent rule of Russia in Georgia and Circassia dammed it.

An Unprolific Race.

Let me say in passing that the Turks have never been a prolific race, and that polygamy has in this respect not come to their aid. Whenever indeed the Turks have abandoned their nomadic habit they have not only weakened but diminished in numbers. The first important group of them which settled in Asia Minor were the Seljuks, whose capital was at Konia, the Iconium of the New Testament. They settled on the lands of the people of the then flourishing cities and, retaining much of their original vigour, pushed steadily forward on their conquering career. Before the end of the 11th century they were almost within sight of Constantinople. They had indeed taken possession of Nicaea, the famous "City of the Creed," and when the first great army of the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon arrived before its walls in 1097 were able to oppose so terrible a resistance to the western host that they might have succeeded if the Greek Emperor of Constantinople had not gone to their aid. But the Seljuks became settlers, and were rapidly losing their nomad habits. The many Seljukian ruins in Konia, and its neighbourhood show that they had successful aspirations after civilisation.

Meantime other great groups of Turks had entered or were entering the country, of which only one concerns us here, that led by Ertogrul, whose name is almost forgotten in presence of his distinguished successor Osman or Othman who is rightly regarded as the founder of the Ottoman nation. He became Sultan in 1298, and had succeeded in defeating the Seljuks and annexing most of other groups of Turks. He and his successors were the leaders of hosts of fighting Turks. At an early date the great reputation of New Rome caused this horde of warriors to direct all its efforts towards the acquisition of the Great City. Every man was a soldier.

Recruiting Christians.

Half a century after Osman became Sultan, his successor Orchan took the important step of utilizing for his army the Christian populations of the country whom they had conquered. The year generally assigned for the formation of the New Troops, or in Turkish, Janissaries, is 1255. Christian regiments however, had been formed before that time by the conquerors and had fought as volunteers with the Turks; but the new institution was a great advance and is an epoch marking event in the progress of the Ottomans. Every year saw the Turks in possession of more territory. Within a few years registers were opened in every town and village in their territory in order to take a census of the Christian male population. The priests were compelled under pain of death to keep a register of the birth of every male child. Inspectors went round annually to see that this task was carefully done. The

Turks claimed that by Moslem law the Sultan had a right to one-fifth of the property of the vanquished, including children in the term. At an early age, usually about eight, two and in many cases three sons were taken from each household, were forcibly converted to Mahometanism, and were separated from their parents whom they rarely saw again. Their instruction in the practice of Islam was not less thorough than in that of warfare. They were taught to be expert with the bow and the spear, to ride well and to endure hardship. During their eight or ten years of probation they were trained strictly in the arts of war. Their promotion and their prospects in life depended entirely upon their progress in their regiment. They practised a discipline which was then unknown in every other European country and had never been equalled since the time of the Roman Pretorian Guard. From an early period in the history of the Janissaries they constituted far and away the most important division of the Turkish army.

In war every male Turk capable of fighting was liable to serve and did serve. But the Janissaries formed a standing army of warriors from their youth and were the model for the rest of the army. Little more than a century after the institution of their order they carried triumphantly the crescent, the ancient symbol of Constantinople which the Turks had adopted, in many epoch-making battles. Their valour was shown in the great battle of Kossovo-pol which annihilated the West Serbians. At Varna where young Mahomet II, then a boy under fourteen, commanded the Turks, including of course the Janissaries, the leader had sadly blundered but he had done so relying upon a treaty which had been recently signed between him and Ladislaw the King of Hungary. He believed, indeed, that there was no danger of being attacked. Nevertheless, the Magyars, under the distinguished leadership of Hunyadis, in flagrant violation of the treaty, attacked him. The battle is an interesting one but the only feature that need be mentioned here is that by the direction of Mahomet the "Scrap of Paper," otherwise the treaty, was stuck on the end of a lance and carried before the Janissaries. The Turks were far outnumbered by their enemies and had been driven into a dangerous position. The day was gained by the Janissaries, who changed disaster into victory.

Siege of Constantinople.

In 1453 when Mahomet laid siege to Constantinople two of his attacks on the fatal 29th May failed before the stubborn resistance of Constantine and John Justiniani, and the besieged believed that once more the city had been saved. Then in the language of Gibbon "at that fatal moment up rose the Janissaries, fresh, vigorous and invincible."

It seemed indeed as if nothing could stop the steady progress of Ottoman arms. The Janissaries and the great conscript army of the whole Ottoman nation within the two centuries after 1453 annexed every inch of the Balkan peninsula, conquered what is now Rumania, annexed South Russia and half Hungary and laid siege to Vienna in 1683. When in that year the Polish king, John Sobieski, forced the Turks to raise the siege, the Ottoman Empire had reached its zenith. Since then its history has been one of decadence. Every generation has seen its territory diminished and, with comparatively insignificant exceptions, no territory once lost has ever been recovered. The wonderful period of conquest was due to the perfection of discipline and *esprit de corps* possessed by the Janissaries and to the organisation of all the remaining Moslem population.

All armies are necessarily under absolute Government and from the earliest times the Turks have recognised such rule as necessary. Obedience to the military ruler is rarely questioned. The Sultan is absolute and his representatives in the army have like power deputed to them.

Absolutism plus Janissaries, plus a nation where every man is born to be a fighter made the Turks for awhile the greatest fighting nation in Europe and its greatest terror. But its very success brought about its own ruin and that

of the nation. The *esprit de corps* in the Janissaries became so strong that they could admit no one into their ranks who had not been born of Christian parents. They became so jealous of their own rights that they would allow of no interference with their own officers. At the beginning of last century there reigned in Turkey, Mahmud II, a notable reformer. He desired to introduce European artillery and to subject the Janissaries to European military drill. The Janissaries objected and revolted, the symbol of their revolt being the turning over of their camp kettles. They were attacked with artillery in their own barracks. They resisted, and it was only by the skill and personal courage of a leader known as Kara Gehenna (Black Hell) that their resistance was overcome. An order was issued for their entire destruction throughout the Empire, and for the next fortnight they were remorselessly shot down wherever they appeared. This was in 1826.

European Discipline.

Then European discipline was supposed to be introduced into the Turkish army, but the Turks from that time to the present never really distinguished themselves as soldiers. When properly led they have always fought fairly well, but their native officers have nearly always been incompetent. One of the late Col. Briscoe's stories was characteristic. In 1877 when he was fighting with the Turks in opposition to the Russians who had crossed the Balkans, the Turks being under Suliman Pasha, they blundered so abominably that Baker Pasha believed that Suliman was a traitor. Briscoe, who was under Baker, saw a splendid chance to defeat a Russian detachment, and his men also saw it. He took the responsibility of leading an attack on his own account. He probably did not know more than half a dozen Turkish words, but he put himself at the head of his regiment and shouted at the top of his voice "Gell" (Come on) followed by the battle cry of "Allah." The men followed him and he entirely succeeded in his attempt. In the war with Bulgaria 1912-13, the incompetence of the officers was again manifest and the complete failure of the Turks at Lilüburgas was largely due to this cause.

It must be remembered that the Turkish army is composed of many races. The Egyptian section was always poor. The Fellaheen are made of poor fighting stuff but they handle their weapons very smartly, and even drill for pleasure. The village Fellaheen is usually a tall, well developed man. It is said even that they can march any European army off their feet, but the fighting spirit is absent. If a rifle is fired amongst them they get cold feet and want to go home. In the Russo-Turkish war they were sent home with contempt. In the Soudan they were always well backed up by British troops. They are not ashamed of being cowards. In certain respects they resemble the Bangalese, as distinct from the fighting races of India. The same remarks apply very much to the Turkish soldiers from Arabia and Syria.

The Best Soldiers.

The best Turkish soldiers are the peasants from Asia Minor. They have the fighting spirit. They would never stand being treated as cowards, nor tolerate the bullying drill to which the Prussian submits. An official Commission of leading Turks sent to report on the failure of the Turkish army at Lilüburgas, attributed it largely to the want of faith in their religion; and were probably right in so doing. The cry of "Victory or Paradise" to men who believe it is a powerful incentive to good fighting, but I do not believe that it would have any effect with the Turks now. The Turkish peasant, however, lives in the open air nearly all the year round, does very little work even in the fields, rarely has anything to eat except wholemeal bread with occasionally a little sheep's milk cheese, and in autumn an unlimited quantity of grapes. He is healthy and fairly strong but has little stamina. On long marches a great number fall sick and seem not to have the power or even the wish to recuperate.

Kurds, of whom there are about fifty thousand in the Turkish army, are stronger men and of more endurance. By Turkish law after the Revolution of 1908, Christians were for the first time taken into the Turkish army. Of these the Armenians were the most numerous. The Armenian peasant is a sturdy and fairly well fed man. He is accustomed to harder work than the Turk. According

to Shevket Pasha the Armenians fought excellently on the side of the Turks in Adrianople, but the treatment that they have recently received probably makes the Armenian section of the army a negligible quantity.

The Greeks, mostly those of the peasant class, who were taken into the Turkish army, promised fairly well and did well on three or four occasions, especially under Shevket Pasha, but the insane policy of the Turkish Government during the last three years has alienated the whole of the Asiatic Greeks so that their aid can not be counted upon. The testimony of those who have fought against the recent Turkish army is that they cannot stand being shelled.

It is beyond doubt however that the discipline to which the army has been subjected by German officers during the last three years has greatly stiffened it. Now, as at all times, the question of leadership has been of prime importance, and during the past century the Turkish soldier has always shown himself at his best when acting on the defensive. The most brilliant work of the Turkish army in 1877-8 was in the defence of Plevna since doggedness and stability of character backed up by his fatalistic belief enables the Turk to endure and fight on when behind earthworks or other defences, to the end. He is not a soldier to be despised. From all the information which has yet come to hand it would seem that the best regiments in the Turkish army have already been destroyed, those which have been sent to the front from Syria being undoubtedly inferior.

"THE GERMANS IN ENGLAND."

To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.

SIR,—In your brief review "The Germans in England," by Ian D. Colvin, which appeared in your issue of November 27th, it would appear that the author of the work in question gives to Queen Elizabeth the credit of having first suppressed the privileges so long enjoyed by the merchants of the Steelyard. If such be the author's contention, it is altogether erroneous. On this point I may be permitted to cite Dr. Lingard—by far the most accurate of all British historians:—

"Mary may also claim the merit of having supported the commercial interests of the country against the pretensions of a company of foreign merchants, which had existed for centuries in London, under the different denominations of Easterlings, Merchants of the Hanse Towns, and Merchants of the Steelyard. By their readiness to advance loans of money on sudden emergencies, they had purchased the most valuable privileges from several of our monarchs. They formed a corporation, governed by its own laws: whatever duties were exacted from others, they paid no more than one per cent. on their merchandise; they were at the same time buyers and sellers, brokers and carriers; they imported jewels and bullion, cloth of gold and of silver, tapestry and wrought silk, arms, naval stores and household furniture; and exported wool and woollen cloths, skins, lead and tin, cheese and beer, and Mediterranean wines. Their privileges and wealth gave them a superiority over all other merchants which excluded competition, and enabled them to raise or depress the prices almost at pleasure. In the last reign [that of Edward the Sixth] the public feeling against them had been manifested by frequent acts of violence, and several petitions had been presented to the Council complaining of the injuries suffered by the English merchants. After a long investigation, it was declared that the company had violated, and consequently had forfeited its charter; but by dint of remonstrances, of presents, and of foreign intercession, it obtained in the course of a few weeks, a royal license to resume the traffic under the former regulations. In Mary's first Parliament a new blow was aimed at its privileges; and it was enacted, in the bill of tonnage and poundage, that the Easterlings should pay the same duties as other foreign merchants. The Queen, indeed, was induced to suspend, for a while, the operation of the statute; but she soon discerned the true interests of her subjects, revoked the privileges of the company, and refused to listen to the arguments adduced, or the intercession made in its favour. Elizabeth followed the policy of her predecessor; the Steelyard was at length shut up, and the Hanse Towns, after a long and expensive suit, yielded to necessity, and abandoned the contest."

To Mary likewise belongs the credit of having concluded the first commercial treaty between England and Russia.

Ballyorley, Ferns.

C. GOUGH.

Tales by Polish Authors, translated by Else C. M. Benecke (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, 3s. 6d. net), is a volume of stories by four Polish authors, of whom one, Sienkiewicz, is already known to English readers. The other three are leading Polish novelists, and the general level of the work in this book is well above the level of current fiction. Sienkiewicz's "Bartek," a story of the Franco-Prussian war, embodying the experiences of a Polish conscript who fought on the German side, is probably the most striking item of the collection, but all are of value, tending as they do to a clearer understanding of the merits of Polish literature.



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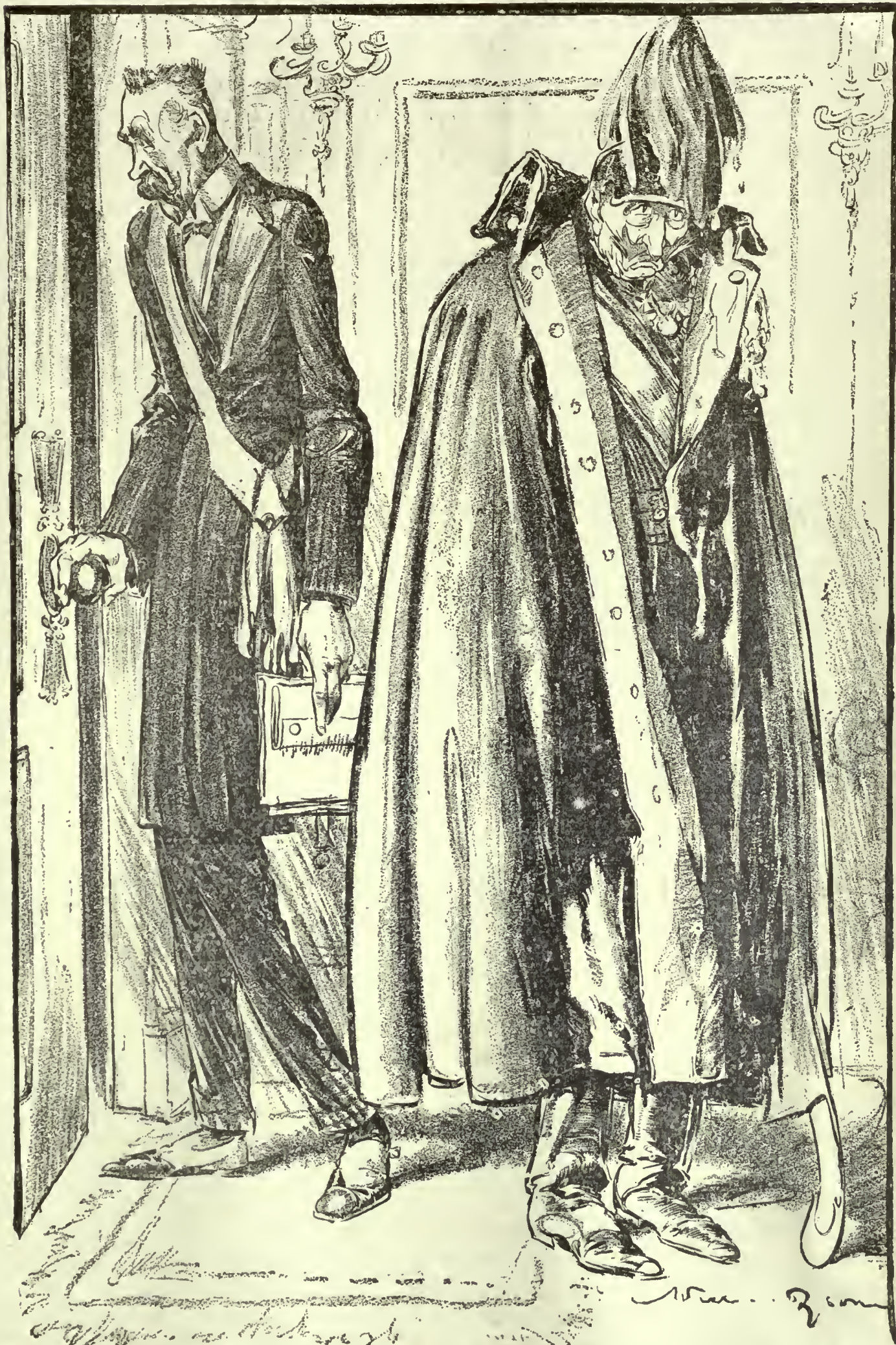
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The Royal Master : "Tell them, Chancellor, Victory is ours—all that remains is to defeat the Enemy!"

THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY.

By H. Massac Buist.

MAINLY by reason of the fact that Colonel H. C. L. Holden's many qualifications include an appreciation of the problems of manufacturing, the equipment of the Motor Transport Section of the Army Service Corps has always been up to programme, an achievement exceedingly rare, if not actually unique. Sixty thousand motor transport drivers are at work, and another 17,000 will be needed for service early next year. Nor will there be any difficulty about obtaining them.

Military Motor Service.

To whatever extent our Forces may have to be enlarged to bring the campaign to a conclusion in our favour, there will be no question about getting as big a motor-vehicle service as may be needed. In the original instance we had to supplement the productions of our own factories by those issuing from works in the United States of America. To-day the Government has been enabled partially to release the British industry. Thus, on the one hand, it allows a limited number of industrial type chassis to be supplied to firms engaged either wholly or in part on war work and, on the other, certain firms marketing light cars are allowed to supply the public. The question naturally arises: When the needs of the Government for motor-vehicles of all sorts shall have been satisfied, what is the British manufacturer going to do?

In the course of this war, as a class, he has passed through some rather curious experiences. On the outbreak of hostilities the British motor industry offered all its resources to the Government which, however, did not then use more than a quarter of them, because the firms capable of producing big vehicles and aviation engines are strictly limited in number. Therefore, the balance of the industry obediently set to work trying to carry on "business as usual." Then came the realisation of the amount of ammunition that would be needed. On a sudden, the British motor industry was turned topsy turvy to produce, not one, but dozens of varieties of all kinds of munitions, much of which involved work for which the factories concerned had never been equipped. This of course meant that such fresh work could not be produced under the most economical condition, added to which the lack of co-ordination in the placing of orders handicapped production.

The essence of the problem of manufacturing is to set your machines and your hands each to doing one thing again and again until the demand has been quite satisfied, in place of putting through a batch of a certain article, then resetting the machines to produce a batch of something entirely different, and so on. France, being a country where organisation is understood because it has been long practised, never went through these choppings and changings whereby our motor industry has lost an incalculable amount in the guise of goodwill by reason of agents, in whose businesses millions of money are embarked in these islands, being compelled to go wholesale to America for vehicles since the only alternative was to put up their shutters.

What France is Doing.

France put Louis Renault, the famous manufacturer, in command of what is called the Paris zone of production which embraces something like half the total output of France. The employment of a trained manufacturer not only resulted in the maximum output of munitions of war from the large number of motor and other factories that came under his control, but also in sending up the output of the Government munition works in his region. Being a man who runs his own shops for profit, he knows exactly how to expedite output without sacrificing the quality of the product. Also, the practical French method has resulted in the world outside France being able to buy nearly all the famous makes of French chassis from the commencement of the war to date,

so that the link with the market has never been broken, as it has been in the case of our industry as a whole.

Unfortunately in this country we have not yet realised the importance of the manufacturer with actual works experience—otherwise the production expert. We employ anybody else for the business of running the war; but we do not demand his services elsewhere than in the actual works in which he is engaged in peace time. The result is that we have been and will be negotiating various problems, not a few of which would never have arisen had we realised what an intricate thing is the combination of a factory and a selling organisation, and how easily it can be dislocated in a manner that may need years of endeavour to right. At the moment the cry is abroad that the British motor manufacturing industry has done remarkably well out of the war. With the single exception of a much-cited balance-sheet, it does not appear that, for all the large amount of extra capital that has been employed by the industry this year, more than from £100,000 to £150,000 extra profit has been made by it over the preceding twelve months, which were not as profitable as the 1913 year. This extra profit, moreover, is of a purely temporary nature made at the expense of dislocating businesses which on the average have taken quite a decade to build up, and which have had to be thrown aside for transient work, with what consequences we cannot yet even estimate.

As Regards the Future.

We do know, however, that the result of the policy of causing works built for motor making to produce varieties of munitions of war, for which they were never schemed, and which therefore cannot be produced under the most economical conditions has been to establish the American-made motor car in the British market to an extent that could not otherwise have been accomplished in less than five years. What you may ask is the alternative? Since money had to be exported from this country anyway, it would have been more profitable to have arranged for our motor works to continue partially producing those machines which they are equipped to manufacture, since that can be done most economically, and since that would also have enabled us to keep our market for British motors open to some extent and, by exporting the same amount of money, to have bought from America a greater quantity of certain classes of munitions from firms running up new factories designed for that work as distinct from motor making. It would have been able to produce those extra munitions under the most economical conditions and therefore on terms that would have given us the best value for the gold exported.

What is our motor industry going to do? To-day you have firms like Rolls-Royce, Sunbeam, and so forth exclusively engaged on war work. There are other firms, more numerous, whose motor production is not needed; but which are engaged in producing various sorts of munitions. Unfortunately, many of them are unable to pursue even their experiments against the time when they shall be able to return to the open market. The partial release of utility type vehicles has already been referred to. In regard to pleasure-car varieties, while it is possible for limited quantities of Singer, Standard, and Hillman light-cars to be released for the public, nevertheless the examination of the total variety on the market reveals that a large proportion of them are machines that have either all their reputation to win, or which are fashioned either wholly or in part of components, including engines, made in America.

This is one of the gravest penalties to which the native industry has been subject as a result of the war. The situation, then, is that to-day and as long as the war shall last there will be no idleness in British motor factories. The problem is, however, what are our makers to do when they shall be free to place their wares on the open market again? That hinges not only on their own enterprise, but also on what the public will be demanding. It is a matter of investigation in a future article.

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CHRISTMAS is almost here, and again hundreds of thousands of our brave soldiers will spend it away from home—many of them in one of the Y.M.C.A. huts scattered along the firing line in France and the Dardanelles; in Egypt, Malta, Salonika, India and the Home Camps.

But the number of these buildings is far too small to provide for more than a fragment of our vast armies in the field. To meet the immediate and pressing calls for assistance which are daily being received from each of these great theatres of war, the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. earnestly appeal to the British Public to give another hundred new Y.M.C.A. buildings before Christmas!

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BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

"Letters from a Field Hospital." By Mabel Dearmer, with a Memoir of the author, by Stephen Gwyna. (Macmillan and Co.) 2s. 6d. net.

This little book is in truth a touching memoir of the life of the late Mrs. Dearmer, for her letters from a Field Hospital are only supplementary of the biography, and their claim lies mainly in the stronger light which they throw on a noble character. They also impart an actuality to the memoir which will win for it many readers outside the large circle of Mrs. Dearmer's friends and admirers.

When the war began, like so many others of her countrywomen Mrs. Dearmer failed to grasp its full significance. It was only by slow and painful degrees that the full immensity of the struggle was borne in upon her. Until within a few hours of leaving for Serbia she was interesting herself in the numerous and normal activities that absorbed her life. But once the decision was made, the sacrifice was complete; there was no looking backwards, and though a painful affection of the knee might have furnished an honest reason for withdrawing from the voluntary task, the idea was never for a moment entertained.

Her letters are written with a simple directness which reconstructs the life most vividly. Although typhus, raged and bombs were dropped by the enemy, it was prickly heat and petty squabbles that caused the most annoyance. This little extract speaks volumes: "Some men came over from Vrnachka Banya—R.A.M.C. We had a tea-party for them. In course of conversation the most precious of the lot said: 'You know there is never a tea-party in Serbia that does not begin with lice and end with latrines.'" Pages of writing would fail to convey more strikingly what nurses had to endure in Serbia before the last invasion began.

Just one word more. This little book is a fitting monument to a beautiful and strenuous life. The reader lays it by grateful for having been brought into the presence of a woman who found the highest expression of her character in a constant succession of activities, which had for their purpose her own development, and the greater happiness and brightness of the lives of her fellow-creatures.

"The Dardanelles—Colour Sketches in Gallipoli." By Norman Wilkinson. (Longmans, Green and Co.) 12s. 6d. net.

While photographic records of the various theatres of war are plentiful enough, sketches that are at once reliable and instructive with regard to positions and their difficulties are to seek, save for this book. The camera has its limitations, more especially with regard to relative heights and distances; the sketch of the Anzac position, for instance, as given by Mr. Wilkinson, shows what the camera could never have made clear, the character of the coast line and the stupendous problem with which our troops were faced. This applies to many of the sketches, which, apart from their artistic interest, form a valuable pictorial record of the conditions under which extremely difficult operations were carried out.

The text of the book, too, throws new light on the operations; it is more than suggested that the operations of spies in the islands occupied in the Mediterranean proved of great assistance to the Turks when the landings took place. While most of what Mr. Wilkinson has to record has already appeared in official reports and supplementary chronicles, this method of presentment, combining verbal statement with pictorial representation, assists laymen in getting a clear idea of the difficulties that the Australians, the French, and the British troops overcame. One of these sketches is worth a dozen photographs as an illustration of a tactical problem, and the book is to be commended as a valuable addition to the more important records of the war.

"The Crimes of England." By G. K. Chesterton. (Cecil Palmer and Hayward.) 1s. net.

In this series of essays, "G.K." is a little more in earnest and a little less paradoxical than usual; he is also considerably more forceful than usual, and his book forms a bitter but salutary tonic, its moral being: "If we had served our God as well as we have served Germany's rulers, this war would not have been."

It is, on the face of it, rather a far-fetched conclusion, but "G.K." points out that from the time of Maria Theresa up to the splendid isolation that, thanks in part to Carlyle, left France to herself in 1870, British policy has consistently furthered the aims of Germany. The brigandage of Frederick, Carlyle's hero, was not only condoned but assisted by England, and the crowning of the first German Emperor was only made possible by British passivity and acquiescence. When all allowance has been made for the power of Chestertonian

reasoning, apart from the facts, there still remains truth in the statements on which the reasoning is based. Like all its author's work, this book is a brilliant piece of writing; unlike much that he has done, it is logically unassailable; it is, above all, a book that ought to be read.

"The Kaiser's Garland." By Edmund J. Sullivan. (Heinemann.) 6s. net.

If Mr. Sullivan ventured in Germany at the present time, he would almost certainly be hanged, for in this book he has compiled a most grim and scathing indictment of the German nation.

The series of forty odd cartoons is devoted largely to Belgian outrages and the swinish character of the Germanic invaders, but there is no monotony. At a first glance, each cartoon is a caricature gone mad, but each invites careful study—and repays it. There is genius in these enormities, fascination in their very ugliness, and the book merits far more detailed study than a mere printed indictment.

"The Red Niagara" and "Lost in the Wood," call for special mention, as does "The Return of the Conqueror," but where all are so brutally truthful, so horribly good, it is difficult to particularise. The book is a work of genius.

"The Hosts of the Air." By Joseph A. Altsheler. (Appleton and Co.) 3s. 6d. net.

"This isn't much like the war we've read about: it's just murder in the dark," says one of the characters in this story, *apropos* of trench fighting at night, and the realistic way in which the fighting is described is as convincing as the phrase is apt.

The book is a story of the war, and the "hosts of the air" include wireless telegraphy, telephony, and all the other agencies that have been pressed into the service of war. There is a capture and a rescue by air; there is incident enough for two novels, and plenty of love interest for one. It is a book that boys will read from beginning to end without a pause, and the crisp, incisive way in which it is written enhances its unquestionable interest.

"Bildad the Quilldriver." By William Caine. (John Lane.) 6s.

This Bildad, descendant of a long series of Bildads, all leather dressers in the city of Zog, province of Maraudistan, disliked the family profession so much that he became a writer instead, and this volume is the record of his doings in Royal courts, among brigands, and in other places in an impossible parody of the world of the *Arabian Nights*.

Some wisdom and much humour distinguished the book, and many of the quaintly epigrammatic sentences will provoke smiles. London, for instance, is "that tremendous necropolis of the Arts and metropolis of the Crafts," and certain cynically wise couplets and verses scattered through the book are distinctly witty. It is all fooling, of course, but it is clever fooling, and *Bildad* will certainly maintain his author's reputation, if he does not enhance it.

Through the story runs a clever satire on modern life, rather reminiscent of Gulliver among the giants and Yahoos, and, since genuinely humorous books are scarce nowadays, it is not unlikely that some of Bildad's quips will become currency—as they well deserve.

"The Pool of Gold." By Gertrude M. Foxe. (George Allen and Unwin.) 6s.

In spite of some minor faults, such as a rather amateurish way of writing—especially in definitely descriptive passages, this is eminently a book to read. Its story concerns Vera, a girl born of a Russian father and an English mother, and possessed of a wonderful voice.

Zaleski, recognising her voice as exceptional, failed in persuading Vera's mother to let her have it trained—the mother had objections against her daughter appearing in public as a singer. In the end Zaleski married Vera in order to train her voice, and, just when the task of training was completed and she was about to make her first appearance, the inevitable other man appeared.

The rest of the book must be read, for the character of Zaleski cannot be expressed in any notice of the book. The author has treated an old and rather unsafe subject delicately and well, and at the same time has shown uncanny knowledge of the artistic temperament, for both Vera and Zaleski are convincing figures, vividly drawn. Certain minor characters provide relief for the story; Mrs. Creech, Vera's aunt, provokes many a smile, and the long suffering and rather unattrac-

(Continued on page 24.)

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(Continued from page 22.)

tive mother is another piece of clever drawing. The book is one of great promise, and may be recommended as both original and attractive.

"Letters of Captain Englebert Lutyens." By Sir Lees Knowles Bart. (John Lane.) 10s. 6d. net.

Captain Knowles spent fourteen months as orderly officer at St. Helena during the final phase of Napoleon's captivity there, and this reproduction of his official reports mirrors the last days of the great conqueror. Full reason for such an addition to the great mass of Napoleonic literature is provided in the new view that may be obtained from these letters; the very monotony of the life that they describe is indicative of the greatness of the tragedy that Lutyens witnessed, and official brevity and conciseness emphasise the story that the letters tell. The narrative is, to those who read the letters carefully, different in many ways from the biased stories of Lowe, Bathurst, and Reade, stories told so often and from so many points of view that it is difficult to get at the truth in them.

The manner in which the letters have been edited enhances the value of the collection, and this volume should go far to increase the reputation which its author won with his book on Minden and the Seven Years' War. This must rank as a serious and important contribution to the study of the tragedy of St. Helena. The fine reproductions in colour of a miniature of Napoleon, of a drawing of Longwood, and other subjects, add to the interest of the volume.

"When Pan Pipes." By Mary Thornton. (Sampson Low and Co.) 6s.

In spite of a commonplace plot, and situations verging on the melodramatic, this simply told story is full of interest. It consists mainly of the adventures of one Jerry Dell on his way to fame and fortune, and of the manner in which he met his Mary, and the story of his early days at the farm, told with rare sympathy and skill, will tempt readers on to find out the rest of his history.

The period is that of William IV. and Victoria's accession; the atmosphere is fresh and clean as a spring morning, and, for all its stageness of plot, the book certainly merits the attention of lovers of romantic literature. Among a host of interesting minor characters Betty, foil to Mary the heroine, is a distinct creation on the author's part. Though, at times, the long arm of coincidence is strained in the course of the story, it remains a work of real merit, and should win a large circle of readers.

"The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary." By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan and Co.) 7s. net.

A certain pretentiousness mars this work, and pervades the author's statements. "In order to understand it, even in a small way, it is necessary to read the whole of it, and perhaps re-read it," he says in his preface. The obvious retort is that good writing is sufficiently simple for understanding at a first reading. Further, he confesses that "all that is vital in Part I. of this book," was compressed into a single evening's lecture, which says very little for the vitality of the first hundred pages.

Setting these things aside, there is much in the book to attract, though it is by no means so great a work as its author evidently thinks. It is Russia of yesterday, Russia of just-before-the-war, from the inside, with a good deal of moralising and many truisms thrown in. The difference between the Russian and the Western conceptions of Christianity is well defined. "Instead of belief in the future, belief in an eternal present. . . . Instead of Time understood as a passage or corridor, Time as a labyrinth." Over this latter point the author is rather confusing; he sees Russia as a negation of order, which is rather a hard saying for Western minds. At times the conception of "freedom" outlined here is mere anarchy.

The book is stimulating rather than enlightening. The best of it is with "Martha" rather than with "Mary," and this especially in the little scraps of Russian legend that it contains, and in the pictures of everyday life in Russia. With the changes that the war must bring to Russia, the waking of the people and the necessary assimilation of Western ideas, much that is written in this work will stand as typical of a past age, though it concerns mere yesterdays. It may be summed up as a loosely constructed work of stimulating contradictions, and the paradox is illustrative of the book.

"Beggars on Horseback." By F. Tennyson Jesse. (Heinemann.) 6s.

A little of the sense of things mystical that characterises Mr. Algernon Blackwood's work, a large sense of the divinity attaching to motherhood, and a fine appreciation of dramatic values, combine to raise the majority of these stories above the average level of current fiction. The earlier

sales illustrate that phase in life when passion is great, because it is a mystery, but the last story of the book, concerning the captain who bargained to scuttle his ship and then fought weather and his crew, to save her, is the most dramatic and the best, albeit it ends on a cynical note.

While, in this volume, there is little hint of fulfilment of the promise in the *Milky Way*, there is yet continuance of that promise, and such work as to lead to the hope that Miss Tennyson Jesse will yet produce notable fiction of the analytic type—when such emotions as are portrayed in *A Garden Enclosed* have been reduced to their true proportions in her work.

"Bath and Bristol." By Laura A. Happerfield and Stanley Hutton. (A. and C. Black.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Hutton's descriptive text on Bath and Bristol forms more than a supplement or comment to the pictures by Miss Happerfield, pictures which are in accordance with the tradition of the "colour series" in which the publishers have described and pictured many lands and many British districts. Here is the history of Bath, an outline of its literary and other associations, and here, too, is the story of Bristol and its mariners, well told—especially with regard to the great figures of the Elizabethan age who were associated with the western port.

Art and the drama, characteristics of architecture, all find a place in the volume, while such names as those of Southey, Dickens, Coleridge, and "Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol"—to mention a few at random, are given more than brief mention. While, from the artistic point of view, the colour plates that illustrate the work leave little to be desired, the literary character of the book is such that it will probably become one of the most popular of Messrs. Black's series of descriptive colour books.

The author has taken no local and parochial survey, but has made his work of general interest; it is a book to read and a book to keep.

"The Way They Have in the Army." By Thomas O'Toole. (John Lane.) Cloth, 2s. net. Paper, 1s. net.

The author has compiled a breezy, interesting account of the "shop" of the Army, obviously with inside knowledge of a soldier's ways. Especially interesting is the chapter devoted to "Tommy's private language," which describes and explains such terms as "jankers," "mush," "chancing his arm," and other unintelligible words and phrases as far as the average civilian is concerned. It is a book of the ways of the old Army, the original Expeditionary Force, and probably it does not apply fully to the New Armies of to-day, in so far as the habits of the rank and file are concerned.

Since, also, different battalions and regiments have different methods of expression, the book contains some hints and descriptions that not all soldiers will recognise, but it is fairly comprehensive, nevertheless. The author has mercifully spared us some statements—notably among the list of words to the various bugle and trumpet calls, but the soldier will read between the lines in these cases.

"The S.S. Glory." By Frederick Niven. (Heinemann.) 3s. 6d. net.

The S.S. *Glory* was a cattle boat conveying a live cargo across to Liverpool, and the "push" of hard characters who shipped as hands to tend the cattle on the voyage form the characters of the story. We are introduced to them over the business of signing on, and we take leave of them at the Mersey docks, having come to know most of them and to like the majority.

Mike, boss of the upper deck crowd, is an enlightened Irishman who has gained education in the wider sense by tramping the world, and he commands our respect. Michael and Cockney, drunk or sober, command our interest, as indeed do the rest of the "push." The chief merit of the book is its intense reality; the voyage is described as Kipling might have described it, save that at a first glance it is obviously not Kipling—it is the life of the cattlemen, described by one who has lived it, and also one who had the insight to character which could make such life worth describing.

The reek of the cattle and of the sea, well defined though it is, is but a side issue—it is the men who count, and to such an extent as to make of this a most arresting book.

Mr. Arthur Rackham's Christmas book this year is Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. The coloured drawings and many black and white illustrations with which Mr. Rackham has illustrated the story are in his best style and admirably reflect the spirit of the master. Two editions of the book are published by Mr. Heinemann, an ordinary one at 6s. net, and a large paper edition limited to 500 copies, numbered and signed by the artist, at two guineas.

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LEWES SEAFORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS

Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.0, 11.15, 11.55 a.m., 1.25, 3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45 (not Sats.), 6.45, 7.45, 9.15, 9.55 p.m. (Dec. 24th), London Bridge, 9.50, 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2.0, 4.15, 5.5, 5.56 (not Sats.), 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.39, 9.13, 9.58 p.m. (Dec. 24th). †Not to Seaford. ‡To Lewes, Seaford and Eastbourne only. *To Lewes and Eastbourne only.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24th.

SPECIAL LATE TRAINS.

Leaving	Mdt.	Leaving	Mdt.
Charing Cross	12 15	Victoria	12 40
Waterloo	12 17	Holborn	12 35
Cannon Street	12 22	St. Paul's	12 36
London Bridge	12 28	Herne Hill	12 50
New Cross	12 37		
Arriving	a.m.	Arriving	a.m.
Sevenoaks	1 11	Chatham	1 46
Tonbridge	1 23	Sittingbourne	2 7
Tunbridge Wells ..	1 40	Sheerness Dockyard..	2 32
Bexhill	2 29	Faversham	2 19
West St. Leonards..	2 26	Whitstable Town ...	2 32
St. Leonards	2 31	Herne Bay	2 41
Hastings	2 36	Birchington	2 57
Paddock Wood	1 35	Westgate	3 3
Maidstone	2 15	Margate West	3 9
Ashford	2 14	Broadstairs.....	3 19
Canterbury West ..	3 5	Ramsgate Harbour ..	3 28
Ramsgate Town ...	3 40	Canterbury East	2 44
Margate Sands	3 56	Kearsney	3 8
Shorncliffe	2 41	Martin Mill	3 25
Folkestone Central ..	2 46	Walmer	3 31
Folkestone Junction	2 51	Deal.....	3 36
Dover Harbour	3 2	Sandwich	3 45

CHRISTMAS DAY.—The Ordinary Sunday Service will run, with certain exceptions.

For full particulars as to Train Services during the Holidays, see Special Train Service Supplement.

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If you wake up tired, if you are sleepless, run-down, nervous or depressed, send to-day for this trial package. You will be amazed at the improvement after a few days of Sanaphos. If you mention that you are a reader of this paper the package will be sent to you free and post paid. The address is The British Milk Products Co., Ltd., 69, Mark Lane, London, E.C. (Sir William Taylor, Surgeon-General of the Forces, is Chairman of the Company).

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Illustrated Guide, "WINTER HOLIDAYS IN SUNNY SCENES," free at L. & S.W. Offices.

H. A. WALKER, General Manager



How great are our armies and navies to-day is well illustrated by the fact that the King and Queen have been reluctantly compelled to abandon their intention of presenting Christmas cards to all men on active service as they did last year. The King was personally most desirous of continuing this bond of sentiment between himself and his sailors and soldiers, but it was pointed out by the military authorities that the work of transport and distribution would be well-nigh impossible if every man was to receive the Royal card. So their Majesties' kind wish had finally to be abandoned.

Lord Euston's engagement is announced to Lady Borthwick, widow of the twentieth Lord Borthwick, on whose death in 1910 this ancient barony, created in 1452, became according to Burke, dormant if not extinct; there is one daughter of the marriage now in her thirteenth year. Lord Euston, who succeeded his bachelor brother in the courtesy title in 1912, has been a widower since the spring of 1913; he has a family of three, Lord Ipswich and two sisters, and is himself a grandfather. He is nine and twenty years younger than his father, the veteran Duke of Grafton, who is in his ninety-fifth year.

Lord Euston's title is a reminder of how many London districts have entirely eclipsed the country hamlet or village which gave them their name. The Earl of Euston derives his title not from a London railway station or road, but from a small village in Suffolk.

The late Lord Abergavenny succeeded to the very ancient honours of his House in 1868, when he was 42. Eight years later Queen Victoria, on the recommendation of Disraeli, promoted the Earl of Abergavenny to be Marquis of Abergavenny and Earl of Lewes. The barony goes back to 1450, when Edward Nevill, a grandson, through his mother, of John of Gaunt, was summoned to Parliament as Baron Bergavenny. It is one of the very few existing titles that finds a place in Shakespeare. The present Lord Abergavenny has been an invalid since his youth, and is unmarried. Lord Henry Nevill, who has no surviving son, is the heir-presumptive.

Mr. and Mrs. Lord—Mr. Lord is M.F.H. of the Cotswold—were in town last week, putting up at Almond's, which is a favourite hotel with hunting people. They were lunching in Almond's restaurant with their daughters and Mr. Kingcote, and at the next table were Major and Mrs. Wilmot Sitwell. Almond's, as I know by experience, is one of the pleasantest hotels to stop at. Branchini, ever since he has owned it, has prided himself on making it a comfortable home in every sense of the word for all who stay there. And he has succeeded.

The Georgian House at the end of Dorset Street, which Mr. and Mrs. Bonham Carter have taken, is now almost out of the decorator's hands. It is a charming house with plenty of room, and that solid warm look about it which is common to most red brick houses of the period.

There was the old familiar air of fashionable bustle and scurry in the corridors of the Ritz the other day when I was lunching there. In the restaurant were many well-known faces. A wedding breakfast (to use the old-fashioned phrase) was in progress in the Marie Antoinette room, to my mind the most beautiful dining room in London. The tables were glorious with white and pink carnations and maidenhair fern and we, the luncheonites, left the restaurant to the strains of the Wedding March, meeting on our way out a small multitude of ladies who were assembling to take part in Lady Coghlan's bridge tournament for providing comforts for the wounded. Altogether, it was the old Ritz, and its liveliness exhilarating. It inclined one towards Christmas shopping.

So I wandered up Bond Street until arrested by the flower-bright windows at the end of the Royal Arcade of my

friend Mr. Goodyear. There is no Briton who understands the spirit of Christmas better than he. Everything he prepares is gay and jolly and cheerful; he knows just the sort of merry toy that makes the children laugh. Here you see the English idea of Christmas merriment at its best, and if you go to Rumpelmayer's in St. James's Street you behold the French idea. Contrasting the two you will be surprised to find that while there are obvious differences, the agreement between the two nations on essential points is extraordinarily close.

We both—English and French—believe in brightness; we both put faith in laughter, and we both keep mere coarseness and materialism in the background. One might easily write an article on this subject, taking Goodyear and Rumpelmayer as the text. Each, too, has made his own sacrifice to the war. For over a year M. Rumpelmayer has served in the French Army, and his brother, who used to be with him in London, died on active service at Lemnos. Mr. Goodyear's only son, who was his right hand in business, is now Captain Goodyear, R.A. He has served at the Front, came home to train another battery, and just as he was about to leave with it for the firing line was stricken down with appendicitis. I am glad to say he is now out of danger. Last week Queen Alexandra paid a visit to the Royal Arcade and was evidently much pleased with all she saw.

Very curious is it how the lives of certain human beings seem to be charted out before they are out of their teens—their methods defined, their triumphs denoted and even the causes of decay designated. It was so with Stephen Phillips. His command of sonorous language and his devotion to opulent diction made themselves apparent before he was sixteen, but in those early days his powers as an actor were even more notable. When at school at Oundle he played Bob Acres in "The Rivals," and Mr. Puff in "The Critic" with an ability that attracted the attention of hardened critics, and for him to go on the stage was a natural course. That he won so slight a success as an actor in after life is probably due to his response to the stronger appeal of a higher art.

He was a poet rather than a playwright. Whether a close association with cathedral music (his father, who survives him, was for many years Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral) had fostered in him a love for broad volumes of sound, it is not possible to say, yet one cannot help feeling that many of his finest passages were written to be declaimed in a vast building through which the gorgeous syllables might echo and re-echo. It seems as though he had aspired to be a second "organ voice of England," and his success if not entirely complete was at any rate very considerable.

It is to be hoped that so far as restaurants are concerned there will be some relaxation of the restricted hours for Christmas Day and New Year's Eve. It cannot be said that festivity on these occasions is wrong, even at a time like this. Heaven knows there is enough depression already, and to create more is surely sinful. I understand that as usual the restaurants of London will make things as cheerful as they can for their patrons. Prince's, for instance, will have a special dinner on Christmas Day, and hopes to have a supper on New Year's Eve. But this of course must depend on the authorities who in past years have shown themselves very sensible on the point.

I have been asked to mention that the well-known Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street is sorely in need of funds. Much of its former revenue has been diverted to the manifold purposes of war. Yet there is no institution which is more worthy at all times of generous support. Christmas is the Children's Festival, so I would ask readers of LAND AND WATER to include among their Christmas presents a cheque for the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street.

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At Special Prices.
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ON THE VERGE OF GOUT.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF URIC ACID EXCESS.

THERE may never have been gout in your family, you yourself up to now may have never experienced the slightest twinge of it, yet all unknown to you the cause of all gouty suffering—uric acid—is being every moment manufactured in your system, in connection with the natural tissue changes and decay unconsciously going on within every one of us every moment we breathe. "But," you will possibly say, "if that be so, how is it that I have never yet suffered from gout; that even now I can see no indication of its approach?" The question is a reasonable one, and the answer is simply that during youth and healthy early adult life the baneful uric acid, though forming steadily, is as constantly removed from the body by natural means before it can do any mischief.

THE INTRODUCTION OF URIC ACID EXCESS.

As we grow older the functional activity of the various organs naturally diminishes, but, failing to remember this important fact, we do not, as a rule, change our methods of living. Indeed, the tendency then is to indulge more freely in the pleasure of the table, and to neglect necessary physical exercise, with the result that more work is thrown upon the stomach, liver, and kidneys than they can adequately accomplish. Over-formation of uric acid occurs, the liver fails to destroy, and the kidneys fail to filter out of the blood the accumulations, which necessarily remain in the system and are constantly added to. The acid in the blood is carried to every part of the body, exercising a poisonous influence wherever it goes, until finally the system becomes so thoroughly permeated with the health-destroying uric acid that what is known as the gouty habit is formed, rendering the individual liable at any moment to become the victim of a gouty outbreak.

Exposure to damp, a chill, a slight blow, worry, over-study, mental excitement, are often quite sufficient to precipitate an attack.

This attack may assume any one of a great variety of forms. It may appear as gouty rheumatism or lumbago; chalky, chronic, or rheumatic gout; sciatica or neuritis; gouty eczema; kidney stone or gravel.

A SAFEGUARD AGAINST GOUT.

You need never fear gouty invasion, no matter what your family history may have been, nor how confirmed the gouty habit may have become in your body, if you only provide yourself with the recognised safeguard, Bishop's Varalettes. In the early stages of gouty development a short course of Bishop's Varalettes rapidly remedies the trouble by getting rid of its cause. In the later chronic stages Bishop's Varalettes are equally efficacious, but a longer continuance of treatment is in such cases naturally necessary. The result in either event is a gradual disappearance of all pain, stiffness, swelling, tenderness, and inflammation as the hard, ordinarily unyielding uratic deposits, firm though they may be as cement, are bit by bit broken down under the disintegrating action of Bishop's Varalettes.

In the course of this process, the urates, in consonance with unchangeable chemical laws, become converted into a harmless, easily soluble compound. There is no withholding the logic of the Varalette method of remedying gout. It is the only method that has any real chance of success, and long continued practical experience has demonstrated the fact that Bishop's Varalettes are the one agent that can be relied upon at all times as a remedy for gouty suffering in all its various manifestations. This fact is acknowledged by physicians who for years have prescribed Bishop's Varalettes; and by many thousands of gouty sufferers all over the world who regard Bishop's Varalettes as a veritable sheet anchor.

No sufferer, however delicately constituted, need have any hesitancy in taking Bishop's Varalettes. Their absolute safety is assured. They have no depressing or lowering effects. They are composed purely and simply of well tried and proven uric acid solvents and eliminants. They do not contain any harmful drugs such as colchicum, the iodides, mercury, the salicylates, or potash. They are free absolutely from narcotics of any kind.

A RELIABLE GOUT DIETARY GUIDE.

The need for a reliable gout dietary guide is a long-felt one. The most conflicting opinions exist amongst gouty people as to what they may eat with safety, and what is taboo, and as a natural consequence many sufferers subject themselves to unnecessary restrictions, and sometimes to absolute privations, in their desire to mitigate severity of attacks or to prevent gouty onsets.

The timely publication of a booklet covering the whole field of gouty diet will therefore be heartily welcomed by all concerned, the more so as a copy can be obtained post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Limited, Manufacturing Chemists (established 1857), 48, Spelman Street, London, N.E. In this brochure classified lists of uric acid free and gout-provoking foods and drinks are set out in detail, so that a varied selection of palatable, nourishing, and dainty dishes may be daily made without difficulty. Please ask for Booklet N.

Bishop's Varalettes are supplied in vials at 1s., 2s. and 5s. (25 days' treatment); or may be had direct from the sole makers, post free for 1/3, 2/4 or 5/4.



The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

Seasonable
Gloves.



The difficulties of obtaining supplies from abroad has meant prosperity for the English glove industry, and the better kinds of English gloves now being made satisfy in every possible way. This is specially true of some beautiful gauntlet gloves in heavy Mocha suède, just the thing for winter weather, and sold by a specialist in gloves. They are lined with fleecy wool, and come well up the arm, finishing with a fur cuff.

In days gone by English made gloves too often had a clumsy look about them. Though admirably adapted for cold weather, the glove in question is far too well made for any suspicion of the kind. It is of the slip-on shape liked by so many people, secured across the wrist by a strap and patent fastener.

These gloves are stocked in grey edged with grey fur, and tan bordered with brown fur. They cost 8s. 6d. each, and are ideal for Christmas or New Year presents.

A Red Cross
Watch.

Few more welcome presents will reach those nursing our sick and wounded than some dainty little Red Cross Watches. These have plain silver cases but at the back a small Geneva Cross is beautifully enamelled in red, round it a fine circlet of dark blue enamel being drawn.

These watches are keyless, and very reliable. They have a long centre seconds hand, for registering the pulse, and are in every way ideal from a nurse's point of view. Several watches intended for the nursing profession are large and on the clumsy side. One of the chief features of those in question is their artistic proportions and enamelling. The most fastidious woman cannot fail to be delighted with them; and count them amongst her best liked possessions. Their price is 27s. 6d., post free.

Watches such as these will form an interesting memento of nursing experience to many a woman in the days to come.

To Clothe the
Convalescent.

Uncommonly good value marks a dressing gown for a convalescent man, made of a warm light cloth for the unusually small price of 12s. 9d.

All the worth here is given with the material for, beyond a fancy girdle, there are no extraneous trimmings. These, however, are not needed by a man recovering from sickness or wounds, and one of the features helping to secure great popularity for this gown has been its practical simplicity. The gown has two large side pockets and is very loose and comfortable. It is kept in blues, greens, browns, and some mixed colourings, and most of the shades are remarkably attractive.

This is a speciality of one particular firm, who have already given notice that when their present stock is exhausted it will be impossible to repeat this dressing gown at its present price.

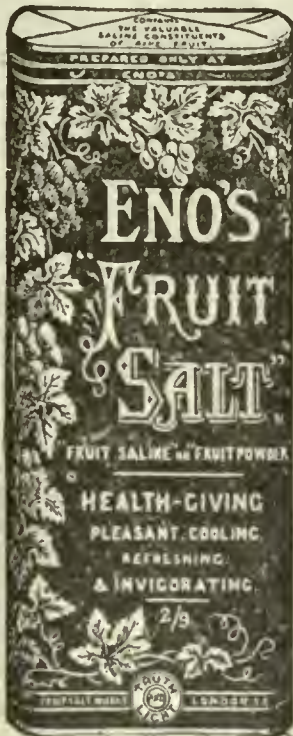
Hospital
Furniture.

The latest ideas on hospital furniture are receiving their due notice. Amongst them are some hospital chairs, the cane frames of which are so woven that the use of nails is obviated. They are very strong, very comfortable, and if occasion arises may be left out of doors with impunity. Durable linen baskets in natural brown cane with strips of

(Continued on page 30.)

Racing? Try Billiards! Burroughes & Watts' Tables.

MEN OF POWERFUL PERSONALITY RECOGNISE THE VALUE OF HEALTH



It is not from what a man swallows, but from what he *digests*, that blood is made. Pure blood means perfect health. Imperfect digestion and assimilation cause impure blood, bodily weakness and mental apathy. Unsuitable food is a frequent contributory cause of indigestion and consequent stomach and intestinal disorders. Errors of diet can be quickly and safely corrected by the prompt use of

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

the natural remedy for preventing and relieving all functional disorders of the body's filter—the liver—enabling it to separate from the blood those carbonaceous matters which are dangerous to health.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt' contains valuable constituents of ripe fruit in a portable, agreeable, and simple form, and is in every respect as harmless as the juices of the fruits from which it is obtained.

Order a bottle TO-DAY from your chemist or stores.

SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.

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THREE **III** PLY
(Regd)

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The ORIGINAL and ONLY Trench Coat definitely guaranteed absolutely and permanently Waterproof.

CALL and SEE the Coat in the process of making.

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Price ... £4 14 6
42 inches long.

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48 inches long.

Detachable Fleece Lining,
£1 11 6

Detachable Sheepskin, extra,
£3 3 0

Detachable Wallaby extra,
£6 6 0

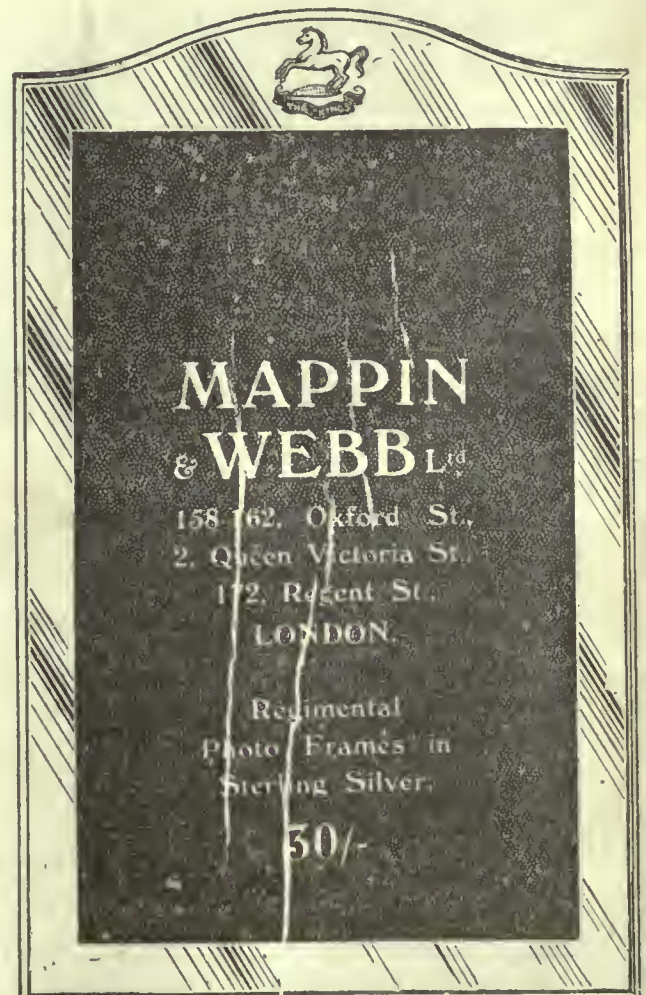
Detachable Fur Collar, extra,
£1 1 0

All sizes in stock. Send Chest
Measurement (over Tunic) and
approximate height.

Terms: Cash with order.

WEST & SON, LTD.

REGIMENTAL TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS,
Field House, 151 New Bond St., London.



Sight size, 7½ × 5½, Badge of any Regiment in raised Silver and Enamel.

THE SILENT APPEAL OF FRANCE

Heroes in the field, heroes no less on their beds of pain, the sorely-wounded soldiers of France by their very silence utter the more heart-stirring appeal for the skilled medical aid, the nurse's gentle care, which shall restore them once again to the fighting line.

French charity has done much, but it is handicapped by that lack of resources which comes from paralysed industry! In her need France turns to us to continue the work of mercy which we have begun.

The Urgency Cases Hospital for France

at Revigny is staffed by British surgeons and nurses and maintained at the cost of the people of Britain, aided by the generous support of the French Government, as our gift to the severely-wounded soldiers of our gallant ally.

The Hospital is under the direct superintendence of Sir Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., Mr. Stephen Paget, Col. Mayo-Robson, C.V.O., Miss Swift (Matron-in-Chief of the British Red Cross and St. John Ambulance), and other eminent surgeons and nurses. It has met with the warm approval and support of the French military medical authorities; and it has been so successful that, of 1,100 cases, all seriously wounded, there have been only 41 deaths.

The sum of **£3,000 IS URGENTLY NEEDED** for essential extensions and for working expenses.

Will You Help in this Work of Mercy and Love?

DONATIONS will be gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. James Baird, 50r, Curzon Street, London, W.

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"Make the boy interested in Natural History if you can."

—So wrote the late Capt. Scott in a letter from the Antarctic.

"WILD LIFE" is the most generally interesting nature magazine ever produced, and so is a gift worth giving to the rising generation.

A subscription of 30s. a year—or 2s. 6d. a month—will enable you to act on Capt. Scott's advice, and so benefit anyone you are particularly interested in.

Full particulars can be obtained from

THE WILD LIFE PUBLISHING Co.,
55 Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

THE WEST END

(Continued from page 28.)

red malacca are both useful and attractive, while glass-topped tables with a brass edge will not only stand very hard wear, but wash and keep spotlessly clean.

A catalogue illustrating hospital furniture and requisites has been printed on purpose and is now available.

To Benefit the Disabled.

Toys from the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors are particularly attractive just now. For one thing every toy bought benefits the men to whom we owe an unspeakable debt of gratitude. For another the toys in themselves are so amusing and entrancing that they will delight any of the younger generation into whose lucky hands they find their way on Christmas morning.

Very fascinating is a miniature village with a collection of rural houses and trees in brightly painted wood. Then there is a wooden dog in the style of the famous Caran d'Ache. It has a movable head, will give a tiny tot hours of enjoyment, and is but 2s. A butcher's shop is another toy, while wooden cannon firing shot cost from 2s. 6d.

These toys, and many like them, have all been made by our disabled fighting men, and the firm concerned have devoted an illustrated page to them in their Christmas Gift Catalogue, which they willingly forward on request.

The Hat for Wet Weather.



Infinitely becoming and uncommonly serviceable are some water-proof hats in silk or mercerised cotton of silky finish. These hats are absolutely rain resisting and can be worn in the veriest deluge with impunity, for they have been water-proofed through a careful and special process.

Made with a stitched pliable brim they can be arranged at any angle best suiting their wearer. Perhaps, however, almost the chief point in their favour is the wide range of colourings in which they are stocked. Amongst these are blues, greens, reds, browns, purples, in a great variety of shades, while water-proof hats are also

being made in black, in which they show to great advantage.

Just now these hats are being sold at a very special price, so that nothing is missing to make them an attractive proposition. Those in water-proof cloth are actually only 10s., models in mercerised cotton being 13s. Charming hats of waterproof silk are now but 17s. 6d., it being amazing they can be offered for the money.

In Convenient Form.

Tiny tablets containing quinine and phosphorus are being put up specially in vest pocket cases by a famous chemist. They are recommended strongly as a nerve invigorator and tonic, and since the war started hundreds of these little cases have found their way to the Front.

They are sold as an antidote to influenza, cold, and ague, and each convenient little tin costs sixpence.

A Hood and Scarf Combined.

A most practical form of scarf is now being sold for the man on active service, which not only acts as a muffler, but when wanted as a hood as well. It is a double scarf, a yard and a half long. By folding it in three and turning the top over, a cap can be made closely resembling those used for Winter Sports, and quite as warm and comfortable.

These invaluable scarves are of khaki wool, soft and closely woven. They are being received with joy in the trenches, for the double purpose is fully appreciated by the man at the Front, who will soon use it in one fashion or another, and find it the greatest possible boon.

The price of this adroit affair is 3s. 6d.

Milk Tablets.

The sole makers of a very special kind of Milk Tablet are to be congratulated, for they are not only supplying a thoroughly genuine article, but a great need at one and the same time. Each tablet represents half a pint of richest English milk, and as everyone knows, fresh milk at the Front is a difficulty. It is about the size of a biscuit, and can be eaten dry.

Eaten alone, it is delicious, with the taste of creamy English milk clearly discernible, but it is also very good with figs, raisins, nuts, or with chocolate.

One of these tablets makes a most nourishing emergency meal, and apart from the soldiers and sailors many people

(Continued on page 32.)

MAC'S WATERPROOF KNEE PADS



Registered Design No. 652941.

WATERPROOF PULL-ON,
Fitted with Knee Pad.

Perfect Protection in the Worst Weather.

CAN BE WORN OVER FIELD BOOTS,
GAITERS, OR PUTTEES.

Simple to attach or remove, and quite
small when packed up to carry in pocket.

Retail Price 20/- per pair.

We have to thank Messrs. Alan McAfee, Ltd., 68 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.,
for allowing us to make use of these blocks representing their new and improved
NORWEGIAN SERVICE BOOTS.

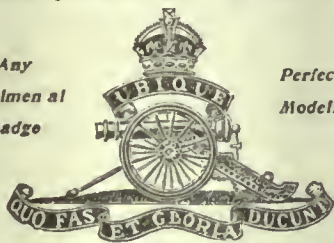
To be obtained from all Boot Firms, Military Tailors or Stores.
If unable to purchase locally, write direct to Wholesale Agents,

Messrs. McAFEE & APPLETON, Ltd.,
St. George's House, 193, Regent Street. W.



J. W. BENSON LTD. Military Badge Brooches

Any
Regimental
Badge



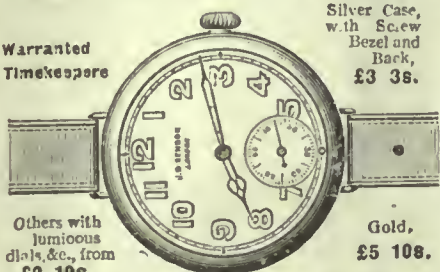
Perfectly
Modelled.

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Others in stock from £3.

Large Selection in Diamonds, or Gold
and Enamel. Sketches sent for approval.

"Active Service" WRISTLET WATCH
Fully Luminous Figures & Hands

Warranted
Timekeepers



Silver Case,
with Screw
Bezel and
Back,
£3 3s.

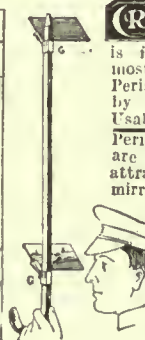
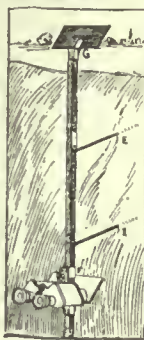
Others with
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dials, &c., from
£2 10s.

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25 OLD BOND STREET, W.
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PERISCOPE MAKERS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

Land and Water says: "This particular Periscope is
portable, cheap, and strong, and thoroughly to be re-
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CRENCHSCOPE

is invisible, and is the
most largely appreciated
Periscope of all. Used
by over 12,000 Officers.
Usable with Field Glasses.
Periscopes under 3 feet
are dangerous. No enemy
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mirror glass cannot
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Very firm when
stuck in bottom or
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No. 2 is splendidly
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rolled plate mirrors
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Clip for using Binoculars 6/6 extra.
Including Waterproof Khaki Case with lock and extra mirror.
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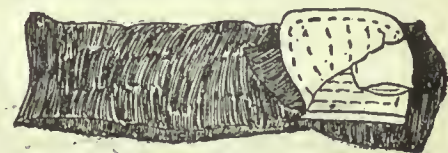
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The K'Restwell Kapok Sleeping Bag Valise

(Patent)

affords full protection against
cold and wet to hundreds of
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Weight 8 lbs. Price 50/- Length 7 ft.

Major G., Headquarters Staff, writes:
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anything so comfortable."

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For Soldiers and Sailors in the Mediterranean
and France, and at Home.

Cost of Huts £300

COST OF TENTS ...	£150
EQUIPMENT ..	£100
WEEK'S WORKING, Abroad ...	£5
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We have many other Branches of Special WAR WORK, and our
ORDINARY EFFORTS go on steadily during the War.

FUNDS URGENTLY REQUIRED to comply with CONSTANT
PRESSING REQUESTS for ADDITIONAL HUTS, &c., and for
maintenance of large number already at work.

Cheques, &c., should be crossed "Barclays' a/c Church Army,"
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Revolver Shooting in War.

By Captain CHARLES D. TRACY,
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YULE-TIDE GIFTS.

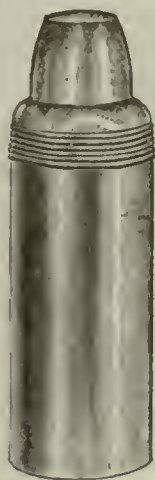
The "UNIVERSAL"
Coffee Machine.

Makes excellent coffee free from the unwholesome properties caused by boiling.

Made in Nickel or Copper finish.

Makes a distinctive and useful gift acceptable in every home.

Made in 1, 2, 3, and 4-pint sizes.

The "UNIVERSAL"
Vacuum Flask.

Fitted with patented non-rusting Shock Absorber which practically eliminates breakage.

Safe, Sanitary, Durable.

Retains heat for 24 hours.

An excellent gift for our Soldiers and Sailors at home and abroad.

Made in $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, and 2-pint sizes.

"UNIVERSAL" Household Specialities are on sale at all first-class Ironmongers and Department Stores.

Write for free booklets.

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LITTLE LECTURES BY NURSE WINCARNIS. Lecture No. 4.



Nerve Troubles

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia and nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal 'Wincarnis,' the "Wine of Life." 'Wincarnis' is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful.

Begin to get well FREE.

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis'—not a mere taste but enough to do you good. Enclose three penny stamps (to pay postage). COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., W 200, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINGARNIS

THE WEST END

(Continued from page 30.)

are buying them who are only too glad to take milk in such a convenient manner. They are put up in eightpenny packets containing four tablets each.

(To be continued.)

Despite the war, children's parties are being mooted, and few will grudge the small folks' enjoyment. Tiny fur bordered smocks are being ordered for babies from two to four, and are triumphs of successful simplicity.

Beaded flowers of quaint and conventional type are a favourite trimming on winter hats, and very pretty some of them look. The best examples resemble nothing so much as Early Victorian bead work. Generally, only a single flower is used, for decoration is simple on the hat of the hour.

The latest rest-gowns are wonders of easy manipulation. One of them worn over a lace or chiffon petticoat is to all intents and purposes a long sheath, with two pointed ends. These cross over in front, and knot between the knee and ankle at the back, thus forming a narrow pointed train.

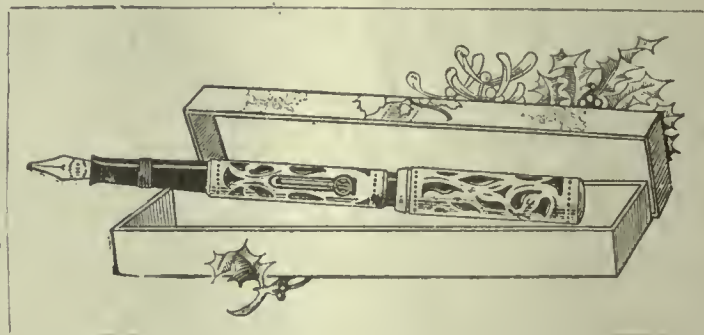
Already there is a revolt against the high-collared dresses, and women are preferring those which open at the front at any rate, even if there is a high frill at the back of the neck. The fact is that comfort in clothes is everything in these strenuous days, and we have got too accustomed to freedom round the throat lightly to relinquish it.

Some very attractive silk handbags are being lined with satin of a contrasting colour edged with a narrow line of hand-made floral embroidery. Bags of this kind lined with pale mauve satin outlined with a narrow border of violets in shaded mauve ribbon are unusually pretty. As perhaps may be imagined the dainty idea hails from Paris.

In recent letters from the Front it is mentioned that the men are well supplied with most things, but that if anything is needed it is mufflers. From all accounts the men not in the firing line manage to amuse themselves in very simple ways. One famous Battery of Horse Artillery has a band of mouth-organs aided by drums which includes no fewer than fifty performers.

THE IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN.

The fountain pen is nowadays reckoned among the necessities of civilisation. Everyone of a practical turn of mind carries one with him, from the statesman at a banquet to the soldier in the trenches. It was not so long ago that the writer was present at a public dinner at which Mr. Balfour was the guest of honour; he was asked to inscribe his signature at the back of a lady's menu, and from the pocket of his dress coat, Britain's former Prime Minister drew forth a fountain pen. Whether it were a Waterman or



not, the writer cannot say, but it might well have been so, for this is the Ideal pen, not only in name, but in fact. There are no inky fingers in the filling of it; it is easily carried, and fitted with its owner's favourite nib, whether broad or narrow, or betwixt and between, it is the very acme of perfection for the ready writer. One is not surprised to hear that a Waterman is one of the most favourite Christmas presents of this year, especially for soldiers on active service. Inkerman was the soldiers' battle; Waterman is the soldiers' pen. Every pen is guaranteed. A booklet showing styles can be had by writing to L. G. Sloan, at The Pen Corner, Kingsway, where a complete selection of Waterman's Ideals can be seen at any time, or nibs exchanged if not suitable. By the way, Waterman's Ideals can be posted at trifling cost to any one serving with the Forces abroad. In view of the unavoidable postal delay at the present time gifts should be purchased and sent at the earliest moment possible.

JEWELLERS



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TO H.M. THE KING

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

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A Catalogue illustrated with useful suggestions for Christmas Presents will be sent post free.



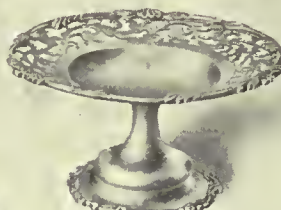
Regent Plate Mounted Preserve Jar, with Automatic Lid, Complete with Spoon, **11/6**



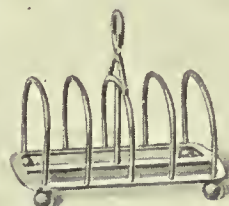
Solid Silver Richly Pierced and Chased Butter or Preserve Dish, with Glass Lining. Diameter, 3½ in. **£1 8/6**



Solid Silver Mustard Pot with Blue Glass Lining, **£1 3/6** Spoon, 3/6 extra.



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Individual Toast Rack, Solid Silver, **19/6**



Child's Solid Silver Mug Copy of Antique. ½-pint size, **£1 17/6**



Table Cigar Lamp, with Dippers, Solid Silver, **£1 15/0**



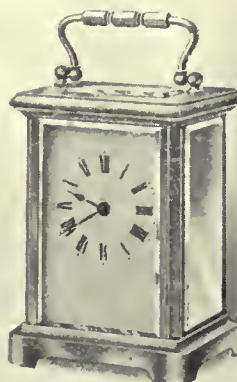
Solid Silver After-Dinner Coffee Pot, **£3 12/6** Hot Milk Jug to match, **£3 12/6**



Solid Silver Tea Strainer. Copy of Antique. Complete with Solid Silver Bowl, **£1 6/6**



Pocket Reading Glass with Extending Handle. Folds up for pocket. Diameter, 2 in. Solid Silver, **£1 10/0**



8-Day Gilt Travelling Clock, complete in Case, **22/6** With Lever Movement, **35/-**



Solid Silver Flower Vase with Pierced Top. Height, 7½ in. **15/-**



Regent Plate Oval Biscuit Box with Silver Edges. Copy of Antique, **£2 5/0** Solid Silver, **£8 5/0**



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Individual Invalid Chop or Entrée Dish, with Hot Water Compartment. Diameter of Dish, 6 in. Regent Plate, **£1 5/0**



Newspaper or Book Stand. Very useful for Invalids. Regent Plate, **12/6**

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Regent Plate Dish, with Inner and Outer Covers. Can be used as a Muffin Dish or Chop Dish, **£1 0/0**

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Military. Sporting Town & Country Kit



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LAND & WATER



By Louis Raemaekers.

L'AVENIR.

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DEFENCES OF SALONIKA.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE positions dictated by the ground as most natural to the defences of Salonika have already been briefly examined in these columns. It may be of advantage to the reader to follow them this week in somewhat more detail.

They begin, obviously enough, with the line of the Vardar upon the West. The Vardar is unfordable, is crossed here by only one road and one railway bridge at A and at B (Plan I), and the lower part of its course to its delta in the Gulf is marshy upon the further or Western side, the marshes also appearing upon the hither or Eastern side before the mouth is reached. It will therefore not be necessary to hold the line of the Vardar in any great force south of the village of Gundoghular (or Yalmazes), and perhaps no troops would be needed at all south of Yunjular. On the other hand the line of the Vardar for some eight miles to the north would have to be held strongly, because it runs through flat country very bare of cover and overlooked (though at a great range) from the heights before Yenidje Vardar to the north and west. Observation from these heights at the nearest point to the Vardar could be carried on at a distance of a little over 6,000 or 7,000 yards. This sector of the defence is further threatened by the communications in its neighbourhood. The enemy has here the undamaged railway from Vodena and Monastir, and the good metalled highroad as well, while he can be striking at right angles, upon what we shall see later to be the most vulnerable sector in the lines, when he has repaired the main railway from Serbia which runs down along the east bank of the river.

When the lines leave the Vardar they climb up and cross an easy slope (just over 800 ft. high at the summit) which leads them to the Valley of the Galiko.

This sector is a long one, over ten miles, and it is also open. A trace taken across it in a shallow bend would everywhere command the landscape to the north. The two railway lines however come up to either end of it, and we shall discuss later the peculiar opportunities it offers. *It is that part of the defence which will best lend itself to the enemy's attack* and is marked on the Sketch Map "Vulnerable Sector."

Once over the Galiko one comes upon very different conditions. Here begins that continuous line of mountainous ridge which lends to the landscape north, east, and south-east of Salonika, an aspect of easy defence—an aspect not wholly corresponding with real ease of defence under modern conditions. At any rate this front is far more defensible than the western sectors and presents the physical appearance of a great wall of hills.

This ridge or wall starts due north of Salonika, with the Daud Baba group, rising to

nearly 1,500 feet, confused in outline but very steep on the side presented to the enemy. The lines then sink to a Pass not quite half as high, 820 feet, where a carriage road from Salonika to Seres crosses the hills, rise again to the summit just over 2,000 feet in height, and thence—after crossing another saddle of 1,500 feet—climbs to a peak little short of 4,000 feet, the summit of the Hortak or Khortach Mountain, the highest point in the whole system.

It is on this ridge, between the Seres Road and the Hortak Peak, that the lines come nearest to Salonika itself, covering the harbour at a range of almost exactly 9,000 yards. The importance of this belt of cover will be dealt with in a moment.

The Hortak Mountain mass has wooded cover upon its slopes, particularly its northern slopes (which face the enemy) and this type of cover continues for some miles at intervals as one proceeds south and east.

But whether the lines will be carried along the ridge right round to the south and east and so to the sea (going across the Suka mountain, only little less high than the Hortak, covering the 1,716 foot Pass at Galatista, and thence following down the spurs to the Coast land, covered by fire from the sea), is doubtful for two reasons: First, that the number of men required for such an ideal extension (a matter of 25 miles or more) would be very great, and secondly, that an enemy offensive from this quarter could hardly be undertaken save at the expense of great delay. It could even then suffer for a long time from what would be at the outset almost insurmountable difficulties of supply. For the district is a mass of mountains with no road from the north. It is far more probable that the lines will bend to the south-west from the Hortak group, cover the isolated wooded height of the Kara Tepe, and cross the Kaloron Ridge, beyond which is a sort of glacis coming down to the sea, which would need to be held in no great strength because an enemy attack from here would be almost impossible. All the lower slopes are directly under fire from the sea.

A perimeter of this sort from the Kaloron Ridge through the Hortak, thence all along the Mountain ridge to the Daud Baba summit, thence west across the open upland to the Vardar, thence along the Vardar to the marshes at its mouth, would be, in all its sinuosities, not far short of fifty miles in extent.

The very first comment which anyone will make who has followed the present war, is that so extensive a line will require a very large force to hold it.

To repeat what was said three weeks ago in this place; the whole of this campaign has proved that the modern siege train can master in a few days the old-fashioned permanent works of restricted area.

To defend any point, therefore, with a system of isolated works requiring comparatively small



Detail of the defensive positions surrounding Salonika, including the "Line of the Lakes."

numbers of men is no longer possible. The defence of such a point—in this case a Port with its stores, wharves, and the rest—can only be undertaken by the tracing of continuous lines against any sector of which the assault will proceed precisely as it proceeds in the field work and against the field trenches in Flanders or Champagne. The defence of Salonika, should it become necessary, will be work of the same kind as the work proceeding everywhere upon the Western front at this moment.

Experience has shown that an average of 3,000 men a mile, counting in all one's local reserves, is insufficient to hold such a line on normal ground, while perhaps 5,000 men is more than enough. At any rate, a perimeter such as that we are discussing, involves the use of at least 200,000 troops, adequately supported, of course, with artillery, given as much mobility as possible by lateral communications—that is, roads along the lines for moving men, guns and stores—which at present hardly exist (and in the mountain sectors would be very difficult to establish), and continually repairing wastage by fresh drafts.

As against the difficulty of lateral communications, however, it must be pointed out that the most vulnerable part of the front (from the Galiko round by the north to the Vardar river) though ill-provided with lateral communications (that is with roads or light railways by which men and munitions can be transported rapidly from one part of the line to the other) is fairly well supplied with radial communications (that is, with communications reaching from the centre of supply—in this case Salonika town—to the circumference).

The reader will mark upon the sketch map one good metalled road, and no less than three lines of railway serving the western part of the lines.

We have seen in a previous article that, long as this perimeter is, it will be impossible to shorten it usefully. If the Daud Baba hill is not held all the land to the south is at its mercy. The same is true of the slighter height between that hill and the Vardar, while the abandonment of the Vardar line would be extremely dangerous. Only those on the spot can decide whether such an obstacle as the Galiko in its lower course would be sufficient for a stable defence. But certainly to give up such an opportunity as that of the Vardar in the defence of Salonika would be something only done under the pressure of absolute necessity.

It is further clear, quite apart from the nature of the ground round the town, that the perimeter cannot be reduced because it is necessary to have a belt securing the Port from long range bombardment.

The harbour of Salonika behind the break-water is about one-fifth of a mile in length, with another quarter of a mile or so extension in open quay to the east. It is a target which can be exactly established and subjected to destructive bombardment unless the heavy guns which the enemy can ultimately bring up are kept out of range; and this can only be done by making sure that they shall not be emplaced within three or four miles of the nearest point at which the mountain ridge approaches the town.

It seems probable from the meagre reports reaching the West that this horse-shoe line round from the Vardar River to the eastern shore of the Gulf of Salonika will be the one choice, but there is an interesting alternative line well worth studying which may be called "the line of the lakes."

THE LINE OF THE LAKES.

If the reader will look at the sketch map which illustrates this article, he will see that from the wooded mountain mass of the Hortak Mountain there runs a chain of positions continuing due east until one strikes the sea at the Gulf of Rendina. These positions consist in three groups of hills (numbered upon the sketch I, II and III respectively), covered by two lakes and a river.

The first hills-I, with natural summits about 1,500 feet above the sea, stand just east of the Hortak and above lake Langaza. The second (called the Kartal Tepe) II, running up to about 1,000 feet, are but the spurs of much higher land, which runs up behind them little south, and is covered with wood. The third group, III, is the pronounced, partly isolated bulk of Sugliani, wooded upon its northern slopes and part of its summit, and somewhat over 1,600 feet in height.

Were these hills the only element upon the line in question they would offer no advantage compared with the continuation of the horse-shoe round to the Gulf of Salonika. On the contrary, they would suffer from three disadvantages. First, that they involve a longer line (it is 34 miles from the slopes of the Hortak Mountain to the Gulf of Rendina); next, that each group of hills is divided from its neighbour by deep valleys and, lastly, that the communications of such a line at present hardly exist. The furthest end of it, the Sugliani, could be supplied from the sea, the middle parts would be supplied with difficulty from the Galatista carriage road behind them, which runs upon an average of ten miles to the south and beyond high ridges of wooded hill and mountain. No continuous track, even, for moving men, guns, stores and shell, back and forth along this line now runs.

But the line has a certain feature which may make up for these disadvantages. This feature is that already mentioned, the Lakes. From the head of Lake Langaza (just beneath the positions nearest to Salonika at a range of about 12,000 yards from that town), right away to the sea at the Gulf of Rendina, there is an almost continuous line of natural obstacle. This line begins with Lake Langaza itself. Lake Beshik follows; and the streams and marshes belonging to the system of the two lakes complete the whole. There is only one very short gap in this long line of obstacles and that is the drier part of the isthmus between the two lakes, a drier part marked by the hamlet of Sarai. The Iri Brook is here no appreciable obstacle, and there is between the marsh at the mouth of the brook and the marshes on Lake Langaza a gate perhaps four miles in extent.

This gate is, however, completely dominated by, and observed from the high hills to the south, and once one gets west of it, the obstacles proceed without interruption. There are first the marshes at the mouth of the Brook Iri; then the whole length of the Beshik Lake, over 16 miles along and more than a mile broad at its narrowest. Lastly, the final four miles between the end of Lake Beshik and the sea, are covered by the outlet river across which are but two bridges, one near the lake and one near the mouth. Further, the southern shore of the Beshik Lake is largely marshy, a point of no great importance unless a crossing were forced, in which case the landing upon the further shore would be impeded by this natural feature.

But it is not possible to conceive of a crossing being forced over such an obstacle in the face of anything like adequate artillery concealed in the hills to the south.

The object of an enemy attempting to force this line would in practice be confined to the Gate of Sarai and the course of the outlet river between the Beshik Lake and the sea.

The first, as we have seen, is completely dominated by the heights to the south of it; the second almost as thoroughly guarded by the Sugliani Heights and Woods, while it is so completely swept from the sea that it is difficult to imagine a successful forcing of it by even a large body of men with ships against them.

One may sum up the advantages and disadvantages of this line of the lakes stretching from sea to sea by saying that it would be a longer line than the horse-shoe following the mountains round the Gulf of Salonika, and that communications along it would be so particularly difficult as to interfere with the mobility of troops and guns defending it. But on the other hand the opportunities for attack against it are few and are practically restricted to the single gate of Sarai; so that, once the defence was organised, rapid massing of men or of guns upon any other spot would hardly be necessary. It should be noted that the heights to the north of the Line of Lakes though dominating that line completely, and often higher than the hills to the south, are at a very long range. Guns within useful range for covering a crossing of the lakes would everywhere be overlooked from the southern hills and the difficulties of communication on the northern side are as great or greater than the difficulties of the south.]

The easier supply from the sea and from the town and port have almost certainly determined the Commanders upon the spot to rely mainly upon the horse-shoe of hills running round the Gulf of Salonika from north and round by east of the town. But it is probable that subsidiary works will also defend the line of the lakes—or at any rate the gaps in it.

THE EXPOSED SECTOR.

From the elements of defence thus analysed from the Vardar eastwards, it is fairly clear that the attack upon the entrenched camp of Salonika should it come in force, and should the defence of the place be left quite unencumbered with Greek hostility from within, is likely to develop upon the open ten miles front between the Daud Baba Hills and the Vardar, which I have called on the sketch map, "the vulnerable sector." There would, presumably, be a double pressure, one across the Vardar front, the other coming in flank upon the vulnerable sector from the north. But the latter will offer the best opportunity for the enemy's success, and that for the following reasons:—

(1) First, and most important, the lines by which heavy munition can be brought up lie on either side of this ten-mile sector. The two railways, the one the coastal line coming from the Struma Valley road, the other the main line coming from Serbia and the Austro-German depots by the Vardar Valley will, when they are repaired, be the only main avenues of supply possessed by the enemy.

The Monastir road and railway has no base of supply behind its terminus at Monastir itself. Whereas the two lines just spoken of lead, the one continuously from the Austro-German arsenals

at home and their advanced bases in Serbia; the other, partly by road and partly by rail, from Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, and all the Bulgarian depots of supply.

(2) A successful attack upon this vulnerable northern sector destroys at a blow the whole value of the strong Vardar line. Whenever you have a right angle like this in a defensive system the thrusting back of one limb of the angle destroys the value of the other. It turns it. This was seen on a large scale when the Russian line on the Dunajetz was thrust back last May, with the consequence that the Carpathian line at right angles to it had to give way at once.

(3) The approach to this northern sector is much easier than that to any other part of the perimeter. The northern slope of the Daud Baba Hills and the northern and eastern slopes of the mountain ridge continuing onwards south and east from thence to the Hortak group—that is, the slopes facing the enemy—are very steep and in many places precipitous. On the Vardar sector the Vardar is, of course, a formidable obstacle. But here, between the Vardar and the Daud Baba Hill it is clear open country all the way up north for 15 miles.

(4) A successful blow delivered on the lower Vardar would bring the enemy's troops under the fire, though at long range, of ships' guns. But the vulnerable sector between the Vardar and the Daud Baba Hills is something like 17,000 yards from the sea at its nearest point. It would be perilous to draw the line closer to the sea between the Daud Baba Hills and the River because that would involve the loss of the road and railway crossings over the Vardar. The defence would of course in that case destroy as completely as possible not only the bridges themselves but the approaches thereto. But you cannot thus wholly eliminate the advantages an enemy obtains by the possession of an existing railway track and road leading up to an obstacle like the Vardar. Indeed, if there is a sufficient force for the purpose the defence will not only hold these bridges, but create and hold if possible a bridge head beyond them.

For all these reasons it seems that the attack on the entrenched camp of Salonika, should it take place, will succeed or fail in the open sector between the Vardar and the Daud Baba Hills, accompanied by simultaneous demonstration upon the Vardar front.

It must not be forgotten in these calculations that the enemy's power to attack at all is postponed to the date upon which he can begin to use the railway as a continuous communication.

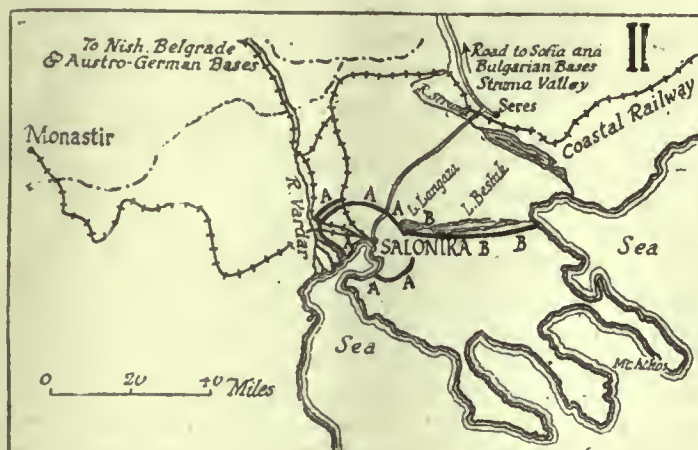
How far the Serbians destroyed the railway in its northern sections between the Danube and Veles we do not know. The French in their retreat from the entrenched camp at Kavadar blew up the short rock tunnel at the north of the Demir Kapu gorge, and both the bridges north of Gradetz and south of Strumnitza station. They also thoroughly destroyed sections of the line between all three points.

But though it takes some time to repair any damaged railway track the opportunities for preventing restoration altogether hardly ever exist and those for procuring a very long delay are rare. In hard rock—which is the soil of most of this line—it is particularly difficult to do damage to a road-bed which will be of lasting effect, and as for a bridge the Vardar, though unfordable, was (and can be again) crossed by wooden trestle

bridges. What the length of time may be before heavy shell can be supplied continuously to the enemy's front before Salonika only the experience of the near future will show; but it would be an error to count too much upon this delay, or to be guided in this matter by the analogy of past wars. Throughout this campaign the great industrial countries, the Western powers as well as the enemy, have repaired damaged railway lines at a much faster rate than calculations based upon past experience allowed; for modern industry has changed the whole character of the problem in a generation. Even a great girder bridge across a broad and deep river is a thing the reconstruction of which is allowed for and prepared long before the date of its destruction by a retiring foe. The sections are all ready and waiting. We may in the future have occasion to prove this in the case of the Rhine. The Germans have already proved it in the case of the Meuse, the Vistula and the San, and the French upon the Marne, the Somme and the Oise.

SUMMARY.

To sum up then:—Salonika is defensible along a horse-shoe of positions, A A A, reaching round the upper gulf from shore to shore, first following



a mountain ridge and then the Vardar line. Its most vulnerable sector is the open 10 miles or so indicated on Sketch II by a double line.

Besides this "Horse-shoe," the position may be further protected by works and batteries strung out along the "Line of the Lakes," BB.

POLICY OF "TORRES-VEDRAS."

It is clear that the determination to hold Salonika at all is part of a policy which is often called in this country that of "Torres-Vedras," from the line established by Wellington in 1809 for the defence of the seaport of Lisbon. These lines enabled him to keep open his entry into the Peninsula whence, upon the weakening of Napoleon's forces through the efflux of time and campaigns elsewhere, he was able to issue and gradually to obtain the mastery over his opponents.

The strategics of such a plan may be formulated exhaustively as:—"The Strategics of a base possessed of ample and secure communications and lying upon the flank of the enemy's main line of action."

Let us see what the elements of such a position are.

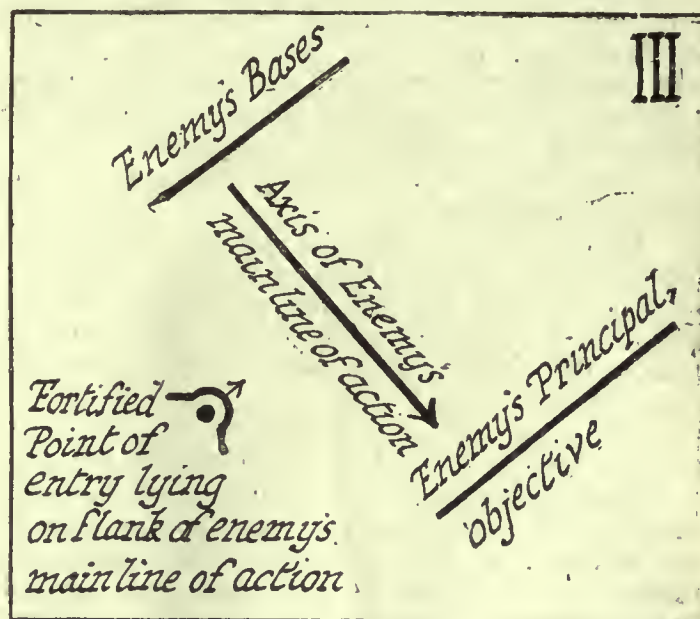
(1) The base must be impregnable to attack within those limits of time beyond which the enemy's strength in the region affected is calculated not to increase, and *after* which it is calculated that his strength will decline.

No fortified position is tenable for an indefinite length of time; the problem is always dynamic and not static. Indeed, it is the inability to recognise so elementary a truth which leads to the foolish talk of "stale-mate" in connection with the trench-warfare in the West. Sooner or later one of the two opponents proves unequal to his task; the besieged line is broken by the besiegers, or the besieged succeed in raising the siege. And this is due to the simple fact that all armies are subject to wastage and no army can command indefinitely large recruitment.

The first requisite, therefore, of this policy is that there shall be a reasonable certitude of being able to defend the point of entry until an offensive movement from it shall be possible.

(2) The next characteristic of this policy is that the point so held shall lie upon a flank of the enemy's main action.

It is clear that the holding of a single Port against the enemy's main forces in a great war, under the inability to do more for a long space of time than so to hold it, would be futile. It would leave the enemy complete initiative and full liberty of action anywhere except upon one short sector. For the policy we are discussing the enemy must be principally occupied elsewhere; that is, the main direction of his action uniting his own bases with his principal objective must be such that the point held lies on the side of it



(Sketch III). Only thus does this subsidiary operation (for it can never be more) disturb and threaten his main action.

(3) The lines so occupied defending a Port must not themselves be susceptible of containment by a comparatively small proportion of the enemy's total in that region.

For instance, I may occupy solidly the neck of an isthmus defending a Port and make certain that for such and such a considerable length of time my lines will never be forced. But if the ground is such that the enemy, drawing parallel lines against mine, can hold them with weak forces, that is, with a small proportion of his total forces in that region, then the holding of the Port is of no use to me. The enemy does not feel it to be a menace.

(4) Lastly, it is obvious that the whole value and meaning of such a policy entirely depends upon the security and fullness of the communications behind the fortified point.

In the case of a Port those communications are communications by sea. But the sea is at once an

ample avenue of supply for those holding the Port and an obstacle for the enemy. Therefore, if you have command of the sea sufficient for regular provisioning, evacuation of wounded, recruitment, and all the rest of it, as also for the landing of great new bodies securely when the time for an offensive has come, then a Port held in this fashion is the best example of "*a fortified gate of entry maintained as a menace upon the flank of the enemy*" which is the formula of Torres-Vedras.

In the case of Torres-Vedras all these four elements were fully present. The lines could be securely held with the forces at Wellington's disposal for a very long time and presumably until attrition should affect Napoleon's effectives in the Peninsula both in efficiency and in numbers. The Army necessary to contain those lines would have had to be very large and would have had a difficulty in maintaining constant supply. The Port of Lisbon was upon the flank of Napoleon's main efforts in the Peninsula. For the axis of these lay from north to south, representing as they did the conquest and holding down of an unwilling Spanish people by armies proceeding ultimately from France to the south and supplied from that country. With the axis of Napoleon's Peninsula effort thus lying from north to south, the port of entry at Lisbon, behind the lines of Torres-Vedras, lay due west.

Finally, Wellington relied upon a complete command of the sea acquired several years before, at Trafalgar; and even if the British drafts were insufficient in number he could count upon very large recruitment from local levies when the opportunity for an offensive should come.

Let us see how these four points stand in the matter of Salonika.

In the case of Salonika the first point, the security of the defence, is still doubtful. Only the future can show whether the enemy will attack, and if he attacks whether our forces are sufficient to hold the very extended lines which the position demands.

The second and the third points are much the same as in the case of Torres-Vedras. For, as to the second, Salonika is on a flank—for Salonika lies to the south while the main Austro-German line of action lies east and west; while, as to the third, if the considerable perimeter round Salonika can be held by the Allies at all, then nothing can contain those lines from without but very large forces indeed of the enemy—anything from 300,000 to 400,000 men. With not quite the same security as in Wellington's day there is yet a full command of the sea in the hands of the Allies. A more doubtful point is the presence of contingents capable ultimately of taking the offensive.

Torres-Vedras, the model and godfather of all such policies, relied upon the disaffection of the Spaniards to the rule of Napoleon's brother, the hatred the Spaniards felt for the French invader, the admirable powers of resistance which the Spanish peasantry and townsfolk had everywhere shown from and after the affair of the 2nd of May. It relied further upon the desire of the Portuguese, in spite of their traditional enmity to Spain, to save themselves from foreign government. When, after a prolonged defensive, Wellington was again able to attack, he had very large local forces in aid of his own, forces which increased as time went on, and he was moving forward through a country not hostile.

The Allies at Salonika are in no such situation. The attitude of their hosts—the Greeks stand here for the Portuguese—is at the very least doubtful, and in the Bulgarian population inland, as in the Turkish population, they have no friends but open, active, and well-organised enemies. The Allies can recruit their forces in Salonika when the moment of the offensive shall come, but hardly in any very great degree compared with the forces opposed to them. Very large numbers cannot be spared from the West until some decision has been arrived at upon that all-important line, and when such a decision shall have been arrived at Salonika will not matter a rap. For if or when the enemy is beaten on the West he is beaten to the ground all over Europe and the war is at an end.

From the Eastern line, which is only second in importance, nothing can reach Salonika, and even if it could be the same remark would apply.

On the other hand, an element is present in the Salonika position which was not present at Torres-Vedras, and that is the possible or probable future action of the Allies upon other flanks of the enemy's main line of action. Russian forces, when equipped, may act from the north (they are perhaps most likely to strike at Czernowitz); Italian forces may appear from the west; and the remaining half of the Serbian army, though deprived of all artillery save a few mountain guns, may carry on a guerilla warfare in the hills when it has been equipped and supplied.

It is further to be remarked that an advance from Salonika, when the decline in the enemy's effectives or the enemy's occupation elsewhere renders it possible or advisable, is not so easy a matter as the advance from the Lowlands of Portugal towards the Spanish Plateau. One reason for this is the absence of roads, the tracks there being far worse than the Spanish communications of which the armies in the Peninsula complained so much; another reason being the new factor introduced by railways. To supply modern artillery (as against an enemy himself provided with railways) and to supply it continuously a railway is essential.

But the rail communication up into the Balkans from Salonika is restricted to one line. Of the three lines there converging the coastal one brings you along the foot of the Balkan Hills but carries you no further; the line to Monastir stops at that town, and the only line supplying a prolonged advance follows the trench of the Vardar Valley. The enemy if or when he retires would destroy it as effectively as did the Allies in their recent retreat, and even when it is restored it is but a meagre and narrow avenue of supply.

On the other hand, there is a road up the Struma Valley advance along which soon begins to threaten Sofia, and turns the great wall of the Rhodope mountains. But this is only one other single avenue of advance, and a push northward against an enemy could only be made if that enemy were very gravely inferior to the forces the Allies could put into line.

H. BELLOC.

We are informed that the total amount received by the Agricultural Relief of Allies Committee up to date, and including about £4,500 from the jumble sale at the Smithfield Show, now exceeds £35,000.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By ARTHUR POLLEN.

TO maintain an intelligent hold on the course of the war at sea is not really so simple a business as it appears to be. Two requisites are essential for its accomplishment. We need accurate and early information of what has occurred and is occurring and we have to interpret each group of events according to right principles. Each of these requisites presents difficulties peculiar to itself. Of the greater number of things that happen at sea we hear nothing whatever. Nine-tenths of the advantage which sea force possesses over land force would be lost altogether were this otherwise. It is not only the power of sea force to strike silently and secretly that must be observed by organised silence. When land force is being moved by sea the obligation of secrecy is greater still—and for two reasons. It is of vital moment that the enemy in each field should be kept in doubt and uncertainty as to the strength of the forces before him. And secondly, modern conditions are such that unless the movements of transports are concealed, an army is ten times as vulnerable at sea as it is on land. Which is as much as to say that by very much the greatest achievement of the submarine has been its power to strike at the sea communications of invading armies.

When it became clear that the Central Empires intended to open up communication with Constantinople by hacking a road through Serbia, and must certainly succeed in so doing, it also became clear that the only counter-strokes open to the Allies would be through further extensions of amphibious warfare. Great Britain and France could only intervene through Salonika; Italy only through Durazzo; Russia—except in the unlikely event of Roumania taking up arms on the Allies' side—only through seizing a bridge-head on the Bulgarian coast. On the top of this, communications with the Dardanelles forces would have to be maintained, and a provision made against any new Turkish-German effort against Egypt. The Mediterranean then, as has often happened in our history before, was destined to become a great centre of naval activity, and hence the focus of our enemies' submarine attentions. It was consequently anticipated in these columns many weeks ago that the German under water boats would transfer their attentions to this new field. It was also anticipated that the double task of frustrating their activities when they were at large, and hunting down their depôts and destroying the boats—so as to prevent their being at large—would prove lengthy, difficult and uncertain. It was a situation, then, in which the public mind was to be prepared not only for numerous losses but for a sustained toll of loss, but still not for loss on a scale that either threatened the success or even gravely impaired the strength of the various amphibious undertakings. For, though such losses might be grave and might continue, the main danger, the isolation or the established insecurity of the disembarkation points, did not threaten. Our experience of the Channel communications was on this point illuminating. The situation, as anticipated, was that in the actual neighbour-

hood of Salonika, of Alexandria and of the entrances to the Canal, and at any point chosen by the Italian Navy for landing in Albania, the warships and transports would be comparatively immune from attack. In other words, the success of the submarine would most likely be limited to more or less chance encounters with supply ships and transports in the open sea.

At the time when this forecast was made, it was also anticipated that in many instances the news of such encounters would be concealed, not probably from any distrust of the stability of public opinion in the Allied countries, but because it is just as important to keep the failure of a transport to reach its destination from the enemy as to conceal the fact that it has started. But I had not anticipated that entirely false and misleading news on this subject could have been telegraphed from the Mediterranean and given a semi-official importance by being allowed to pass the censor and appear in the British Press. I simply cannot look upon the recent telegram from Malta in any other light but as a somewhat clumsy effort at mystification. Why was it sent?

So far as the result of the several submarine campaigns have been published, there were between the 1st December and the 18th, ten British and four neutral ships sunk in home waters. How many by submarines, how many by mines laid by submarines, we do not know. In the Mediterranean five British, two Greek, four Italian and one American ships have been attacked. A small Italian cruiser has been sunk off Valona by an Austrian submarine; the *Re Umberto*, an Italian transport, and the destroyer *Intrepido* have been sunk by mines. In the Baltic the *Bremen* and a torpedo boat have recently fallen to the Russian or British prowess, and in the Sea of Marmora four more enemy transports sent to the bottom. But it would be rash to assume that the twelve ships attacked in the Mediterranean represent the entire story either of attempts or of successes. What is material is that although one small cruiser was sunk off Valona, the Italian Expeditionary Force—in spite of submarines—has made good its footing on Albanian soil. What is perhaps more interesting, because embarking is a more difficult affair than landing, a great force has been shifted by sea from Gallipoli without a single under water attack. But then the enemy did not know the operation was proceeding.

THE STRATEGY OF RAIDS.

The raid of the *Novara* on San Giovanni was, then, a flash in the pan. It was one of those "Runaway Rigs" of which there are many precedents in naval history, and two very important precedents in this war. The attacks on Yarmouth and Scarborough were made by units of, it is true, less speed, but on the other hand, far greater power. They were carried out with no proper military object, whereas the mission of the *Novara* was in every sense of the word legitimate. At the beginning of hostilities between Austria and Italy, there were a good many cross ravaging expeditions of this kind. The object of such raids may be legitimate or illegitimate, if

indeed these words still have any meaning. But of their essential strategic character and generally, of their essential strategic worthlessness there can be no question. It is not once in five hundred times that an effort essentially based on the evasion of your opponent's force can do him any vital damage. It is seldom indeed that any damage at all of a serious kind is done by such efforts.

The British Fleet's only effort at raiding—in the affair of the Heligoland Bight—was carried through on very different principles. That, it will be remembered, was an expedition of all arms—submarines, destroyers, light cruisers, singly and in squadrons, with finally a majestic sweep of Sir David Beatty's battle cruisers over the field. The submarines were placed so as to observe and if possible cut off any help the enemy might send into the fields of operations. *Fearless*, *Arethusa* and the flotillas were sent in to engage and to hold a German force of not dissimilar in strength, and no doubt, principally in the hope that they would entice the larger German units on to the scene. When *Arethusa* had sustained action after action with individual opponents, first Commodore Goodenough was sent in to her relief, then the battle cruisers swept the ground—the Commodore and the Vice-Admiral accounting for three enemy vessels before the close of the day.

The value of the *coup* did not lie in the sinking of three cruisers, the crippling of three others, the destruction of one destroyer and the wounding of many. Its value lay in the fact that it was a challenge by a very small portion of the British Grand Fleet to the whole of the German High Seas Fleet. It established a thing not then known—namely, that the Germans had no intention of accepting any challenge whatever. Incontinent flights from Yarmouth, from Scarborough, and across the Dogger Bank, confirmed the Heligoland experience and seemed to establish once and for all the course of the war in the North Sea. No assertion that this sea has been "searched" by German vessels, without a single British ship being seen, no boast of Persius that we have failed in our Fleets' main function, namely to destroy the German Main Fleet, will or can alter the bare fact that the German Fleet can, and will not put the command of the sea to the test.

SUBMARINES OR DESTROYERS?

The events I have alluded to and the considerations to which they give rise, seem to justify a rather broader statement of principle with regard to the function of the submarine in war. Essentially I can see no difference between the raid of the *Novara* on the Giovanni di Medua ships, and, say, the attack of the Austrian submarine on the *Ancona* in mid-Mediterranean. In each case a vessel of war, very greatly superior in speed and armament to the vessel which it attacked, was able to surprise its victim, destroy it and seek safety before any counter-attack upon it could be made. The difference between the two cases is that the *Novara* was able to arrive on the scene at San Giovanni and to retreat from the scene unobserved and unpursued, because of its speed. The submarine was able to arrive on the scene of its attack and retreat from that scene unobserved and unattacked, because of its capacity to make itself invisible at will. Had Germany had no submarines at the beginning of the war, it is exceedingly probable that incidents such as the

sinking of the three *Cressys* would have occurred, the attack being delivered by high-speed destroyers. In bad light and against an armed ship, a destroyer is at least as efficient as a submarine can be when it is within striking distance. In any light, against an unarmed ship, the destroyer is obviously a vastly more efficient enemy than the submarine. Where the submarine gains against the armed ship is that its power of concealment, even when in a condition to strike, is so nearly absolute as to postulate, if the victim is to make herself secure, a standard of vigilance combined with a precision in counter-attack that is virtually unattainable. But the armed ship has this advantage over the unarmed, that the submarine cannot carry through its work as if it were a surface ship. For, stories from the Baltic and the Sea of Marmora notwithstanding, it is impossible to admit that the submarine has yet reached the stage in which it can, when afloat, engage even a modern destroyer on equal terms. Hence if its victim is armed, the submarine is limited not only to under-water attack—which is only efficient when the range is comparatively short and the speed of the victim low—but what is far more important, it is limited to under-water approach and under-water manœuvring for a position from which to attack. The cruising speed of even the slowest and most obsolete of fleet vessels is far greater than that of the fastest submarine under surface.

Where the submarine differs from the destroyer is in its capacity to reach a distant point in safety by submerged travelling. Once in the field it is quite natural that the men in the submarine would prefer the gun to the torpedo as a weapon. There is first the obvious argument that very few torpedoes can be carried. The argument becomes stronger when the want of precision of that small number is remembered. But, without this, it is doubtful if human nature, even German sailors' human nature, could be kept from preferring the gun to any other weapon if the choice existed. And, of course, the moment submarines could be made of sufficient size their armament by guns was inevitable. There is nothing in the nature of things why the existing submarine should not carry much larger guns, and why larger submarines should not be built carrying much larger guns still. When this happens, as it must, the submarine will first approach and then perhaps surpass the destroyer's present efficiency as a surface ship.

INHERENT LIMITATIONS.

But it is an interesting reflection on this that nothing that can apparently happen will increase its efficiency as a *ship fighting submerged*. Indeed, any increase in size must tend to limit the area in which it can be used, must make the disturbance of the water above it more marked, and its detection in all circumstances more easy. And all this without conferring on it any new advantage in the weapons at its disposal, either by increasing their power, their range, or the means of using them with accuracy. From all this it seems to follow, while the submersible ship will always have the advantage over any other kind of ship of being able to pass unseen through waters controlled by surface ships, and, as it grows in size, will naturally grow in gun power and hence become more and more formidable as a unit of force on the surface, that nevertheless it can only make this advance at some cost of invisibility, and will always

be denied that greatest of all advantages accruing to surface ships to-day, namely, their capacity to be used in flotillas, squadrons and fleets. Confined areas may, of set plan, be made the field of the activities of several giant submarines, but it seems quite incredible to suppose that they could ever be manœuvred together, be brought under one command, or lend themselves to the tactical combinations which are the characteristic of organised force in surface ships.

THE SALE OF THE GERMAN SHIPS.

Several papers mentioned on Monday morning that the sale of some German liners to Sweden had been agreed to, subject to the British Government allowing these ships to be used after coming under the Swedish flag. One correspondent went so far as to say that consent of the British Government was assured. If it is, then a very important change has been made in this country's policy. For when the *Dacia* was purchased earlier in the war, we refused to consent to the new ownership, and when the ship after much discussion was sent to sea, she was captured by the French and condemned as lawful prize. The attitude of the Allies in the matter had undoubtedly an important effect on American opinion, for it was known that President Wilson was anxious that a large purchase should be made in America of the German ships interned there, and there is no doubt that he had behind him a great deal of support. There was an unanticipated opportunity for re-establishing a mercantile marine. It was a thing to appeal to national sentiment as strongly as to the national interest. The fate of the *Dacia* made the further prosecution of President Wilson's purchase scheme incapable of immediate realisation, for obviously ships purchased in the manner proposed could not have been used during the war if such use must have involved the United States in quarrels with each of the belligerents in turn. The Allies' attitude may have had some influence in making Mr. Wilson's deportment towards Germany so friendly, and so very un-military.

But if Great Britain, France and Italy have changed their policy in this respect, there is no reason why German ships in America should not be purchased either publicly or privately and put at once into trade. The shortage of shipping is so serious that all belligerents, Great Britain no less than the others, would be the immediate gainers. There is no doubt that two and a half million tons of shipping, now lying idle, could be put to very effective use.

But there is another point of view. A great part of Europe has been devastated, a very considerable amount of British merchant shipping has been sunk, by a Power which, without a scintilla of excuse, suddenly began a war of aggression, which she has conducted as unscrupulously as she began it. That Power cannot make peace nor resume her normal life in the world, without the consent of those that control the British Navy, because the normal life of Germany needs a vast foreign trade, 76 per cent. of which is water borne. I take it for granted that this country would never consent to peace with Germany until the last mark of compensation that can be wrung from her has been paid or provided for. The shipping which she possesses abroad is one of the assets on which we must rely for this purpose. If the sale of these ships is permitted now German finance is the immediate gainer. For an asset which is of no

value at present and of which ultimately Germany can never regain possession, she will be receiving in either cash or credit a sum that would help materially in prosecuting the war. Is a lowering of freights an adequate compensation to us? No doubt all these considerations will be fully weighed before a decision is reached, but I find it difficult to see on what ground one favourable to the proposed bargain can be reached.

SUVLA BAY AND ANZAC.

The withdrawal from Suvla Bay and Anzac must have been, in every sense of the word, a sensational performance. To force a landing in the half light of dawn was wonderful enough. To withdraw men, guns and stores in the darkness and to conceal so vast an operation from so vigilant an enemy, borders on the miraculous. It is difficult to comment on an event of this kind with intelligence when the details of the operations are unknown. And as the operation may, before the end of the war, have to be repeated, it is not desirable that particulars of the methods employed should be communicated to the enemy.

The detailed organisation required for removing the whole of this and carrying out everything in darkness and silence is almost beyond estimation. It represents one of those *tours de force* of co-operation, for which the training of the seaman during peace is the most admirable preparation.

In no other profession in the world does the attainment of any given end stand so often in such sharp contrast with the means available for achieving it. The ingenuous layman who finds himself on board ship is constantly tempted to show his superiority by demonstrating how this operation and that can be made more expeditious, more certain and to demand less of the personnel, if only certain fairly obvious mechanical and electrical devices were employed to simplify the undertaking. He forgets that one of the main elements of strength of the navy is the almost unlimited power of improvisation, which the lack of the obvious assistance has taught. A shrewd observer who watched the early efforts of the navy at long range gunnery, and was asked afterwards if the success obtained was not rather moderate, was not disposed to quarrel with the appraisal of the result, but objected strongly to the remark as a criticism of the performance. "The ratio of hits to rounds fired may not have been extraordinarily high, but if you had seen the means by which it was proposed to obtain hits, you would have said that each hit was a miracle." It is the regular fate of naval officers to make personal skill, energy and resources triumph over the shortcomings of material.

The withdrawal from Anzac does not raise the question discussed in these columns some weeks ago. It was carried through without the withdrawal being at any time seriously disputed. It was the secrecy of the thing also that protected the men from attack as well as the ships engaged from being disturbed by submarines. The problems presented by a disputed withdrawal are naturally very different. And difficult as are those which have just been solved, the difficulties of a forced withdrawal would of course be greater. This is not to say that a forced withdrawal could not be made, but it certainly could not be made at so light a cost in men.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

THE POSITION IN MESOPOTAMIA.

By Sir Thomas Holdich.

WHEN a military expedition was planned for Mesopotamia the obvious—and probably at the time the only—objective was the protection of the oil fields at the head of the Persian Gulf. The growing importance of this source of oil supply for our Navy in the East was beyond question, and the arrangements for its protection imposed on the Indian Government the necessity for vigorous action.

Whilst the oil fields are Persian and well within the Persian border, the most direct (indeed the only practicable) way of getting to them is by the way of Muhammera on the Shatt el Arab at its junction with the Persian river Karun; the Shatt el Arab being practically a Turkish river conveying the united waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris into the Gulf. Some twenty-five miles above Muhammera lies Basra the commercial centre of Mesopotamia possessing a large export trade in wheat and dates, and a colony of British merchants. Basra is gradually becoming familiar to the British public. The Karun river is navigable up to Ahwaz, which is 80 miles in a straight line from Basra, and near it "somewhere in Persia" is the head of the oil supply. The river, after the fashion of the rivers of Mesopotamia, winds and twists in a devious course from Ahwaz to Muhammera, but it protects the oil pipe to the east of



it from the unpleasant attentions of the Arab tribes people to the west. There are Arab tribes on both sides the river, but those on the eastern side, in the plains called Arabistan, are familiar with the oil works, and sufficiently well satisfied with the results of the introduction of a large commercial business amongst them to be friendly to the Company.

The boundary line between Persia and Turkey is somewhat indefinite, but it leaves a strip of at least 20 miles of Persian territory to the west of the river and the Kab and Anifga Arabs within it may be reckoned as doubtful friends. The straight 80 miles between Basra and Ahwaz thus lies in quasi-friendly territory all the way, and the occupation of Basra at one end of the line and of Ahwaz at the other might seem sufficient to secure the protection of the oil fields, especially as the river Karun is itself a strong natural defensive barrier.

But having effected this occupation our small army from India found itself in face of a new proposition. Equidistant from Basra and from Ahwaz about 120 miles (direct) towards the north-west is a considerable town on the Tigris called Amara (not Kut-el-Amara) and Amara was an important rendezvous for Turkish forces. As

a strategic position it possessed the advantage of possible action directed against Ahwaz or Basra, or both, and, it might be impossible to say against which position the main attack was to be delivered. In fact it was utilized against both. Thus it became necessary to ascend the Tigris and occupy Amara, and at this point it appeared as if, strategically, the position (so far as regarded the safeguarding of the oil fields) was sound. Then, of course, occurred the unexpected.

It was not known that there was another channel than that of the Tigris river whereby Turkish troops could be conveyed southwards to the Euphrates so as to threaten Basra from the West. The existence of the Shatt el Hai connecting Kut el Amara (another 120 miles by the straight road above Amara) upset all calculations. The Turks were thus able to assemble in force at Nasrie (Nasriyeh) on the Euphrates about 120 miles W.N.W. of Basra (there is a remarkable uniformity in distance about all these strategic points) and were only displaced by an amphibious expedition through the Euphrates marshes which is now a notable record in the history of the campaign. It should be noted that in this flat expanse of mid-river country, channels are opened up, or closed, with such surprising frequency that fresh geographical information is required from year to year in order to keep mapping up to date. Then, of course, it became necessary to occupy Kut el Amara. We know the story of that brilliant expedition and we now know the importance of holding Kut el Amara as the last and most advanced strategic position necessary to cover any direct attack on the Persian oil fields. Was it necessary to go go any farther?

Turkish Opposition.

It was known that the Turks would occupy a strong position (but not so strong as that of Kut) at Ctesiphon 80 miles above Kut, and it was evidently expected that after Ctesiphon there would be more than one position to carry between that place and Bagdad. But the full strength of the Turkish opposition was clearly not known, for no General with any knowledge of the stiffness of Turkish defence would have risked an attack against odds of four to one. The prestige of an occupation of Bagdad would have been very great; the fame of it would have sustained our military credit throughout Mesopotamia, Persia, Afghanistan, and India, and Bagdad would have been a valuable asset when it comes to peace terms. It was worth some risk, and the risk was taken—successfully so far as Ctesiphon was concerned—but the loss of one-third of a division was too great to admit of any further venture with the remaining two thirds. The action at Ctesiphon was a brilliant episode which will ever redound to the credit of our Indian army, and the retreat from that position to the stronger lines of Kut el Amara was masterly. Nevertheless it was a retreat, and a set back which is most disappointing.

The position at present is this. We have secured our first objective, the safety of the oil supply, and there seems to be little fear of our not being able to retain the defensive at Kut el Amara. Incidentally, too, we have learned some useful lessons. We know at least that a trained and seasoned Indian Army, including both European and Native troops, commanded by Generals who have not been called upon to deal with masses of men so large that all previous experience, even in peace manoeuvres, must absolutely fail them; supported by an efficient and well trained staff, not selected at haphazard from aspirants to fame, but well tried officers—such an army can beat the Turks handsomely (even to the point of turning them out of defensive lines by direct attack) wherever they meet them at any less odds than four or five to one. We have also learned something new about the strength and the weakness of our native troops which will lead ultimately to a readjustment of popular idea about the fighting value of certain units. All this is good value, and goes far to discount our disappointment at not reaching Bagdad.

THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

THE veriest amateurs of psychology amongst us can draw sound comfort from the tenor of DR. HELFFERICH'S recent speech on the relative strength of German and British finance. It was the speech of a desperately anxious and impotently irritable man. That invincible stupidity of the British race, which has for so long been a cardinal German doctrine, evilly communicating itself to her more intelligent Allies, has so corrupted them that they cannot see that the game is up. They obstinately refuse to admit German victory as they maliciously and jealously refused to admit German superiority. Which all makes for gaiety and encouragement.

Meanwhile our own financial thinkers with less humour but more candour have issued a serious warning to us in terms which admit of no misunderstanding, if only they receive the consideration which is their due. While every German is conscious of the strain of the war in the actual experience of straitened circumstances and perceived shortages of food and raw materials, together with the profoundest anxiety about future supplies, this anxiety in England is confined to the few who are competent to analyse and understand the balance-sheets of the warring nations. There is little enough indeed to bring this particular matter home to the perhaps rather sluggish imagination of the peoples of these islands. We see a world going round very much as usual; with notably less poverty of the kind officially recognised as such than was usual in pre-war days; with labour in receipt of considerably higher nominal, and, generally speaking, of appreciably higher real wages. Seeing that the wiseacres foretold very widespread distress perhaps this pleasant falsification of their prophecies has helped to lull us into a dangerously false security.

The plain facts are that the actual financial position of Great Britain (since the Canadian concession which may create a happy precedent, we may add of Greater Britain) is so far sound. It owes little to such sleight-of-hand as manipulated the so brightly advertised German loans, of which not alone our own, but neutral bankers refuse to accept the roseate German estimate. Germany can boast, as Dr. Helfferich boasted, that through agents in America she can reduce the amount of our loan there; but she cannot even attempt to raise a loan there herself. We are still a solvent nation. There is still a balance of unredeemed foreign securities in our favour, though a great proportion of these is unrealisable at the present time; we are not yet reduced to borrowing expensively and precariously on the lender's mere calculation of our continued ability to pay. But we are living on capital at an absolutely alarming rate and our borrowing powers are necessarily weakened. It is soberly estimated that the trade balance against us is between £500,000,000 and £600,000,000 a year. Germany, largely unable to import, makes a virtue and a relative strength of her enforced economy; makes it out of her very weakness.

As plain men we are concerned with the plain inference that the continued national extravagance may spell for us national disaster. A fine ending to the agonies of our soldiers, the resolution of our people, if we are to hazard the victory which lies without our grasp because of the lack of true imagination or of the self-denial to reduce our way of living! It is imperative we should free ourselves to realise that a victory in the battle-field cannot be won without heroism and bitter sacrifice, so neither can this victory in the economic field on which the higher victory depends, be won without great renunciations and extreme discomforts. We others who do not fight ought not to wish that it should be otherwise.

It is quite true that upon the Government devolves the main responsibility of taking the heroic measures. Legislative restrictions in the drink trade have produced a very much greater reduction in the consumption of alcohol, than the self denying ordinances of individuals acting on a developed sense of duty. Yet no one is free to infer that his own efforts and influence may be inculpably withheld. The aggregate of individual sacrifices is not negligible. The spread of even the most obvious economic platitudes by private zeal is eminently helpful. It will increase the individual efforts by precept and by example; it will serve to stimulate active opinion to demand, and prepare sluggish opinion to accept, such drastic measures of taxation and restriction as are necessary.

No good purpose is served by underestimating the difficulties of the Government, and we essay no exercise in the popular mode of representing the Cabinet as a committee of somnolent imbeciles, waiting for the authentic instructions of heaven-prompted leader and letter writers. It is a gross but a true fact that a nation, as an army, fights on its stomach. It also must laugh. Labour is often condemned in these days as extravagant. It is working at a forced pace and for exceptionally long hours. It should not be too severely blamed for its gramophones and cinemas. London is a gay enough city in these times, restaurants and theatres well filled. It is not to be represented as fiddling while the Empire blows up, but as in the main trying to give its soldiers as good a time as possible.

But it may well be that we have reached a crisis of our fate when a little grimmer realisation of the stiff fight ahead of us will be more wholesome than the gay air we have, to our health's and spirit's benefit, hitherto contrived to maintain. It is in our favour that we have a great reserve of sanity to fall back upon.

We civilians need to think in terms of this simple proposition; we must each of us try to produce more in the way of goods or services than we consume and put the surplus at the disposal of the State. If we are consuming more than we produce we are helping to lose the war. There is a sort of negative economy, perhaps more easily grasped than practised, that of consuming and spending as little as possible on food, drink,

housing, clothing or amusement. There is a more positive way of economy; by working harder, if we are working at all; by setting to work if we are not; by freeing services which we do not in fact need, but only think ourselves or have accustomed ourselves to need, services which only minister to our comfort, as distinct from our efficiency. A Cabinet Minister may well need his valet; a rich middle-aged *flaneur* would be admirably employed putting the studs in his own shirts. Nor need we feel too elated at his heroism. There are, to be crudely explicit, countless comfortable middle-class homes, where the household services could be done by the daughters of the house so as to free the paid domestics for productive work which is everywhere waiting; there are innumerable women of the more or less leisured classes, the kind that sells in the streets on flag days, that could be assisting that work of the manufacture of hospital supplies which is still so much understaffed. It is credibly reported that while the women of what may be called the aristocracy and society have made very considerable changes in their mode of life, those of the still abundantly earning trading and manufacturing classes have even increased their expenditure. Good evidence may be found in the fact that a famous drapery house, which normally enjoys an aristocratic patronage, has altered its business policy to accommodate an entirely different type of customer who is freely spending while former patrons have almost ceased.

A nation that has a bill of five millions a day simply cannot afford this. Every unnecessary purchase made, every unnecessary service used is as definitely jeopardising our victory as is the slackening of output on the part of a munition worker, which we are ready enough to denounce in round terms as treachery. Nothing is more difficult to change than an accustomed standard of living. The queer paradox would seem to be almost established that it is easier to give up life itself than alter the mode of it.

It is really important that such necessary purchases as we make should be whenever possible manufactured by ourselves or our Allies; it is important not only in itself as in the aggregate effecting a diminution of imports, but as contributing to that general realisation of the seriousness of the outlook which is so vitally necessary. Upon each citizen who appreciates the position is laid the burden of spreading the realisation of it every possible quarter by example. It is to say the least as important as volunteer corps work.

That is the real responsibility of Ministers in the matter of salaries. No one seriously thinks that they are overpaid considering their responsibilities. Nothing can well be more vulgar and paltry than the constant heckling about clinging to the emoluments of office which punctuates our peace controversies. But it is unimaginative of them not to realise that the uninstructed country cannot possibly be convinced that there is this imperative need of an heroic change of standard of life, if there is this manifest unwillingness on their part to lead the way. The workman in particular is not going to have much scruple about his hire-purchase piano, and there are not wanting those who are eager to point the moral of Ministerial reluctances. Even the welcome deductions from the law officers' fees recently announced rather emphasise the splendour of the fees than the handsomeness of the reduction. The whole

question is a matter of the balance of advantages. There were obvious difficulties. Some Ministers would have been more embarrassed than others. It would have been an unbusinesslike piece of quixotry, but it would have had an immense effect in the country.

One corollary of the main thesis of the need of lessening the balance of consumption over production needs consideration. The insistence on the danger of increasing the armies beyond a definite but as yet officially undetermined point, is not a mere trick of the anti-conscriptionists.

There is a bitter way of putting this fact—that France and Russia bleed while we pay, which makes a very pleasant, recurring jest for the German comic hate-journals. Waterloo was won less on the playing fields of Eton than behind the counters of a nation of shopkeepers—a deplorably unpicturesque version, it may be admitted. The nation of shopkeepers now has not merely to keep shop bravely, but to keep a strict eye on its kitchens, wardrobes, wine-cellars and cigar cabinets.

It may be worth remembering that if we reduced our consumption to the normal German peace standard of living, we should save some five hundred millions a year. That German standard has of course been considerably lowered during the war. The tendency to cry out for heroic measures, such as the putting of the nation upon siege rations before it is absolutely necessary, would be to add to the already heavy burdens of administration and might very well shock the world, which might be led to think that England was coming to the end of her tether, while a widespread voluntary demand for and practice of self-denial in consumption is open to no such objection.

But might not a word be said, in favour of some such wholesome interferences as that the Government should supply sufficient barrels to prevent the netted fish rotting on our coasts for lack of packing facilities. We know how indifferent our powerful fish-factors are to such infamous wastes, which are a frequent deliberate policy in times of peace—to keep prices up. An actual mere dearth of barrels at the moment is responsible not only for actual waste of fish already caught, but for the fact that much fish is left un-gathered because the waste from this cause is foreseen by the fisher folk. It seems well worth while to make some fuller use of this, the only harvest which we reap without the labour of sowing and ploughing. Spendthrift habits and apathy are apparently not so easily shaken off, even at such a time as this.

The two children's parties which are to take place at the Hotel Cecil next Tuesday and on the following Monday in aid of the British Women's Hospital building fund for a Home for disabled soldiers and sailors, will be most attractive. Parties are being organised by Lady Arran, Lady Tenterden, Lady Dorothy Stanley and Lady Devonport, among others. At 3.30 the guests are to arrive and go at once to the Palm Court where an hour's entertainment is to be given. It will be changed on both days. A musical comedy clown has been engaged, and Mr. Frank van Hoven, the magician, will perform. Those clever small children, Miss Betty Balfour and Miss Joan Carroll, will give selections from their repertoires, and Little June, pupil of Mme. Pavlova, will dance.

This entertainment over, the children will form a procession headed by a boys' band and the banners of the Allies, and march downstairs to tea, and arrangements have been made with Santa Claus to come and distribute presents. All this enjoyment is to be had for the modest sum of a silver crown, of which two shillings goes to the fund. Tickets can be obtained from Room 35, Hotel Cecil, Strand.

LAST CHRISTMAS AT YPRES.

By Desmond McCarthy.

"**B**EHOLD, it is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap." "The burden of Damascus," according to the prophet, is now upon Ypres. Yet this time last year one could do a little shopping of a surreptitious back-door kind in Ypres.

The first big bombardment was over. The cathedral tower was half-down. Part of the roof lay in a heap in the middle of the nave, and the church itself had a ragged hole in its side several times bigger than its porch. But from the organ, though some of the pipes had been shed and others were leaning this way and that, a few groans could still be elicited. The Grande Place was much battered and pitted with shell holes. The Cloth Hall was a façade; inside rows of pillars supported nothing. A few streets were ruins, and in many others there was a charred gap where once a house had stood. The Germans were confining themselves then to throwing a few shells in a lazy, aimless way during half an hour in the morning and again in the afternoon or evening. They often sent down shrapnel. This was wanton; for that could not have done much destruction, and they must have known there were no troops in the town. The only result was, of course, that some ten or twelve citizens were killed or maimed every week. The town was very empty, but one could still do a little shopping in it.

Christmas Shopping.

The day before Christmas I was sent in by the office commanding our ambulance unit to buy some extra utensils for our feast. The approach to the ironmonger's lay through the house next door; but the interior except for the shuttered darkness was normal enough; so, also, except for a look of weary dejection, the behaviour of the ironmonger and his wife behind the counter. Customers must have been rare enough; it was their neat packets of screws, knives, hammers and scissors, their cans and baths and lamps, their brass fittings which gleamed here and there in the semi-darkness they could not bear to leave. I suppose, too, like us, like the French soldiers, who were then holding that bit of the line, like everybody, alas, they thought the worst was over. Poor people! I wonder if a 17-inch shell came afterwards and blew their home, themselves and their wares over the next acre or two of roofs, or if at this moment, somewhere in France or England, they are astonishing benevolent, unimaginative people by their grumbling! Having loaded the car with frying pans, slop pails, etc., I drove on to Bosinghe, where I knew a little *cabaret* where wine could be purchased. It, too, was dark and shuttered; for Bosinghe held five dressing stations and came in for daily attention from the German guns. The *cabaret* was crowded with French soldiers smoking and drinking coffee. There was a shout of laughter when I tucked several bottles under both arms and a cry of "*Dieu, mais les Anglais ont le crân*"; for being forbidden to buy wine themselves they concluded that my deed was in defiance of orders.

We had been looking forward to Christmas as few of us had done since we were children. For some time past our parcel post had been getting heavier. The evening lorry which came up from the Red Cross base at Dunkirk and went the round of our various ambulance posts delivering petrol and stores, kept bringing more and more brown-paper packages. Not that anyone got much benefit at the time. "Cook" kept his eye on any parcel which suggested comestibles, and before the recipient had done feasting his eyes on the emeralds and rubies of crystallised fruit, the box was snatched with a cry of "Christmas," and borne off to the kitchen. Sometimes he would relent a little, and throw over his shoulder as he shelved it: "You may have a chocolate cream if you like, or a biscuit." The kitchen was a corner of a long low room (once the Nuns' school-room) in which some twenty of us slept, smoked, talked, read, ate, rested—and, in fact, had our being when not out on the cars.

It had a stove in it which wanted seeing to. Its long draught pipe leaked smoke and was usually decorated

with steaming socks and brown shirts; while round the disappointing stove itself there was always a ring of encrusted boots, their snouts turned up in expectation of some day getting dry. The kitchen was a stronghold of empty packing cases, and behind the barrier surprising culinary feats were daily performed.

Plenty of Dessert.

The shelves began to be filled with the contents of the parcels. We were finely off for dessert. Crackers we had in plenty, figs, raisins, gingerbreads too. It was in the staple dishes it seemed possible our feast might be lacking. Then a ham arrived in a tin box, looking as if it contained a musical instrument; and, finally, just before Christmas, a turkey. It was one of those magnificent birds whose contours have a mountainous grandeur, such as one can imagine outlined against blue sky. It is not mere gulosity which makes me dwell in retrospect on these details. They are part of the local colour of war itself. Food acquires a romantic importance, and the most emaciated or complicated sage would recapture on a campaign the forgotten gusto of a smuggled dormitory feast. Other familiar things, too, acquire a profound significance; a smooth pillow and a turned-down bed for instance, may seem to stand for a peace and rest beyond fathoming. And the poetry of the mere sensation of warmth! The best expression I know of that revelation lies in Mr. Hulme's fantasia of a fallen gentleman on a cold, bitter night. "Once," he says:—

Once, in the finesse of fiddles found I ecstasy.
In the flash of gold heels on the hard pavement.
Now I see
That warmth's the very stuff of poesy.
Oh, God make small
The old star-eaten blanket of the sky,
That I may fold it round me and in comfort lie.

Do not conclude then, that I am making too much copy out of the turkey. The question was, how was it to be cooked? Oil lamps, even with blow pipe attached, could not deal with such a bird; and to drop it into the porridge pot and let it boil soft would be desecration. It was decided that I should take it round to the Nuns. They lived in a wing of the house (an old Mother Superior with a harsh voice and the gentlest manners and three frail sisters), behind a grey door on which was printed the peremptory monosyllable "Slot," which is the Flemish for private. They were always ready to do what they could, and, of course, they would do this.

The Feast.

Christmas Day began for us like any other. There might be truce along the line, but there had not been one the day before. The dressing stations had to be visited as usual. At the same black hour before dawn we were roused by the last man on watch beating a jangling din out of empty shell cases; the brown chrysalides lying in rows along the floor began to stir as though their sensitive ends had been touched. Blinking somnambulists emerged from them, and made instantly for the kitchen corner; burnt themselves awake with an over-hot mouthful of porridge, and tramped down and out to wind up the cars. But by ten that day work was over; and the rest of it was spent in preparations; in rigging up a candelabra, nailing up holly, setting out the gayest-coloured blankets, and beating up and borrowing things of every description from trestle tables to spoons; in feverish kitchen activity and constant visits to see how the turkey was browning. Our feast, like all good feasts, began in portentous solemnity and ended in songs. The Nuns came up to listen and pull crackers with us; and when the Mother Superior was crowned with a paper-cap, they flung up their hands and clapped them on their knees and laughed like true Flemings.

It was all over by nine o'clock; yet we felt as though we had eaten and drunk all night like Balshazzar.

GERMANY VIEWED BY A SWEDE.

By the Editor.

"GERMANISM has become a *national* or *race* term brought into being by the modern nationalist aspirations, so that the word has come to stand for interest in the racial unity of Germanic peoples. . . . A feeling was created that Germany should assume the mastery of—not only an understanding with all nations related to the Germans without regard to material and historical factors. That these theories have borne fruit is evident from the fate of Schleswig and Alsace-Lorraine in our own time."

It would be difficult to summarise more succinctly the inner meaning of the German menace to the peace of the world, which finally found expression in August 1914, than in this citation from "*Before During and After 1914*," by Dr. Anton Nyström. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) Dr. Nyström is one of the most distinguished sons of Sweden. Mr. Edmund Gosse in his introduction describes his intellectual activities. He has travelled widely in Europe; he is familiar with the literature of European nations; some twenty years ago he wrote a *General History of Civilisation* which is a standard work in Sweden; and in 1902 he visited Alsace-Lorraine and recounted his impressions in a volume which was published simultaneously in Swedish, French and German, in which he proposed a return of the provinces to France in exchange for a cession to Germany of some of the French colonies, a solution which he fancied might lead to a settled peace. To the writing of this volume Dr. Nyström therefore brought intimate knowledge and sound scholarship; when the manuscript was being prepared the war had been in progress nine months, and as Mr. Gosse truly remarks, "the very fact that an admiration of German methods and an indulgence for German *kultur* have been more widely spread in Sweden than anywhere else outside the borders of the Central Empires, gives a special value to the opinion of those Swedes who have had the courage to oppose the stream of lying literature steadily flowing from Berlin."

An Appropriate Book.

This book has appeared at an appropriate moment. In these overwhelming times, when new problems constantly arise all over the surface of the globe, when places we have hardly heard of before suddenly assume immense importance, and tribes and races of whose very existence we were ignorant, exercise a preponderating significance in this or that part of the arena, it is little wonder that the busy man and woman who is neither scholar nor historian should overlook and well-nigh forget the essential facts which led up to the war. In this mental confusion and forgetfulness the pacifist is apt to find an easy medium for pernicious propaganda. A text book that elucidates the European situation in the summer of 1914, and summarises in a clear and simple form the complicated negotiations at the end of July with the contradictory statements that ensued on the declaration of war was badly wanted. We have it here, and it is the more valuable in that it is prepared not by a belligerent but by a Neutral, that is to say, by a writer who is in a position to consider these things from an entirely detached point of view. The translation by Mr. H. G. de Watterstorff seems to be well done.

The doctrine which attempts are now being made to popularise that all nationality is wrong and that henceforth we should regard ourselves as universal brothers is not by any means a new one. Curiously enough as Dr. Nyström reminds us, its ablest expounder was a Prussian (not a modern Prussian). In 1795—in the middle of the French Revolution Kant published his *Philosophic Argument for Perpetual Peace* and showed "how peace might rest on a union of *free States* embracing the whole of Europe and represented by a permanent Congress. The first condition was however that all States should be republican, for whilst a king has little hesitation in declaring war, a democracy will go to great lengths to avoid it, knowing the burdens and the sufferings to which it will be exposed." Nowadays we know that there is no more

saving grace in a mere Republic than there is inherent evil in the kingly office; it is constitutional government in its best sense that is the first essential condition, and by constitutional government we imply the right of a free people to make their own laws, define their own sense of liberty and develop their national life in their own way without interference from their neighbours. How can such an international condition exist in Europe so long as Germanism, which is only Prussianism writ large, survives.

Prussian Ruthlessness.

Writes Dr. Nyström out of personal knowledge: "The Prussian Government has ever since the annexation of Schleswig attempted a systematic and ruthless suppression of the Danish language amongst the Danish Schleswigers and has persecuted them for any tokens of affection for their old country Denmark." It has been the same in Poland, the same in Alsace-Lorraine, and so long as this spirit continues and with it the determination to bring into similar subjection sooner or later other peoples and provinces, how can one hope for a peace that shall endure? Sixteen months ago President Poincaré declared, "France represents to-day before the world the cause of liberty of justice and of reason." That cause is the cause of the Allies, and until it triumphs and its enemies are trampled under foot there cannot be a lasting peace. But let it never be forgotten that nationality can stand for principles as well as for possessions, which in truth is one secret of Britain's success as a coloniser. She has on the whole been steadfast to her principles, often under difficulties.

We have only given a partial view of this admirable work, but we hope what we have said may induce many to read it. It is a book to be added to every man's private library, and having a good index it is an easy book of reference. Towards the end a chapter is devoted to the brutal manner in which the war has been waged. This one sentence is a sufficient illustration of the author's opinion: "No one says that the German is a barbarian, but it is the universal opinion of Europe that some Germans have conducted themselves as barbarians, nay as Huns in this war, and that the Chief High Command has given voice to sentiments which coupled with the ever-demoralising war have brutalised many German soldiers." Peace only can endure, says Dr. Nyström, if Germans banish military Germanism and pave the way for renewed sympathy for the good that lives in Germany. To Kant war was a blot on the human race; to Bernhardt war is of God's making. Which is to be Germany's accepted opinion in the future?

Debrett's Peerage for 1916, under the editorship of Mr. Arthur Heselrig, strikes a new note in its preface, for it contains a Roll of Honour (the first of the kind to be published) of all those in "*Debrett*," some 800 names in all (*i.e.*, 10 per cent. of the total officers' death-roll), who have been reported as killed in action or as having died of wounds since the beginning of the war. It is a historical document, which the editor has carefully analysed. It is unnecessary to add that "*Debrett*" is as complete and accurate as ever.

A few weeks before the war began Mr. West F. de Wend-Fenton acquired Edmund Yates' old paper *The World*, and since August, 1914, he has week by week been writing vigorous articles on the war in that journal. Many of these he has now collected and published in a shilling book entitled *Realities*. Mr. de Wend-Fenton has a vigorous pen, and is not afraid to say what he thinks. His article on "*The Dardanelles*," published last June, shows he was among the first publicists to realise the true position out there.

An extremely handy little pocket manual for officers in training is *On Taking Bearings*, by H. P. Walsh (John Murray, 1s. net), which deals fairly exhaustively with the use of the compass, the protractor, and the prismatic compass. The book is intended to simplify the difficulties attendant on this subject for those who have to compress a multitude of subjects into a very short time. The appendix on scales of yards forms a useful addition to the main part of the work, which is a handy little book for the junior officer both in training and—especially in the case of artillery officers—in the field.

PHRASEOLOGY OF THE FRONT.

By Boyd Cable.

"**H**ULLIO Smithie! Where's Dusty Miller to-day? I 'car 'e's mounted a lance stripe an' gone in in the Suicide Club. Is that right?"

"Ah wee. But to-day 'e ought to be about in Blighty again."

"Blighty, eh! 'As 'e stopped one-then?"

"Ah, wee. Got a cushy one."

"An' 'ow was it?"

"They was straffin' us wi' Whizz-Bangs in the Daily 'Ate yesterday an' Dusty copped a lump o' H.E.-shrap that put 'is arm out o' action. But the Poullice wallah found 'is soo-venier, so 'e ought to be all teek."

Now that might be a sample of an ordinary scrap of conversation between two soldiers at the Front, and it is so ordinary that no one there would comment upon it. Yet it contains some specimens of the extraordinary jumble of slang that is common in the Army to-day—a slang to which the extremes of East and West have contributed, which in part has run back through Army phraseology into unfixedly remote periods and yet has been brought sufficiently up-to-date to fit the latest developments of the present war. It is quite possible, or even probable, that Marlborough's men talked as we do to-day of "mounting" or "putting up the lance," for certain it is that the rank of lance-corporal which the one stripe on the sleeve denotes is a link with the past when lance and halberd were the weapons of the British N.C.O. And the "rookie" (recruit) of to-day strings words that joined the Army when it belonged to "John Company" in pre-Indian Mutiny days on to others so new-coined that they have not yet entered the pages of the most modern and complete slang dictionary. "Whizz-Bang" and "Suicide Club" and "Daily Hate" are likely to remain slang of the Army only but "straff" for instance is one that has already passed for ever into the country's slang. It has broken away from the German *straffe* by dropping the final syllable, and it has grown to a meaning much wider than ever it had in the original. A trench may be "straffed" by shell fire, or a soldier "crimed" (found guilty of an offence or crime) may get a "straffing" (reprimand, scolding) from the O.C. (officer commanding) as well as a dose of F.P. (Field Punishment), or being "reverted" (reduced back from "non-com." to the private).

The delighted avidity with which "straff" was seized and adopted by "the troops,"—the Army never speaks to itself of itself as "the Tommies," as "civvies" do, "civvies" being civilians, non-Army; and in another sense and meaning civilian clothing—is an excellent instance of the happy knack the Service has of making a jest of anything that is meant to be profoundly deep and serious, of turning ponderous tragedy to mere farce. To "straff" or "gottstraff" a broken bootlace or a shower of rain, to call down on the most trivial matters, the most awful curse which an incensed Germany could invoke upon a hated England, to use so lightly that it meant nothing, the dreadful oath that Germany wore on its lapel buttons, repeated in its prayers, and inscribed on its banners, appealed instantly and irresistibly to the Army. "Gott straffe England" was the most deliberately dreadful curse the Germans could think upon. And the Army makes a mock of it.

Another very fine specimen of this ingeniously flouting humour is seen in the name bestowed on the very few survivors of "French's contemptible little Army." These men boast now and wear as their proudest right the title of "The Old Contemptibles." I hope, because I am very sure it would annoy him intensely, that the Kaiser knows how his scathingly contemptuous insult has been twisted to the use it has, that to call a man an "Old Contemptible" is paying homage to what he has seen and been through, is admitting him to a rank and honour which no wealth can buy and no King can bestow.

These are the modern additions to the Army language. There are plenty others which have had to be coined to fit the conditions of the present war. "The Suicide Club" denotes the bombing company, and, in grim jest, the risks attaching to its work. "Tickler's

Artillery" and the "Plum-and-Apple Shooters" are the trench mortars and mortar-men, because the first mortars, fired a home-made bomb manufactured from empty pots of Tickler's Plum and Apple Jam, a manufacturer and a mixture served seven days a week for so many months that it will never be forgotten—or forgiven—by the Front.

The Front is rapidly enriching its language with a selection of the commoner French words picked up and used in bargainings and conversations in the shops and estaminets (public-houses) and the reserve billets. Where a word is learned verbally it follows roughly—very roughly sometimes—the French pronunciation, and "Ah wee" or "Aw wee" (oui) and "nong" and "bong" and "compree" bid fair to supplant "Yes" and "No" and "Good," and "Do you understand?" in the Army's language. Where a word has been learned from print, the rule of phonetics has obtained and the "estaminet" on the inn sign board and the names of towns on the map are given full value for their spelling. It is rather amusing to find that the local inhabitants are cheerfully following our pronunciations and say "Wipers" and "Balool" (Balieul) and "no compree" as smoothly as the best of us. In the French, too, the Front has extended widely the original meaning of words and "soo-venier" covers all sorts of things that could possibly be a present or souvenir from a cap badge to a loaf of bread or a bullet. The bullet or splinter which the Poullice-wallah or Linseed Lancer (doctor or "medical" or R.A.M.C.) extract from the person of a "casualtied" man is naturally and especially, and if he can obtain it literally "his souvenir."

In adopting the French words the Front is only following the old fondness for "slinging the bat" (talking the language), which has enriched barrack-room language for generations with Hindustani words. The "wallah" (man, person, fellow) of India is tacked on to all sorts of words. A foot-wallah (infantryman) a dooley (*dhooli*—stretcher) wallah, a dhoby-wallah (laundry man—although in France usually a woman back in rest billets) are still words used at the Front, although their use has not come generally to the "K's." It is still mainly in the old Regular Army regiments, too, that you hear such old Hindustani as "rooty" (bread) and "pawnee" (water), and "hitherao" (come here) and even there "pang" and "low" (l'eau) are supplanting the older words. But there are some Hindustani words that are as common amongst the New and the Old Army. "Blighty" and "a cushy one" are stock quotations now throughout all branches of the Service. "Blighty" means Home, and is a corruption from the Belattee of India which means England or the country whence came the white troops. "Blighty" has no connection, as I have seen it suggested, with the Front's name for a place wherein dwell the "blighters" who shirk enlistment or strike in munition works. The Front has some stronger names than "blighters" for these.

Cushy, another word from India, in old barrack-roomese meant easy, or soft, or light, and a man spoke of "a cushy job" meaning a soft job or easy berth, or "a cushy non-com." for an easy-going, not-too-strict non-commissioned officer. But now the Front uses the word mainly in reference to "a cushy one"—that is, a light wound which will incapacitate a man and send him Home, and one man toasts another with "Here's to a cushy one," gladly wishing a wound despite its pain and risk as preferable to the misery of active service and the possibility of death. Be sure Smithie told with considerable envy of Dusty Miller having "stopped one" (been wounded—a missile, of course, being "stopped" by its human billet) and having got "a cushy one." "Teek" again is Hindustani and means "sound" or "right."

Both "Smithie" and "Dusty Miller," by the way, are the names which a peculiar Army custom bestows automatically on every Smith and Miller. "Dusty" fits naturally and understandably enough to a Miller. But I do not know why the same rule should make every Clark a "Nobby" Clark, nor have I found a reason from any soldier I have asked except vaguely that a clerk is usually "nobby" or "a bit of a nob."

THE FLIGHT FROM SERBIA.

By Jan Goráon.

WE spent half of the night of the 30th of October on the roof of a Serbian train, the other half in a telegraph office at Kralievo, which lies to the north of Nish, lulled by the sonorous sleep of two French surgeon-majors who were using the large table as a four-poster bed. In the station trains were being shunted almost continuously, and in the few intervals of silence one could hear the faint boom of the distant cannon. With the dawn of the next day the Serbian Headquarter Staff left Kralievo for Rashka. Nish had been evacuated, Kraguevatch occupied by the Germans, and Mladnovatch by the Austrians, thus turning the strong defences of Ovchar and Chachak upon which the Serbs had placed such hopes; and the Serbian army was falling back as rapidly as was possible.

We ourselves took the road on the morning of the third. The route was crowded with wounded soldiers, Austrian prisoners and Serbian boys whom the Government had formed into battalions. We all reached Rashka in three days and shortly after Kralievo had fallen, as had

the plain of Kossovo. To the south the Bulgars held Skoplje, the railway, the Katchanik pass and straddled the road to Scutari, to the north the Austro-Germans had driven the Montenegrins from Chaintza and were attacking Plevlie and Bielepolje, and another detachment were moving on or had occupied Sienitza. The Northern Serbian army had defended more than two-thirds of the frontier, including Chabaz, Obienovatz, Belgrad, Seme-dria, Zaichar and Pirot, and it is probable that a full two-thirds of Serbia's total army, say 200,000 men, were thus locked up, and this army with all its guns, provisions, and transport was thrown back on Jakova, Ipek and Novi Bazar. Already its condition was deplorable, and even while the Headquarter Staff was yet at Prizren, the soldiers were in such pitiable plight that they were eating roots and dead horses.

Behind were the barren mountains of Montenegro and high Albania, in front the enemy whom they could not repulse. Behind them the three roads were dwindling into three pony tracks, Dechani to Podgoritza, passing by Plav and Gussigne, Ipek to Andrievitza, and Novi Bazar to Berane. The first two, passing through terrible stony country, mounting high up into the snow with its autumn avalanches, are only passable to foot and pack-horse and in these wild solitudes where one sees but rock, houses are six or seven hours apart, and even in summer-time food is difficult to procure. The latter route, passing through country slightly more generous, though still poor, is blocked at Berane—the bridge is washed away—by a deep and rapid river.

The task of getting this army through these three passes would resemble that of pouring sand from a bottle grain by grain, and if it has been accomplished the Serbian command has performed a miracle far greater than that of the defeat of the Austrian punitive expedition of last year. But once in the mountains, what then?

Inhospitable Mountains.

The mountain Albanians will give no food to their old enemy the Serb, but the latter will not hesitate to help himself, looting and burning the Albanian houses when grain is not forthcoming, and the Albanians will retaliate, shooting down the wretched starving soldiers in a country that is ideal for the sniper.

What can be the final fate of the Serbian army and of the Serbian children? Starvation and murder awaits them in the mountains, and capture in the plains. And the plight of the Austrian prisoners, whom they have dragged with them in their flight, is even more terrible, for there is still death in the mountains, but for them the plains offer no better protection. Most are Czechs, Bohemians and Croats and, long suspected of infidelity to Austria, they surrendered by thousands to the Serbs last winter. Of the regiments which retreated into Austria one man in every ten was shot "pour encourager les autres," and it is probable that of those who surrendered not one man in ten will escape what Austria considers to be a punishment for treachery.

If the Serbian army is to survive it must have food and clothing, flour, sugar, blankets and boots at once; it is of no use adding Bovril, or butter or condensed milk, for the Serb will have none of these. The problem of how and where is however difficult.

The Italian forces have landed at Valona, but what are they going to do there? They may force their way inland towards Monastir and be an annoyance to the Bulgar or Austro-German flank, but they can give little help to the poor Serb. There are no passes south to north, and the snow on the mountains would make communications almost, and the transport of stores from Valona quite impossible, even if the enemy had not occupied Elbasan. From Durazzo again the snow is a chief though not the only bar. The horses of the Peninsular have been terribly depleted, both by three wars and by insufficient food. Pack animals cannot be conjured into existence, and especially pack animals combining the qualities of horse, goat, and monkey, such as are needed in these mountains.



Trsternick and Krusevatch. The Austro-German forces were thus shepherding the Serbian army towards Kossovo, that fatal plain where the old Byzantine culture had crumbled beneath the onrush of the Turk.

I have heard this final flight of the Serbian army spoken of as though the operations had been taking place in Belgium, many seem to have ignored that country described as mountainous means country in which paths are few and far between, and roads as peaches in May; there are only three by which material could be retreated; one from Kralievo to Rashka, one from Krusevatch to Mitrovitza, and one from Nish to Pristina, and all of them bad as only Serbian roads are bad.

The Headquarter Staff moved to Mitrovitza, while I, ignoring advice to the contrary, passed on to Novi Bazar. The Serbians had persuaded themselves that Skoplje must be retaken by the French in very few days—although the French troops were not then at Veles—and so, instead of ridding themselves of their encumbrances—that is, the children and the Austrian prisoners, by sending them along the route we followed, Novi Bazar to Berane; they kept them at the rail head, hoping for the impossible. From Mitrovitza growing danger drove the Headquarter Staff to Prizren, whence a few days later it fled to Scutari, escaping (only by a few hours) from a Bulgarian band sent to cut them off.

The Serbian army was now completely hemmed in on



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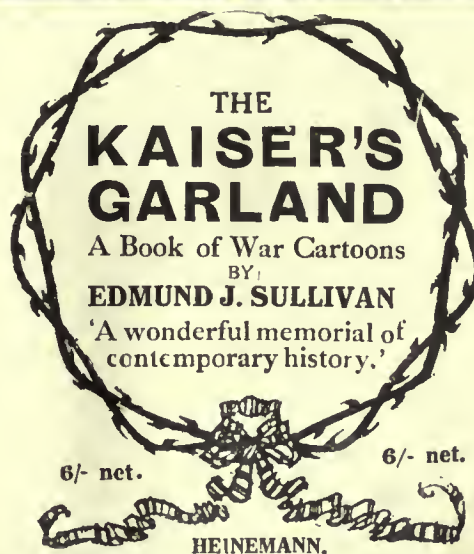
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The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

Folding Slippers.



Some slippers, made without stiffening, which when not in use, fold neatly into a small case, are ideal for the hospital ward or the traveller. Pliable though they are, they are cleverly made and look as if they fitted well. They are made of soft dull tan leather, are kept both for ladies and men, in sizes 3 to 10, and for either sex cost but 6s. 6d. a pair in case complete.

A special feature of these slippers is their wonderfully light weight. Case and slippers together only weigh about three ounces. It is easy to understand therefore, that they appeal particularly from the travellers' point of view. Many people always use them as bedroom slippers when on a visit, and revel in their convenience. They are just the thing also for a night journey in a train or for a sea voyage.

Their comfort to the hospital nurse can hardly be overestimated. Not only are they comfortable, but they are noiseless, so that for night work their value is immense.

Tunic Pocket Chocolate.

Everybody is delighted with some carefully-prepared eating chocolate, much appreciated by soldiers and sailors on account of its excellence and sustaining qualities.

This is being put up in cardboard wallet cases prettily decorated with the flags of the Allies, and being just the identical size conveniently slip into a tunic pocket.

These cases, flat and compact though they are, contain fourteen paper-wrapped tablets of delicious chocolate and cost but the small sum of sixpence.

Children's Picture Handkerchiefs.



Charming little picture handkerchiefs patterned with favourites from Nursery Books are an attractive proposition just at present. Gulliver and his Travels appears on one set, while others represent characters from the Beatrix Potter books, beloved by so many children.

Here are "Squirrel Nutkin," "Jemima Puddlekin," and other creations of that talented story-writer, following their pretty coloured way round the handkerchief border. "Gulliver" is the design of the firm in question, and the result of quite an intricate process. They are made in Ireland and hand printed, three separate

blocks being used for each handkerchief. The blocks themselves with their places for the worker's hand, are on view in the handkerchief department and make most interesting seeing. All of these Story Tale Handkerchiefs are put up in very attractively illustrated boxes, and cost 6s. 9d. the dozen, 3s. 6d. for six, or sevenpence each.

Yet another variety of children's handkerchiefs well calculated to please a youngster, has a beautifully embroidered miniature sailorman in one corner. It is an officer of the Fleet in blue frock coat and white trousers. These handkerchiefs cost 10s. 6d. a dozen, or can be bought singly for a shilling. Children's handkerchiefs with tiny embroidered medalion initial are always kept in stock, and are the daintiest of affairs.

(To be continued.)

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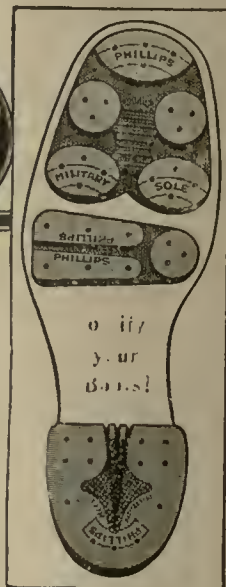
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THE THREAT TO SALONIKA.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

IF we take as the best evidence available the reports of the enemy's movements in Macedonia (though they are as yet little better than rumours) we obtain some such scheme as the following for his preparations against Salonika.

There are said to be three columns preparing to converge upon that now fortified position. One (which is said to be mainly Turkish in composition) stands at the head of the Valley of the Struma with its rail head on the Kustendil railway. This is that upon both the composition of which and its numbers, there is most speculation and least knowledge.

Upon the second or central column there is much more known because air reconnaissance undertaken by the Allies has provided considerable information. It would seem to be massed upon the Vardar Railway just north of the Greek frontier, west of Lake Doiran. It is certainly mainly Bulgarian in composition, and it is certainly much the strongest of the three columns in question.

The third column would seem to be designed for an advance upon Salonika from the west by way of Monastir and the main road and railway through

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Vodena. It is to this third column that the greater part of the Austro-German contingent is credited, and we are told that its rail head is at Veles, from which station a fair road leads through Prilep to Monastir.

All this is, with the exception of the Bulgarian massing west of Lake Doiran, very uncertain; but it is all we have to go upon, and such as it is, we shall do well to examine the communications behind either of the three bodies and the opportunities possessed by each for the converging attack upon the Allied base and seaport.

The first question which we all ask ourselves in this connection is whether an attack will really be pressed home or no. That is a question no one can answer, because the decision involves political considerations which are still in doubt. But if one is estimating probabilities the probabilities certainly are in favour of such an attack and in favour, moreover, of delivering it at the earliest possible moment. It is further clear that the Allied Governments believe such an attack to be impending, for they sent to investigate and report upon the local conditions their highest military authorities, while the commanders upon the spot are putting their whole energy into the establishment of the lines west, north and east of Salonika.

What follows, therefore, will be upon the hypothesis—a probable hypothesis, an hypothesis only—that such an attack is preparing and will be delivered at the earliest moment, that is when the railways are sufficiently repaired to insure supply.

We may at the outset rid ourselves of the conception that the affair can possibly be conducted without Bulgarian troops. A perimeter is to be attacked some fifty miles in extent, thirty-five of which, at least, are open to attack the moment the enemy comes south, and ten of which form a highly vulnerable open sector, as we saw last week.

The attempt to force such lines cannot be made with less than half as many again. The number that will be required if the operations are prolonged will be far greater than this. The Austro-Germans can no more provide the bulk of such a force for a subsidiary operation upon the flank of their new Balkan line than they could establish an oversea trade. Remember that troops occupied in siege work of this sort are pinned down to their place. Unless the lines are rapidly pierced a siege of this kind, maintained against an enemy which can supply itself at will from the sea, will not only hold up this very large body of men, but will call for constant new drafts. The only large body of men available will be the Bulgarian Army. Whether political considerations will forbid the use of that army on Greek soil or no (lest the Greeks join us) only time can show, but it seems certain that without the use of that army no useful operations against the lines of Salonika can be undertaken.

The heavy artillery, on the other hand, and the scheme of operations will as certainly be Austro-German in origin and German in direction.

We are all amply informed by this time on the German method of attack upon limited fortified areas. It is a method imposed by the conditions of modern war, and one from which no siege work of the immediate future can depart.

It consists in intense artillery preparation directed against a comparatively short sector of the defence; this preparation is dependent upon a

siege train of the largest calibre and consisting of pieces such as neither the Bulgarians nor the Turks possess. It is followed by a very expensive use of men in great masses against the sector so chosen. The losses, though exceedingly high for the time occupied, are gambled upon, as it were, in the expectation that success will come early enough to make them worth while. That was the method which succeeded at Kovno and at Novo Georgievsk and failed before Verdun. It is complicated, of course, by subsidiary attacks upon other sectors of the lines to prevent the defenders from concentrating upon the main point, to confuse their judgment, and to mask the main assault.

Now if we examine the conditions under which this method has failed and succeeded, we shall discover that where it has succeeded the defence has invariably been relying upon a comparatively small garrison—whether from necessity or from choice or from error, whether with the knowledge that a prolonged resistance could not be hoped for, or from insufficient calculation, that was the characteristic of the defence in the two Russian fortresses, which are the latest example of the enemy's success in this sort of work. We further note that in these cases the heavy guns already emplaced in permanent works designed long before the war were not moved to an outer line because there were not enough men to hold such an outer line. Their position was known to the enemy and their ultimate destruction was fairly certain.

But where, as in the case of Verdun, the lines were thrown well out from the original circle of permanent works, the heavy artillery removed from its old emplacements, given a certain mobility upon the new lines and concealed, and where those new outer lines of modern field-works could be held by an ample garnishing of men, the German method failed. It is worthy of remark that the second of these conditions luckily obtains at Salonika. The town is not encumbered by old permanent works; the lines are field lines, and it is to be presumed that the garrison is sufficient to secure them.

AVENUES OF SUPPLY.

There is another element in the matter which is all-important, and that is the element of supply. Though the columns are, as we believe, three in number, yet the lines of supply when they shall be opened are only two:—The Vardar Railway and the road down the Struma Valley. And of these two the Vardar railway will alone, after it is repaired, permit the rapid and continuous transport of the heavy munitionment which is essential to such work. The column which it is presumed will operate from Monastir ultimately relies upon the same railway for its supplies by way of the Veles road, and though the first or Eastern column finds a railway again (which it will have to repair before it can use it) in the lower part of the Struma Valley, yet there are between this point and the rail head near Kustendil between 60 and 70 miles of road not all of which (those who have seen it within the last two years tell me) is in good condition or capable at this time of the year of supporting motor traffic until it has been improved.

In a prolonged siege there would be time, of course, to improve the old roads and make new ones and to lay down light railways. But if the operations are to be prolonged they lose their main points for the enemy. The threat of Salonika upon the flank of the enemy, maintained for several

months, will be very serious. It is his whole business if he attack at all to attack soon and to decide the matter. But in this business his chief weakness must be the difficulty of supply.

Elsewhere in all his Eastern operations the enemy has had the immense advantage that his opponents could not meet his heavy guns. There were few even of medium calibre to answer his own, none of the largest calibre, and, for all pieces, from field guns upwards, a very grave lack of shell. It was this which compelled the Russians to retreat, it was this which, after the first three weeks' resistance in the North of Serbia, led almost suddenly to the collapse of the Serbian armies and to an almost unimpeded advance of the enemy southward and westward through their State.

But when he attempts to solve the problem of Salonika the enemy will, for the first time in his Eastern operations, come across an equipment and a science equivalent or superior to his own. All the more will it be necessary for him to do the thing at once if he does it at all, at a very heavy cost in men, and if he fails to effect his purpose thus rapidly the purpose of the Salonika expedition will have been achieved and its future usefulness proved more and more as the spring approaches.

His great handicap, in the urgent necessity he is under of doing the thing quickly, lies in the fact that his supply of large shell has but one continuous single line railway behind it, that of the Vardar Valley.

* * * *

The dearth of news this week gives me an opportunity to deal with certain questions which have been put to me recently by very many correspondents and with which I should have dealt earlier had space permitted it.

MUNITIONS.

A great number of these questions have turned upon munitions. Many people have been naturally confused and puzzled by the political use that has been made of the munitions question.

The German service (and the Austro-Hungarian service following suit) were prepared before the war with plant and material for a very large production of heavy shell and that shell filled with high explosives.

They were further prepared with a very large supply of heavy artillery other than the guns actually in fortresses. The French, and the rest of the Allies, more or less under French influence in the matter, were not so well prepared with either the weapons or the missiles or (what has turned out to be far more important than either) the *plant* for making the same.

The causes of the enemy's advantages here were two. One was a matter in which he had shown better judgment than his opponents, the other a matter in which he had shown worse judgment. His right guess turned to his advantage. So also, by an accident common enough in the history of war, did his wrong guess.*

His right guess was that the modern fortress of isolated permanent works would, since the development of aircraft, go down before the modern siege train. In anticipation of this he prepared a very large mobile siege train and plant for the supplying of it with great masses of large high explosive shell.

The matter where he guessed wrong, but which none the less turned to his advantage, was the matter of the use of heavy guns in the open field.

Roughly speaking, the French school had decided that the use of heavy guns in the field made one pay more in mobility than they were worth in offensive power. They thought that in the field, that is, with armies manœuvring openly, the field gun firing shrapnel would do all that was needed and permit of great mobility as well.

In this judgment the French were right and the Germans wrong, as the Battle of the Marne amply proved and all the fighting until it degenerated into trench warfare.

No one expected it to degenerate into trench warfare. But when it had done so the advantage to the enemy of already having this great plant for the production of high explosive shell was enormous. Against trenches shrapnel is of value in "searching" trenches and especially in causing casualties among men who are moving up through the communication trenches, also in meeting any exit from the trenches, but still more in sweeping the entanglements put up in front of trenches. But for destroying the trenches themselves, for knocking them to pieces, causing casualties behind their shelter in the recesses dug out of them, above all for *preparing an attack*, high explosive shells from guns of larger calibre than field guns are essential. Further, there became apparent when the trench warfare was fully established last autumn, what neither party had dreamt of in preparing for the war, namely that the expenditure of shell would be incredibly greater than anything known in the past. It was not a question of multiplying the old supply by 2, or 3, or even 10, but by 100.

Under these circumstances everyone, the Allies as well as the enemy, began to produce large, high explosive shell, and larger guns, as fast as they could.

But the enemy started with the very strong handicap described above. He further had most of the industrial resources of Europe at his disposal, his armies occupying the industrial portions of Poland, Belgium and Northern France as well as his own territory. The Allies could depend through their command of the sea upon a certain (insufficient) American and Japanese supply, but only after considerable lapse of time—and meanwhile were caught short at home. The French and the English at once began purchasing buildings and laying down new plant to make good this very serious difference—but the preparation of new plant is a very lengthy business. The plant was at last ready and the output on a very large scale began in both France and Britain with the end of the spring.

At the present moment it is already superior to the output of the enemy and is growing very rapidly at that. The enemy's output is limited, as are all his activities now, by the limitation of his man-power. It was in this country the Army and the War Office which made it possible to have this large production of shell. It was *they* who saw to the plant being provided and laid all the foundations of the work. The politicians only came in when it was to their advantage to do so at a later stage and to reap where others had sown. The newspaper panic, which was the most disgraceful feature in the whole business, determining among other things the attitude of neutrals against us,

*E.g.—The French in the early revolutionary war guessed quite wrongly that they could get their new levies to attack in the old massed formation. The new levies scattered against all orders and were, so far, a failure. But out of that very weakness came, later on, the exceedingly successful "tirailleur" formation.

was carefully kept back until the promise of a large production was assured. It is further to be hoped that the soldiers, who alone are competent in this matter, have given due warning for the accumulation of shrapnel now. It will be the deciding missile the moment mobility is restored to the armies.

The figures which have been given with the object of startling the public mean nothing until their sources and value are examined. The figure 250,000 a day "for the German output" is rubbish. It was not "The Germans," it was the enemy as a whole who did not reach, but only gave it out that they had reached, a production of a quarter of a million rounds a day in the early summer. Their fire never warranted the statement, nor was the statement confined to high explosive shell. Apart from the enormous amount of naval work, our own high explosive shell at the beginning of the new munitionment was largely of high calibre, representing, therefore, more than is represented by the mere numbers of shell, and even then it stood to the enemy's production in a rather higher relation than did our front to the fronts held by the enemy.

These are the plain facts of the matter, and it is a very shameful thing that men should so far forget the public interest in the course of such a war as this, and should so far prefer their own petty schemes, as to have used the matter for personal advantage.

ALLIED AND ENEMY WASTAGE.

The following questions are often asked when enemy wastage is considered:—

First: Is not the Allied wastage perhaps equal or superior, and if this is the case, how does even a high result of enemy wastage advantage us?

Second: Do not modern aids, especially the machine gun, enable a front to be held with such few men that the wastage hitherto suffered, or likely to be suffered for a very long time, can have no effect upon the strength of the fronts held by the enemy?

Third: Do we not overestimate the enemy's wastage considering the much smaller numbers issued officially by the Germans; considering his recent alarming statement that nearly 90 per cent. of his wounded return to the firing line, and considering the new recruitment he can get from the Turks, as also the addition of the Bulgarians who have recently joined him.

Fourth: Of what advantage is it to analyse in detail the German wastage alone when there is also the Austro-Hungarian to be considered and the reserve of man-power in that Empire as well as the Turks and Bulgarians?

I will deal with these four principal questions in their order:—

(1) Is not the Allied wastage perhaps equal or superior to the enemy's, and if this is the case how does even a high result of enemy wastage advantage us?

The wastage of the Allies as a whole is probably about equal to the wastage of the enemy as a whole. It will probably be discovered when full figures are available that by the end of the year 1915 each party had out of action from all causes at that moment something over six and a half million men.

It is possible that the Allied wastage is slightly superior to the enemy wastage because during the great Austro-German advance through Poland last summer the Russians suffered all the conse-

quences of a retreat—that is: Many of their slightly wounded would fall as prisoners into the hands of the advancing enemy and could not therefore return, when they were cured, to the fighting line. It is further true that during a retreat, even one so slow and so stubbornly contested as the Russian retreat through Poland,* it is impossible to avoid the occasional isolation of units which fall into the hands of the enemy. Also the Russians could not reply to the enemy with the same distant heavy gun fire which they themselves suffered. On the other hand the early enemy offensives were extremely expensive. More expensive, in proportion, than the later Allied offensives in the West, and there has been a permanent superiority of heavy artillery work on the side of the Allies on all the Western fronts for months—Italian, French and British.

In the matter of prisoners the enemy also has the advantage over us. The Russians have lost quite twice as many prisoners as the Austrians; the French and British rather more than the number of prisoners lost by the German Empire. On the difference the enemy probably holds a million more prisoners than do the Allies. He has perhaps $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions (excluding those civilians whom he persists in counting as prisoners) to the Allies who hold less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions—counting the Austrian prisoners taken by the Italians and by the Serbians.

On the other hand, we must remember that of these prisoners a considerable number are wounded men who would never have returned as efficient to the firing line.

Even if we discover that the Allied losses are somewhat superior to the enemy losses the margin of power is overwhelmingly in favour of the Allies. It is true that only trained, officered and equipped men can be counted. A mere calculation of population is folly. But if we take trained men either already equipped or in process of equipment—men who will certainly be equipped before next spring—we have in Russia many more behind the line than are at present engaged; in Italy as many behind the line as are at present engaged, and in Britain already one and a half times as many as are already engaged. Italy can call up, train and add half as many again; Britain half as many again; Russia quite double. The French alone of the Allied nations are exhausted in a degree comparable—though not equal—to the central Empires in proportion to their population.

The total recruitment "in sight" behind the Allied lines is not less at this moment than five millions of men, and even behind these there is further man-power available.

The enemy is in no such condition. We know from the fact that he is training his class of 1916 and has warned (but not yet called up) his class of 1917, that he is circumstanced much as the French are, or rather a little less favourably. He has nothing corresponding to the millions in training, and equipped or waiting equipment, which exist among the other Allies. He has received the recruitment of the Bulgarian army. It adds about 5 per cent. to his forces in the field. What he may add by the equipment and training of further Turkish recruitment is variously estimated, but he cannot conceivably add another 10 per cent. to his existing forces from this source. Lastly, this new recruitment of his cannot be used upon the

*From the San to the time when the Austro-German advance "petered out," the average pace was only just over a mile a day.

main fronts where alone his fate can be decided.

(2) Do not modern aids, especially the machine gun, enable a front to be held with such few men that the wastage hitherto suffered, or likely to be suffered for a very long time, can have no effect upon the strength of the fronts held by the enemy?

The power of the modern defensive has proved far greater than was expected before this war. But it is still subject to certain clear limitations of number. After a certain maximum of machine guns any addition of these weapons ceases to strengthen a line. That maximum has long ago been reached by both French and Germans upon the Western front. The minimum required to hold a line in normal country—that is, where there are no formidable obstacles of marsh or mountain—has long been settled in practice by the present campaign, and the classical instance is the German line in the West. This line is somewhat over 500 miles in length. It can be held with somewhat less than 4,000 men a mile—but it has never been found possible to hold it with *much* less than 4,000 men a mile. By this one does not mean that each sector of, say, 50 miles must always be lined with say 180,000 men. Men are concentrated in threatened spots and spread out much more thinly in sectors not threatened. They exist in the shape not only of men in the Front but reserves behind it, etc. But the average of all told on such a line can never fall to as low as say 3,000 men a mile without peril, and the enemy, with every incentive to keeping his defensive down to a minimum in the West has never found it possible to hold that line of 500 miles securely without many more than one million and a half men.

The conception that modern methods render a line tenable by lesser and lesser numbers is quite unscientific. There is with any type of weapon a minimum number required for a given length of line, and if that minimum is passed the line is in peril. If it is still further passed the line cannot be held, and the front must either be shortened or break.

(3) Do we not overestimate the enemy's wastage considering the much smaller numbers issued officially by the Germans; and do we not overestimate its effect considering his statement that nearly 90 per cent. of his wounded return to the firing line, and considering the new recruitment he can get from the Turks, as also the addition of the Bulgarians who have recently joined him.

The general estimates of the enemy's wastage rely upon many lines of calculation of which the officially published casualties are only one. All these lines converge to much the same results. According to these the two central Empires had lost *out of the field*—not available—by the end of 1915 something over six million men. To this must now be added a certain Bulgarian and a considerable Turkish wastage as well. These lines of calculation are familiar to my readers, but it is worth repeating the initial point that they are independent lines. They consist in the analogy of known Allied losses in proportion to the forces engaged; in the known proportion of total losses to dead; in the known proportion of the Austro-Hungarian man-power to the German man-power; in the known facts with regard to the calling up of young classes and of elderly classes; in the known results obtained from an analysis of the prisoners captured, etc.

The estimates do not, of course, *exactly* agree. They vary from a certain minimum to a certain maximum. The lowest minimum estimate would give somewhat under six million. The highest maximum estimate nearer seven million. But no estimate could possibly give a result as low as, say, five million.

Take, for instance, the estimate of Colonel Feyler, a Swiss and a neutral who carries perhaps the highest authority in Europe in these matters, and who has consistently favoured the lowest possible estimate of enemy losses. His calculation of 200,000 men a month for the German Empire alone as net loss gives us for the enemy as a whole at least 350,000 a month, which, at 16 months, gives us 5,600,000, to which should properly be added the margin of temporary losses not returned to service at the moment of calculation. *If we took the German casualty lists alone and allowed for sick we should not reduce this low estimate by as much as one-fifth.*

But the German official casualty lists cannot be accepted alone as sufficient evidence. They are misleading unless they are read rightly.

We had an excellent example of this misconception the other day when Mr. Tennant read out in the House of Commons the total admitted losses published in the German lists up to the end of November. Many people imagined that this meant a British official estimate of the total German losses to the end of last month.

It was, of course, nothing of the kind. It was merely the sum total of the published lists in Germany up to that date.

Now we know at about what rate the German lists are published. The average delay is rather over one month and a half. We further know that prisoners in the hands of the Allies are often not to be discovered in the lists of missing published by the German War Office, and we may legitimately presume that there are corresponding omissions in the case of lightly wounded men whose condition does not seem grave enough to report, and even in other cases. Further, the German casualty lists do not mention the sick, though they profess to mention deaths from sickness when those deaths take place in the hospitals.

The German statement that nearly 90 per cent. of their wounded return to active service (and a further unofficial statement that the corresponding Austrian figures are nearly 80 per cent.) is also misleading.

Figures of that kind can always be drawn up if you select your statistics for the purpose of impressing uninformed opinion. You may, for instance, only deal with hospitals at the base. You may count as capable of ultimately returning to active service all men not actually discharged from the army and possibly able, at some undefined future date to undertake light work. You may omit the statistics for sickness, etc. You may in one way or another arrive at almost any result you like.

But in practice everyone knows perfectly well how the thing pans out. Of a total casualty list, dead, missing, wounded and sick, about one-quarter get back to the firing line and are used again *in the same active work* which they left when they fell ill or were wounded—and that is all that really counts. The wounded in our own lines, for instance, account for not quite two-thirds of the total (in Flanders up to December 9th 64.9 per cent.), and of those two-thirds about two.

thirds again can be marked as *ultimately* useful for *some* kind of service. In other words, rather more than one-third of any given large casualty list will remain "on the strength." But it is an error to suppose that the whole of that one-third can be sent back again *to the same full duties that they left*. A very considerable proportion will remain doubtfully convalescent and their return continually postponed. Another considerable proportion, though still useful for many duties and technically "with the colours" again can never more be sent to the same active service they discharged before entering hospital, and if this proportion that really go back to the firing line in useful time be reckoned at about one-quarter of all casualties, we are, with all modern services properly equipped on the medical side, not far from the truth. Where medical equipment is bad the proportion is, of course, very much smaller; but medical equipment in Germany and in Austria-Hungary is as good as that of any other of the Western nations. The conception that it is far better and in some mysterious way "more efficient" is simply one of those superstitions which men may hold if they will, but which do not correspond with realities, any more than the superstition about the special efficiency of the enemy in his railway service or in his intelligence department.

(4) Of what advantage is it to analyse in detail the German wastage alone when there is also the Austro-Hungarian to be considered and the reserve of man-power in that Empire, as also their new allies?

The value of specially analysing the German figures and using them as a basis for further calculation resides in these three things:—

First, that we have far more evidence available for the German figures than we have for the figures of the other enemy services.

Secondly, that the German service is the nucleus of the whole enemy system, and that with its exhaustion that system loses its motive power.

Thirdly, that the German numbers bear certain fixed and more or less known proportions to the numbers of the armies allied with the German. If, therefore, we arrive at sound conclusions upon the German figures we can proceed to a general calculation for the enemy as a whole, and we can also decide the condition of what is the driving force of that whole.

The reason the German figures can be better analysed than those of the other enemy services is primarily that the Germans commit (what the French at least regard as) the error of publishing casualty lists. These lists permit us to analyse closely the proportion of wounded to killed, to discover the omissions the German officials make, to fix the rate of delay in the publication of the names; to make an estimate of the proportion of sick to wounded (though this last number is not actually given), etc., etc.

For instance: The French capture in the fighting of the 25th of September a whole company of a certain regiment. About the middle of November you find in one of the German lists a number of "missing" under the heading of that company and that regiment. You know that in this case there has been a delay of seven weeks in compiling the reports and checking it. You compare the names of known prisoners with the names on the list and you find what proportion

have been omitted. You obtain from the interrogation of your prisoners an estimate of the cases of sickness in that particular unit, etc., etc. A process of this kind carried on not in the case of one unit, but of thousands and over many months allows you to form a very complete estimate indeed. It must be remembered that the Allies are informed in the matter by an excellent Intelligence Department, as much superior to that of the enemy as his was superior to ours at the beginning of the war, and among the enemy prisoners are a number of disaffected Alsatians and Poles who are also most valuable sources of information.

When we have arrived at a sound estimate of the German figures (with a liberal margin of error, it is true) we are met with greater difficulty in proceeding to the *total enemy* losses.

Take, for instance, the case of Austria-Hungary. Austria-Hungary put at first into the field units only two-thirds those of the Germans; that is, the number of Austro-Hungarian companies, squadrons, batteries, battalions, regiments, divisions, etc., was, at the most, two-thirds of the corresponding German number. On the other hand, Austro-Hungarian man-power was four-fifths of the German. Therefore, if everything had been equal Austro-Hungary ought to have a much larger proportion of men to draw upon in proportion to her size. As a matter of fact we know that she has not; for we know that she has begun to draw upon very inferior material, and has called up certain classes not yet touched in Germany. We conclude, therefore, that her heavy losses in prisoners and the terrible nature of the Carpathian fighting last winter, coupled with the severe losses upon the Italian front, have caused an excessive wastage in Austria-Hungary, a conclusion which is supported by occasional criticism upon Austria-Hungary which reaches us from Germany itself. There is also a certain amount of information available from Austro-Hungarian sources, especially as to entries into the hospitals, statistics of which are kept and published. Turkish wastage we can only average upon the losses sustained by other armies elsewhere and by our own forces and the Russians engaged with the Turks. But a considerable error one way or the other in this case makes little difference to the total, because all the Turkish forces put together have not hitherto added more than 12 per cent. to the Alliance against us. The Bulgarian losses are even more insignificant to the calculation, as the Bulgarians have added hardly 5 per cent. to the enemy forces and have been engaged for no more than two months.

AVAILABLE NUMBERS OR "MOBILISABLE STRENGTH" OF THE ENEMY.

A number of questions have also been put to me with regard to the calculations of mobilisable strength, and not a few really fantastic estimates of enemy numbers in this respect have either been submitted for criticism or put forward as arguments against the general estimates received.

The number of men actually with the Colours in a given period, say the first year of a war, in any army is known only to the authorities of that army. It is carefully concealed from opponents and not too readily given to Allies. Even the authorities themselves cannot fix this figure at any given moment to within a few thousands, because the returns of various sorts will refer to various dates,

as some take longer to collect than others, and there is a most complicated series of deductions to be made of men off the strength for one reason or another. At the same time there is perpetually going on a wastage of men and a recruitment of men, while at any given moment there is a wide margin of men being trained and equipped, in which category it is very difficult to draw the line between those who shall count as part of the mobilisable force and those who cannot yet be counted as part of it.

From all these causes, but particularly because the matter is specially kept secret, our estimate of the mobilisable strength of the enemy is only a guess.

But it is a great error to imagine that because it is a guess it is therefore fantastic and unreliable. The guess or estimate is made within a certain margin of error, which can be fixed with complete confidence.

An illustration will show what I mean. If one were asked to estimate the average height of the men in some particular battalion, one might guess at 5 ft. 8 in. or 5 ft. 10 in. Both guesses might be quite wrong. The real average might be 5 ft. 9 in. One might make a really bad shot such as 5 ft. 4 in. or 5 ft. 5 in. from relying upon some bit of false information such as a vague statement seen somewhere that they were all rather short men. No guess of this sort can be precise, therefore, and there will be a necessary margin of error.

But if one said: "Such and such an estimate makes them 5 ft. 7 in., and such and such an estimate makes them 5 ft. 10 in., *but at any rate it is somewhere between 5 and 6 feet*," one would in that last phrase be saying something certainly accurate and true. If some chance person with an axe to grind or blind from birth and ignorant of human affairs were to chance the statement that the average height was 9 feet, we should know that he was making a fool of himself. We should know this quite certainly, even though we had not seen a single member of the battalion or heard the height of any man in it. We should tell him that we did not accept his statement of the miraculous.

An illustration of this kind is exactly parallel to most questions in the estimate of mobilisable numbers. We know from all historical experience that the fundamental or basic figure is 10 per cent. We admit that under exceptional circumstances 12 per cent. is conceivable—that is, for the first year and before the lads who are growing up come into the calculation with the extension of time.

Even if we had no other methods of obtaining our results, we should be pretty safe within that margin of error. We could say of the German Empire, for instance, with its 68 millions of population for 1914 that it might mobilise something over 6½ million, but would not mobilise much over 8 millions. But we have very many data besides this general method of past experience. We know, for instance, that in the present war the French barely mobilised 12 per cent. in the first year. We know that in the Balkan Wars the Balkan States did not reach 10 per cent. "We know from the experience of our own country that long before 10 per cent. was reached by voluntary enlistment society began to feel a very heavy strain, and that with the mere approach to 10 per cent. the strain had reached a limit beyond which it could hardly proceed. (It is true that we have to maintain

an export trade and a naval armament out of proportion to the enemy's).

We further know from the analysis of enemy casualties, especially prisoners, but also dead and wounded that fall into our hands, and from the calling up of people hitherto rejected by the doctors, that the estimated casualties and the estimated mobilisable force roughly tally. It seems that only at the expense of perpetual iteration can even so elementary a principle as this be finally grasped, but until it is grasped all calculation upon this campaign of national exhaustion is futile.

A man who tells you—as Colonel Feyler does—that the German Empire could mobilise only 7¼ millions in the first year may be wrong by half a million. So may a man who gives the figure at 8¼. But both are right *within that limit of error*. A man who thinks the German Empire could so mobilise 14 million men (as some amazing fellow did the other day in the panic press) is exactly on a par with a person who should tell you that the average height of his family was 9 ft. 6 in. If you are prepared to believe the one statement you are fit to believe the other.

As to the argument that men can be spared from the enemies' mines and the railways and the munition factories by the enemy's using his prisoners, I fear that can only be met by getting the objector to try and run a locomotive for a few miles by himself, or win a few tons of coal if he has never been down a mine, or go through a munition factory any day of the week and see what the work involves.

FINANCIAL EFFECT OF THE WAR.

One of the commonest questions asked with regard to the war is: "Can this party or that party to the war stand the financial strain?"

The question is one of those which can only be answered when one knows how the questioner is using the words of his question.

When you say of a private citizen that he "cannot stand the financial strain" of such and such an operation, you mean that the laws of the State do not permit him to dispose at will of materials sufficient to the carrying through of that operation.

That is what you mean and that is all that you mean.

The private citizen, for instance, has undertaken to dig a canal with his capital as a contractor. That is simply another way of saying that he has bargained to find so many shovels and wheel barrows and steam engines and rails, so many tons of coal, so much wheat for feeding the labourers, and meat and clothing and shelter, and all that material wealth already accumulated which is necessary to keep the men alive who are to produce this new wealth. According to the laws of the State in which he lives this man has the right to dispose of such and such accumulations of wheat, coal, etc., and anyone else disputing his right and trying to dispose of them instead of him is so made to suffer by the State organisation that he will forego such interference.

Apart from this property of his the contractor may also obtain "credit." That is, he can get more wheat and more coal lent to him by other owners on condition that he gives them back later on, with something more in addition.

Well, when we say that such a man "cannot stand the financial strain" of his contract to dig

the canal, what we mean is that his own possessions, and his power of persuading others to lend him their possessions on the chance of future increase, are not sufficient to the job he has undertaken. Superficially, it is a matter of whether the man can get the banking organisation to take bits of paper signed by him, and can get other men to give him other bits of paper which the banking organisation will accept. But at bottom it is always a question of material wealth. What goods has he the disposal of by the laws of the State? What further goods can he obtain on loan by persuasion from those to whom the State guarantees a similar use?

Now when you transform this formula and apply it no longer to an individual but to a sovereign State all your terms change their meaning. There is no such thing as "property guaranteed by laws" for a sovereign State. A sovereign State can command all the material wealth within its borders. There is no interplay of individual property and individual credit. A sovereign State can defend its life and, if it is not hopelessly decrepid, will defend its life with all the material resources within the area which it commands.

There are but two modifications to so simple a formula. The first is this: If for the conduct of the war it is essential to procure materials from without then these materials can only be obtained from the foreigner by the exchange against him of goods produced at home, or by the release of debts owed us by the foreigner, or by persuading the foreigner to lend us the goods on the promise of future payment after the war with an increase added by way of interest.

The second modification is implied in the definition given above. A State may be so decrepid that it has no longer the power to control individual greed and subordinate it to the common weal. If in such a State a few men own stocks of wheat, coal, iron, etc., they can refuse to let the State save its life by the use of these stocks because they do not believe the State will be able to give them a sufficient profit. They can make bold to let foreigners use the stocks instead of the State or simply to withhold the stocks or even to let the enemy have the stocks by indirect means for the sake of their individual gain which they prefer to the life of the commonwealth, and the commonwealth may be so weakened by political disease as to have no power over them. This is the base vice peculiar to plutocracies, and that disease has sometimes proved fatal.

If neither of these modifications holds, if a nation fighting for its life is either not in need of foreign goods, or can obtain them by exchange or credit, and is capable of taking from the rich what they will not voluntarily lend, then no financial formula affects its conduct of war. War can be conducted by such a State so long as it possesses the mere material goods necessary to that conduct.

If we examine the condition of the enemy we shall find that no financial strain will compel him to peace. And that for the following reasons:

He is commanded by Prussia, and the vital part of his forces (those of the German Empire) are now indistinguishable from Prussia. But Prussia is outlaw. She has not only done things in this war which make her outlaw, but she has proclaimed over and over again that she does them of set purpose, regards them as a principle of her very life and will continue them as the

necessary guarantees of that life. Either she succumbs to the old European tradition of international morals or she survives and impresses her will upon that tradition, destroying it that she may live. An inconclusive peace would not be a peace at all but a truce. One of the parties to this duel must fall. Only a very few very foolish people (in this country alone out of all Europe) have any doubts upon this matter. No one in Germany doubts it for a moment.

Now a State thus situated and capable of commanding its subjects to the end, may be depended upon to use to the end all the material goods at its disposal. It must obtain from without certain necessities of war. It has already large stocks of these obtained by the release of foreign credits and to some extent by the exchange of goods and gold. It is nearly self-sufficing in the matter of food normally used in time of peace, and quite self-sufficing in the matter of absolutely necessary food obtainable within the boundaries of its present military lines. It has all the coal it needs and all the iron it needs, and nearly all the chemicals it needs. There is indeed a psychological factor in the matter which each one must judge for himself: Whether the civilians, and especially the women, will, under the strain of increasing hardship, produce a chaos within the State.

It is only a private opinion, but I believe this to be in the case of the Germans impossible. Not because their discipline is self-imposed or due to any corporate capacity of theirs, but because in all history they have always obeyed their masters for the time being, even when those masters were native masters and not more civilised foreigners.

To expect the nucleus of the enemy's forces, the German Empire, to break down under a so-called "financial strain" is folly.

H. BELLOC.

JAMAICA AS A HEALTH RESORT.

To the Editor of *Land and Water*.

SIR,—There must be thousands of sick and wounded men on whom the rigours of winter will fall severely who might be greatly benefited by change to a warm climate. It is probably no exaggeration to say that hundreds of lives might be saved by timely removal from depressing surroundings to "a place in the sun," where climate and cheerfulness would be the best medicines for shattered nerves and failing systems.

In Jamaica we have the best climate in the world—I should say climates—for between sea level and Blue Mountain Peak (7000 ft.) there are elevations and temperatures suitable for any invalid. There is no lack of accommodation, and a nursing staff could very quickly be formed from the ranks of Jamaica women who are noted for skilful and careful nursing, and who are only too anxious to give helping hands. Food is plentiful, varied and good. Prices have altered very little here owing to the war as we import our food stuffs direct from America, which is only four or five days distant.

The winter is advancing and the matter is pressing. I will therefore state clearly what I venture to suggest, trusting that it may be noticed in the right quarter. The troop-ships that are sent to take away the war contingents from the West Indies should bring sick and wounded men for whom absolute rest and change of scene is necessary to restore them to health. At least one thousand could be quartered without difficulty in this island in different places. Omitting hotels, I may mention the Greenwich Hill and Newcastle barracks which are empty, and the Port Royal Naval Hospital, the largest in the West Indies. Also there are houses in the Santa Cruz Mountains, Christiana, Port Royal Mountain, Liguanea Plain, etc.

Besides these there are two hot mineral springs (Bath and Milk River) the merits of which for rheumatics and other complaints have been proved by sufferers from every part of the world who have found a cure here after vainly trying all the European spas.—Yours, etc.,

Kingstown, Jamaica.

December 5th, 1915.

F. N. ISAAC.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

By ARTHUR POLLEN.

*TO the Admirals, Captains, Officers and Men
of the Royal Navy and of the Royal
Naval Reserve ;*

*To the men of the merchant service
and the landsmen who have volunteered for work
afloat ;*

*To all who are serving or fighting for their
country at sea ;*

*To all naval officers who are serving—much
against their will—on land ;*

*To all naval officers—still more against their
will—retired and unemployed ;*

Greetings, good wishes and gratitude from
all landsmen.

We do not wish you a Merry Christmas, for to none of us, neither to you at sea nor to us on land, can Christmas be a merry season now. Nor, amid so much misery and sorrow, does it seem, at first sight, reasonable to carry the conventional phrase further and wish you a Happy New Year. But happiness is a different thing from merriment. In the strictest sense of the word you are happy in your great task, and we doubly and trebly happy in the security that your great duties, so finely discharged, confer. So, after all it is a Happy New Year that we wish you.

If you could have your wish, you of the Grand Fleet—well, we can guess what it would be. It is that the war would so shape itself as to force the enemy fleet out, and make it put its past work and its once high hopes to the test against the power which you command and use with all the skill your long vigil and faithful service has made so singly yours to-day. And in one sense—and for your sakes, because your glory would be somehow lessened if it did not happen—we too could wish that this could happen. But we wish it only because you do. Although you do not grumble, though we hear no fretful word, we realise how wearing and how wearying your ceaseless watch must be. It is a watchfulness that could not be what it is, unless you hoped, and indeed more than hoped, *expected* that the enemy must early or late prove your readiness to meet him, either seeking you, or letting you find him, in a High Seas' fight of ship to ship, and man to man. We, like you, look forward to such a time with no misgiving as to the result, though, unlike you, we dread the price in noble lives and gallant ships that even an overwhelming victory may cost.

Your hopes and expectation for this dreadful, but glorious, end to all your work do not date from August 18 months ago. When as little boys you went to the *Britannia*, you went drawn there by the magic of the sea. It was not the sea that carries the argosies of fabled wealth ; it was not the sea of yachts and pleasure boats. It was the sea that had been ruled so proudly by your Fathers that drew you. And you as the youngest of the race went to it as the heirs to a stern and noble heritage. So, almost from the nursery, have you been vowed to a life of hardship and of self-denial, of peril and of poverty—a fitting apprenticeship for those who were destined to bear themselves so nobly in the day of strain and battle. To the mission confided to you in boyhood you have been true in youth and true in manhood. So that

when war came it was not war that surprised you, but you that surprised war.

NAVAL ACTIONS.

When the war came, you from the beginning did your work as simply, as skilfully, and as easily as you had always done it. Not one of you ever met the enemy, however inferior the force you might be in, but you fought him resolutely and to the end. Twice and only twice was he engaged to no purpose. *Pegasus*, disabled and outranged, fell nobly, and the valiant *Cradock* faced overpowering odds because duty pointed to fighting. Should the certainty of death stand between him and that which England expects of every seaman ? There could only be one answer. In no other case has an enemy ship sought action with a British ship. In every other case the enemy has been forced to fight, and made to fly. It was so from the first. When two small cruisers penetrated the waters of Heliogoland with a flotilla of destroyers, the enemy kept his High Seas fleet and his fast cruisers, and his well-gunned armoured ships, in the ignoble safety of his harbours and his canal. He left, to his shame, his small cruisers to fight their battle alone. *Tyrwhitt* and *Blount* might, and should, have been the objects of overwhelming attack. But the Germans were not to be drawn into battle. The ascendancy that you gained in the first three weeks of war you have maintained ever since. Three times under the cover of darkness or of fog, the greater, faster units of the German force have—in a frenzy of fearful daring—ventured to cross or enter the sea that once was known as the German ocean. Three times they have known no alternative but precipitate flight to the place from which they came.

Not once has a single merchant ship bound for England been stopped or taken by an enemy ship in home waters. But 56 out of 8,000 were overtaken in distant seas. It has been yours to shepherd and protect the vast armies we have sent out from England, and so completely have you done it that not a single transport or supply ship has been impeded between this country and France. From the first there has not been, nor can there now ever be, the slightest threat or the remotest danger of these islands being invaded. Indeed so utter and complete has been your work that the phrase "Command of the Sea" has a new meaning. The sea holds no danger for us. Allied to other great land Powers, we find ourselves able and compelled to become a great land Power also. The army of four millions is thus not the least of your creations.

So thorough is your work that Britain stands to-day on a pinnacle of power unsurpassed by any nation at any time.

Has the completeness of your work been impaired by the ravages of the submarine ? Its gift of invisibility has seemed to some so mystic a thing that its powers become magnified. Because it clearly *sometimes might* strike a deadly blow, it was though that it *always could* so strike, till madness was piled upon madness, and it seemed as if the very laws of force had been upset, and ships

and guns things obsolete and of no use. But you have always known—and we at last are learning—that this is idle talk, and that as things were and as they are, so must they always be; and that sea-power rests as it always has, and as it always will, with the largest fleet of the strongest ships, and with big guns well directed and truly aimed.

THE TRICK OF THE SUBMARINE.

It did not take you long to learn the trick of the submarine in war, and had things been ordered differently, you might have learned much of what you know in the years of peace. But you learned its tricks so well that it has failed completely to hurt the navy, or the army which the navy carries over the sea, and has found its only success in attacking unarmed merchant ships. These are only unarmed because the people of Christendom had never realised that any of its component nations could turn to barbarism, piracy, and even murder in war. It would have been so easy, had this utter lapse into deviltry been expected, to have armed every merchant ship, and then where would the submarine have been? But even with the merchantmen unarmed, the submarine success has been greatly thwarted by your splendid ingenuity and resource, your sleepless guard, your ceaseless activity, and the buccaneers of a new brutality have been made to pay a bloody toll.

Take it for all in all, never in the history of war has organised force accomplished its purpose at so small a cost in unpreventable loss, or with such utter thoroughness, or in face of such unanticipated difficulties.

It was inevitable that there should be some failures. Not every opportunity has been seized, nor every chance of victory pushed to the utmost. Who can doubt that there are a hundred points of detail in which your material, the methods open to you, the plans which tied you, might have been more ample, better adapted to their purpose, more closely and wisely considered? For, when so much had changed, the details of naval war had to differ greatly from the anticipation. In the long years of peace that seem so infinitely far behind us now you had for a generation and a half been administered by a department almost entirely civilian in its spirit and authority. It was a control that had to make some errors in policy, in provision, in selection. But your skill counter-balanced bad policy when it could; your resources supplied the defects of material; too few of you were of anything but the highest merit for many errors of selections to be possible.

And the nation understood you very little. Your countrymen, it is true, paid you the lip service of admitting that you alone stood between the nation and defeat if war should come. But war seemed so unreal and remote to them, that it was only a few that took the trouble to ask what more you needed for war than you already had.

And you were too absorbed in the grinding toil of your daily work to be articulate in criticism; too occupied in trying to get the right result with indifferent means—because the right means cost too much and could not be given to you—to strive for better treatment; too wholly wedded to your task to be angry that your task was not made more easy for you. Hence you took civilian domination, civilian ignorance and civilian indifference to the things that matter, all for granted, and submitted to them dumbly and humbly, as you submitted silent and unprotesting to your other hardships; you

were resigned to this being so; and were resigned without resentment. If, then, the plans were sometimes wrong, if you and your force were at other times cruelly misused, if the methods available to you were often inadequate, it was not your fault—unless, indeed, it be a fault to be too loyal and too proud to make complaint.

If we took little trouble to understand you, we took still less to pay and praise you. There is surely no other profession in the world which combines so hard a life, such great responsibilities, such pitiful remuneration. But small as all the pay is, we seize eagerly every chance to lessen it. Let a man, after a brilliant career in youth, reach the rank of captain at an early age. Let him, when a captain, spend a year or two on necessary, difficult, but most uncongenial work on shore. Let him keep at this work not to please himself, but his superior, and do so, not for his own, but for the work's sake. Let his first command as a Captain be one that keeps him month after month at sea under conditions that make even a single night's rest an unknown rarity. Let him stick to this until flesh and blood can do no more at last. He breaks down. It is uncertain if he will ever be fit to serve again. If he does recover, he can complete his full time at sea, and reach the age of forty-five, he can retire, after serving his country with rare distinction for over thirty years—upon the princely pension of £425 a year. But if he can be hustled into retiring before he is forty-five, and before the full sea time is served, then his pension is less than half. We are well represented in the quarter where these things are settled, and when so splendid an opening is thus given, our guardians can be trusted to save a pension of £225 a year—even if only to a man whose constitution has been ruined in our cause, and thus unlikely to be payable for long.

WORK—AND PAY.

We save in salaries too, sometimes. There are posts on shore that in time of peace are generally filled by Admirals. The work in war is doubled and trebled in amount, and multiplied—by some factor I do not know—in responsibility and in importance. But, if in war these posts are filled not by Admirals but by Captains, then we can make another saving. We can pay the officers that do the trebled duties and bear the infinitely magnified burden, two-thirds—or less—of what their predecessors received! If we waste our money, we do not waste it on you. But we fully expect you to spend your money in our service. The naval officer's pay is calculated to meet his expenses in time of peace. Now a very large proportion of the pay of cadets, midshipmen, sub-lieutenants and lieutenants necessarily goes in uniform and clothes. The life of a uniform can be measured by the sea work done by the wearer. Sea work in war is—what shall we say?—three to six times what it is in peace. But we do nothing to help young officers to meet these very ugly attacks on their very exiguous pay. We do not even distribute the prize money that the fleet has earned.

Some day, when this war is won it may be realised that it has been won because there is a great deal more water than land upon the world, and because the British fleet commands the use of all the water, and the enemy the use of only a tiny fraction of all the land. If France can endure and if Russia can “come again,” if Great Britain

has the time to raise the armies that will turn the scale, if the Allies can draw upon the world for the metal and food that make victory—and waiting for victory—possible; if the effort to shatter European civilisation and to rob the Western world of its Christian tradition fails, it is because our enemies counted upon a war in which England would not fight. Some day, then, we shall see what we, and all the world, owe to you.

We may then be tempted to be generous and pay you perhaps a living wage for your work, and not cut it down to a half or a third if there is no ship in which to employ you. And if you lose your health and strength in the nation's service, we may pay you a pension proportionate to the value of your work, and the dangers and responsibilities that you have shouldered and to the strenuous self-sacrificing lives that you have led, for our sakes. We may do more. We may see to it that honours are given to you in something like the same proportion that they are given, say, to civilians and to the army; we may do more still. We may realise that to get the best work out of you, you must be ordered and governed and organised by yourselves.

But then again we may do nothing of the kind. We may continue to treat you as we have always treated you, and if we do, there is at any rate this bright side to it. You will continue to serve us as you have always served us, working for nothing, content so you are allowed to remain the pattern and mirror of chivalry and knightly service, and to wear the "iron fetters" of duty as your noblest decoration.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

STRAF OR STRAFE.

To the Editor of *Land and Water*.

SIR, Referring to Mr. Boyd Cable's article on the "Phraseology of the Front," which appears in your issue of the 23rd inst., would it not be well to make up our minds at once how we are going to spell the word "straf" and whether the last letter is to be doubled or not? The German word for punishment is of course "Strafe," and "to punish" is "strafen." By analogy ought we not to spell it "Strafe" and "strafing"?

Rounton Grange, Northallerton.
December 27th, 1915.

HUGH BELL.

MESSRS. SAMUEL BROTHERS' SALE.

Beginning next Monday, Messrs. Samuel Brothers' sale at their Ludgate Hill and Oxford Circus establishments offers wonderful opportunities. There is no "old stock," but the best articles are "marked down" to real bargain prices. In ladies', gentlemen's, and juvenile outfitting, and in the matter of comforts and presents for the troops, this sale offers to the buyer an opportunity of acquiring first quality goods at exceptionally reduced prices. The sale prices are extended to clothes to order, and afford a chance of getting a good outfit with the least expenditure.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

On and after January 1st, 1916, the address of the Editorial and Advertising Offices of "LAND AND WATER" will be

EMPIRE HOUSE,
KINGSWAY,
LONDON, W.C.

Telephone—Holborn 4572 (3 lines).

RAEMAEKERS' CARTOON.

IN "The Old Serb," which forms the frontispiece of this issue Mr. Louis Raemaekers has, as it were, incarnated the horror that has fallen on Serbia—a horror as great as fell on Belgium; in some respects perhaps greater for German brutality has been intensified by the rigours of winter and of a barren and mountainous land, into which so many refugees have fled. For the truth that underlies this pathetic original cartoon which has been drawn specially for LAND AND WATER and only appears in its pages, there is unfortunately not the least doubt; atrocities have been deliberately perpetrated under the direct orders of the German General Staff in order to terrify Greece and Roumania and to frighten them into at least preserving their neutrality. We have the war correspondent of the "Berliner Tageblatt" for instance, stating



MR. LOUIS RAEMAEKERS.

that "even in its flight the Serbian population interfere with and fire upon the soldiers, thus drawing upon themselves increased suffering, because each of these cases is punished on the spot." Civilisation has learnt in Belgium what this "punishment" is.

Germany's crimes against humanity are not to pass unavenged. A remarkable feature of this Christmas has been that not only has the abomination of frightfulness been denounced by all the Churches, but punishment on the perpetrators has been loudly demanded. Mr. Raemaekers has been a great instrument in bringing home to the conscience of this nation the untold horrors of Germany's approved methods of warfare. France has done honour to herself and to the cartoonist by conferring on him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Shall not England do the same, and officially recognise by an outstanding honour the magnificent and courageous part which Louis Raemaekers has taken in the cause of humanity.

THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

THE great effort towards unity of national purpose which was expressed by the formation of the coalition Government has brought us in due course a reaction which is inclined to overstress the necessity, the privileges and the advantages of criticism. This "war of tendencies" marches too slowly for our peace of mind. We are perplexed, we are impatient, and we suffer. Therefore in Parliament, in the Press and in common life an undisciplined battalion of eager critics rushes in without honest fear or measured prudence, questioning, carping, insinuating, denouncing, detracting and, on select occasion, slandering.

It is true that the dissolution of the official opposition left an important function of our machinery of Government unfulfilled; and it is well worth while at this juncture to repeat to ourselves that criticism has its responsibilities and limitations as well as its sanctions.

The present tendency of criticism is towards a more and more reckless and aimless heckling, logging and pettifogging. It seems to be forgotten that a great volume of informed and expert criticism is definitely at the service of the administration; that the work of the Cabinet is largely the intolerably difficult task of sifting and balancing that criticism. Take as an instance the cotton controversy. There was always room for doubt as to whether the Foreign Office was not too tender of the susceptibilities of neutrals or over-emphasising the dangers and disadvantages of a breach with one or more of them. But the general run of criticism seemed to assume that no member or adviser of that department had ever heard, what every schoolboy and cub-reporter knew, that cotton was raw material of explosives; or as if the decision to risk the suspension of certain invaluable neutral services was anything but very difficult and delicate.

No doubt the reasonably well-informed and the reflective could make their own adjustments, but there was here fine material for illustration of the text "our blundering bosses" so well canvassed in the ranks of advanced labour. The first thing criticism has to remember—it is a pity one has to write the platitude—is that the administration, if erring, is not merely imbecile, and that the reputation of a Government with the people in so desperate a crisis as war is not lightly to be breathed upon. It might safely be admitted in fact, without trenching upon any rights of democratic control, that the administration should be given the benefit of the doubt before any given criticism of it be widely circulated.

Again, though no one will challenge the position that such advice as is available to responsible ministers should be supplemented, we have the right to demand that the same sort of work be put into the task of criticism as is necessitated by the labour of administration; that such criticism should be reasonably well-informed, carefully prepared and weighed, and should not wear that rather casual air of happy improvisation (so effective in suburban debating societies) which

distinguishes so many of our Parliamentary questioners.

Criticism to be helpful demands, as it literally implies, judgment in the critic; stability also and continuity. A critic, as well as an administrator, should be judged by and answerable for his mistakes. Stumbling on to truth does not necessarily make sound criticism. It is the handling of the truth that tells.

Criticism should be offered on a balanced view of the whole case. An immense amount of current criticism is, however honest, merely sectional. There are the critics who look upon the war too exclusively and simply as an affair of fighting forces, who press for nothing but more men at any cost. No such simplifications are possible. The obvious fact that armies need equipment and therefore organised industrial supports behind them is of course allowed. That our own industrial organisation, having to cope with the equipment and munitioning of other armies even larger than our own, needs an exceptionally complete mobilisation is somewhat more reluctantly granted.

But armies also need a willing people behind them. The temper of the people, of this curious, slow-moving British people faced with an unexpected situation of unguessed gravity, has been a constant and a necessary preoccupation of the administration. An army needs to be financed, is no stronger than its bank balance. We have to finance armies other than our own. How far the claims in the matter of labour of manufacture for export must be met in order to reduce the trade balance against us and so continue the adequate financing of the war is a question only to be determined by exhaustive enquiry. The very best of the military experts can possess no sort of knowledge about it. You have, in sum, a problem of quite appalling complexity, as to which a fair judgment can be delivered only after the most careful collation of complicated evidence.

There is astonishingly little to suggest that our most strenuous critics have either the patience or the knowledge to undertake this balanced investigation. If such inadequate Daniels air their callow views in the club smoking room, we vote them tiresome bores. When it comes to inflicting this kind of thing upon a nation from a privileged platform, harder words are necessary to meet the case.

Criticism should be selective, concentrated on the salient points. A wise mentor in attempting to correct the faults of his charge takes care not to overwhelm and distract him with fault-finding on a hundred points of niggling detail, but is careful to select one or two more serious radical defects. Nor does he expect impeccability—only improvement. No administration involved in a crisis of immeasurable difficulty can avoid innumerable lesser and not a few major mistakes. There is no way of securing infallibility in our ministers, not even by replacing them by their critics. It is only a crude, perverse or hysterical

criticism which demands such infallibility and which passes judgment on a consideration of mistakes, not on a balance of failure and success, or steps towards success—for immediate success cannot be commanded.

Most surely the practice of universal heckling that does not distinguish the graver and permanent primary from the passing secondary issues, besides distracting the executive, blunts the edge of effective criticism, defeats its own ends. That is the paramount mischief of it. Here is a sphere in which the well-chosen part is more weighty than the jumbled whole. Such wholesale fault-finding produces in its victims a self-protective attitude, an inevitable habit of uncandid parrying. The lesson of the old fable is forgotten—that after all it is the sun not the wind that moves a man's cloak the soonest; a recognition of good intention and of the achieved measure of success and of the difficulties involved would produce candour more readily than all these gusty inquisitions.

Any fool can ask an inconvenient or unanswerable question. Parrying is therefore frequently justified, necessitated. But only an official harassed by indiscriminate baiting into a complete forgetfulness of due proportion could have suggested as sufficient excuse for the delayed Suvla Bay despatches—a literary general's amiable habit of polishing his periods!

Nothing kills initiative so surely as indiscriminate criticism. Could any managing director conduct a business hampered by a general meeting in perpetual session at which every detail of his policy was examined, discussed, and published, every confidential memorandum demanded, every trade secret laid bare and any decision challenged by the least experienced and well-informed of the shareholders. It is possible by ill-directed and persistent criticism to paralyse the energies even of the ablest men and produce an unadventurous temper which is more intent on the avoidance of mistakes than on hazarding the bold and vigorous move. And such sterilisation is unquestionably the tendency of opposition by heckling and by clamour, miscalled criticism.

Is there no way of enhancing the value of sane and of discouraging and sterilising futile, criticism? The more clearly we recognise the indispensable function of informed criticism the more important it is to endeavour to prevent an irresponsible policy of heckling on subordinate issues, which while it spreads discontent and dismay among the ill-instructed, while it brings comfort to enemies and puzzlement to neutrals, at the same time by rallying the more responsible folk to the administration perhaps tends to make those who should be the most watchful and helpful of critics more tolerant of even primary deficiencies than is wise. Again with regard to the more serious issues, is it essential that random challenges on but partially considered evidence be flung out so publicly? Is the impatient egotism of individuals and of newspapers so ineradicable as to prevent a serious *prima facie* case being investigated and, with the evidence duly marshalled, presented through influential channels for the private consideration of the executive.

There is here no question of muzzling. Responsible ministers could not well ignore a valid case so presented, for they would be without

defence when at a later stage, if the private memorandum has been flippantly or obstinately ignored, the matter came forward for public discussion. Criticism so elaborated and so temperately handled would, it seems likely, be immeasurably more effective.

It is at least worth debating whether there be no possibility, even at the cost of ignoring precedent and hazarding a constitutional irregularity, of elaborating an organised critical body out of the private members. In default of the due official opposition to a coalition government why not a coalition committee to revise, reinforce, and to a certain wholesome degree control, criticism? It might act as a sort of buffer between the irresponsible guerilla and the too heavily burdened minister. But such negative functions would, though useful, be the least significant of its activities. It would select and concentrate upon certain profitable subjects of enquiry, invite witnesses, marshal evidence. It would, in the manner already indicated present its deliberate findings for the private consideration of the Cabinet. It would reserve the right to fullest public discussion which in lieu of authentic constitutional sanctions would give it practical authority and power.

Such a temporary device of criticism, however irregular, might for instance, prevent the necessity for the proposal of a committee of enquiry which is in effect the proposal of a vote of censure. Such a proposal, even if useful, is indeed not unlikely to be frustrated by a rally to the side of the administration of loyalists and moderates who would fear the blow to the prestige of the Government to be greater than the gain from the enquiry. That is to say it would be easier, in certain quite conceivable circumstances, to stifle enquiry and so lose the *ex hypothesi* benefits of it under the present regime while retaining all the distracting disadvantages of irresponsible criticism, intrigue and baffled investigation. On the other hand some such machinery as that suggested might be powerful enough to make it impossible for the administration to ignore the unofficial but well-considered view; thus assuring the advantage without the scandal of impeachment.

There is postulated in such a proposal a devotion to national interests, a courageous scorn of precedent, a surrender of personal egotism such as could only be plausibly demanded in a signal emergency. The committee, elected on some plan of proportional representation, would secure as varied a complexion as possible. It is not probable that all the irresponsibles would thereby be silenced. But they might well be curbed or discredited.

How far the press would surrender its liberty of action is of course an even more doubtful conjecture. There are still profitable journalistic "scoops" in war not easily foregone. But the difficulties and disadvantages of a change can scarcely be as great as the manifest danger, the wasteful clumsiness, the suspicions and uncertainties of our present procedure. The function of public criticism is unquestionably disordered and needs some salutary process of rehabilitation.

Messrs. Burns and Oates announce the twelfth edition "Aunt Sarah and the War," a tale of transformations, of which more than fifty thousand copies have now been sold.

THE FINANCIAL FACTOR.

By Arthur Kitson.

NOTWITHSTANDING its enormous economic and social importance to every member of the community, Finance is not a particularly popular subject for discussion. Moreover, any attempt to deal with it in the space of a comparatively short article which will be comprehensible to the ordinary reader, presents many difficulties. The subject itself is somewhat abstruse and highly technical, and its discussion involves the use of terms which often convey different meanings to different minds. For we are dealing with a branch of a science which is not yet classified as exact. Further, the average man's ideas of money and credit are usually based on partial knowledge, prejudice, and superstition.

One whose financial knowledge and experience are confined to the bank notes and coins he carries in his pockets is very apt to believe in the existence of some special virtue or mysterious power lurking within the metal and paper of which they are composed. On the other hand, the man who has been behind the scenes has learned the true nature of currency, has watched its progress in effecting exchanges, and knows its history past and present in all lands, will agree with John Stuart Mill when he wrote: "There cannot, in short, be intrinsically a more insignificant thing in the economy of society than money, except in the character of a contrivance for sparing time and labour. It is a machine for doing quickly and commodiously what would be done, though less quickly and commodiously without it." In endeavouring to make the subject comprehensible to the least instructed, I shall be compelled to deal with certain parts in a manner which, to the more enlightened, may seem very elementary.

Money Supply.

Next to the problem of furnishing men and munitions necessary to win the war, that of the money supply has loomed the largest in the public eye. In one respect the importance of the financial factor has been very much exaggerated. In another sense, its importance cannot be overestimated. And partly from ignorance and partly from confusion of thought, most writers on this subject have insisted on its indispensability where it was least essential, and have failed to point out certain dangers where they really exist. At the beginning of the war more than one journalist confidently predicted that the Central Powers would collapse within a year—through the exhaustion of their gold supplies. Others are continually harping on the fact that the financial resources (meaning gold) possessed by the Allies ensure victory. These assertions are strengthened by the unfortunate use of such catch phrases as "beating the enemy with gold and silver bullets." All this is sheer exaggeration and displays a lamentable ignorance of the real nature and functions of money.

The old economists had far clearer ideas of the functions of money than many of our modern writers. For example, the theory that money must possess what is called "intrinsic value" did not serve to confuse the minds of students of monetary science in the days when the only money circulating was the so-called inconvertible paper notes and token coins. No one at that time would have had the impudence to announce that "a currency system is impossible unless based on and backed by gold," as I have heard from the lips of a Professor of Economics. The mistake made by writers on war Finance—whose knowledge is confined to our modern banking practice in the City of London—is in failing to remember that money is, after all, merely an artificial device, an invention, a contrivance for accomplishing certain ends which, under the stress of changing conditions, may be obtained in various ways. Money was defined by the economists of a century or more ago as "a ticket," "an order," "a token," "a counter." But after monetarism was forced upon the world by Parliamentary Acts through the influence of international bankers—money and gold became synonymous terms, and the true functions of money were confused with those of the

precious metals, although they are absolutely distinct.* Hence the average man is unable to understand how a nation like Germany can continue the war after her gold reserves are exhausted. Apart from the settlement of Foreign Exchange balances, and payments for foreign propaganda work, gold is of comparatively little importance to Germany at the present time.

Significance of Production.

If the Central Powers were to lose every ounce of gold and silver they have amassed, it would have little or no effect on the war—so long as their foreign trade is cut off. *The supreme economic factor is production not finance.* Finance is merely the artificial aid to production and exchange. So long as the enemy can furnish men enough, can raise enough food and raw material, can manufacture sufficient guns, munition and clothing, and maintain his transportation facilities to keep his armies going, so long will the war last. In a closed self-supporting Empire—which the Central Powers may be said, within certain limits, to occupy—its entire business can be as easily, as satisfactorily, and far more economically carried on, by a State Bank Paper Currency System than with a Gold and Silver Currency. So long as the paper money is made legal tender throughout the Empire for all debts, public and private, so long as the Government itself honours it and keeps the amounts issued within certain bounds, there is no reason why such a system should not enable the enemy to develop his resources as the United States developed hers so successfully for the whole of the greenback period.

The real need for gold or some such valuable commodity in connection with Foreign Exchange, arises because paper currency loses its legal tender qualities the moment it leaves its own country. In this respect money is like a monarch. Whilst it is all-powerful on its own soil, it loses its power and ceases to function the moment it crosses beyond its frontiers. Strictly speaking money—meaning legal tender—never goes abroad. The commodity of which it is composed may travel, in which case it becomes a piece of metal of certain weight and fineness. But this is no more money, in the strict sense of the word, than the gold button of the miner is so many sovereigns. If the entire commercial world were under one supreme ruler, all the bullion and coin of the world might be scrapped and buried, and a universal paper currency established, which would maintain and facilitate trade and production far more easily and with infinitely less cost and friction than at present.

Conflicting Standpoints.

The financial factor presents itself from two distinct and entirely opposite and conflicting standpoints. The one is the bankers' and moneylenders', and the other is the producers'. To the banker, money presents itself as a valuable commodity from which he must needs draw dividends in the shape of interest. Hence cheapness in money is as hateful to the moneylender as cheap clothing is to the sweater. For this reason the banking interests have waged unceasing warfare against State banking and what they term "cheap money expedients." Moreover, the histories of cheap currency experiments have mostly been written by bankers, their employees, or hired professors who have invariably presented the subject from this interested class's point of view. It is for this reason that so much importance has been attached to gold for currency purposes. Its scarcity, its dearthness, gives weight to the demand for high interest charges. On the other hand, the producer regards money more from the standpoint of its utility, his interests require the cheapest form obtainable—consistent with its ability to perform its work.

There are just three ways in which a nation can obtain its war supplies. First, by producing them; secondly, by purchasing them from Neutrals; thirdly,

*For a complete history of this subject I may refer the reader to my book *The Money Problem* (C. W. Daniel, Paternoster Row.)

by plundering conquered provinces. Germany has obtained her supplies by all three methods. But owing to the Allies' command of the seas, her opportunities for purchasing have been greatly hampered. Hence her need for gold is enormously reduced. This, however, gives our enemy one advantage. It compels him to fall back on his own productive resources, thus saving him and his descendants the future burdens of interest charges on foreign loans. How much he has secured in the shape of forced indemnities and plunder from Belgium, France, and Poland, we cannot tell. There are evidences that hundreds of thousands of men and women have been enslaved and forced to contribute their labour towards providing the enemy with food, clothing, and munitions. Whatever he secures from these sources are obtained without the need of either gold or loans. On the other hand, the Allies' supplies are obtained by production and foreign purchase, and hence their need for gold and foreign loans is far greater than the enemy's.

Now the particular method of raising funds has a most important bearing on production both present and future. And it is here that danger lies, which few, if any, writers have so far mentioned. At the beginning of the struggle, Mr. Asquith stated that there were three methods of paying for our importations of munitions and other necessities. One was by exports of our own products and our maritime services, another by the sale of foreign investments, and the third, by the loan. And he advocated the last as the most convenient for the nation. Let us consider these.

To pay by our exports, would mean that we should be compelled to produce continuously for export at least as much as in ordinary times of peace. But as a large proportion of our factories are now turned over to special work for war munitions—which from the economic standpoint is absolutely waste—our exports are necessarily curtailed. Similarly, since our ships are mostly employed in transporting men and munitions for the war, our maritime service, hitherto profitably employed on foreign trade, is also greatly reduced.

As to financing by means of loans, this is eventually the most ruinous of all methods, although the most popular, because its evil effects are not immediately perceived and the burdens entailed are spread over a wide

area and a long period of time. Financing a world-wide crisis like the present by the method of the loan, means the inevitable enslavement of this and future generations. It inflicts a perpetual burden upon production. It constitutes a wedge which separates society into the two eternally-conflicting classes, the idle rich (who live on interest) and the over-burdened poor (who must produce it). Its effects are disastrous, both socially and economically. It is probable that at the end of the war our national debt will aggregate at least £3,000,000,000! The annual interest on this sum will be £150,000,000! This is three times the total net earnings of all the railway and tramway companies in the United Kingdom. It will be as though the enemy had invaded our country and seized all our transportation facilities and commandeered the entire profits for ages, until the loans are paid. And what advantage does the nation get in return for this annual tribute? *Merely time! Actually this and nothing more!!*

We shall be paying this colossal sum merely for the privilege of being allowed to pay the principal, if ever, at a more convenient season. At the end of twenty years we shall have paid in interest charges a sum equal to almost the entire cost of the war, without having reduced the original debt by a single shilling! Such is the merciless nature of the loan!

There remains for us to consider the other method of financing the war mentioned by the Prime Minister. This plan has recently been adopted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. American securities are now being exchanged for British Government Bonds, so that payments for American munitions and other goods may be made in American currency. This is by far a better arrangement than that originally adopted by the Government. Briefly stated, the advantages are as follows:—

- (1) It will tend to confine the Government loan to our own people, and therefore the interest will be largely expended on British products.
- (2) It will tend to reduce the volume of tributary goods flowing into this country from abroad which have hitherto competed with our home products, and served to reduce wages and foment labour troubles.
- (3) It will tend to cheapen future loans for productive enterprises—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

SOME POETS OF TO-DAY.

By S. P. B. Mais.

WAR books are at a discount, even novels fail to turn our thoughts from the overpowering darkness and shadows that threaten us; only our poets can ease our minds and uplift our hearts. So we have Mr. John Oxenham turning from his novel-writing to "Bees in Amber" and "All's Well," and becoming thereby more famous and beloved than ever; we have anthologies of "Poems of To-Day" read and re-read by all the boys and girls in every sort of school in the kingdom; we have Miss Elinor Jenkins and Miss Irepe McLeod (new names both) selling their slim modest volumes of verse in thousands: . . . there is no end to the list of the poetry that everybody reads to-day. And yet it was but two years ago that John Masefield was the only name in people's mouths when contemporary poetry was mentioned; he alone could capture the heart of the great reading public. Rupert Brooke's success stands somewhat outside the present boom. He had every gift that man could desire. The fact of his death, that noble laying down on the altar of honour all the magic gifts which he had had bestowed on him by a bountiful nature, of beauty, of charm, of intellect, of genius, attracted numbers of people who would otherwise never have heard of him.

The reasons for this sudden volte face are many, but I venture to think, sound. In the first place there is no doubt whatever that the war has sharpened our faculties of perception and intensified them to a quite unheard of degree. We have at last, not without dust and heat and much inward tribulation, cultivated our imaginations. In the last eighteen months we have many of us, suddenly grown from childhood to manhood, and we feel the grow-

ing pains to be more severe than we can bear alone. Of old we were content with the darkness; it never struck the majority of us that there was such a thing as beauty:

Life with her skill of a million years' perfection
To make her heart's delighted glorying
Of sunlight, and of clouds about the moon,
Spring lighting her daffodils, and corn
Ripening gold to ruddy, and giant seas,
And mountains sitting in their purple clothes:—

It is only now when "Life, the wonder" is about to be "all blotched out by a brutal thrust of fire, like a midge that a clumsy thumb squashes and smears" that we realise what it is that we are about to give up. When there was nothing to disturb our vanity, no murder or sudden death, we felt that we were to live for ever. The clouds riding across the heavens, the smell of lilac and sweetbriar, the wind on the heath, "green lanes where little things with beating hearts hold shining eyes between the leaves," autumnal hues, the freshness and glory of Nature's re-birth every spring, dawn, mist and the mantle of dusk, all failed to penetrate the dullness of our sight; they were always with us and we failed to realise them.

It is these things now that save us from madness; most of us know from experience or from letters received from the trenches what an enormous difference dawn and the singing of birds have made to those who are fighting. "Had this war been fought in a room I should have gone out of my mind long ago," writes one subaltern, echoing a thought that every one has felt.

War then has developed in us a sense of a longing for the beautiful, and we are impelled to cling to those who

can translate beauty to us, bring it home to us in words magically fashioned, steeped in music and rhythmical metre. It follows at once from the fact that our eyes are now open that we can no longer tolerate shams, travesties, sentimentalism; we do not want our senses to be lulled to sleep. We desire earnestly now to live every moment of our lives to the full, to experience whatever may befall in the sure knowledge that true experience purifies and purges the mind of all rottenness and uncleanness. We are filled with an insatiable craving, we scarcely know for what; we refuse to shut our eyes to evil as if it did not exist; we cleave our way through ugliness in the pursuit of the beautiful; if the truth is not in us we will pursue our quest until we find it. We have all become adventurers, cast adrift from the world of safe conventions and arm-chair pugilism. Once out of the harbour we find ourselves buffeted and tossed by every wayward blast, but we are happier battling on so than we ever were in the old days in our anchorage, rusting through disuse.

The poets are our chart: to them we turn for guidance in our new-found liberty. There lies over the land a great sorrow, the sorrow of separation, of bereavement. We never really understood how much we loved our fellows. All life lay before us; we were in no hurry to avail ourselves of even our dearest one's eternal companionship. Later on would do; a passing glance a word, an hour of ecstasy, and back we went to the multifarious interests of the hour, to the sordid business or the dull routine, forgetful of the heart's unsatisfied longing, wilfully refusing to hear her cry. And now for some of us it is too late. We want inspiration, consolation, comfort, and in our bitterness of heart we know not where to turn. Some one repeats a line of a new poem; we are arrested by the astounding reality of it. We say "What the writer must have felt who could have coined such a phrase." We begin to read the new poets; and here we find "sore labour's bath," the "balm of hurt minds," for which we were so earnestly looking.

And lastly we of to-day require directness of expression, the simplicity of diction of a Blake or a Wordsworth. Poetry to so many of us meant a rich haunting music made up out of exotic names with no meaning; "Vallambrosa," "Cathay," "Hesperian": these were the words we associated with poetry. So long as there was beauty of craftsmanship and musical rhythm we demanded no depth of thought or philosophy; but now we demand more, much more of that which has come to be the chief nourisher in life's feast. Our modern poetry, to satisfy our inmost cravings must be simple, direct, musical, filled with a love of the beautiful and a hatred of the ugly; the poet must, in Lord Dunsany's words "feel the pain of others as if it were his own, he must understand all mankind as we understand perhaps one individual in the world." He must be the translator of our finest dreams and be able to transport us into the Land of Heart's Desire; he must be able to guide us in our pursuit of the True, the Lovely, and the Lovable and help us to detect and destroy the Lying, the Base, the Glittering Sham.

And now the question arises, does the new poet do all this for us? Unhesitatingly I answer, Yes.

All the finest and most lasting poems of our time are gathered together and garnered for us by the indefatigable labour and love of Mr. Marsh. In 1912 he gave us "Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912," which by May, 1914, had run into its tenth edition, and now he has still more surely shewn himself to be a public benefactor by producing a second volume: "Georgian Poetry, 1913-1915." All the young school of creative artists is here represented and within its 240 pages is contained the cream of our age. The first thought that crosses our mind on putting the volume down is that we thank God that we live in an era that can vie with any other in the history of our literature. Think of this description of Goneril moaning over her mother's death bed:

Come back, come back: the things I have not done
Beat in upon my brain from every side:
I know not where to put myself to bear them:
If I could have you now I could act well,
My inward life, deeds that you have not known.
I burn to tell you in a sudden dread
That now your ghost discovers them in me.

It is clear and pellucid as crystal, magically arranged, like those unforgettable lines in "King Lear":—"Her

voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman." They seem to have fallen into the line as some of Donne's lines fall—straight from heaven:

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost
Who died before the God of Love was born.

This simplicity is, perhaps, the most striking feature of the book. There are fourteen poets represented in the volume and each of them relies solely on Anglo-Saxon, monosyllabic words for his effect: it is the sign of the success of the revolution against the honey-sweet. And there can be no doubt that this terseness of diction has accentuated the beauty in this book; certainly "Beauty and Beauty meet all naked, fair to fair." The quest for beauty underlies every poem:

The song of each and all who gaze
On Beauty in her naked blaze,
The song of all not wholly dark,
Not wholly sunk in stupor stark
Too deep for groping Heaven.

The beauty of the body is the subject of Wilfrid Gibson's "Hoops":

I've always worshipped the body, all my life,
The body, quick with the perfect health which is beauty,
Lively, lissom, alert and taking its way
Through the world with the easy gait of the early gods.

The beauty of all life is the theme of Lascelles Abercrombie's "End of the World":

Life that has done such wonders with its thinking,
And never daunted in imagining;
That has put on the sea and the shining night,
The flowering of the earth and tides of the sea,
An irresistible rage of fate itself,
All these as garments for its spirit's journey.

The beauty of the creator is the *raison d'être* of John Drinkwater's "Carver in Stone":

Slowly out of the dark confusion, spread
By life's innumerable venturings
Over his brain, he would triumph into the light
Of one clear mood, unblemished of the blind
Legions of errant thought that cried about
His rapt seclusion.

The beauty of all material things and the horror of an abstract Heaven underlies Rupert Brooke's "Tiaré Tahiti." He cannot bear the idea of losing:

Miri's laugh, Teïpo's feet,
And the hands of Matua . . .
And . . . Mamua, your lovelier head . . .
How shall we wind these wreaths of ours,
Where there are neither heads nor flowers?
Oh, Heaven's Heaven!—but we'll be missing
The palms, and sunlight, and the South;
And there's an end, I think, of kissing,
When our mouths are one with Mouth . . .

Nothing that has been written about or during the war will outlive the same writer's sonnet on "The Soldier." There is imbedded in it all that has upheld the fighting men through thirst and hunger, heat and cold, horror and agony. The thought that their bodies when dead will enrich the foreign soil and cause to spring up in after years happiness, peacefulness and laughter of a kind learnt long ago under an English heaven is the finest and truest thought that we have heard since August 1914. It is little wonder that copies of Brooke's poems are to be found in nearly every officer's and many men's pockets out in France, and everywhere else where men are fighting. The war is not a thing apart from the poet's life as some strange people have imagined it to be. The true poet is himself a fighter, in the Army or Navy if he is strong enough, "against spells and ghouls more dread by far than deadly seas and cities are"—all his life long. He knows too, no one better:

The song of courage, heart and will
And gladness in a fight,
Of men who face a hopeless hill
With sparkling and delight.

And it is for this reason if for no other that all our soldiers and sailors to-day read our new true poets in order to gain fresh inspiration, to renew their courage, and to revive their drooping spirits.

BURBERRY TRENCH-WARM

In ONE Coat

TRENCH-WARM WEATHERPROOF SHORT-WARM

Keeps out any rain that a new macintosh or oilskin keeps out, and is far more comfortable than either.

Neither heat, cold, nor hard wear deteriorates proofness, or renders it generally less efficient.

Excludes searching wind and counteracts low temperature, yet never overheats the body.

Chills, the bane of artificial ventilation, are avoided by perfect air-freedom.

A distinguished coat and also a veritable shield for a soldier on duty.

"Though to-day was wet and cold, I was entirely protected by THE TRENCH-WARM, while most of my friends got well soaked."—(Capt.) W.H.E.

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SERVICE UNIFORMS. of TENACE WHIPCORD.—A Burberry cloth of prodigious strength, with a fine appearance, and made of pure botany wool. Will outwear three ordinary uniforms.

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Or completed to measure in from 2 to 4 days.

THE BRITISH RED CROSS.

The Society which brings comfort and healing to our gallant soldiers is in urgent need of funds. Send whatever you can spare to—
The British Red Cross, Room 99, 83, Pall Mall, S.W.

Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys"

BURBERRY'S HALF-PRICE SALE.—During January many 1915 Burberry Top-coats, Suits and Gowns, also a few details of Service Dress, will be sold at One-Half the Pre-War Prices. List on application.

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THE WEST END

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Central House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

Regimental Umbrella Handles.



Attractive umbrella handles are a great pleasure to many women, who love pretty things always about them. This is particularly true of some regimental umbrella handles, which appeal in every possible way. They are made of tortoiseshell with the regimental crest inlaid in silver and are very fascinating articles in themselves. Most people have many friends and relations on active service, and anything connected with their Corps or Regiment is of peculiar value.

The firm in question keep umbrella handles ready stocked inlaid with the crests of many different regiments. Should

they, however, not happen to have any one that is asked for, it is only the brief time of four days before they execute the order. The inlaid crest is remarkably well done, and every detail of inscription or design is absolutely correct.

These umbrella handles are remarkably inexpensive and very easily attached to an umbrella already in use. The firm themselves can do so in half an hour, so that a customer's convenience is suited in every way. Silk-covered umbrellas with long slender sticks and regimental handles are also kept, and extremely well they look.

The Ideal Cleaner.

This cleans gold, silver, electro-plate and jewellery with the minimum of trouble and in a moment of time. There is no need to use paste, powder or fluid, all that is necessary is some hot water, a little soda, and "Polivit" itself.

People who use "Polivit" find that their silver has the appearance of being kept by an experienced butler. It cleans all jewellery and stones beautifully, save pearls.

"Polivit" is sold in a special jewellery size for a shilling. For silver it is in three sizes—1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

Best on the Market.



Drinks which keep hot for a considerable length of time mean an immense amount just now and are imperatively necessary. A

well-known shop are selling a vacuum flask of the most reliable kind for the small sum of 3s. 11d. They claim that it is the best on the market and nobody who uses it is inclined to dispute this. It would be impossible to mark the flask at its low price were it not for the fact that it sells in vast quantities. Since the war started the Flying Corps have largely patronised it, and large orders constantly arrive from this branch of the Service as well as others.

The flask is fitted with a special shock absorber, so that it is an unusually strong one and practically unbreakable. It keeps its contents steaming hot for

twenty-four hours and can always be relied upon. On the other hand, in hot weather or climates it is equally useful for keeping drinks cold. Cases in which flasks can be carried are available. Khaki canvas cases with a long strap for slinging



over the shoulder, cost only a shilling and similar cases hide leather are five shillings.

Silk for Mufflers.

A great authority on knitting materials and needlework of all descriptions is now selling some admirable knitting silk mufflers. This is their exclusive product, being made specially for them, and is much thicker and silkier than many knitting silks sold for the purpose.

In times of peace the same kind of silk was sold by the in vast quantities for sports coats, and most people who use it passed on its merits by word of mouth. With the advent of war the knitting of sports coats waned, but the same silk made its appearance in orthodox khaki colour, and the sale instead of falling, greatly increased. Scarves knitted of the silk wash like the proverbial rag, never suffering through visits to a reasonably careful laundress. They not only wear well, but are luxuriously warm into the bargain.

As mentioned, it is in khaki colour now that most of the silk is sold, military mufflers made in it being without rival. Those, however, who wish to knit a scarf of some other colour will be glad to hear that almost any shade is available, and those not stocked will be specially dyed for an order comprising four 4 oz. reels. The silk is sold wound on large reels holding four ounces and is by no means unduly expensive.

The Veil we Want.



Every woman knows the difficult matter it often is to fix a veil neatly round a hat. Many in consequence run a draw thread through their veils making them fit neatly in this way, but this, of course, is a certain amount of trouble. All such difficulties, however, vanish like a flash before the "Adjustable" Veil.

This most welcome innovation is shaped on a narrow piece of elastic, and clips at the back with a patent fastener. It is no an easy matter to fasten the ordinary veil neatly behind, but this is the model of neatness. Through the elastic the veil fits delightfully round the hat, falling into just its right place. These

Adjustable Veils are stocked in nigger brown, dark blue and black. It is most becoming veiling with a fine clear mesh and, what is more, of a kind which wears exceedingly well.

Women once proving the advantages of a veil mounted on elastic will never wear any other kind. It is secure, comfortable, smart, and costs the modest price of 1s. 6½d.

(To be continued.)

Wrappers with big fur collars are being worn by many well dressed women in the evening, and very charming they are. The wrapper itself is the essence of long straight simplicity, but the collar gives amply sufficient trimming reaching almost to the waist line at the back.

One of the results of the craze for diamond and coloured stone rings in platinum setting is the introduction of the platinum wedding ring. As soon as we get accustomed to this upsetting of our cherished traditions we shall doubtless like it immensely, for a platinum wedding ring has a marked distinction of its own.

